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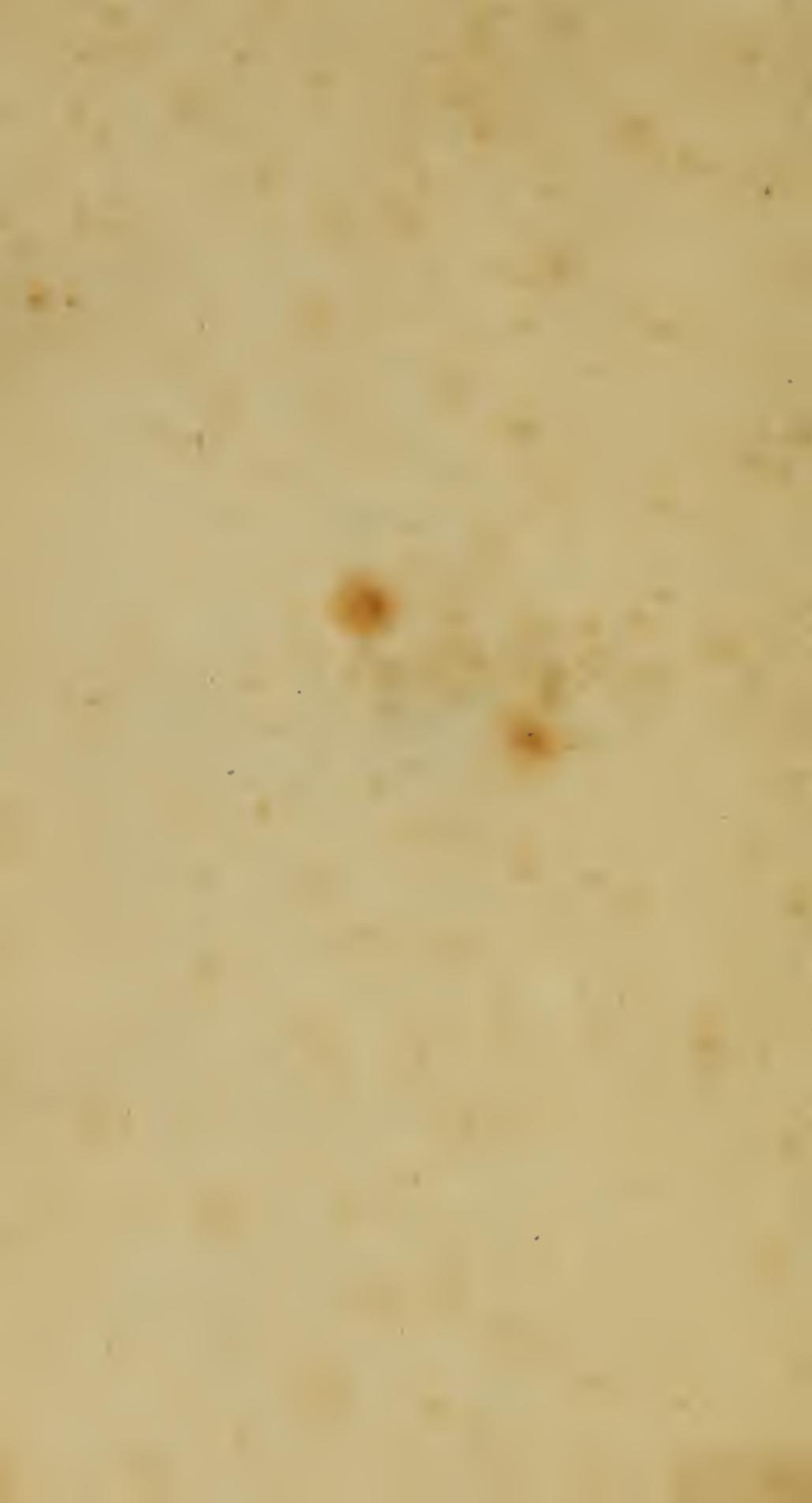
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P O E M S .





P O E M S,

ON

RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND DESCRIPTIVE

SUBJECTS.

BY

AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY.

—◆—
“ But is *amusement* all? Studios of song,
And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,
I would not *trifle* merely, tho’ the world
Be loudest in their praise, who do no more.”

COWPER’S TASK BOOK, 2d.

—◆—
LONDON:

JAMES NISBET, BERNERS STREET.

M DCCC XXVII.

DENNETT, LEATHER LANE, LONDON

TO THE
REVEREND THOMAS ROBINSON, A.M.

DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO THE LATE BISHOP HEBER,

Of Calcutta,

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

ARE MOST GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

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P R E F A C E.



THE following Poems, with few exceptions, were composed abroad, merely as a recreation and amusement, at different periods, as circumstances transpired to suggest them, and without the most distant idea of their ever being brought before the Public: the Author has now been induced to publish them at the solicitation of his friends; being encouraged to cherish the fond hope, that the perusal of them may afford some degree of pleasure and edification to the candid Reader.

LONDON,
1827.

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P O E M S.

ON MUSIC.

MUSIC! thou high, and heavenly Power,
Soft soother of life's lonely hour,
Sweet child of Sound, and dulcet Air,
And sister to the syren pair—
Sweet Voice, and heavenly Poesy,
That make immortal harmony
Amid the tuneful choirs above,
And fill all heaven with joy, and love :
Oh ! come thou fond Inspirer ! come,
And make my humble cell thy home :

From heaven thou hast thy blissful birth,
And present thou, when this fair earth
Sprung forth at her Creator's voice,
Which made the morning Stars rejoice,
And sung the Sons of God for joy,
In solemn shout, and jubilee,
And all the bright cherubic choirs
Chaunted to harps of golden wires.
But Oh ! upon that blissful morn,
On which the Son of man was born,
When beam'd the new-created star
That led the Magi from afar,
To where the holy babe was laid,
And cradl'd in his lowly bed,
Amid the humble shepherd train
That fed their flocks on Judah's plain ;
'Twas then the bright angelic throng
Rais'd high the full seraphic song ;
For Oh! a Saviour's birth they sung,
And heaven with hallelujah's rung,

“ Glory, glory to God on high !
 On earth sweet peace, and harmony !
 And everlasting love to man !”—
 ’Twas thus the heavenly tidings ran,
 And thus thro’ all creation’s round
 Sweet Music heaven’s rich mercy crown’d.
 By thee inspir’d, the saints of old
 Chaunted their hymns to harps of gold,
 And, fraught with thy seraphic fire,
 Wak’d the sweet sorrows of the lyre.
 Thou mad’st thy Jubal’s harp rejoice,
 And tun’st fair Miriam’s warbling voice :—
 But one fair youth above the rest
 Was aye from infancy carest,
 And thou didst mark him for thine own—
 The shepherd boy, fond Jesse’s son ;
 Thy spirit with his being blent
 In such transporting ravishment,
 That when he swept the chords along
 In all the ecstasy of song,

The linked notes in giddy cunning
 Thro' all the winding mazes running
 Of soul-transporting harmony,
 He brought all heaven before the eye,
 In blissful strains so pure, and holy,
 As chas'd the fiend of Melancholy
 Far from the gloomy soul of Saul,
 When conscience did his mind appal.
 O Music ! tuneful maid of heaven !
 If *thus* such power to thee is given,
 What power is thine in heaven above—
 Thy *native* seat of joy and love ?
 Where angels circle round the throne
 Of Deity's incarnate Son,
 And saints, redeemed by his blood,
 Adore their Saviour, and their God,
 With all the Patriarchal Train
 In harmony's enraptured strain ;
 Whilst the bright-eyed Seraphim,
 And youthful-blooming Cherubim,

In radiant ranks, that flaming glow,
Their heav'n-ton'd, angel-trumpets blow,
And thousand times ten thousand raise
One universal shout of praise,
So loud, that heaven's high vaults resound,
And echo back the thundering sound.
Thus Music's power for ever reigns
In glory's fair, celestial plains,
And fills the whole creation round
With all the harmony of sound.
The rolling spheres, inspired by thee,
Move on in mystic harmony,
And to the music of the spheres
Dance in bright round the months, and years,
And all the rosy hours of love
In sweet, harmonious concert move.
O Music! thou'rt the inspiring soul
Of Nature's universal whole;
We hear thy wild, and moaning wail
In every accent of the gale,

And Fancy views thy awful form
Amid the terrors of the storm,
Whilst the loud rattling thunders roll,
And light'nings flash from pole to pole,
Filling all the soul with dread ;
Whilst guilty Terror shrouds his head,
And Murder's eye-balls grimly glare,
Fix'd wild with horror, and despair.
But ah ! how chang'd thy awful tone,
When, listening to thy soothing moan,
We hear thee in the evening breeze,
Sadly 'plaining thro' the trees ;
So soft the mourning murmurs sigh,
You'd think 'twere airy minstrelsy
Of fairy Sprites in warbling choir,
Singing to the Æolian lyre.
When Zephyr shakes his balmy wings,
Laden with the spoil he brings,
Whispering thro' the rosy air
Whence he stole those odours rare,

Such plaintive music breathes around,
Fond Fancy thinks 'tis fairy ground ;
Whilst the softly murmuring strains
Sooth the hapless Lover's pains,
As lone he wanders thro' the grove,
Muttering of his hopeless love ;
Then casts him down by fountain side,
To watch the waters as they glide,
Sweetly tinkling as they stray
To sooth his anxious woes away,
And, musing, lists to tuneful rills
Murmuring thro' the mossy hills,
And babbling brooks that sweetly flow—
Music meet for Lover's woe—
Then fixes his enraptur'd gaze
Upon the river's winding maze,
As rolls its sunny, sparkling tide,
Thro' verdant meads, by wild-wood side ;
Whilst high upon its margin green
Fair, lordly castles may be seen,

And towers, and trees, and tufted groves—
Sweet scenes where bright-eyed Fancy roves ;
For oh ! she haunts the woods, and streams,
And soothes sad hearts with blissful dreams
Of joys so pure, and hopes so bright,
As fill the soul with sweet delight ;
For she, with potent, magic spells
Can ope the gloomy, secret cells
Where buried Love, and Hope had lain,
And raise them up to life again.
Then come, sweet Fancy ! fair, and free,
And dwell with Music, Love, and me ;
For oh ! in youth I lov'd thee well,
And oft have felt thy magic spell
Steal o'er my fond, and doating heart
In all the witchery of thine art ;
And when, alas ! in after years
I learnt that life's a vale of tears,
Thou still would'st raise such scenes to view,
I fain would fondly think them true—

Fond hopes so fair, and joys so holy,
As ever chas'd dull melancholy :—
And oh ! I fondly woo thee still,
Ah, lead me to the wood-crown'd hill,
To tufted grove, or dewy dell,
By tinkling rill, or mossy cell,
To murmuring woods, and tuneful plains,
Where e'er with thee sweet Music reigns ;
Ah lead me at the peep of morn,
Where I may hear the hunter's horn,
In twanging blasts so clear, and shrill,
That leap along from hill to hill,
As mocking Echo all around
Still repeats the twanging sound ;
Or listen to the humming song
Of Woodman as he strays along ;
Or to the ploughman's merry lay,
Whistling as he wends his way ;
Whilst the Shepherd's pipe I hear,
Sweetly soothing to the ear,

As he sits his flocks among,
And charms them with his tender song ;
Or piping on some high-brow'd rock,
Watching his wandering, fleecy flock,
While the soft, and plaintive strains
Die along the distant plains ;
But O ! how blithe his tuneful lay
Upon some festal holiday,
When maidens fair, and youthful swains,
Trip it o'er the velvet plains,
In rustic, wild, fantastic measure,
Full of mirth, and joy, and pleasure,
Lightsome, frolicsome, and gay,
Dancing the merry hours away.
But hark ! what notes are these I hear,
Swelling thro' the morning air ?
Oh ! 'tis the shrill lark's matin song,
That floats the fleecy clouds among,
High poiz'd in air, on downy wings,
And oh ! how sweet the strain she sings.

Now wakes the universal song,
The hills, and dales, and woods among,
From tuneful birds, in warbling lays,
Singing their great Creator's praise.—
But now the fair, and rosy Eve
Comes smiling on, whilst Zephyrs wave
Their odours sweet thro' all the air ;
And now's the vesper hour of prayer,
And Convent bells are sweetly ringing,
Whilst the birds of eve are singing ;
For ah ! I hear the turtle dove
Telling all her tale of love—
Melting murmurs fill the groves,
Ringing loud with songs of loves,
And the wild bees murmuring,
That at their flowery work do sing,
Humming on in tuneful glee,
Making merry minstrelsy :
Sweet Music breathes above, around,
And Fancy says 'tis hallow'd ground.

For ah ! it is her *own* domain,
Ever here she holds her reign,
Ever here she loves to dwell,
And, sitting in her mossy cell,
I see the lovely, bright-eyed Queen,
Deck'd in robes of silvery sheen—
A mantle dipt in Iris' hues
O'er her ivory shoulder flows,
Her golden tresses loosely stray,
Where balmy zephyrs love to play,
And wanton in her silken hair,
Or breathe upon her bosom fair ;
Whilst around her snowy brows
A beaming, starry circlet glows,
Her airy robes float loose around,
Save where her fairy form is bound
With costly zone of gems so bright,
That shed around a liquid light ;
And holds within her pearly hand
Her silver, magic-working wand,

With which she seals in slumbers deep
The eyes of Reason, tranc'd in sleep,
But ever opes the secret cells
Where bright Imagination dwells,
And with the magic of her art,
Unlocks the chambers of the heart,
Where Peace, and Joy so long had lain,
To bloom all fresh, and fair again.
Ah! come, thou sweet, and charming Power,
In Twilight's calm, and pensive hour;
For forth she comes, like vestal maid,
All in her sombre livery clad,
And steals along the distant hills,
'Mid liquid lapse of tuneful rills,
That softly murmur as they glide
Thro' lonely vale by mountain side;
And lead me to yon rising ground,
Where I may hear the mournful sound
Of the far off Curfew bell,
Tolling the sad and parting knell

Of the fading, dying day ;
Then, Oh ! lead me whilst I stray
Along the flower-embroider'd vale,
Where mourns the love-lorn nightingale,
In strains so sweet, so full, and clear,
So sadly soothing to the ear,
That wake the deep, unconscious sigh,
And fill the soul with ecstasy.—
But chief the Lover, as he strays,
Drinks in the rapture of her lays ;
For Oh ! her soft, and plaintive tones
Are music meet for lovers' moans :—
Again her song of sorrow swells,
How sad the tale of woe it tells
Of love-lorn maid, distract, forlorn,
Her heart with grief, and anguish torn,
As the sweet Latin Bard has told,
In fabled verse, in days of old.
But come, thou sweet Inspirer ! come,
And make my humble cell thy home,

And with thee bring thy sisters fair—
The soul-transporting, syren pair—
Sweet Voice, and heavenly Poesy,
To swell the tide of harmony ;
And bring with thee thy darling son,
Thy best belov'd, thy chosen one,
Whose glowing soul thou didst inspire
With all thine own celestial fire,
To sing in high seraphic lays,
And triumph in Messiah's praise,
Whilst pealing organ's solemn sound
Rolls the vaulted roofs around,
And the full-voic'd, warbling choir
The ravish'd soul with joys inspire
Of such divine, and pure delight,
As brings all heaven before the sight.
But oh ! thou sweet, and heavenly Power,
Thy fame was great in days of yore,
And every clime, and every tongue,
With thy great Orpheus' praise has rung :

For he could stay the torrent's force,
When rushing on in rapid course,
To listen to his powerful song,
As swept his hand the chords along ;
Could move the monarchs of the wood,
And savage rocks from where they stood ;
And, passing strange ! his magic spell
Could raise the spirits out of hell ;
Yet *greater* power to *Handel's* given,
For he can raise the soul to *Heaven*.
Thou art the lightning of the soul,
That flashed forth without controul,
And fill'd thy Bards with Glory's fire,
To wake the terrors of the lyre,
And rouse th' embattled hosts to arms,
And mad'ning strife of war's alarms,
When, marshall'd on the bloody plain,
They seem'd as demi-gods to reign,
In high chivalric days of old,
When armed Knights, and Warriors bold,

Resolv'd to conquer, or to die
For ever-sacred Liberty :
O, *such* the mighty power of song
To roll the tide of war along !
But 'tis in life's *domestic* scenes
In *fairest* form thy Spirit reigns ;
For thou canst dry the Mourner's tear,
His sorrows sooth, his bosom cheer,
And make his soul to feel as though
The storm's rude blast had ceas'd to blow,
And hush'd were every breaker's sound,
And all was joy, and peace around :
And thou canst sooth the Lover's woes,
And calm his soul to soft repose,
When his sad heart, with anguish riven,
In vain with dark despair has striven,
By hope, and woman's love betray'd,
And perjurd vows of cruel maid ;
Canst smooth the ruffled brow of Care,
And chase all sorrow circling there ;

Thy magic power *all* care beguiles,
And wan Despair looks up, and smiles.
But *sweeter, lovelier* music far,
Than ever charm'd the ravish'd ear,
The *heaven-taught* music of the *soul*,
When all its powers in sweet controul,
In perfect concord all combine,
And make such harmony divine
Of joy, and peace, and holy love,
As reign in angel-breasts above.
Then come, thou sweet Inspirer! come,
And make my humble cell thy home.
Ah! deign to leave thy blest abode,
And raise my soul from earth to God.

A MOTHER'S MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER.



