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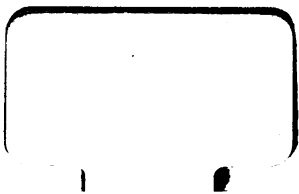
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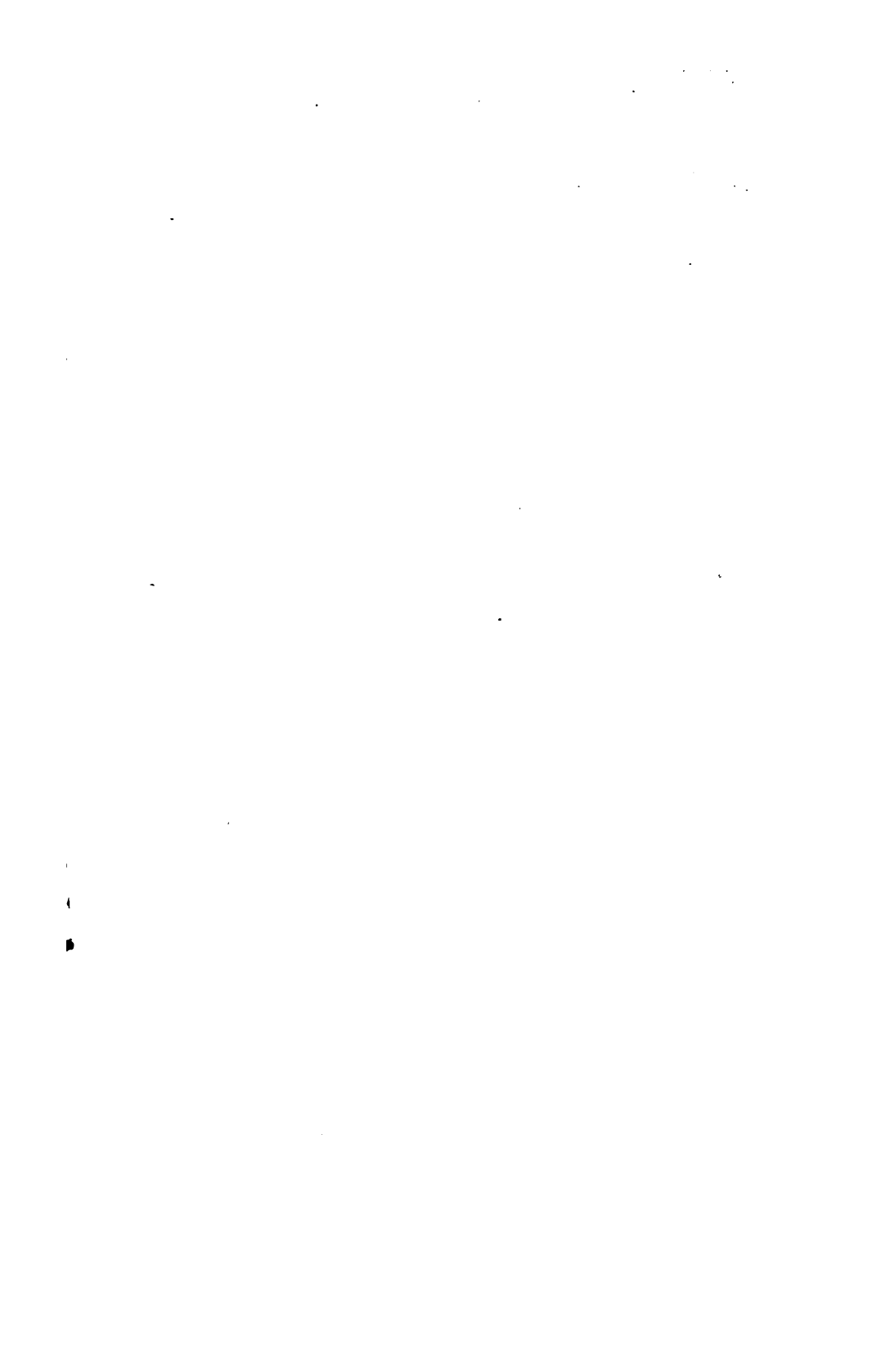
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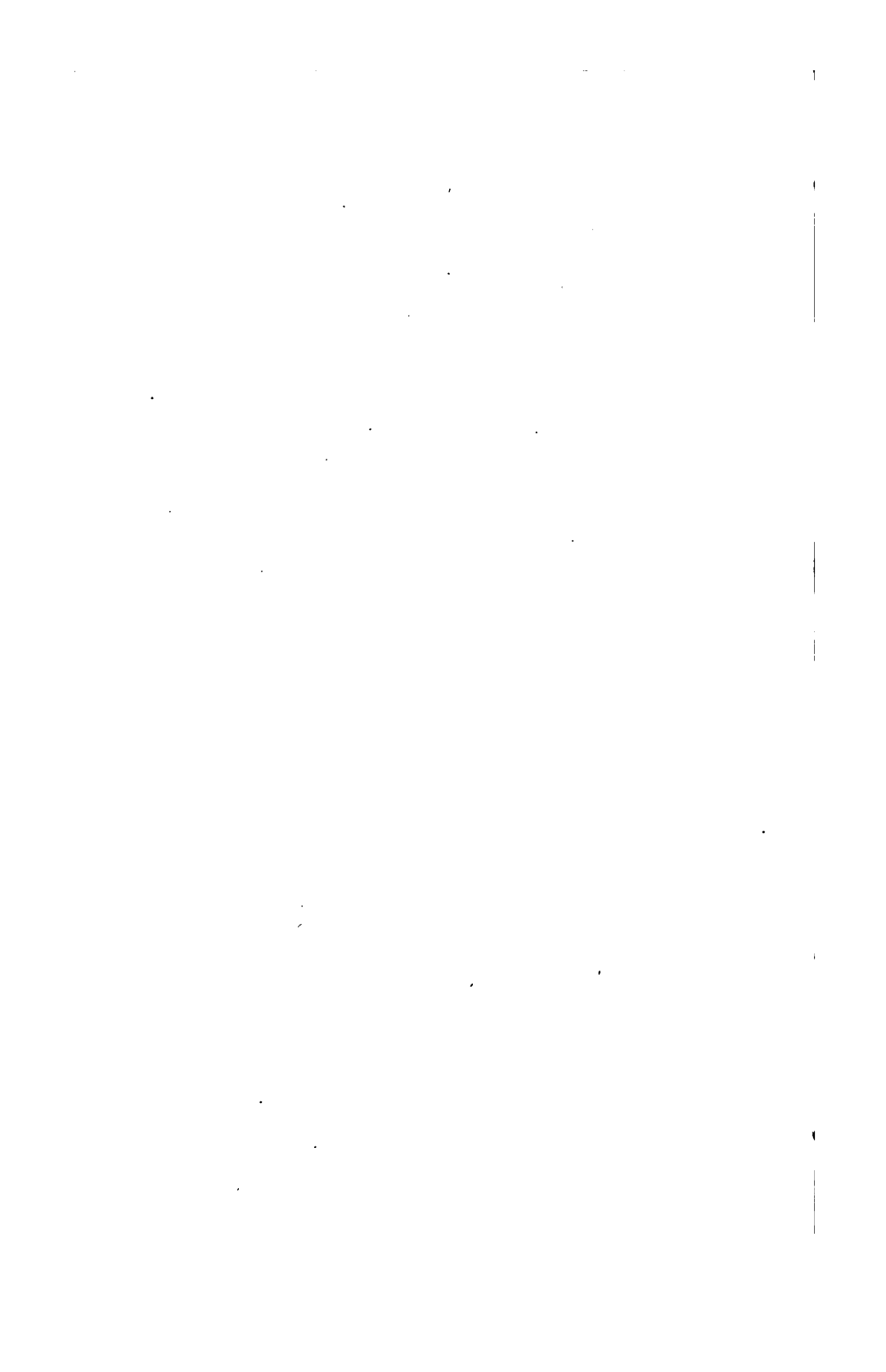
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**Echoes from Old Cornwall.**



E C H O E S

FROM

O L D C O R N W A L L .

BY THE

REVEREND R. S. HAWKER, M.A.,

Vicar of Mortwenston.

LONDON:

JOSEPH MASTERS, ALDERSGATE STREET.

M D C C C X L V I .