O, THOU art gone, sweet Innocent!

Thy gentle spirit's fled;

No more in listless languishment

Thou hang'st thy drooping head:

Like some fair lily of the vale

Thou liest in death, all cold, and pale.

The rosy tint has pass'd away,

The throbbing pulse is still,

The playful smile has ceas'd to play,

The heart is cold, and chill;

And oh! that sparkling, bright, blue eye

Is seal'd in death's dull apathy.

Yet *still* I gaze on thee, and weep,
 In spite of nature's pain ;
 For oh ! thou seem'st but sunk to sleep,
 And *soon* to wake again :
 Thou look'st so sweet, so fresh, and fair,
 I *cannot* deem that Death is there.

How long in pain's despite we gaze
 On *that* we doat upon ;
 Bewilder'd quite in sorrow's maze
 The hallow'd fount flows on ;
 Yet *still* we weep, albeit in vain—
 Tears bring not back the dead again.

Oh ! 'tis a sad, and fearful thing,
 As ever 'pall'd the sight,
 To watch the immortal soul take wing—
 Its everlasting flight :
 That moment seals *our* misery,
 And *its* eternal destiny.

Oh! I did watch thee day by day,
But could not see thee fade;
Thou didst not sink in dull decay—
Extinguish'd, not decay'd:—
E'en to the last, so bright, and fair,
Ah! who could think that Death was near?

A rosy hectic, blooming bright,
Did still thy cheek o'erspread;
Thine eye beam'd forth a brighter light,
Thy lips glow'd ruby red;
And there a cherub-smile did play,
That chas'd *all* doubt, and fear away.

Thus did I, fondly doating, gaze,
And dream'd of years to come,
Deceiv'd by Hope's delusive rays,
And thy bright beauty's bloom;
Nor deem'd it token'd Death was there—
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.

O Death! thou tak'st bright Health's disguise,
 And paint'st the rosy cheek ;
 Thou play'st in Beauty's beaming eyes,
 And lurk'st in dimples sleek ;
 And, serpent-like, in flowery wile,
 Thou smil'st so sweet, but to beguile.

Still in the features of that face
 Sweet innocence doth play ;
There lingers yet each nameless grace,
 That *will* not pass away ;
 No line, no touch, of beauty less—
 Thou sleep'st in *all* thy loveliness.

There rests thý head in sweet repose,
 Upon thine arm reclin'd ;
 And o'er thy brow of purest snows
 The silken tresses wind ;
 Thy lips seem parted by thy breath—
 Thou seem'st to live, and breathe in death.

Yes! *there* thou liest, as fair a thing

As e'er was form'd of clay;

The last bright streaks *still* lingering

Of feeling pass'd away—

That light of life, though life be fled—

A halo hovering o'er the dead.

'Tis o'er the pure, but changeless brow,

And o'er the eye of light,

That looks not, beams not, weeps not, now,

Death *most* exerts his might;

Yet there a hallow'd calm doth stray,

Like the last glow of dying day.

And *this* is *all* that's left to tell

Of what was once so bright;—

O, woe is me! it speaks *too* well

To mock my aching sight;

For soon, alas! 'twill fade away,

Though yet untouch'd by dull decay.

I *would* not see the fearful change
 Come o'er that lovely face,
 But steel myself in passion strange,
 And tear me from the place ;
 I *could* not gaze, nor linger near,
 To watch the change to foul from fair.

Once more—and then the conflict's o'er—
 I'll kiss thy snowy brow ;
 For oh ! I cannot love thee *more*,
 Sweet Innocent ! than *now*.
 Love's hallow'd *more* when hope is fled—
 It lives *immortal* with the dead.

Now, fare thee well ! my lovely one !
 My *last, long* look I take ;
Once more I'll kiss that cheek so wan,
 Although my heart 'twill break
 To think that now we're doom'd to sever,
 To meet no more, alas ! for ever.

“ For ever”—I recall the thought,

O no ! it *can* not be ;—

For Oh ! thou wert *too* dearly bought

By Him who *died* for thee,

By Him who did for mortals bleed,

And on the Cross hung cold, and dead.

Yes ! we shall meet, to part no more

In heavenly realms above,

Upon that pure, and peaceful shore—

The blissful land of love—

This balm alone can ease the smart,

And staunch the bleeding of my heart.

REFLECTIONS AT SEA.



Ship Upton Castle, Feb. 9, 1826.



'TIS now the hour of parting day,
And softly fades the scene away,
For the sun has sunk in his ocean grave
'Midst the golden hues of the western wave,
And the rosy clouds are fading fast,
And the last, bright glow of day-light's past,
And twilight broods o'er the dark'ning main,
And the stars peep forth in the azure plain,
And the pensive moon is beaming bright,
Tinging the tide with a trembling light,
And all is hush'd—save the sea-bird's cry,
And the rippling billow that bubbles by,
As gently glides our bark along
To the night-breeze sadly mournful song.

And now is the soft, and soothing hour,
 That steals o'er the heart with magic power,
 And conjures up to our mental sight
 The Form we love—the soul's delight ;
 Whilst memory fondly loves to trace
 Each word, and look, of love—the place
 Where *first* we met, where *last* we parted,
 And lingering stood, all broken-hearted,
 And felt as though we *ne'er* could sever,
 Yet sigh'd—" Farewell"—perhaps for ever :—
 Ah who can fully, truly tell
 The meaning of that word—" Farewell ?"
 Which lingers still when Hope is fled,
 Like the look that cannot quit the dead,
 When Despair has fix'd the gazer's eye,
 And his heart is wrung with agony,
 Then quivering comes as the deadly dart,
 And pierces the throbbing, aching heart :—
 But ah ! can no balm on earth be found
 To heal the deep, and deadly wound ?

O yes! for this hour so sadly sweet,
Invites to prayer, when fond Spirits meet,
And taste the pure joys of communion of soul,
Though oceans, and worlds between them roll ;
Then Faith looks up to the land above,
Where all shall meet that *truly* love,
Shall meet again, no more to part,
Nor breathe the dread word that rends the heart ;
For O ! on that bright, and blissful shore,
All sorrow, and sighing are known no more.

ON CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND,
THE REV. THOS. ROBINSON.

Poonah, July 1825.

DAUGHTER of Grace! of heavenly birth,
Thou fairest of the Sisters fair,
That deign to dwell with Saints on earth,
Oh! hear an ardent suppliant's prayer;
Descend from heaven, thy throne on high,
Thou angel form—sweet Charity!

For thou canst dry the trembling tear
That beams in pensive Sorrow's eye,
Thy touch can chase the anxious fear
Of throbbing breasts, the deep-drawn sigh
Wrung from the heart, with anguish riven,
Which deems itself foredoom'd of Heaven.

For thy glad form, thy cheering voice
 Of sweet, and soothing sympathy,
 Can make the troubled soul rejoice
 Of gloomy, dark, Despondency ;
 Thy cordial balm, *all* woe beguiles,
 And pensive Care looks up, and smiles :

But thee to sing, to man's not given,
 Whose presence makes the bliss above,
 For where *thou* art, Oh! *there* 'tis Heaven,
 " For *love* is Heaven, and heaven is love ;"
 And angel tongues alone can raise
 The song of triumph to thy praise.

Yet would I dare to tune the lyre,
 Albeit unskill'd to strike the string,
 If thou with Love's poetic fire
 Inspire my soul, thy praise to sing ;
 For FRIENDSHIP bids me tune the lay,
 And her behest I *must* obey :

Thy own, dear Friendship—child of Love!
Who binds the hearts that worship thee,
Of saints on earth, and souls above
In golden chains, so firm, yet free,
That neither time, nor death can sever;
For Friendships bond shall last for ever.

But come, thou Queen of Love divine!
And with thee bring thy heavenly Train—
Soft Pity with the tearful eyne,
Pure Chastity that knows no stain,
And gentle Peace, and smiling Joy,
And meek-eyed maid—sweet Sympathy.

Oh! come ye sacred nymphs, and dwell,
Far from the busy haunts of men,
With Pilgrim lone in humble cell
Down in the distant, silent glen;
Nor other guests shall e'er intrude,
But such as love the wise, and good.

But oft shall Friendship fond repair
To grace my peaceful, lone retreat,
The feast of mind, and heart to share,
When mind, and heart responsive beat ;
As sorrow sad, or smiling joy
Strikes the full chords of Sympathy.

HYMN,

WRITTEN AT SEA, OCT. 1826.



WHILST darkly o'er Life's stormy sea
All fearfully I rove,
Be *thou* my star of Arcady
Thou bleeding, dying Love !

When billows beat, and tempests rave,
And thunders o'er me roll,
O thou ! who once did walk the wave,
Speak peace unto my soul :

Then may it calmly, sweetly sleep,
And on thy bosom rest,
Like infant sunk in slumbers deep
Upon its mother's breast.

Until the sky's fair face, once more
 Smile thro' the breaking gloom,
 And stilled be the tempest's roar,
 And ocean's heaving womb :

And Oh! when many a sunless day
 Has fled, and starless night,
 Be *thou* the Day-star of my way,
 My Polar-star of light

To guide me safely o'er the deep,
 When breakers near me roar,
 To steer by, round each stormy steep,
 And billow-beaten shore :

Oh! lead my Bark—all perils past,
 So long by tempests driven,
 Unto its peaceful port at last—
 The friendly port of Heaven.

CONSCIENCE.

WRITTEN ABROAD, 1826.



THERE is a time when moments seem

To have the length of years,

When memory conjures up to view

Deep-buried, guilty fears,

Which long had lain, forgotten quite,

In Time's oblivious gloom,

Then sudden rise, to pall the sight;

Like spectres from the tomb—

Dread forms of unforgiven deeds,

That stalk in Joy's bright course,

And make the soul to writhe beneath

Impenitent Remorse :

For oft at Pleasure's festal board,
 Midst revelry unblest,
 Guilt's ghastly form the scene will haunt,
 A dread, unbidden guest :

Perchance a word—a look, may raise
 This spectre of the past,
 That points to deeds of other days,
 And mars the mirthful feast :—

Its withering frown the cheek hath blanch'd,
 Joy's hectic glow is fled,
 The sound of revelry is quench'd,
 And Pleasure's self is dead.

O Guilt ! thou art a fearful thing,
 A curse—a withering spell ;
 For O ! thou hast a scorpion sting
 That makes a heaven a hell.

Thou art the monster of the heart
Of sin conceiv'd, and bred,
There feed'st thou on its *vital* part—
Heart-born, heart-nourished.

Oh! still how sad is Guilt's review,
Tho' haply long forgiven,
The gracious heart will bleed anew
That *once* was wrung, and riven.

For more doth Sorrow's spring run o'er
When Mercy smiles from Heaven,
The grateful heart but loves the *more*,
The *more* it is forgiven.

ON REVISITING ST. HELENA.

SEPTEMBER, 1826.

ONCE more I gaze upon that far fam'd isle
That stands all lone, and wild, and desolate,
And rears its rugged, cloud-capt head abrupt
From out the bosom of th' Atlantic wave—
A little speck amid the world of waters—
Bearing unmov'd th' eternal war of waves,
And to the gazer's wondering sight would seem
Some strange, mishapen, monstrous birth of nature,
Burst from the dread volcano's burning womb,
So black, and scath'd, its outward aspect frowns ;
Or fancy deem that one of that vast brood
Which warr'd with heav'n were here by Jove's dread bolt
Transfixed deep, and to this Isle transform'd.

Here 'Terror sits enthron'd in awful state
 On high-brow'd rocks that beetle o'er the deep,
 Guarding his ancient, solitary realm :
 Like that cherubic watch with flaming sword
 Which once did guard fair Eden's blissful bower ;
 For here bright Eden seems to bloom again
 In one eternal sunny summer's smile :
 And here Sublimity, and Beauty reign,
 Reign here, and revel o'er their wild domain
 In every rich variety of form,
 As if they strove in mutual rivalry
 T' outvie each other in their sportive wiles,
 And with the mighty magic of their art
 To adorn the bosom of this fairy Isle
 With every grace, and charm of loveliness.—
 Oft have I lov'd to roam at peep of dawn
 Amid this blooming wilderness of sweets,
 Which still lay slumbering in night's dewy tears ;
 Or 'long the high tops of these wood-crown'd hills,
 In haste to see the radiant star of day

Slowly arise, in solemn majesty,
 From out his cloud-form'd, glowing, bright pavilion,
 Above the bosom of the flaming wave,
 Gilding the mountain tops, and lofty peaks,
 Each craggy cliff, and distant promontory,
 And all the glowing scene with burnish'd gold.
 There might you see the monsters of the deep
 Basking, and sporting in the sunny beam ;
 Above the rest the huge leviathan,—
 The sovereign prince of all the watery realm—
 Lashing the boiling billows into rage,
 Spouting aloft a cataract of foam,
 And, like some foundering, tempest-beaten bark,
 Then plunge all headlong down the deep abyss.—
 And *now* I stand upon the chain of hills *
 That stretch their linked lengths athwart the Isle ;
 And rapt in ecstasy I gaze around,
 Then down upon the wondrous scene beneath,

* View of Sandy-Bay from Sandy-Bay Ridge.

'Till lost 'mid mighty Nature's handy-work,
 I soar from Nature up to Nature's God ;
 For here she triumphs o'er her sister, Art,
 And builds her adamantine palaces,
 Her spiring pinnacles, and rocky towers,
 Adorn'd with quaint fantastic ornament
 In gothic fretwork, wrought by Time's own hand,
 Who still doth ornament what he destroys.
 And here toward the margin of the main,
 Where fearful desolation seems to dwell,
 Sculptur'd in shapes grotesque, and strange,
 A host of vast, colossal columns rise,
 Which long have brav'd the fury of the storm,
 And grown all hoary in the lapse of years :—
 These fancy well might deem some rebel race
 Transformed, and call them after fearful names.
 But to the left of this fantastic group,
 As if in contrast to a scene so rude,
 Nature has lavish'd all her choicest charms,
 And, prodigal of beauty, crown'd the scene ;

The hills, the dales, and lofty spiral peaks,
 E'en to their tops that pierce the fleecy clouds,
 In rich, luxuriant, verdant, herbage smile.
 Whilst downward, far as e'er the eye can rove,
 A lovely rural landscape glows around,
 Where fleecy flocks, and herds all peaceful roam ;
 On whose green hills, half hid in tufted trees
 Sweet pastoral cottages are faintly seen,
 And rosy bowers, where Flora loves to stray,
 And gardens fair, and blooming orange-groves
 Beaming with golden fruit—a realm of sweets—
 Where bright Pomona holds eternal reign.
 And now I leave this landscape of delight,
 Tho' loth to leave an Eden—all so fair ;
 For other scenes invite th' adventurous muse,
 Albeit unskill'd to soar on wing sublime ;
 And I would tell how oft I've wander'd forth,
 Smit with the love of Nature's awfulness,
 To explore the terrors of her mighty realm ;
 Then would I venture, spurr'd with fearless daring,

To scale the heights of vast acclivities,
 And rifted rocks that seem'd to hang in air :
 But there was once—O I remember well—
 (The thought comes o'er me like some fearful dream
 From which we start in terror and amaze,
 Which still doth shake our souls'and reasons' strength,
 Albeit we know that *all* was but a dream—)
 When I did clamber up the rugged steep
 Of an high towering, rocky precipice,
 Whose summit form'd a massy, spiral cone ;
 With labour great, and danger greater still—
 The crumbling rocks oft breaking 'neath my tread—
 I gain'd, at length, the giddy, perilous height,
 And gaz'd around, and down the deep abyss,
 O'er which the eye wander'd all fearfully,
 Until my aching sight began to reel :—
 But, O ! the awful grandeur of the scene !—
 In front a dreary, rugged, mountain rose
 Stupendous ; on whose hoary brow did sit
 Barren Sterility, save here, and there,

A brilliant patch of verdant herbage smil'd,
Or flowery shrub indigenous, and bright.
The sea-birds screaming wildly, soar'd aloft,
Or o'er the yawning gulph on fearless wing ;
Whilst, far adown the deep, and dread abrupt,
A sea of floating clouds did roll along,
Leaving th' imagination uncontroll'd
To rove bewildered in the fearful thought
Of viewless, infinite, profundity.—
Then would I listen to the deafening sound
That ever and anon would stun the ear—
Whilst rushing blâsts careering swept along—
Of time-rent rocks down dash'd precipitate,
Dragging a host of fragments in their train,
And bounding headlong to the depths below—
Till the long, deep, reverberating roar,
Like distant thunders, murmuring died away.
It was my lot, whilom to sojourn long
In this lone isle, shut out from all the world,
What time the mighty Monarch of the earth

Dragg'd out the lingering remnant of his days,
 A prey to fell disease, and cruel hate,
 In sad, inglorious captivity :—
 'Tis not *my* theme to eulogize the man,
 As if I deem'd his life were *virtuous*,
 Who was the *guilty* minister of vengeance,
 By heav'n ordained to scourge a *guilty* world :
 It suits not *me* to praise, or to condemn ;—
 I rather now would write his *epitaph*,
 And let his faults lie buried in his grave—
 “ He was a man, take him for all in all,
 We ne'er shall look upon his like again.”
 Yet would I dare to speak in boundless praise,
 And eulogize the wondrous works of God,
 And of the wond'rous, *none* more wonderful—
 'Mong all the creatures of mere mortal mould,—
 Than *He*—a man endow'd with powers
 Of soul so marvellous, and passing strange—
 He was, in sooth, the wonder of the world ;
 For he—so vast his genius—was *himself*

A Legislator, King, and Conqueror :
 And in his *laws* alone will live immortal :
 None e'er attain'd to greater height of power,
 None e'er abus'd that power *less* than he.
 His soul was formed of strange materials—
 A spirit antithetically mixed—
 Blending the grand, the awful, and sublime,
 With all the gentle, playful, innocent ;
 In mind a man, ⁱ simplicity a child :
One hour engaged dicta'ing laws to nations,
The next a child, with children in their sports ;
To-day led on by glory's meteor star,
 Burning to win the conquest of a world,
The next as anxious o'er some trivial game,
 Or losing *each* with *like* indifference—
 And seem'd or something *more* or *less* than man :
 As was his mind, so was his destiny—
 Wayward, and strange, and still extreme in all things :
 Ambition crown'd him monarch of the world,
 Ambition hurl'd him headlong from his throne ;

And he who was the conqu'ror of the globe,
 Died in sad exile in this lonely isle.
 "None are *all* evil"—and *he* had his virtues:
 Though sternness often sat upon his brow,
 Yet kindness *oftener* reigned within his heart:
 His countenance beam'd the index of his mind,
 And that was noble, princely, generous,
 And courteous, condescending, affable.—
 Whilst in this Isle of his captivity,
 Mid all the evils of his adverse fate,
 A prey to painful, lingering, disease,
 He suffer'd all as suffering nothing, yea!
 Forgot his own in soothing other's griefs;
 For, like the giant rock on which he stood,
 That bears th' eternal war of winds, and waves,
He bore unmov'd—how long!—the raging blasts,
 And beating billows of adversity.
 But, above all, while yet he sojourn'd here,
 His life was innocent and virtuous:
 Though now set free from all the cares of state,

With time, and means to riot in excess—
 Indulging in no sensual appetite—
 He liv'd retir'd, abstemious, temperate ;
 And thus, shut out from all the busy world,
 He strove t'improve the remnant of his days
 In studious reading ; or, like mighty Cæsar,
 Framing his strange, eventful history.
 His recreative hours were calmly spent
 In innocent, and elegant delights,
 Amid the beauties of his garden fair—
 Bright blooming flowers, and rich exotic shrubs,
 Which brighter bloom'd beneath his tasteful hand—
 For he himself had fram'd this fairy spot,
 And he would show as fond solicitude
 In training up some rosy, favourite flower,
 As though 't had been his own bright-blooming boy,
 Whom cruel fate had sever'd from his side,
 And whom his soul the *more* did doat upon ;
 For in his heart did dwell each tender tie—
 A Father's fondness—and a Husband's love.

And here, shut out from all intrusive gaze,
 Hid in cool grot from broad day's garish eye,
 Thro' which a little babbling runnel stray'd,
 He'd muse upon the memory of the past—
 His wife, child, country, and that cruel fate,
 Which *thus* had torn them from his arms for ever.
 Oft have I gazed upon this wondrous man,
 But aye with strange emotions, undefin'd,
 Akin to fearful dread and wonderment,
 As if oppress'd by some mysterious power ;
 Like some poor bird beneath the serpent's gaze,
 Spell-bound, and shivering, with sudden fear.
 For, O ! there was a magic in his eye,
 That seem'd to penetrate the very soul,
 And trace all secrets deeply buried there :
Thus could he read the thoughts of *other* men,
Himself—a sealed book—*unread* the while.
 There was a withering lightning in his frown,
 Which could appal the boldest gazer's heart :
 But, O ! for those he *loved*, or lov'd to *please*,

There was a fascination in his smile
That won *all* hearts at once to worship him :
And what his *frown* sometimes could not effect,
His *smile could*—even subdue his enemies.
This made him what he was—his nation's idol.—
But I did gaze upon that eye, how chang'd !
When all its bright celestial fire had fled ;
Upon that pallid lip, where, e'en in death,
That smile still lingering play'd, that won all hearts ;
And I did hold that pale, cold hand in mine,
Which once did grasp the sceptre of the world.
For I had watch'd him withering leaf by leaf,
E're yet the summer of his years had fled ;
Like some tall monarch of the shady grove,
Torn from its parent earth and sunny skies,
To droop, and die, in uncongenial clime.—
But, O ! that day I never may forget—
For I was present on that mournful morn,
When hears'd in death, in solemn sad array
I saw them bear him to the silent tomb,

Amid the weeping people of the Isle ;
 For then *no* eye was unsuffus'd with tears.
 And I did watch the slow procession move
 All solemnly along the winding hills,
 And then adown the sloping valley's side,
 Until it reach'd the lonely, sacred spot,
 Where he was laid, low in the silent tomb.—
 But as I gaz'd upon that breathless form,
 That smil'd all placid in the arms of death,
 And paid the sacred tribute of a tear,
 Absorb'd in pensive meditative mood,
 I thought of ancient Babel's mighty King,
 How strange the semblance of their fates appear'd,
 As *thus* the Prophet's heavenly muse has sung*—
 “ Hades is moved to meet thee at thy coming ;
 It stirreth up the princely dead for thee,
 E'en all the mighty chieftains of the earth ;
 Yea it hath rais'd up from their thrones the Kings

* Isaiah xiv. 9—21.

Of all the nations, who shall speak to thee,
 And thus salute thee, saying, ' Art *thou* also
 Become all weak as we ? and like to us ?
 Thy pomp is now brought down unto the grave,
 The music of thy viols now is ceased :
 The foul worms are thy covering, and thy bed.
 How art thou fall'n from heav'n, O Lucifer !
 Son of the morning ! how art thou cast down,
 Down to the ground, who didst the nations weaken !
 For in th' ambition of thy soul, thou saidst
 I will ascend to Heaven, I will exalt
 My throne above the radiant stars of God ;
 And sit upon the mount of Congregation,
 In the sides of the north : yea, I'll ascend
 Above the clouds, and be like the Most High.'

Yet thou art now brought down unto the grave,
 All they that see thee, narrowly shall view thee,
 And meditating on thee, *thus* shall say,
 ' Is *this* the man that made the earth to tremble,
 That shook the kingdoms ; and destroy'd their cities ;

That made the world a wilderness ; and held
 His hapless captives in perpetual thrall—
 All the Kings of the earth, yea all of them,
 Lie tomb'd in glory, in ancestral vaults :
 But like an evil branch, or bloody vest
 Of one in battle slain with deadly blade,
 Or as a carcase trodden under foot,
 Art thou rejected from thy country's tombs :
 And ne'er shall joined be with Kings in burial,
 For thou'st destroy'd thy land, thy people slain.'"—
 What tho' he *be* not sepulchred with Kings,
 In pageantry, and pomp—to rot in state,
 Nor o'er him towers some gorgeous monument ;
 He *needs* no monument to tell *his* fame,
 Or roll it onward thro' the tide of time ;
 His name shall live while pyramids decay ;
 No brazen tablet to record *his* deeds,
 Which eye shall live in all men's memories :—
 But yet he *has* a grave in this wild Isle ;
 It is a lonely, rural, sacred spot—
 A place he lov'd to haunt, and whither oft

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REVEREND THOMAS ROBINSON,

Private Chaplain to the late Bishop Heber, of Calcutta,

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF

THAT EMINENT AND DISTINGUISHED PRELATE.

Bishop's College, Calcutta, June 3, 1826.

THOU art the *same*, my Friend, as e'er thou wert,
 If kindness, love, and friendship aught can tell,
 Tho' months have fled since we were doom'd to part,
 And sadly breathe that bitter word—*Farewell!*

Thy ardent spirit still illumes thy smile,
 Tho' saddest sorrow circles o'er thy brow,—
 Ah! cease the strife *such* sorrows to beguile;
 For oh! we cannot love thee *more*—than now.

Grief for the dead, what heart can e'er reprove—
 The dead that die in righteousness, and peace?
 For oh! fond hearts *will* bleed for those they love;
 Yet let not sorrow rob thy soul of ease:—

For he whom Death so suddenly cut down
 Was ripe for Heaven, in Grace's fullest bloom;
 Ah! think that now he wears the sainted Crown,
 And soon shall rise triumphant o'er the tomb.

His course was glorious as the summer's sun
 When travelling in the greatness of his might,—
 A burning, and a shining light he shone,
 Then set, to rise in everlasting light:

And now he beams, amid the stars above,
 A radiant orb—no more to fade away;
 But, circling, roll around the throne of love
 His burning course, thro' Heaven's eternal day.

LINES ON BISHOP'S COLLEGE,

CALCUTTA.

ADDRESSED TO PRINCIPAL, AND MRS. MILL.


Bishop's College, May 1st, 1826.


YE gothic towers! and sacred cells!
Where heavenly Contemplation dwells
With fair Devotion pure, and holy,
Far, far, from scenes of noise, and folly,
And anxious care, and toil, and strife,
And all the vain delights of life.
Ye academic halls! and groves!
Which musing Meditation loves,
To whom the mystic keys are given
That ope the golden gates of heaven;

She with Religion sojourns here,
 Attended by her hand-maid fair—
 Bright Science, with her darling Son—
 Young Genius—whom she doats upon,
 And loves to lead to sacred bowers
 Of Truth, to spend the morning hours,
 And blooming Spring, of youthful prime,
 In seeking Wisdom's ways sublime,
 Whose ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her holy paths are peace :—
 Sweet, calm retreat ! fair, blissful scene !
 Where Peace, and hallow'd Pleasure reign
 With their fond sister—Charity,
 Of glowing soul, and beaming eye,
 Ah ! here you've made your blest abode
 Fair Hand-maids of the wise, and good.—
 Ye inmates of this sacred pile
 On *me* you've kindly deign'd to smile,
 A lonely stranger on your shore,
 And op'd the hospitable door,

And bade me enter in, in peace,
And made my dark forebodings cease,
And given a weary Wanderer rest,
Whose troubled soul was sore oppress'd ;
For, as the ark's fond dove of yore
Fled far around, but found no shore,
Nor spot, to rest her weary wing,
Nor peaceful token home to bring,
But, darting o'er the troubled main,
Flew back into the ark again ;
Thus late I wander'd to, and fro
O'er the dark sea of care and woe,
And when by tempests tost, and driven,
No home appear'd, no peaceful haven,
I found a refuge like the dove .
Within this sweet abode of love,
Where gentle Peace, and Charity
Have fondly sympathiz'd with me,
And oh ! how tenderly caress'd me,
And with their richest favours blest me ;

The heart so late o'erwhelm'd with sadness,
Ah ! now o'erflows with joy and gladness,
And the full tide of gratitude
For blessings felt, and understood ;
And long as Memory holds her seat
That heart's warm current still shall meet,
And, mingling, roll its vital flood
With that full tide of gratitude.
Here fair domestic joys abound,
As sweet as e'er on earth are found,
For oh ! 'tis Friendship's *own* domain
Where all her gentle sister train—
Pure Peace, and Joy, and Amity,
And ever tender Sympathy—
In union join to sooth the breast
Of every welcome—bidden guest ;
And here the charming Syren Pair—
Sweet Music, with her Sister fair—
Melodious, dulcet Voice, divine--
In hallow'd strains their powers combine

To pour the tuneful tide along
In all the ravishment of song ;
Whilst harmony, sweet harmony !
Fills all the raptur'd soul with joy.—
But outward pleasures now invite
'Mid scenes of nature fair, and bright ;
How sweet to roam with tranquil leisure
These rural haunts of peace, and pleasure,
Led on by Fancy as we stray
Along the cool, sequester'd way,
Thro' alleys green, and shady grove,
Or 'neath the high embower'd alcove.
Which seems like some fair, gothic aisle,
Or time-worn temple's sacred pile
With ancient ivy over-grown,
Thro' which a trembling light is thrown
Upon the chequer'd path beneath,
As stirr'd the leaves by Zephyr's breath,
Waking a swelling, dirge-like moan,
Like distant organ's plaintive tone :—

Whilst in the branching roof we trace
 The pillar'd arch's swelling grace,
 Resembling that which we have seen
 In ancient hall, or holy fane,
 And learn how Nature's works impart
 Their aid to imitative Art.—

How sweet to breathe the balmy air
 Amid these fragrant gardens fair,
 When sultry noon-day hours are past,
 And lingering Eve comes on at last,
 Like vestal pure, in pensive mood,
 And oh ! as dearly, fondly woo'd
 As ever cruel maiden fair

By Lover in his sad despair :—
 Oh ! come thou calm and soothing Maid,
 For ah ! how long hast thou delay'd
 On the far-distant, western hills
 List'ning to the tuneful rills
 Making sweet music as they stray
 Along their verdant, flowery way,

Whilst Zephyrs sing their vesper song,
 And fan thee as thou stray'st along :
 Oh ! come unto these rosy bowers
 To cheer my faint, and weary powers ;
 “ Oh ! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
 This burning brow,—'twill beat no more”—
 And let thy cooling breezes play
 Around me, as I musing stray
 Thro' gardens* fair, and tufted grove
 Where languid spirits love to rove,
 Or 'long the rapid *river's*† side
 To watch the waters as they glide
 By gothic halls, and mansions bright,
 And scenes that charm the gazer's sight
 Of eastern, rich magnificence,
 And Nature's bright luxuriance.—

* The Botanic Gardens.

† River Hoogly, one of the mouths of the Ganges, on whose banks is the City of Calcutta, justly styled “ *The City of Palaces.*”

But pensive Twilight steals along,
And bids me close my artless song,
And seek again the happy dome
Which I have learnt to call my home,
To pass the cheerful hours away
In joys as innocent, as gay,
'Midst fondest friends, as good as kind,
Of souls exalted, and refin'd,
Where Friendship, and Benevolence
Have ta'en their blissful residence,
And ever-lovely Sympathy,
Of sunny smile, and tearful eye:—
Oh! may these Virtues still attend them,
And heavenly Blessings aye befriend them;
May all their fondest hopes be crown'd,
And every holy joy abound;
May tranquil Peace, and Piety
Still dwell with sacred Harmony;
All heavenly Graces linger here,
As loath to leave a spot so dear;

And here terrestrial Pleasures dwell
As fair, and pure, as tongue can tell;
And Oh! may here *such* bliss be found
As only dwells on hallow'd ground.

Sweeter than every flower that blows
 That e'er in Grace's garden grows,
 Is heaven's immortal blooming rose—

The red, red Rose of Sharon !

This flower of worth to Faith is given
 To ease the heart when wrung, and riven,
 And fill it with the joys of Heaven—

Joyous the Rose of Sharon !

No sharp, repelling thorn it bears
 In winning grace its form it rears,
 And sweetly smiles thro' dewy tears—

Sweet is the Rose of Sharon !

'Tis stained deep in crimson dyes,
 It breathes its incense thro' the skies,
 And cheers the heart, and charms the eyes—

Rare is the Rose of Sharon !

With odorous sweets its leaves o'erflow—

A cordial balm for every woe

That mortals here endure below—

O precious Rose of Sharon !

'Tis fraught with sovereign, healing art

To sooth the bleeding, aching heart,

And breathe new life thro' every part—

Reviving Rose of Sharon !

Mysterious flower ! from whence we borrow

Our light in darkness, joy in sorrow,

And Hope to light the distant morrow—

Bright is the Rose of Sharon !

In wintry skies 'twill sweetly bloom,

Thro' season's change, in darkest gloom,

And live beyond the day of doom—

Unfading Rose of Sharon !

For O ! when life's dark day is o'er
'Twill bloom in Heaven for evermore,
Imparting bliss unfelt before—

Immortal Rose of Sharon !

HYMN,

WRITTEN AT SEA, OCTOBER, 1826.



O HOLY SPIRIT! heavenly Dove!

Thy gracious power impart,

Grant me that Faith which works by love,

And purifies the heart.

O grant that sure, and steadfast Hope—

The anchor of the soul,

Fix'd firm in Heaven's eternal Rock,

Whilst tempests round me roll.

Grant me a heart from sin set free,

Inflam'd with holy love

For Him who liv'd, and died for me,

And intercedes above.

O ! for a Harp for ever strung
 To swell in grateful lays,
O ! for an Angel's tuneful tongue
 To sing a Saviour's praise :

No Seraph's song should rival mine
 Amid the blest above ;
For I would sing of Love divine—
 Of rich, redeeming love.

THERE IS A REST FOR THOSE THAT
WEEP.

HEBREWS, CHAP. IV. VER. 9.

June 1825.—Poonah.

THERE is a rest for those that weep—
For those that weep, and long to die :
A rest—but not as 'tis in sleep—
A rest of wakeful ecstasy :—

A rest from sin, and pain, and strife,
From doubts, and heart-foreboding fears,
From all the various ills of life—
Our portion in this vale of tears :—

For 'tis the lot of all below
To groan beneath life's pond'rous load,
Alike to drain the cup of woe—
The man of sin—the man of God.

Thro' life's waste howling wilderness
 The Christian Pilgrim wends his way ;
 Tho' tempests beat, and perils press,
 And darkness shrouds the face of day,

He still pursues the narrow path,
 Tho' faint, yet fearless, journies on,
 Illumin'd by the lamp of Faith,
 Which ever o'er his pathway shone :

And, tho' a Pilgrim's garb he wear,
 A warrior he, and arm'd for fight,
 His breast-plate, helmet, shield, and spear,
 Of heavenly temper, burnish'd bright :

Tho' hosts of foes beset his path,
 The warrior Pilgrim passes on,
 Fights the good fight of faith 'till death—
 The victory's gain'd ! the crown is won !

Say why has righteous Heaven decreed
 Her Sons a life of warfare here ?
 Ah ! why is Virtue doom'd to bleed,
 And Vice to triumph o'er her bier ?

God's Word the mystery can reveal ;
 It shows a state *beyond* the tomb
 Of endless woe, and endless weal—
 A righteous judgment-day to come :

It shows their trials are decreed
 To *prove* their faith, their hope, and love,
 And *purify* the chosen seed,
 And fix their souls on Heaven above :

These prove them *favourite* sons of Heaven,
 And mark their heavenly Father's care ;
 For, whom he *loves*, to them 'tis given
 Affliction's *hardest* lot to bear :

But soon their sorrows here shall cease,
And soon their tears be wiped away;—
One struggle more,—and all is peace—
The sunshine of eternal day !

ON SPRING.



IN lonely bower bemoans the 'Turtle Dove,
Thro' all the groves the melting murmurs ring,
The little birds attune their lays of love,
In warbling quires their sweetest carols sing,
To hail the presence of the smiling Spring;
For forth she comes with rosy chaplet crown'd,
And mantle green her form o'ershadowing,
In flowery wreaths her golden tresses bound,
And as she lightly treads, rich odours breathe around.

All nature gladdens at her presence bright,
 And seems instinct with life, and joy and love ;
 Sweet smile the vales, in richest verdure dight,
 The flow'ry meads, and lawns, and tuneful grove ;
 The babbling brooks soft murmur as they rove,
 In liquid lapse, to sooth her listening ear ;
 Soft Zephyrs wave their balmy wings, and move
 The forest leaves—that tremble as in fear ;
 And all things hail her, fairest Goddess of the year !

All living things in these fair scenes that dwell
 Her presence own, and love-inspiring power ;
 The rural swain, and maiden fair, can tell
 The kindling raptures of her genial hour,
 As forth they roam to seek the blissful bower,
 Where oft they've told their tender tale of love—
 Blushing in youthful bloom, and beauty's flower—
 And pledg'd their truth, and constancy to prove
 By all the sacred ties of earth, and heaven above.

On May's fair morn, soft breathes the gentle swain,
 " Arise my love, my fair one come away—
 For lo! the Winter's past, and rushing rain ;
 Fair flowers appear where e'er we chance to stray ;
 The singing birds now pour the tender lay ;
 The turtle's voice is heard thro' all the land :—
 Then rise, my love ! to hail the flow'ry May—
 My fair one come, we'll join the rural band,
 And lead the festive dance by morning Zephyrs fann'd."

Then, at the peep of purple-dappled dawn,
 Led forth by Love, the youthful pair would stray
 Along the meads, and dewy spangled lawn,
 To pay due honours to the morn of May—
He, like the young Hyperion of the day,
She, as Aurora, blushing in beauty's bloom,
 Bedeck'd in flow'ry wreaths, and garlands gay—
 Queen of the rural bands that tripping come
 To tread the mazy dance in morning's rich perfume.

Sweet, cheerful hour ! that wakes the tuneful lark,
Who upward starts, and shakes her dewy wings,
Preludes her song, then soars aloft—and hark !
High pois'd in air, her morning matin sings ;
The swelling strain thro' all the concave rings,
Then faintly falls upon the listening ear,
As up the sky, she high, and higher springs,
Till a small speck she seems, that floats in air ;
Then winds adown, and lights amidst her broody care.

Sweet bird ! that bids the wakeful shepherd rise,
To seek his fleecy flocks at dawn of day ;
Blythe as thyself, and tuneful, forth he hies,
Singing, and whistling, as he wends his way—
Save when he stops to list thy cheerful lay ;
Then onward roams to seek his tender care,
And sits, and tends them all the livelong day,
Until the folding hour of evening fair—
Then homeward hastes to clasp his wife, and children dear.

The early Woodman too, might oft be seen
 Go forth in rustic guise, at peep of morn,
 In buskin, leathern belt, and jerkin green,
 With shining axe across his shoulder borne,
 And faithful Dog, that waits his home-return.
 Hark ! from the forest doubling strokes resound !
 The giant Oaks of distant ages born
 Fall crashing down in ruin o'er the ground,
 And forests, hills, and dales, reverberate the sound.

'Tis now the sunny hour of cheerful noon,
 And all things gladden in the genial beam ;
 The welcome Cuckoo tries her humble tune,
 The twittering Swallow skims the glassy stream,
 The mellow Thrush, and piping Blackbird, seem
 The rival songsters of the tuneful grove,
 The gaudy Goldfinch glitters in the gleam,
 Blithe sings the Linnet, coos the Turtle-dove ;
 And all in concert join'd pour forth their songs of love.

And now beneath the deep, embowering shade,
 Where Melancholy reigns in lonely groves—
 Meet scene for Love, and Contemplation made—
 Craz'd with sad care, the hapless Lover roves
 With faltering steps, and mourns his hopeless loves ;
 Then sinks adown by mossy fountain side,
 Oppress'd with grief, that saddest sorrow proves,
 And pours his sad tears in the silver tide,
 Whose purling waters mourn in pity as they glide.

O ye ! who e'er have felt the bitter throes
 Of hopeless love, thro' all its varied grief,
 Whose kindred hearts can feel for other's woes—
 Regardless of your own, as light and brief—
 Can sooth heart's sorrow, pour the kind relief
 Of sympathetic tears :—pity the man
 Forlorn with cares, that aye of peace bereave—
 The hapless Lover, woe-worn, pale, and wan :—
 O ! drop the tender tear, nor turn in cold disdain.

But now the pensive hour of evening fair
 Comes softly on, and Zephyr's balmy wings
 Fling richest odours thro' the rosy air :
 Down in the dale the warbling Wood-lark sings
 In sweetest strains, to plaintive murmurings
 Of limpid streams, and rills that tinkling stray
 Thro' distant vales, far from their mossy springs ;
 The slanting sunbeams on their waters play,
 That murmuring seem to mourn the death of parting day.

For now the sun in golden pomp array'd—
 Pavillion'd deep in clouds of crimson dyes,
 Whose vermeil tints 'gin faintly now to fade—
 Is slowly sinking down the western skies,
 Gilding the mountain tops, that towering rise
 Far in the distance of the fading scene ;
 Into pale tints the glowing vision dies :—
Thus fades the rose in Beauty's youthful mien—
 And death's pale hues are all of what so bright hath been.

Sweet is the balmy morn, her dawning sweet,
 The early song of Birds, and breath of flowers,
 Sweet is the noontide hour of genial heat,
 And sweet to muse in cool, sequester'd bowers,
 And sweet fair Even's love-inspiring hours ;
 But ah ! more sweet, when Twilight grey proceeds
 Advancing slowly—ere dim darkness low'rs—
 Like a sad Vestal “ clad in Pilgrim weeds,”
 In Vesper's pensive hour “ come forth to tell her beads.”

How sweet to roam in this thy stilly hour
 That wakes the soft emotions of the breast,
 To feel the influence of thy magic power
 Steal o'er the soul, and sooth it into rest ;
 Whilst woo'd along by thee, thou heavenly Guest !
 Sweet, musing Meditation ! pure and holy,
 To soar sublime 'mid visions of the blest,
 Far, far above this world of noise, and folly,
 Wrapt in a wakeful dream of blissful melancholy :

'Till suddenly a sad, and soothing strain
 Pours forth such raptures on the ravish'd ear,
 That fills the soul with love's delicious pain,
 Waking the trembling hope, the anxious fear,
 The smile of joy, and pity's tender tear;
 As plaintively the love-lorn Nightingale
 Swells her sad song of sorrow, full and clear,
 Waking soft Echo in the dewy vale,
 To sing in sweet response to her heart-moving tale.—

But chief the hapless Lover as he strays
 Pensive, and lone, amid the dews of night,
 Drinks in the kindred raptures of her lays,
 And sighs, and weeps—entranc'd with strange delight;
 And mourns his *own* so sad, and piteous plight;
 'Plaining of bitter fate, and hopeless loves,
 Of perjur'd vows, and cruel maid's despite;
 Murmuring his brain-sick fancies as he roves—
 Like some sad, wandering Sprite, that haunts the
 lonely groves.

But now is hushed the sadly soothing song,
And stilly, slumberous silence reigns profound,
Save where the humming beetle wheels along,
Or flitting bat that wings his nightly round,
Mid ruin'd piles, with moss, and ivy crown'd ;
Or where the dismal Owl in hoary tower
Startles the Night's dull ear with fearful sound—
The boding knell of Death's approaching hour
To hapless souls, a prey to Superstition's power.

At length fair Phœbe—pensive Queen of night !
From cloudy shrine shoots forth a paly gleam ;
Dim darkness struggles with the dubious light,
And objects faintly glimmer in the beam ;
Till bursting forth, she pours her silvery stream
Of lustre bright, o'er valley, hill, and grove—
The glowing landscape wakes from night's dark dream,
And seems where'er the gazer's eye may rove,
To bask in calm delight beneath her light of love :

The pearly earth begemm'd with dewy tears,
 Beaming beneath her soft, and silvery showers,
 One trembling sea of liquid light appears,
 Strew'd with fair Isles of glittering groves and bowers,
 Which Fancy fills with bright, aerial Powers—
 Sweet Sprites that fly the face of garish day,
 And haunt lone isles, and lakes, and time-worn towers—
 And as soft Zephyrs thro' the light leaves stray,
 She hears their plaintive songs, whilst lyres Æolian play.

But, fare ye well ! ye valleys, meads, and bowers,
 Ye hills, and dales, and woods, and tufted groves,
 Ye purling streams, sweet birds, and sweeter flowers,
 Ye blissful scenes, and joys, and rural loves !
 Where gentle Peace, with musing Fancy roves :—
 Farewell thou flowery Queen ! sweet-smiling Spring !
 With all thy jocund train of laughing Hours,
 And thou my Harp, 'till next I strike the string
 In untaught rustic strains,—and Summer's praises
 sing.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AT SEA, SEPTEMBER, 1826.



I LOVE ye, ye fair creatures of the night!—

Ye smile so sweet in Beauty's beamy dress,

Ye look so tranquil, pure in loveliness,

My soul drinks in your pearly, liquid light,

Till quite bewilder'd—why so heavenly bright?

Why is such beauty in your being blent,

To fill *all* hearts with such high ravishment,

And *some* to idolize the rapturous sight?

Ah! not to tempt us to idolatry;

For if *ye* are so lovely, wond'rous fair,

How much *more* wond'rous, lovely fair is *He*

Who *made* ye thus, all beauteous as ye are,

And thus adorn'd, to speak aloud *His* praise,

That Man should *Him* adore, *Him* worship whilst

they gaze.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AT SEA, SEPTEMBER, 1826.



I HAD a dream—a dread, and fearful dream !

Methought I stood upon the rugged steep
Of an high-tow'ring cliff, whose head did seem

To hang in air, and beetle o'er the deep ;—

But Oh ! the sight beneath did make me weep,
Of shipwreck'd souls, to hear their dying scream
Of drowning agony ; well might I deem

'Twas sad reality, no thing of sleep :—

Then as I strove to clamber down the dread,

And fearful precipice, in hope to save

Some drowning mortal from a watery grave,

Methought the rocks did break beneath my tread,

And, falling headlong, suddenly did wake

In wild amaze, and fear, that made my bones to
quake.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AT SEA, SEPTEMBER, 1826.



I HAD a dream—a sweet and blissful dream!
 Methought I wandered thro' a lonely Isle,
 Which like another Eden, seem'd to smile
 Verdant, and bright; like to an emerald's gleam,
 That on some fair one's heaving breast doth beam,
 It glowed upon the bosom of the deep—
 A fairer spot was never seen in sleep
 When with bright visions Fancy's soul doth teem;
 It was, in sooth, her own, bright, fairy land—
 Her *own* creation, beautiful and wild,
 Where bright flowers bloom'd, and balmy Zephyrs
 fann'd
 Their odorous wings, and Music sweet beguil'd
 My ravish'd soul to slumbers still, and deep,
 But O! the vision fled—I woke, alas! to weep.

LINES ADDRESSED TO ONE BELOVED.

—
Poonah, July 1825.
—

DEAR ——— thy image is ever before me
 'Mid visions of night, and the bright scenes of day ;
 Like a fond, guardian Spirit thou seem'st to watch o'er me,
 And chase with thy soft smile each sorrow away.

Sweet star of my hope in the dark night of sadness !
 O ! the bliss which the beams of thy brightness impart,
 And O ! thou fair sun of my full day of gladness !
 Thy light is the life, and the joy of my heart.

In thy spring-tide of life, when young Infancy nurs'd thee,
 Fair Innocence claim'd thee a child of her own,
 The Graces adorn'd thee, and Beauty caress'd thee,
 And deck'd thee with lilies, and roses just blown.

In thy fulness of Spring thy young heart's warm emotion
 Rejoic'd in the bright charms of Nature, so rare ;
 For Flora had now thy young heart's deep devotion—
 Fair Flora herself not so fresh, and so fair :—

And oft would she lead thee to rich, rosy bowers,
 To the vale where the hare-bells, and violets blow,
 And the lily—the Queen of the valley of flowers,
 That graceful, and modest, in solitude grow.

But of Beauty's fair flow'rets, O ! *thou* wert the fairest ;
 And pensive, and mild, as the Zephyr's soft sigh ;
 For Modesty lov'd thee—her fondest ! her dearest !
 And Pity's sad tale stole the tear from thine eye.

Oh ! 'twas then in thy spring-tide of youthful emotion,
 When young Love and Friendship, unite gentle hearts,
 That to *thine* my fond heart paid its early devotion,
 And shar'd the pure joys sweet Affection imparts.

So firm had fond Friendship, and Sympathy bound us,
 If a smile, or a tear, brightly beam'd in thine eye,
 As Joy, or soft Pity, their spells threw around us—
 Then *heart* answer'd heart, and we heav'd sigh for sigh.

By Fancy delighted, how oft would we wander
 Through rich fairy valleys of verdure most bright,
 As her magical wand—laying Reason to slumber—
 Reveal'd ev'ry scene of enchantment to sight.

O ye fond scenes of youth! and ye lov'd haunts of
 childhood!

How oft thro' your fair, flow'ry meads would we stray,
 Thro' the lone mossy dell by the side of the wild-wood,
 As young Love, and Innocence pointed the way.—

But, oh, how we lov'd on thy green banks to wander—
 Thou soft-flowing Vaga!* by thy crystal wave,

* “Vaga,” the name which Pope gives to the river Wye, in his Essay on Riches.

Whose streams thro' Pomona's* fair gardens meander,
 And enrich, and adorn the fair lands that they lave.

In these lov'd haunts of youth would we spend the soft
 hours,

As in mild rosy evenings of Summer's full pride
 We'd roam o'er thy green banks, and pluck their wild
 flowers,

And the fair water-lilies that bath'd in thy tide:—

And linger how fondly! 'till fled the fair even,
 And the scene slept in pale, pensive twilight's repose,
 And Hesperus led on the bright host of Heaven,
 And the Moon in the light of her beauty arose.

Then pensively musing beneath her pale shower,
 We'd list to fair Philomel's sad soothing strain,

* "Pomona," Goddess of gardens and fruit-trees, for which Herefordshire, (through which the Wye runs) is famed.

As down in the grove, in her lone, secret bower,
Of her sorrows, and woes, to the Night she'd complain.

But, farewell, ye fond scenes and lov'd haunts of our
childhood !

Ye fair flowery meads ! where in youth we would stray,
And thou lone mossy dell ! by the side of the wild-wood,
As young Love, and Innocence, pointed the way.

Farewell ye lov'd banks ! and farewell thou sweet river !
Ye groves ! where lone Philomel pours her sad strain,
Farewell !—oh, farewell !—but ah no !—*not* for ever,
For we *still* hope to stray thro' those lov'd scenes again.

And tho' these fond hopes, now so fair, *may* be blighted,
That *love* ne'er shall languish, that love never fade,
Which was born in our youth, when our young hearts
were plighted—

O no ! it shall bloom when all else is decay'd :—

It has grown with our growth from our Spring's early hour,
To its fulness of bloom in our Summer's fair prime ;
For our love, ever young as the amaranth flower,
Bright, blooming, immortal, shall triumph o'er time.

ON THE EARLY DEATH OF A YOUNG
CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

POONAH, NOVEMBER 1825.

O! THOU wert young, and fair,
As aught of heavenly birth,
When Glory's blissful heir
Thou sojourn'dst here on earth;
And Oh! to me how dear thou wert,
He knows who only knows the heart:

For I remember well
The evening, and the hour—
(But weak *my* tongue to tell;
It claims an Angel's power;
For Angels then the tidings sung,
And Heaven with hallelujah's rung.)—

The evening, and the hour
 When born from Heaven above,
 As downward rush'd in power
 The Holy Heavenly Dove,
 And brooded o'er thee—*then* were given
 Thy life from death—thy birth from Heaven.

Then were thine eyes unseal'd
 To view thy naked heart,
 And the dread sight reveal'd
 Pierc'd thee with deadly smart ;
 For tho' so young, so sweet and fair,
 A pois'nous brood lay coiled there.

But ah ! thou wert not left
 A prey to deadly fear,
 Of trembling Hope bereft,
 To sink in dark despair ;—
 The heavenly light that beam'd on thee
 Shew'd with thy sin its remedy :—

For soon a vision bright*
 Descended from above,
 And fill'd thee with delight,
 And wonder, joy, and love;
 A form divine before thee stood,
 And lo!—it was the Son of God:

He sweetly smil'd on thee,
 And hush'd thy fears to rest,
 And crush'd the serpent brood
 That lurk'd within thy breast,
 And vow'd that nought *his* love should sever—
 Then *seal'd* thee as his *own* for ever.

But O! that rapturous night
 Of soul-transporting joy!
 That overwhelm'd thee quite
 In blissful agony—
 That joy of grief, and holy sorrow,
 Which still entranc'd thee till the morrow!

* See Note at the end of the Poem.

O ! for Angelic power
 To tell the wond'rous tale—
 This deep, mysterious hour,
 Which seem'd as if the veil
 Of Heaven were rais'd before thine eyes,
 Or thou caught up to Paradise :—

So strong the rapturous rush
 That delug'd o'er thy soul,
 In mingled passions gush
 That burst without controul,
 That oft I thought thy youthful Sprite
 Had fled to Heavenly realms of light :

Where thou couldst *fully* bear
 The beatific joy
 According to thy prayer—
 (All free from pain's alloy—)
 “ O ! blessed Saviour ! let me die,
 Or help to bear this agony.”—

But Oh! when on the morrow
Had ceas'd that gush of joy,
The rapture of thy sorrow,
And blissful ecstasy,
Thy troubled spirit sunk to rest,
And hallow'd Peace inspir'd thy breast:

Thy look seem'd more than mortal—
All Heaven in thine eyes—
As if thro' Glory's portal
Commercing with the skies;
And as we gaz'd thou seem'dst to be
A creature of Eternity—

A lovely rose-lip't cherub
That wander'd from above,
Or youthful-blooming Seraph
On embassy of love:—
For, soon alas! thou took'st thy flight
Up to the world of endless light:—

And Oh ! to think that now
Thou *really* art above,
Where Angels lowly bow
Before the throne of love,
And see'st thy Saviour face to face,
And sing'st the nuptial song of Grace !

Oh ! had I linger'd near
To watch thy soul take wing,
To pour the gushing tear
Of sorrow's holy spring,
To rest thy head upon my breast,
As thou wert sinking into rest,

To hear thy last " Farewell,"
To catch thy latest sigh,
And in thy looks to tell
Thy Faith's triumphant Joy—
Oh ! this had quench'd my bleeding heart,
And I had borne with thee to part.

A lovelier, fairer flower
Did ne'er in Eden bloom ;
But brief thy rosy hour,
Like Eden's bliss—thy doom ;
Thou wert so *heavenly*, fresh, and fair,
Thou wert not form'd to linger *here*.

Bright as the evening star,
And beauteous as its beam,
Thy lustre shed afar
O'er life's perturbed stream ;
And bright thy exit to the grave,
As sets the star in Ocean's wave.

But soon again to rise
A heavenly star of day,
Above these azure skies,
No more to fade away,
No more to set—but ever be,
To beam thro' all eternity—

A Star of glory bright
Amidst the blest above,
Beaming with holy light,
Glowing with heavenly love—
A radiant Star—a brilliant gem—
In Jesus' Royal Diadem.

Note to page 99.

This verse, of course, is to be understood not in a *literal*, but in a spiritual sense, agreeable to such passages in Scripture as the following:—John xiv. 23. ; Rev. iii. 20., &c.

“ HER WAYS ARE WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS,
AND ALL HER PATHS ARE PEACE.”

—◆—
December 1826.
—◆—

SWEET is the dawning hour of day
As pensive Twilight strays along ;
Sweet is the rising sun's bright ray,
And sweet the shrill lark's matin song ;
Sweet is the balmy breath of morn,
And sweet the odorous breathing flower ;
Sweet is the sound of pipe, or horn,
To him who roams in early hour ;
Sweet is the joy that *these* impart,
But ah more sweet—is joy of heart.

Sweet is the Noon-tide cheerful hour
 When sunny Summer smiles around ;
Then sweet to muse in shady bower,
 And sweet each rural sight, and sound ;
Sweet is the moan of murmuring trees,
 The tuneful voice of tinkling rills ;
Sweet is the busy hum of bees,
 And Echo's voice amid the hills ;
Sweet is the music of the grove,
But ah ! more sweet—the voice of love.

Soft is the hour of calm repose
 When sinks the Day-star in the west ;
Soft is the lingering tint that glows
 Upon the lofty mountain's crest ;
Soft is the little billow's heave
 That slumbers in the parting ray ;
Soft is the gentle breath of Eve
 When day-light faintly fades away ;
Soft is the balmy dew of Even,
But ah ! more soft—the peace of Heaven.

Sweet is the moaning of the breeze

That sighs thro' Ocean's caverns hoar ;

Sweet is the music of the seas

That murmuring dies upon the shore ;

Sweet is the sea-bird's pensive cry

When piping winds have ceas'd to rave ;

Sweet is fair Hesper's beamy eye

When slowly rising o'er the wave ;

Sweet is the young Moon's ray so bright,

But ah ! more sweet—Religion's light.

Calm is the soft, and pensive hour

When Night has reach'd her highest noon ;

Calm is the dewy, silvery shower

That glimmers 'neath the paly moon ;

Calm is the bosom of the deep

When every wave is sunk to rest ;

Calm is the stilly, slumberous sleep

Of Infant on its mother's breast ;

But ah ! more calm the rest that's given

To weary Souls—the rest of Heaven.

REFLECTIONS AT SEA,

ADDRESSED TO ONE BELOVED.

 Written on the Voyage to Rangoon, March, 1826.

O WOE was the hour my true love when we parted,
 And I stood fix'd in grief in thy fond arms entwin'd ;
 Then tore myself from thee, like one broken hearted,
 And cast many long ling'ring looks far behind.

Yet forc'd by sad Fate from my lov'd one to sever,
 And feel as tho' body and spirit would part,
 Ah ! think, that in Time, or Eternity, never
 Shall aught break the bonds that unite heart with heart.

And tho' fond hearts when sever'd, like rose-buds will
 languish,

Yet Love can embalm all their sweets, and their bloom,
 And tho' crush'd with the sad weight of sorrow and
 anguish,

They breathe, like fair flow'rs, but the richer perfume.

And O ! in this deluge of grief's sad emotion
 May Hope flying forth on the light wings of Love,
 Like the Dove of the Ark o'er the wild warring ocean,
 Each hour bear a sweet branch of peace from above.

Then cherish sweet Hope, she will banish thy sorrow,
 And lead thee to scenes where true pleasures abound,
 And teach thee rich joys from the future to borrow—
 Sweet foretastes which soon shall be joyfully crown'd.

Then, O thou, my lov'd one ! I pray thee to banish
 Far, far from thy bosom all heart-rending pains ;
 For soon shall this sad night of sorrow vanish,
 And our full sun of rapture beam brightly again :

And for ever beam on when Life's being is ending ;
 For Death, tho' he strike, cannot sever our love ;
 Then, O ! think of the rapture, and joys ever blending,
 In the blissful reunion, eternal above.

REFLECTIONS AT SEA.

ON HOPE,

ADDRESSED TO ONE BELOVED.

—◆—

Written on the Voyage from Rangoon, April, 1826.

—◆—

ONCE more I wake the trembling lyre,
 Tho' late by Grief's sad hand unstrung,
 And, fraught with Love's poetic fire,
 A parting song of sorrow sung—
 But still to soothe love's bleeding woes
 Bright Hope's seraphic form arose :

Sweet, blissful Power ! in mercy given
 To dwell with exil'd man below,
 To sooth fond hearts all wrung and riven,
 And mitigate the pangs of woe—
 Thou fairest of the Sisters three !
 I woo thee still to dwell with me :

Thou art our Sun in sorrow's day
 That beams thro' all our future years,
 And O ! thy bright creative ray
 Can form an Iris midst our tears,
 Which, like the radiant bow of heaven,
 Tokens sweet peace to mortals given—

Didst *thou* withdraw thy cheering light—
 The sunshine of life's little day!—
 Despair would reign in dunnest night,
 Without a beam of Rapture's ray ;
 And midst the universal gloom
 No flower of bliss for ever bloom :

I love to view thy angel-form,
 And hear thy soft, prophetic voice,
 Which late amidst affliction's storm
 Bad my sad-aching heart rejoice,
 And taught me in my song of sorrow
 Sweet notes from *future* joys to borrow :

Bright joys which now begin to bloom,
And shed their fragrant sweets around,
Of richer worth, more sweet perfume,
Than ever grew on fabled ground
Upon the Hesperion tree of old,
Which beam'd with blooming fruit of gold

For oh ! my anxious prayers are crown'd,
And War's dread blast has ceas'd to blow ;
Peace waves her Olive branch around,
Hush'd are the groans and shrieks of woe ;
And homeward now with joy returning,
My ardent soul's with rapture burning

To clasp my fond one to my heart,
When nought but death our souls shall sever,
For soon we'll meet no more to part
On this wide world, my Love ! for ever :
And Oh ! when life's short day is o'er,
We'll meet in heaven to part no more.

LINES,

WRITTEN ABROAD.


Psalm xliij. ver. 6.


LIKE some sweet flower that flourish'd
Once blooming, bright and fair,
By parent earth still nourish'd,
And balmy native air,
On which the sun of heaven
Shed forth his genial rays,
And gentle dews of Eden
Reviv'd each budding grace :

But, banish'd from its bower
 To uncongenial skies,
The exil'd drooping flower
 Reclines its head and dies :
Thus I have long been banish'd
 From all my heart holds dear ;
And joys once bright have vanish'd,
 And left me Sorrow's tear :

Sad years have long bereft me
 Of country, friends, and home—
A weary wanderer left me,
 O'er the wide world to roam :
But ah ! far deeper sadness
 Than loss of all below,
Has chang'd my song of gladness
 To mourning notes of woe :

For Oh ! my soul doth languish,
 Too like the fading flower,
In Winter's chill and anguish,
 Bereft of sunny shower ;
Each budding grace all blighted
 That once did bloom so fair ;
My Spirit nigh benighted
 In dismal, dark Despair.

For long have I been driven
 From Albion's hallow'd strand—
That Eden Isle of heaven !
 God's own fair garden land !
To wander lone, and darkling
 Thro' pagan nations blind,
Where never day-beams sparkling
 Illume the night of mind :

Where Satan with his legions
 Usurps the realms of God,
And sways the heathen regions
 In rapine, lust, and blood ;
Entwines his bands around them,
 And holds his tyrant reign ;
And Oh ! how darkly bound them
 In sin, and error's chain.

Beneath his power tyrannic
 The prostrate nations groan,
And, led by art satanic,
 Bow down to wood and stone ;
With rites obscene, infernal
 They throng his dark abodes,
And 'stead of God eternal,
 They worship demon gods.

Amid the rushing waters

They cast their infant brood,

And burn their widow'd daughters,

And shed their children's blood :

O Britain ! Isle of glory !

Fair land of gospel light !

O ! hear the fearful story

Of realms o'erwhelm'd in night :

Thro' Greenland's snowy mountains,

And Afric's torrid strands,

By Ganges' idol fountains,

And China's pagan lands ;

Thro' every clime and nation,

Wherever Man is found,

Proclaim the great salvation—

The Gospel trumpet sound :

Till Truth's full splendour brighten
 Each darkling, pagan land,
And every soul enlighten,
 Fast bound in Error's band ;
Till Christ's millennial morning
 Beam forth to perfect day,
The world with light adorning—
 No more to fade away.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.



ACCEPT, dear Madam, ere we're doom'd to part,
The friendly tribute of an humble lay,
That flows all warmly from a grateful heart,
Which feels a debt it never can repay,
For Friendship's favours truly understood—
The debt of love and heartfelt gratitude.

Friendship is often but an empty sound,
And Charity another name for pride ;
But in thy friendship real worth is found,
And Oh ! thy charities have long been tried ;
For, with thy gifts, thy *heart* is also given
And (if to God) they bear the stamp of heaven.

Friendship's a lovely fair exotic flower,

That seldom blooms in Earth's cold wint'ry clime ;

For oft alas ! it blossoms but an hour,

Or, withering, fades beneath the touch of Time ;

“ Of tender violations apt to die ;

Reserve will wound it ; and distrust destroy.”

Yet there's a friendship which survives all time,

All season's varied change, and Death's chill blast ;

Tho' delicate as dear, 'twill bloom sublime,

As long as e'er Eternity shall last—

A bright, immortal, amaranthine flower,

That springs in hearts renew'd by heavenly power.

Oh ! if to help the Widow's deep distress,

To clothe the naked, and to feed the poor,

To be a mother to the motherless,

And send thy bounties round from door to door :

If virtue *here*, and loveliness combine,

This virtue and *this* loveliness are thine.

Yet Truth affirms tho' fair these virtues be,
 So bright that all beholding must approve,
 Still they may be without *true* Charity,
 By which is meant pure, holy, heavenly love—
 That fairest grace of all the angelic Train,
 Which *only* dwells in spirits born again.

We may bestow our all to feed the poor,
 As tenderness of heart our souls inspire,
 We may do all things, all things, too, endure ;—
 Yea ! for the Truth's sake we may e'en expire
 With Martyrs 'midst the flames, and still may be
 Void of that heavenly Grace—pure Charity !

In Glory's state, when hoary Time is past,
 Fair Faith shall die, absorb'd in perfect sight,
 And Hope expire, in full fruition lost ;
 But Charity shall live for ever bright ;
 And thus of all the sister Graces, three,
 The chief, and loveliest, is fair Charity.

O ! may this Grace immortal, holy, pure,

Adorn our lives, and reign within our heart,

Thro' time, and thro' eternity endure—

For Oh we hope to meet, no more to part,

In that blest realm of Charity above,

Thro' him who died, and reigns the God of Love.

But if indeed, that we are born again,

And heavenly Charity inspire the heart,

We must not hope by good works to attain

Salvation either wholly, or in part :—

Christ's precious blood, *alone*, can pardon buy,

His righteousness, alone, can justify.

Our works at best are stain'd with sin and guilt,

And but condemn us in the sight of heaven ;

O ! 'tis that blood, alone, for sinners spilt,

By which the holiest e'er can be forgiven ;

For he, his life for our's, a ransom gave—

He is the Saviour—*He* alone can save.

And Oh! may He his saving Faith impart—

His own free gift—in answer to our prayer—

Which works by love, and purifies the heart,

And—stamps his own pure, holy image there :

Tho' *for* our holiness we're not forgiven,

Yet none *without* it, e'er shall enter Heaven.

Then let us fly to Christ in humble prayer,

Thro' holy faith, the only saving way ;

For Oh! He's ever readier to hear,

Than we, thro' sin and unbelief, to pray :

For his salvation's gracious, full and free,

Of rich electing love, and sovereignty.

O ! come, thou Holy Spirit! Heavenly Dove !

Whose office 'tis to influence the heart ;

In power descend upon us from above,

And new-create our souls in every part :

Grant us the grace of prayer, to soar on high,

Of Faith, and Hope, and heavenly Charity.

THE PARTING HOUR.

—◆—
Written Abroad.
—◆—

How sad the hour of parting is !
How sad the last, fond, lingering kiss !
And that last word of bitterness—

Farewell ! farewell !

O 'tis a fearful hour of sadness,
That robs the heart of all its gladness,
And some fond spirits drives to madness,
And dark despair :

There is a spell upon the heart—
We feel as tho' we *could* not part,
As if transfix'd by deadly dart,
And *cannot* move :

We linger still in spite of pain,
 We part, embrace, and part again,
 Albeit we know 'tis all in vain—

Our doom is seal'd :

We know we *must* not linger more,
 We feel we *could* not part before,
 And when the short reprieve is o'er—

We linger still.

Yes! vain is every fond endeavour
 Of breaking hearts before they sever,
 That feel they now *must* part for ever

On this wide world :

Our fearful doom we can't revoke,
 And dread the parting, severing stroke,
 Like he whose head's upon the block,

And shivering lies :

His torture ceases with the blow,
Ours is a death of living woe,
And hearts may bleed, and tears may flow—
But all in vain !

We linger on from day to day,
Thro' every change of sad decay,
Till sense, and feeling fade away—
And then we die.

THE MEETING HOUR.

Written on the Homeward Voyage, Oct. 1826.

BLOW sweetly, O ye breezes blow !
And speed me fast thro' Ocean's foam,
Flow softly, O ye waters flow !

And bear me onward home.

For many a lingering moon has past,
Since I from home, and fond friends parted,
And on life's stormy tide was cast,

To roam all broken hearted.

My little Bark all rent, and riven,
Has long been drifted to and fro,
Like the wild weed on Ocean driven

By billows ceaseless flow.

Friends of my soul ! I long to greet you,
 And clasp you fondly to my heart ;
 Once more on Earth again to meet you—

To meet, no more to part.

For 'midst my cheerless night of sorrow
 One ray still beams thro' Darkness' reign—
 Hope's polar-star points out the morrow,

When we shall meet again.

Yes! there's an hour will joy impart,
 When all my weary wanderings o'er,
 I clasp each fond friend to my heart

On Albion's happy shore :

When I behold each well known face
 With soul-felt joy, and rapture glowing,
 And every fond expression trace

Of hearts with love o'erflowing.

This hour of bliss will make amends
 For all my darkling days of sadness ;
 The fond embrace of loving friends
 Will fill the heart with gladness.

The meeting hour—when years have past—
 Of long lost friends, is Joy's bright reign ;
 'Tis like the giving back the dead
 To bless our arms again.

And, when the blissful hour is past,
 How sweet ! to tell our wanderings o'er.
 Since first we parted, till at last
 We met, to part no more :

To spend in Friendship's pure delights
 The remnant of Life's little day,
 Whilst summer eves, and wintr'y nights,
 Speed joyfully away.

How sweet ! the Summer Evening walk,
 Mid scenes of youth we lov'd so well,
 Of youthful days, and joys to talk,

And youthful loves to tell :

To speak of those we lov'd so dearly,
 With whom these scenes we've wander'd o'er,
 Of those who lov'd us— how sincerely !

But who are now no more.

What joy ! around the social hearth
 Our win'try nights to wile away,
 In converse sweet, and cheering mirth,

As innocent as gay.

How sweet ! to think we ne'er shall part
 From those we love, till death shall sever,—
 But be united heart with heart—

Entwin'd in love for ever.

This, this, the parting soul will calm
'Midst all its mortal sufferings—
'Tis sainted Friendship's sovereign balm,
From hallow'd fount that springs.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ABROAD, JUNE 1826.



'Tis now the hour of midnight, still and deep,
And darkness casts her sable pall around :
Amid the solemn stillness so profound,
Whilst peaceful breasts are sunk in balmy sleep
All pensive, I, my lonely Vigils keep,
And thoughtful muse, by the pale taper's ray,
On joys so bright, so transient, pass'd away,
No more to bloom—albeit I wake to weep ;
Or hold sweet converse with the sainted dead,
Who liv'd to teach, and lead, the path to Heaven ;
And think how soon the grave shall be *my* bed :
O may such joys as theirs to me be given,
Joys such as angel-tongues alone can tell,
And fond friends weep in hope, as tolls my funeral
knell.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ABROAD, JUNE 1826.



O LIFE! thou art but sorrow at the best,
When sever'd from the life that is to come ;
For Sorrow tells us *this* is not our home ;
Then O vain mortal ! make not *this* thy rest,
But strive to gain the mansions of the blest,
And steer thy course toward that peaceful shore,
Where Sorrow's voice is heard to wail no more,
And joys immortal crown each sainted guest ;
For sin has wither'd every joyous flower
Which once did bloom, all beauteous, bright and
fair—

How briefly bloom ! in Eden's blissful bower,
When God's own image stamp'd the primal Pair—
And hurl'd that image from the throne of light,
And *now* no ray is left of what was once so bright.

SONNET,

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

—◆—
Written Abroad, July 1826.
—◆—

O HENRY ! thou wert Genius' darling son,
 Of soul exalted, ardent and refin'd,
 Of pensive spirit, gentle, good, and kind ;
 Fair Science fondly chose thee for her own—
 How woo'd by thee ! but ah ! how dearly won !
 Her radiant lamp that did thy mind illumine,
 Serv'd but to light thy passage to the tomb—
 So burning-bright thy transient course was run :
 Hush'd is thy voice, but ah ! how sweet to hear
 The soothing sorrows of thy pensive lyre,
 Of power to wake the sympathetic tear
 Of tender breasts, fraught with a kindred fire,
 Whose soft affections, like thine own are tun'd,
 To vibrate at the touch of Joy, or Sorrow's wound.

TO THE MEMORY
 OF A
 YOUTHFUL CHRISTIAN FRIEND,
 ROBERT GRANT, ESQ. R. N.
 WHO DIED AT ST. HELENA, DEC. 17, 1820.

“ Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints,” Ps. cxvi. 15.

O ! IF the spirits of the sainted dead
 Could commune hold with fondest friends below,
 Then would I seek my Robert’s lowly bed,
 And there indulge the luxury of woe ;
 And of my loss in sacred grief complain—
 Tho’ *my* sad loss is *thy* eternal gain.

Our souls were join’d in all th’ endearing ties
 Of tender Friendship, and of Christian Love,
 And Oh ! if Grief’s sad tears bedim mine eyes,
 Grief for the dead, what heart can e’er reprove ?
 For o’er the friend that in Death’s slumbers slept,
 How sweetly is it writ—“ and *Jesus wept.*”—

O! I had watch'd thee fading day by day,
Ere yet the Spring-tide of thy youth was past,
Beneath the blight of withering, sad decay,
Till all thy light of beauty was o'ercast—
Like to some lovely, sweetly smiling flower,
That blooms, alas!—to perish in an hour.

For it was mine thy weary couch to tend,
To sooth thy sorrows, lull each mournful sigh,
To pay the last, sad office of a friend,
To raise thy head—and in thy beaming eye
The raptur'ous triumph of thy faith to trace,
Shedding a glowing radiance o'er thy face;

To linger near thee in thy dying hour,
When Heaven appear'd to burst upon thy sight,
To see thee triumph o'er the Tyrant's power,
Ere thy freed spirit took its heaven-ward flight;
And *this* the language of thy latest sigh—
“ *Where* is thy sting O Death? O Grave, thy victory?”

But ah! thou tyrant King! no brighter prize
 Did ever grace the trophies of thy state,
 By nature form'd to fascinate all eyes,
 By heaven adorn'd all hearts to captivate—
 Sweet youthful Saint! in grace and beauty's bloom,
 Alas! how swift thy journey to the tomb.

Yet, 'mid thy mortal sufferings—no complaint,
 No murmuring tone did e'er escape thy breast;
 Tho' sore assail'd, exhausted, weary, faint,
 Sweet Resignation sooth'd thee into rest,
 Whilst Faith, and Hope, reveal'd such heavenly joys,
 Thy panting spirit long'd to reach the skies.

Yes! thou art gone! and left us mourning here—
 Yet, Oh! the memory of the just is blest!
 And sweet to think—while flows the sacred tear—
 We soon shall join thee in the heavenly rest,
 Renew our friendship, fellowship, and love,
 In full fruition, in the realms above.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ABROAD, JUNE 1826.

'TIS sweet to roam in twilight's fading hour,
In pensive mood along the sea-girt shore,
To list the music of the billow's roar,
And feel its soft, and soul-entrancing power
Steal o'er the heart, whilst darkness 'gins to lower,
And casts her gloomy pall the billows o'er,
And wild winds wail thro' Ocean's caverns hoar,
And fitful gleams the time-worn beacon-tower ;
And sweet to list the sea-birds shrilly cry,
Mingling their wild note with the moaning breeze,
As, homeward sped, they seek their nests on high,
On weary wing from off the troubled seas,
Midst rifted rocks that frown all fearfully,
And old fantastic roots of mouldering trees.

SONNET,

THE SUBJECT CHOSEN BY A FRIEND.

Written Abroad, June 1826.

YE who have felt the pangs of hopeless love,
And long have linger'd 'neath the cruel smart,
And all the anguish of a broken heart,
Let my sad griefs your tender pity move,
Nor cold disdain such sorrows e'er reprove ;
For I have writh'd beneath th' envenom'd dart
That baffled all the aid of human art,
And near to deeds of desperation drove ;
For dark Despair has robb'd my soul of peace,
And I was driven to seek the gloomy groves,
And dismal haunts which fed my dark disease,
Far from the cheerful scenes where Pleasure roves,
For Pleasure's self has lost the power to please—
Ah! sad his hapless fate, who hopeless loves.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AT SEA, JULY 1826.



How softly sweet the silvery moon-beams sleep
Upon yon little billow's heaving breast!—
Like blooming infant sunk in tranquil rest,
And sweetly smiling midst its slumbers deep,
Whilst the lone mother doth her vigils keep,
And hath it fondly to her bosom prest—
Like guardian angel watching o'er the blest :—
But soon, like yon calm sea, when tempests sweep,
And roll its billows on the sounding shore,
Is *Life's* bright tide by stormy clouds o'er cast ;
And Man's frail bark would sink, to rise no more,
But Mercy's form beams forth amid the blast,
And stills the storm, and raging breakers roar,
And leads his bark to peaceful shores at last.

THOU LOVELY ISLE.

—◆—
 WRITTEN AT SEA, HOMEWARD BOUND, OCTOBER 1826.
 —◆—

ALL hail ! to thee, my native land,
 I long to leap upon thy strand,
 Once more to breathe thy air so bland—

Thou lovely Isle !

Tho' I have wander'd far from thee
 Thro' burning clime, o'er stormy sea,
 Still thou wert ever dear to me—

Thou lovely Isle !

Thro' many a clime, a weary ranger,
 I've pass'd thro' changing scenes, and danger,
 And felt, from thee, a lonely stranger—

Thou lovely Isle !

Tho' long my pilgrimage has been,
 And many a distant land I've seen,
 Yet none like thine of emerald green—

Thou lovely Isle !

Where'er I've chanc'd my course to steer,
 The thought of thee would wake the tear,
 For distance made thee doubly dear—

Thou lovely Isle !

O yes ! where'er I've chanc'd to roam
 On foreign shore, or ocean's foam,
 I've sighed for *thee*—for home, sweet home !

Thou lovely Isle !

How many a night, when on the deep,
 Thyshores have charm'd my soul in sleep,
 And I have woke, alas ! to weep—

Thou lovely Isle !

When I behold thy pebbly shore,
My heart will leap, with joy run o'er,
Absence will but endear thee more—

Thou lovely Isle !

For thou shalt be my ark of love,
I'll fly to thee like Noah's dove,
And never, never from thee rove—

Thou lovely Isle !

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MOONLIGHT SCENE,

ON

THE BANKS OF THE WYE,

NEAR HEREFORD.



IN the lone hour of parting day,
When Twilight dons her mantle grey,
Casting a dim and dubious light,
And objects fade upon the sight,
And all is hush'd, and all is still,
I oft-times seek yon wood-crown'd hill,
Whilst stilly silence reigns profound,
To muse upon the scene around ;
Till the high moon is beaming bright,
And sheds adown her silvery light,
That hill, and dale, and hoary tower
Seem to slumber in the shower,

And earth, begemm'd with dewy tears,
A scene of fairy land appears :—
Then, wrapt in pensive mood, I gaze
Upon the river's winding maze,
As rolls its silent, sparkling tide,
That seems in silvery waves to glide ;
And as I gaze, wild notes I hear,
Tho' sad, yet soothing to the ear,
As in the bosom of the vale
Mourns the love-lorn nightingale,
And pours her rapid, swelling song
The hills, and dales, and groves among,
Waking soft Echo with her strain,
Who sweetly sings to her again :—
Then list I to the flitting breeze
Wildly moaning thro' the trees,
So sad the plaintive murmurings,
You'd think some pensive spirit sings,
Tho' some dread Being hovering near
Seems to shake the leaves with fear :—

Then view the star of lustre bright
That shoots athwart the brow of night,
So quickly darting o'er the sky,
But just appears—then mocks the eye.
Thus bright and transient are the rays
Of peace and joy that gild our days ;
Alas ! tho' brilliant is the beam,
'Tis but a momentary gleam ;
But like yon northern Polar-star,
That sheds his lustre from afar,
Hope *ever* beams serenely bright,
Gilding life's gloom with radiant light.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

O DEATH ! no fairer flower
Did e'er adorn thy spoil,
That bloom'd in rosy hour
'Neath Heaven's sunny smile ;
But where it grew, no trace is there
Of what was once so fresh and fair.

Heaven saw how *passing* fair
It rear'd its fragile form,
And Oh ! in tender care
It snatch'd it from the storm,
And withering blight of sin and time,
To grace its own congenial clime.

MEETING AND PARTING AT SEA.

—◆—
 July 1826.
 —◆—

'Tis lone on earth to part, to meet no more,
 But Oh, more lone, when, far from every shore,
 O'er the wide watery wilderness we roam,
 Far, far from all we love, and home—sweet-home!
 If chance should lead us in our trackless way,
 To meet some fellow-pilgrim as we stray—
 Some soul we love, to bless our doating sight,
 How bright the joy, how transient, tho' so bright!
 We meet—we bid adieu—we part—and still
 We fondly wave a lingering, long farewell:
 Oh! in this moment what a weight of years
 Sinks on the heart, and fills the eyes with tears!
 All sorrowful we gaze from off the deck—
 The little bark has dwindled to a speck
 That faintly glimmers on the distant deep—
 'Tis gone!—how sad, alas! in loneliness to weep.

ERIN.



December 1826.



ERIN! darkling land of sorrow,
Clouded long in Error's night,
Soon shall dawn thy joyful morrow,
Rise thy Sun of Gospel light;
Long hast thou, forlorn, rejected,
Drank the bitter cup of woe,
By thy sister Isle neglected,
Tho' thy tears ne'er ceas'd to flow.

With uplifted hands to heaven,
Bound in Superstition's chain,
With sad heart all wrung and riven,
Long she's heard thee sore complain ;
Long she's heard—but ne'er attended
To thy voice of misery,
Seen thee fetter'd, and unfriended,
But has never set thee free.

Long she's seen the purple Harlot *
Proffer thee the golden cup ;
Seen thee worship her in scarlet,
Drink her deadly potion up ;
Seen thee hungry, naked, needing
Raiment, food—nor helped thee ;
Found thee plunder'd, wounded, bleeding,
Looked on—and passed by,

* Rev. xvii. 4—6.

Reckless of thy cry of sadness,
 Reckless of thy dying groans,
 Nor with oil and wine of gladness,
 Ever bath'd thy bleeding wounds ;
 Long, too long ! thou'st been enshrouded
 In the shadowy vale of death ;
 By the gloom of evil clouded,
 By the Powers of hell beneath.

But, O Erin ! thy sad story
 Now has gone with power abroad,
 It has reach'd the throne of glory,
 It has pierc'd the ears of God ;
 He has seen thy spirit languish,
 He has heard thy ardent prayer,
 He has smote that heart with anguish,
 Which had driven thee nigh despair :

Now thy Sister, weeping o'er thee,

Prays in tears for thy relief ;

See her *now* in love implore thee

For forgiveness, bath'd in grief ;

Using every fond endeavour

To assuage thy misery ;

Striving now thy bonds to sever,

And to set thee, captive, free :

Fill'd with holy, deep compassion

For thy lost and ruin'd state,

Now she sends the great salvation,

Thee to save, and new-create ;

Sends the hallow'd Book of blessing,

Thee to bless, and prays to God

Thee to teach the heavenly lesson,

Thee to lead to heaven's abode.

Wake then, Erin ! captive daughter !
 Christ can raise thee from the dead ;
 Join his church, for he hath bought her,
 He for her, for *thee* hath bled ;
 Burst thy papal bonds tyrannic,
 Cast the Harlot from her throne,
 Flee her power, and arts satanic,
 Serve thy *God* and him *alone*.

Glory now has risen upon thee,
 Rise and shine in heavenly dress ;
 Put Christ's holy garments on thee,
 His bright robe of righteousness ;
 Worship *him*, thy God and Saviour,
 Serve him as thy Priest and King,
 Seek his glory, love, and favour,
 Evermore his praises sing.—

Then for mercies rich received
Let thy light shine forth around,
And let all of Truth bereaved
Hear the gospel's joyful sound :
Be thou now the faith's Defender,
With her evangelic band,
Till the full millennial splendor
Lighten every distant land ;

'Till o'er every heathen nation
Christ shall rule in righteousness,
In his kingdom of salvation,
In his glorious reign of grace ;
And all honor, power, and merit
Be ascribed to God alone—
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
In eternal Godhead—One.

SONNET,

TO A LADY, ON READING SOME VERSES ADDRESSED TO
HER HUSBAND.

—
November 1826.
—

AH! say, dear Mary! hast thou never seen,
 In rural walk thro' some sequester'd vale,
 A graceful flower bedight in beauty's sheen—
 All lone, but lovely, modest, pure, and pale,
 With virtues fraught the senses to regale,
 That bashful shuns the face of garish day,
 And all the gaudy garden's rich display,
 And loves to dwell deep hid in dewy dale,
 And but to Zephyr tells her tale of love,
 Reveals her charms, and every grace refin'd!
 E'en so *thy* love, dear Mary! thou dost prove,
Thy grace reveal, the beauties of thy mind,
 In tender strain of sweet poetic art,
 To *One alone* all worthy of thy heart.

SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

—◆—
February 1827.
—◆—

ACCEPT, Dear Lady! from a friend sincere,
 An heartfelt tribute Friendship loves to pay—
 The grateful offering of an humble lay,
 Inspir'd by christian love, divine and dear;
 That hallow'd flame that burns for ever clear
 On heavenly altars in the courts above—
 The blissful land of perfect light and love—
 Undimm'd by Error's cloud, or Sorrow's tear:
 O! may its radiance still illumine thy breast,
 And light thee onward thro' life's darkling way,
 Beaming in brightness unto perfect day,
 Until thou reach the mansions of the blest;
 Where pure-eyed Faith, and Hope shall both expire,
 But Love's bright torch burn on in Heaven's eternal
 fire.

SONNET,

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY MARTYN.



MARTYN ! thou holy sainted Priest of God !
Whose heart was form'd to sympathize with woe—
Thyself a mourner in life's vale below—
Whilst journeying onward in the narrow road,
That leads from earth to Heaven's all blest abode ;
Thy soul was wont with love divine to glow,
And tender Pity caus'd thy tears to flow
O'er ruin'd Man, bow'd down by sin's dread load ;
And, moved by the Spirit from above,
Thou didst forsake thy country, friends, and home,
Thro' peril's path in distant lands to roam,
To preach the tidings of redeeming love ;
And, like the Sun, from thee the gospel light
Rose o'er the eastern world—to set no more in night.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

LIEUT. W. SLADE, R. N.

WHO DIED IN FEBRUARY 1827.

—

“ Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”—Numbers, chap. xxiii. ver. 10.

—

AND is thy youthful, sainted, spirit fled

Far, far, above this shadowy vale of tears?

And is my Brother numbered with the dead—

Cut down amid the summer of his years?

But thou in grace wert heavenly, bright, and fair,

And Oh! thy love was pleasant to my heart,

For it was *ours* pure Friendship's joys to share,

Tho' now with these, and *thee*, I'm doom'd to part :

For Friendship bound us in our Spring of love,
 When first we shar'd the Saviour's blissful smile,
 Of whom conversing oft we'd, wandering, rove,
 What time we sojourn'd in a distant Isle :*

O ! then as love divine our bosoms fir'd,
 The scenes of Heaven before us seem'd to roll ;
 For Faith reveal'd the glories Hope inspir'd—
 Bright joys which *now* o'erwhelm thy ravish'd soul.

O ! had I been but near thy dying bed,
 To hear thy last farewell, thy latest sigh,
 Upon my breast to rest thy drooping head,
 To clasp thine hand, and close thy fading eye :

O ! had it been my lot to linger near,
 As one belov'd, to watch thy soul take wing,
 To pay the last, sad tribute of a tear,
 Warm from the fount of Sorrow's hallow'd spring.

* St. Helena.

This, *this* had quench'd the bleeding of my heart—

Thy friend's last wish, yea, more, his anxious prayer ;
 And he had borne with thee, beloved! to part ;
 But ah ! this boon was not for him to share.

O Death ! thou stern, inexorable king !

No richer trophy ever grac'd thy spoil ;
 Yet thou approach'd him, *not* with venom'd sting—
Without thy terrors and with Cherub's smile.

He woo'd thee as a messenger of peace

Sent by his God, on embassy of love,
 To bid his warfare here for ever cease,
 And then conduct him to the realms above.

For he was rich in all the worth of heaven,

In Grace's beauty, ripening for the skies ;
 To whom to fight Faith's goodly fight 'twas given,
 O'er death to triumph, and to win the prize.

The fairest Sisters of the heavenly band—

Soft Meekness, Patience, and Humility,

Were his companions thro' life's weary land,

To sooth his sorrows, hush each deep drawn sigh.

For, in the *narrow* path, which *firm* he trod,

Sore tribulation still beset him round,

And bitter persecutions for his God—

Alas! *this* world was not his rest, he found.

But he had wash'd his robes, and made them white,

Plung'd in the Lamb's pure blood, for sinners slain,

And now beholds the beatific sight,

Where sorrows cease, and joys immortal reign.

O! may *my* walk, like his, be close with God,

Till my lone pilgrimage of life be o'er,

Then may I gain that heavenly, blest abode,

Where sainted spirits meet, to part no more.

MONA.



O MONA ! I love thee, thou land of my birth !
Tho' long I have roam'd the world's wilderness o'er,
No spot have I found on the fair face of earth,
Half so dear as thy own, rocky, sea-beaten shore.

Tho' the world hath not rung with the deeds of thy fame,
Nor history's tablets thy glories have borne ;
Yet gems of bright Genius, unknown as thy name,
And flowers of fair Virtue thy valleys adorn.

Where Truth and pure Piety, join'd hand in hand—
Sweet cherubic sisters—have made their abode,
And a fair blooming Eden have form'd in thy land,
Where thy sons in sweet converse walk humbly with
God.

O yes ! I have reason to love thee, dear Isle !

For thou wert the land of my heavenly birth ;
Where Mercy beam'd o'er me in sweet sunny smile,
And rais'd me above the dull regions of earth :

Where first the glad tidings of joy, and of truth,
Delighted my heart, and enlighten'd my mind,
Proclaim'd by the lips of a friend of my youth—
A preacher of righteousness, gracious and kind :

Whose friendship I shar'd in the days that are fled,
When play-mates together we strayed o'er thy strand,
With many who now are laid low with the dead,
Who then were the gayest of youth's smiling band.

Ah ! little we reck'd of the briefness of life,
And little we thought of the pall and the shroud,
Of the cares of the world, of its sin and its strife,
Which soon the gay visions of youth would o'ercloud.

We dreamt not of pain, and we dreamt not of sorrow,
But pluck'd the fair flow'rets of joy in the bloom,
Which blossom'd to day, but to fade on the morrow—
Like roses when scatter'd to deck the cold tomb.

Too long by the spell of fond Fancy enchanted,
We sought for true joys where they ne'er could be found,
For our hopes in the garden of Ignorance planted,
But spring up to wither, and perish around.

But at length we were led to bright Truth's blissful bowers,
Where joys pure and deathless adorn her abode,
And invited to pluck her ripe fruits and her flowers,
And to dwell evermore in the gardens of God.

For ever, dear Island! thy hills are before me,
In Memory's vision all verdant and bright,
And Oh! as these fond recollections rush o'er me,
They fill me with pensive, but hallow'd delight.

Then long o'er thy fields, dearest Isle of the ocean!

 May the soft dews of heaven descend from above,
And thy sons and thy daughters, in purest devotion,
 Be happy in Friendship, and blessed in Love.

HYMN.

Romans vii. 18—25.

WITH foul Corruption's load opprest,
I pray in tears to thee my God,
To grant my troubled spirit rest,
And ease me from the galling load.

'Neath sin's dead body, Lord! I groan,
O! hear a wretched mortal's prayer,
His heavy sigh, and dismal moan,
And save—O save me! from despair.

Thou know'st my sore besetting sin,
How long I've wrestled hard with thee,
But still the monster dwells within—
Help, Lord! to get the victory.

By sad experience well I know
That thou *alone* canst help and bless,
For all I pray, and strive, to do,
But proves my utter helplessness.

The good I would, I cannot do,
But do the evil that I hate,
Yet, Lord ! I hold the promise true,
And tho' it tarry long, I'll wait.

To thee I look, to thee I cry,
On thee *alone* my trust I place,
On thee I fix my Faith's firm eye,
As thou'rt reveal'd in Jesus' face.

I cast my burthen on the Lord,
For thou hast said thou *wilt* sustain,
And firmly trust thy covenant word,
That *none* shall seek thy face in vain.

Upon thy truth, and faithfulness,

My hope's firm anchor, Lord ! I cast,

That thou wilt see my deep distress,

And answer all my prayer at last.

A

MEDITATION,

WRITTEN ABROAD, NOVEMBER 1826.



'TIS now the softly, soothing tranquil hour,
Ere yet dim, dubious darkness 'gins to lour,
Ere pensive twilight faintly fades away—
The last lone hour of parting, dying day :
And O ! how passing sweet, and fair the scene !
For now, in all her beauty's silvery sheen,
The pale, and modest moon begins to rise,
Far in the distance of the eastern skies,
From out the bosom of the tranquil deep,
That seems to rest in stilly, slumb'rous sleep :
Forth from the horizon's verge a lengthening stream
Of lustre sparkles in the pale moon-beam—
A trembling stream of liquid, silvery ore,
That flows in brightness to the distant shore,

Whilst all around more faint the waters glow,
Till far away they dimly darkling flow.
Still solemn silence reigns, and not a sound
Disturbs the slumbers of the scene around,
Save little billow's splash, and distant roar
Of breakers beating on some rocky shore,
Or mournful dirge of hollow winds and waves,
That plaintive moan thro' Ocean's hoary caves,
Save lonely night-breeze mournful murmurings
That to the dulcet voice of waters sings.
Now, rapt in ecstasy, I listening gaze,
Till lost in mournful musings' wildering maze,
And feel the pensive spirit of the hour
Steal o'er my soul in all its magic power—
That gentle, soothing, melancholy sprite,
That haunts these scenes, so tranquil, fair and bright—
These lonely sea-girt shores, and moonlight bays,
Whilst o'er the waters dance the paly rays—
That dwells unseen altho' we feel 'tis near,
And moves th' unconscious sigh and trembling tear;

And, with her potent magic, knows the art
To wake the plaintive music of the heart—
Whose rapid touch can o'er the feelings fly,
And strike the chords of sensibility.

But now the host of stars beams forth on high,
Gemming the radiant forehead of the sky,
Arrayed in all their richest liveried dress,
Glowing in perfect, innate loveliness;
Each in his own pure sphere of splendour reigns,
And walks in beauty thro' the ethereal plains,
Making sweet music midst the rolling spheres,
But ah! too fine to reach dull mortal ears.

O! why are things so fair, and scenes so bright,
And this soft hour, so fraught with high delight,
So powerfully soothing to the soul,
To lead it captive to their sweet control?
Ah! tho' so sweet the pleasures they impart,
They sooth, but cannot *satisfy* the heart—
With all the joy the soul hath felt before,
It still will ache, and feel its want, the more;

Tho' with fair Nature's charms and beauties cloy'd,
 Ah! still it feels a sad, and aching void,
 Which no *created* good can ever fill—
 For what can satisfy the immortal will?
 Midst all *created* things of loveliness,
 It still will pine in lonely, deep distress;
 Bereft of *that* which is its greatest good,
 It mourns in silent, pensive widow-hood:
 Thus Adam pin'd 'mid every gift of heav'n,
 Until his own fair Eve to him was giv'n,
 Conscious, or e'er he saw his earthly joy,
 That she *alone* his heart could satisfy.—
 Immortal longings still the soul inspire
 To soar aloft in search of something higher,
 More good, more pure,—divine, on which to rest,
 And having which, may feel 'tis *fully* blest:
 And why this something evermore appear
 Like to *itself* in nature, character?—
 A living, feeling being—still to be,
 To form its own supreme felicity—

A being worthy its immortal choice,
 In whom it may eternally rejoice,
 Who aye, hath been, and ever shall endure,
 Immortal, glorious, heavenly, bright, and pure?
 If thus so fair the starry host of night
 Walk forth in all their beauty's living light,
 If fair the scene that now in soft repose
 Beneath the moon-beam's mellow lustre glows,
 If thus thro' all the scenes of nature's round,
 Her works so wonderful, so fair are found,
 Ah! then how wonderful, and fair is *He*,
 Who *gave* them all their beauteous livery?
 Whose works of beauty only were designed
 To shadow forth his own eternal mind—
 The heavenly prototype of all that's fair,
 Of all that's lovely, beautiful, and rare!
 For O! his name, his nature, still is love;
 We read it in night's starry host above—
 The heavens declare the glory of their God,
 The mighty volume is spread forth abroad

For all to read, and worship, as they gaze,
Him who created all things for his praise;
 The sun, the moon, each starry brilliant gem
 That sparkling glows in Night's fair diadem,
 Dimly reflect *his* radiance ever bright—
 The living fountain of eternal light !
 The rolling spheres, in heavenly harmony,
 Hymn forth the anthem of his praise on high ;
 The strain is heard thro' all creation's round,
 And heav'n reverberates the joyful sound.
 For of the universe, God is the soul,
 That lives, and moves, and reigns throughout the
 whole,
 And o'er his creatures rules with loving sway—
 Whom but to love, is ever to obey ;
 From whom they have their moral loveliness,
 And whom obeying, forms their perfect bliss.—
 The radiant sun that lights the worlds above,
 But shadows forth *his* glory, power, and love—
 The perfect symbol of his God, he reigns,
 Centre, and source of light, and life, he shines,

And binds the planets in their rolling course,
 By sweet, attractive, but almighty force,
 That glowing round him in obedience move,
 Blest in his light and beauty as they rove.—
 Fair Nature's works are but the royal road
 "That leads from Nature up to Nature's God :"
 Her wond'rous laws which some ascribe to chance,
 Each is *his* wise, appointed ordinance :
 No law could e'er itself originate,
His works they are, who can *alone* create—
 His miracles of wisdom, power and skill,
 Ordain'd to work his own eternal will ;
 And in their operations still declare
 His goodness, bounty, and paternal care,
 As thro' the great creation they dispense
 The riches of his high beneficence :—
 What wisdom, goodness, loveliness appear
 Thro' all the varied beauties of the year !
 The Sister Seasons, linked hand in hand,
 Dance thro' their rounds, a smiling, blooming band—

Entwin'd in love, and hold a mutual reign,
 Regardful ever of the wants of men,
 Strewing their favors as they graceful move,
 To fill the heart with peace, and joy, and love.
 How softly sweet is smiling Spring's advance!—
 Fairest, and brightest in the harmonious dance,
 When forth she wanders o'er her rich domains,
 Clothing with beauty all the verdant plains;
 Veil'd in a rosy cloud of odours sweet,
 O'er hills, and dales, she treads with printless feet,
 Beneath her steps the blushing flow'ret springs,
 While Zephyrs fan her with their balmy wings,
 She walks in beauty, and in matchless grace,
 And lights with smiles fair Nature's blooming face.
 Each season claims its *own* chief excellence,
 To fill with ecstasy the ravish'd sense.
 Yet O! the bright, harmonious moving spheres,
 That lead in graceful dance the months and years
 The sweet vicissitudes of day and night,
 With all their changing tints of living light;

The seasons moving on in melody,
 All, all are but the *varied Deity*,
 He is their light, their life, their beauty's dress,
 Their harmony, their varied loveliness :—
 Tho' in himself supreme in perfect joy,
 And in himself eternal majesty,
 Tho' o'er the countless myriads of worlds,
 Which thro' the vast infinitude he hurls,
 He reigns and rules, binding their circling course
 By underived power's almighty force ;
 Yet, o'er each part that forms the mighty whole,
 Howe'er minute he condescends to rule :
 Each living creature, from the glowing form
 Of Angel, downward, to the meanest worm,
 Shares their Creator's high, paternal love,
 In whom they have their being, live, and move :—
 As o'er their welfare, anxious o'er their joy,
 Each sense refin'd, each taste, to gratify,
 He *man* hath formed with senses exquisite,
 And objects for his senses high delight :—

'Tis he adorns the smiling earth, and trees
In verdant garb, the sight to sooth and please;
He paints the flowers in all their thousand hues,
That bathe their beauties in night's pearly dews,
And fresh and fair in all their brilliant dyes
Breathe sweetest incense thro' the morning skies:
He gives the virgin lily of the vale
Her graceful form, all modest, pure, and pale,
That bashful shuns the gaze of garish day,
Hid in lone dells where Zephyr loves to play,
So simply sweet in all her loveliness,
That kings are not array'd like one of these:
He gives the sun-flower all his golden rays—
How meet an emblem of a state of grace!
That turns his face to meet the radiant sun,
Soon as his glorious course he has begun,
Still fixes on him his enamoured sight,
Basks in his beams, and drinks his living light,
Nor e'er removes from *his* his glowing face
Throughout the whole of his diurnal race;

In the full radiance of his count'nance blest,
Until he shrouds his glory in the west ;
Ah! then the absence of that influence mourns,
And, drooping, pines until his light returns :
He wakes the blush upon the rose's cheek,
And paints the gaudy tulip's bloomy streak ;
He gives Narcissus every graceful hue,
And dips the violet in ethereal blue ;
Each graceful flower that rich embroidery wears,
In all their beauty and their grace he rears ;
With vernal dews he bathes their varied bloom,
And breathes o'er all their grateful, sweet perfume :
'Tis he who loads the autumn of the year,
And fills her lap with fruits so blooming fair ;
Her orchards, vineyards, gardens, smile around,
In all their blushing honours richly crown'd ;
The burthen'd branches bend beneath their weight,
And smiling tempt the hand to pluck, and eat—
Of not *forbidden* fruit, whose taste is death,
But healthful, luscious, breathing balmy breath ;

So downy soft, so pleasing to the eye,
Each varied taste and sense to gratify :
'Tis he attunes the birds' melodious voice,
That in the branches of the woods rejoice,
Or, soaring heavenward, sing his praise on high,
Up in the bright fields of the azure sky ;—
How sweet the wild note of the turtle dove
In green-wood hid, that tells her tale of love !
How sweet the shrill lark's early morning song
That singing, floats the fleecy clouds among !
But ah ! more sweet the love-lorn nightingale,
That plaintive sings, deep hid in dewy dale ;
And others, too, as tuneful, numberless,
In every clime, array'd in Beauty's dress,
In all the radiant hues that mingling glow,
So softly sweet in heaven's ethereal bow :
And still as beautiful, more wond'rous far,
The insect brood he makes his tender care—
Minims of light, that in the sunbeams play,
And, blissful, sport their little hour away ;

In spangled dress of rich embroidery dight,
How bright they sparkle in the beamy light!
Flitting on soft, and silvery-silken wings,
How wild their sweet pipe's plaintive murmurings!
As on they rove from dewy flower to flower,
Intent on bliss thro' all their rosy hour,
Nor think how light their downy livery—
A shower will spoil it, and a touch destroy—
Thoughtless how soon their little life is done,
To-day all sportive—and to-morrow gone!
Thus, for these little beings of an hour,
That sip the nectar of the dewy flower,
Their God provides with every comfort meet,
To make their life, tho' transient, ever sweet;
He hateth nothing that his hands have made;
Still on his creatures all his love's display'd;
He made them to be blest, pronounc'd them good;
And man had *still* been happy had he stood;
But Oh! he fell and lost God's high regard,
And thus *himself* from perfect bliss debarr'd;

Himself o'erwhelmed in misery, pain, and woe,
 And op'd Death's floodgates on mankind below :
 And were it not, thro' God's restraining power,
 This earth, still fair, would, e'er *this* distant hour,
 Thro' Sin's fell blight, and monstrous Crime's excess,
 Have been one fearful, howling wilderness
 Of sin, and guilt, and woe—another hell,
 O'er which Despair had rung her funeral knell.
 Yea ! tho' this earth, which Man once blissful trod,
 Was dimm'd in beauty by the frown of God,
 Yet, O ! how much of loveliness remains !
 For still with Judgment, smiling Mercy reigns—
 He was not of his *all* of bliss bereft,
 Much earthly good, hope, mercy still were left ;
 The Curse was only *Mercy* in disguise,
 Which doom'd the Man, beneath unfriendly skies,
 In wholesome toil to *labour* for his bread,
 Whom sin had stain'd, when holiness had fled :—
 For had the earth in rich, spontaneous growth,
Still spread her stores—to luxury, and sloth,

And mad ambition, he had turn'd their use,
 And rapine, bloodshed,—every fell abuse
 Which still hath foully stain'd th' historic page,
 In every kingdom, and in every age :
 If man has *thus* abus'd the gifts of heaven,
 Much *more* had he, if *greater* had been given ;
 What mercy then to rob him of the means
 Of greater sin, and deeper guilty stains !
 Of making earth a prison-house of woe,
 With fiends incarnate fill'd, like hell below !—
 O ! at the *first* beneath her Maker's care,
 She blossom'd forth in beauty, heavenly fair !
 In rosy Summer's sweet, eternal smile,
 Teeming with bliss, without the aid of toil ;
 Divine Perfection held her sovereign reign
 Throughout the whole of Nature's wide domain,
 Her *own* bright image stamp'd on all around,
 But *man*—the Prince of earth—supremely crown'd :
 But soon the face of nature fair, was chang'd ;
 The tranquil elements convuls'd, derang'd,

Breathed out contagion, fell disease, and death ;
 The birds, the beasts—all things that live and breathe—
 The flow'rs, the trees, began to droop, and die,
 As if with dying Man in sympathy :
 For, in the *Curse*, his sorrows to beguile,
 What soothing tenderness, and mercy smile !
 For now the Earth is like his fading state,
 And fit for fallen, dying man's sad fate—
 A fair *design*, all perfect, pure, and bright—
 A work of wonder, marr'd by withering blight—
 A temple form'd in all harmonious grace,
 In which its Maker's hand divine we trace,
 A paragon of beauty,— passing fair !
 But Oh ! its God—its God is wanting there.
 Yes ! tho' the *Curse* has spread the earth around,
 What kindness, tenderness, therein abound !
 For in its nature we may truly prove
 'Tis righteous, holy, from a God of love ;
 And form'd by him throughout its every part,
 To teach us wisdom, and to sooth the heart,

To feast each tender sensibility,
 And every perfect, mutual sympathy,
 Which now exists in union exquisite
 Between our hearts and objects of delight,
 That beam around in Nature's wide domain,
 And fill our hearts with pleasurable pain :
 For 'tis the *'semblance* of these sad decays,
 These changes, sunshine, clouds, and fading days,
 Sad Autumn's close, the shedding of the leaf,
 To all the chequer'd scenes of mortal life,
 Which gives these objects all their magic art,
 To sooth, to charm, to fascinate the heart :—
 Say what hath *made* these melancholy joys,
 These tender, soothing, mutual sympathies ?
 The *Curse* alone, if *rightly* understood,
 Fram'd by an ever-loving, gracious God :
 For O ! if Nature *still* retain'd her grace,
 Her high *perfections'* form of loveliness,
 As at the *first* she had, divinely fair,
 What *sympathy* with her, could *mortals* share ?

Or if our race were *perfect*, as at first,
 And ne'er with fell disease, and death accurst—
 Immortal, blissful, heavenly, pure, and good,
 As Adam rose beneath the hand of God—
 Suppose a being perfect *thus* to be,
 And plac'd on earth—what mutual sympathy
 Could e'er exist between his *deathless* soul,
 And *withering* nature under death's control?
 What *soothing* feeling could the sad decay
 Of Autumn to his *perfect* soul convey?
 Ah none! the sadness of the dying year,
 The falling leaf, so wither'd, wan, and sear,
 The hollow blast, and dismal sounding gale,
 That o'er dead Autumn moans in funeral wail,
 The mournful breeze that weeps the dying day,
 The weeping voice of waters as they stray,
 The coming on of pensive twilight-hour,
 Her plaintive spirit's sad, but soothing pow'r,
 And Winter's melancholy reign profound,
 That spreads a snowy pall the scene around—

Say, could *such* scenes, and objects e'er excite
 In *perfect* breasts *congenial* delight ?
 How could a being deathless, perfect, pure,
Such scenes of sad decay, and blight endure ?
 His perfect soul would *shrink* in wild amaze,
 And dread aversion, from such scenes as these—
 But Man, poor Man !—all wither'd by the fall !
 Feels his sad heart in *union* with them all :
 They teach him lessons sad indeed, but kind,
 And meet to sooth the sorrows of his mind,
 To which his ruin'd spirit still will list
 In pensive joy, and feel that yet 'tis blest ;
 Viewing a gracious, ever-loving God
 Clothing a Curse in all that's kind and good :—
 All things proclaim his goodness infinite,
 Fair Nature shows his beauty's living light ;
 His bounty, and his wisdom's excellence
 Beam forth thro' all his reign of providence,
 And there in full harmonious concord move ;
 But 'tis in *Grace* he reigns in matchless love.

If in the *Curse* such tender mercies shine,
 How bright his *Love* ! how glorious ! how divine !
 A *miracle* of love ! how great ! how good !
 A God incarnate pouring forth his blood,
 Making *himself* a willing sacrifice,
 Dying to save a *guilty, rebel* race :—
 Behold that God-like form ! all pale and wan !—
 The man of sorrows he ! the God of man !
 Behold that Form ! in mortal flesh array'd,
 O'erwhelm'd in agony, all prostrate laid
 Low in the dust of sad Gethsemane !
 Behold that Form ! nail'd to the bloody tree—
 That pallid, tranquil brow, in blood-stains dy'd—
 Those bleeding hands, those feet, that pierced side—
 Mortals of earth ! angels of light above !
 Behold the wonders of redeeming love !
 Hear his last prayer—O hear his dying cry !
 “ *Tis finish'd* ”—see him bow his head, and die—
 The conflict's o'er ! salvation's work is done,
 Death is destroy'd !— immortal glory won !

What mind can *fully* know, what angel Power,
 The deep, mysterious meaning of *that* hour—
 The depth, the heighth, the nature, and degree
 Of that *soul*-conflict, mortal agony?—
 When Jesus groan'd beneath the curse's load,
 And bore the *wrath* of his *still loving* God?
 And, grappling hard with Hell's united force,
 Triumph'd o'er Death, and Hell, and o'er the Curse;
 And conquering sin, and Satan in the fight,
 Brought life, and immortality to light?
 But Oh! how dear the blood-bought victory!
 When nothing *less* than God *himself* must die;—
 The Sun, amazed at the awful sight,
 Withdrew his beams, and hid his face in night;
 All nature caught the sympathetic dread—
 Hills mov'd, rocks rent, the graves heav'd forth their
 dead;
 The Earth did seem with Pity's self inspir'd,
 And trembling, felt it was its *God* expir'd:
 But O! he rose triumphant o'er the tomb,
 Not long detain'd in Hades' dismal gloom;

And, re-ascending to his native skies,
 Behold the King! the God of glory rise!
 The gates of Heaven spread wide their golden wings,
 The Heav'n of heav'ns with Hallelujahs rings,
 Which like the multitudinous waters' sound,
 Burst from the congregated hosts around,
 Of Saints, and Angels, and cherubic choirs,
 Chaunting to harps of solemn-sounding wires,
 In anthem new, *unheard* in heav'n before—
 “ All glory, honor, blessing evermore
 Be unto thee, thou Holy Lamb of God!
 Who has thy Saints redeemed by thy blood,
 And made them Kings, and Priests to God on high,
 'To dwell with thee thro' all eternity,
 Blest in thy light, thy life, thy love divine,
 And in thy Glory's fulness still to shine,
 In *thee* to find their everlasting rest—
 In beatific vision fully blest.”
 Yes! God is love,—'tis in the *Cross* we find
 His wisdom, mercy, justice, all combin'd,

Tis in the Cross *alone* we *fully* trace
 All his perfections bright, harmonious grace :—
 Christ by his death hath *full* atonement made,
 And all the high demands of Justice paid ;
 Hence Mercy reigns, and smiles on guilty man ;
 And God-like Wisdom form'd the glorious plan :—
 Thus did the incarnate, co-eternal Son
 Uphold the glory of his Father's throne ;
 And now exalted, holds his princely reign,
 And grants salvation to the sons of men,
 Chosen of God from out the apostate race,
 Thro' rich, electing love, and sovereign grace ;
 Whose souls he makes his own peculiar care,
Seals as his own, and *stamps* his image there—
 As o'er them broods the holy, heavenly Dove,
 Inspiring Faith, and Hope, and Joy, and Love,
 Making the soul, a holy, blest abode—
 A living temple for the living God.
This is salvation gracious, good, and kind,
 And O ! how worthy the Almighty mind !—

Steadfast, eternal, fix'd by God's decree,
 Above all sin, death, or contingency :
 'Tis *He* renews the soul when dead in sin,
 And plants the grace of faith, and prayer therein,
 And soon as e'er the *guiltiest* Soul believes,
 Its pardon, peace, eternal life receives ;
 And nought in earth, or hell, or heav'n above,
 Shall e'er remove God's everlasting love.—
 Tho' all mankind deserve eternal death,
 And perfect justice doom to hell beneath ;
 Tho' all have sinn'd, and forfeited his love—
 Divine compassions *still* his bosom move ;
 His tender mercies o'er his judgments reign—
 He hath no pleasure in his creature's pain ;
 He willeth not the death of him that dies,
 But rather that he live, believe, rejoice :
 'Tis his command the Gospel's joyful sound
 Should echo forth thro' all the world around,
 That *all* should hear the tidings of great joy,
 Of “ Glory, Glory be to God on high,

On earth sweet peace, good will toward mankind"—
The invitation is for *all* design'd—
O ! hear sweet Mercy's voice—" Come unto me
All ye that labour, and sore burden'd be,
With sin, and guilt, and woe's sad load opprest—
Come unto *me*, and I will give you rest ;
O ! learn of *me*, *my* yoke upon ye take,
For I in heart am lowly, pure, and meek,
And then your souls shall rest in calm delight—
My yoke is easy, and my burden light."

WRITTEN AT THE SEA SIDE,

AT AN EARLY AGE.



TING'D by the setting Orb of day,

The expanse of Ocean glows,

While to the shore its sparkling tide

With gentle murmur flows :

Tow'ring above their watery bed,

The cliffs majestic rise,

The sea-bird, screaming o'er the deep,

On soaring pinion flies :

The distant sail, now gliding by,

Reflects the evening ray,

Borne gently o'er the azure waves,

While soft the breezes play.

Beyond, the caverns lone appear
Where Solitude abides,
Where sounds the distant plaintive moan
Of Ocean's flowing tides.

O! I could fondly lingering stray,
In musing thought profound,
Along these pensive, sea-girt shores,
Till Darkness reign'd around :—

And tho' when far away I roam,
These scenes of calm delight,
Array'd in beauty, oft shall rise,
In Memory's vision bright.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN AT AN EARLY AGE.



WHEN I think of the days that are past,
Of the joys that are left far behind,
What sorrow possesses my heart !
What anguish steals over my mind !

Too soon the bright visions of youth,
Which Fancy e'en pictur'd the while,
Now fade before certainty's truth,
And, delusive, no more shall beguile :

For joy, disappointment, and care,
By turns have oft chequer'd the scene,
Have rais'd high the spirits in air,
Or depress'd them as quickly again :

While Affliction, in darkest hue drest,
 Her various arrows has flung,
 To deprive the sad bosom of rest,
 And of every fond fancy that clung:—

But tho' dark be the prospect awhile,
 Sweet Hope can illumine the way,
 Can cheer the sad heart by her smile,
 And strew roses wherever we stray.

And tho' the bright visions of youth
 Are transient, as dreams of the night,
 Yet Oh! in the garden of Truth
 Joy's flowers bloom deathless, and bright.

Oh! then let us cherish these flowers,
 Which shall bloom when all else is decay'd,
 When transplanted from Time's verdant bowers,
 In Eternity never to fade.

TO A FAIRY.

WRITTEN AT AN EARLY AGE.



GENTLE being ! airy sprite !
Thou who fly'st the dawn of light,
Hither come—Oh, hither haste !
Ere bright morning paint the east.

See thy acorn goblet near,
Fill'd with dewy water clear,
And thy grassy circlet dight
With the beamy tears of night.

Hither thy companions bring
With nimble tread, in airy ring—
Blithesome, frolicsome, and gay,
Come and trip it—come away.

Whilst the beauteous moon-beam bright
Decks your gamesome paths with light,
While the whispering breezes play
O'er your verdant flowery way.

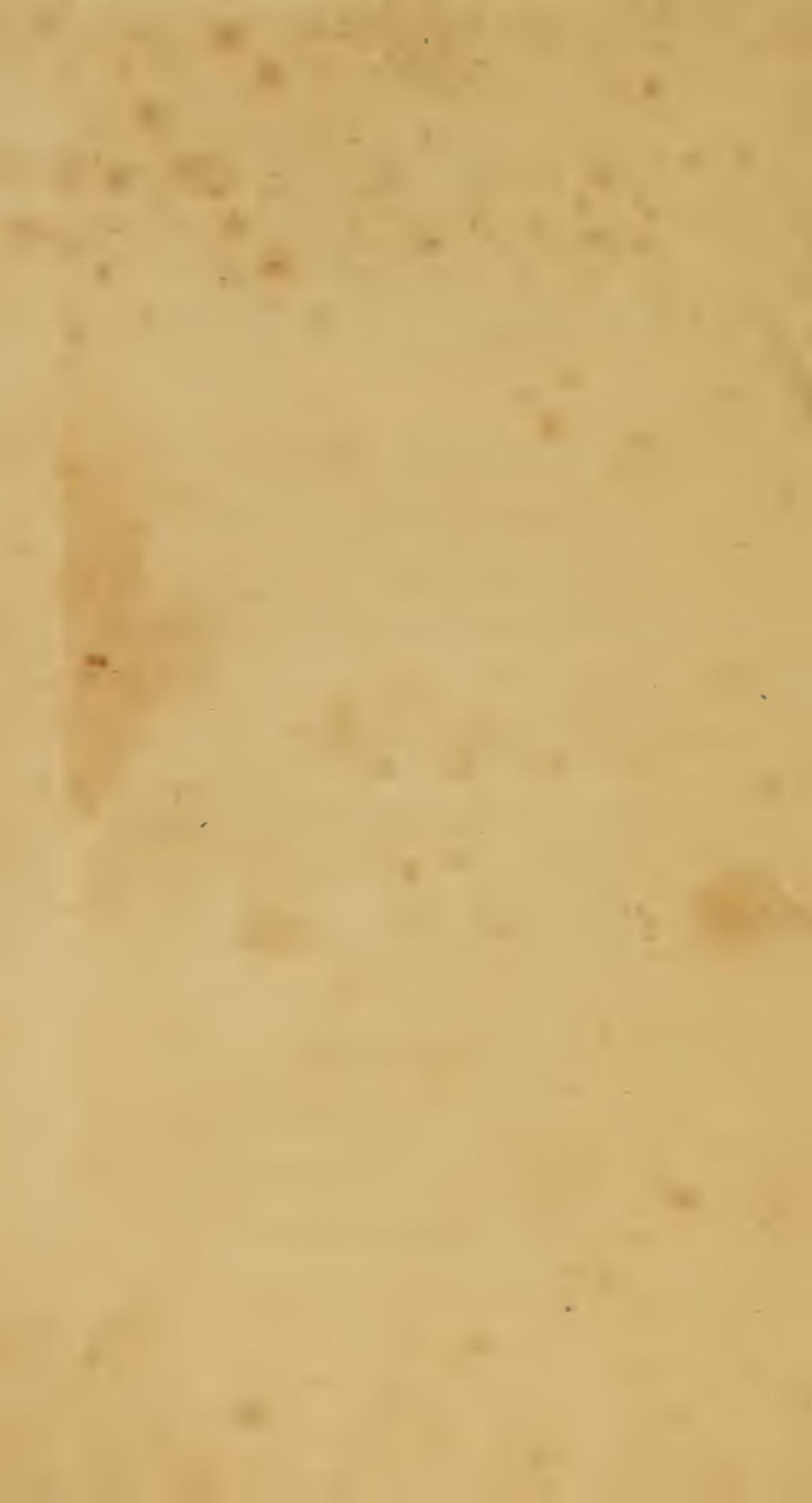
Haste ye to yon spangled thorn,
Whilst the beetle winds his horn,
Whilst the glow-worm shining near
Sheds around his lustre clear.

There beneath its leafy screen
Trip it lightly o'er the green,
There your rites and revels keep,
Whilst dull mortals rest in sleep.

But see! the glow-worm pales his gleam,
And the morn begins to beam,
Ah! now has ceas'd your revelry—
With eager haste ye swiftly flee

To lonely dells, and caverns hoar,
Where sounds the distant water's roar—
Secure you rest,—from garish day,
From mortal paths,—far, far away.

THE END.



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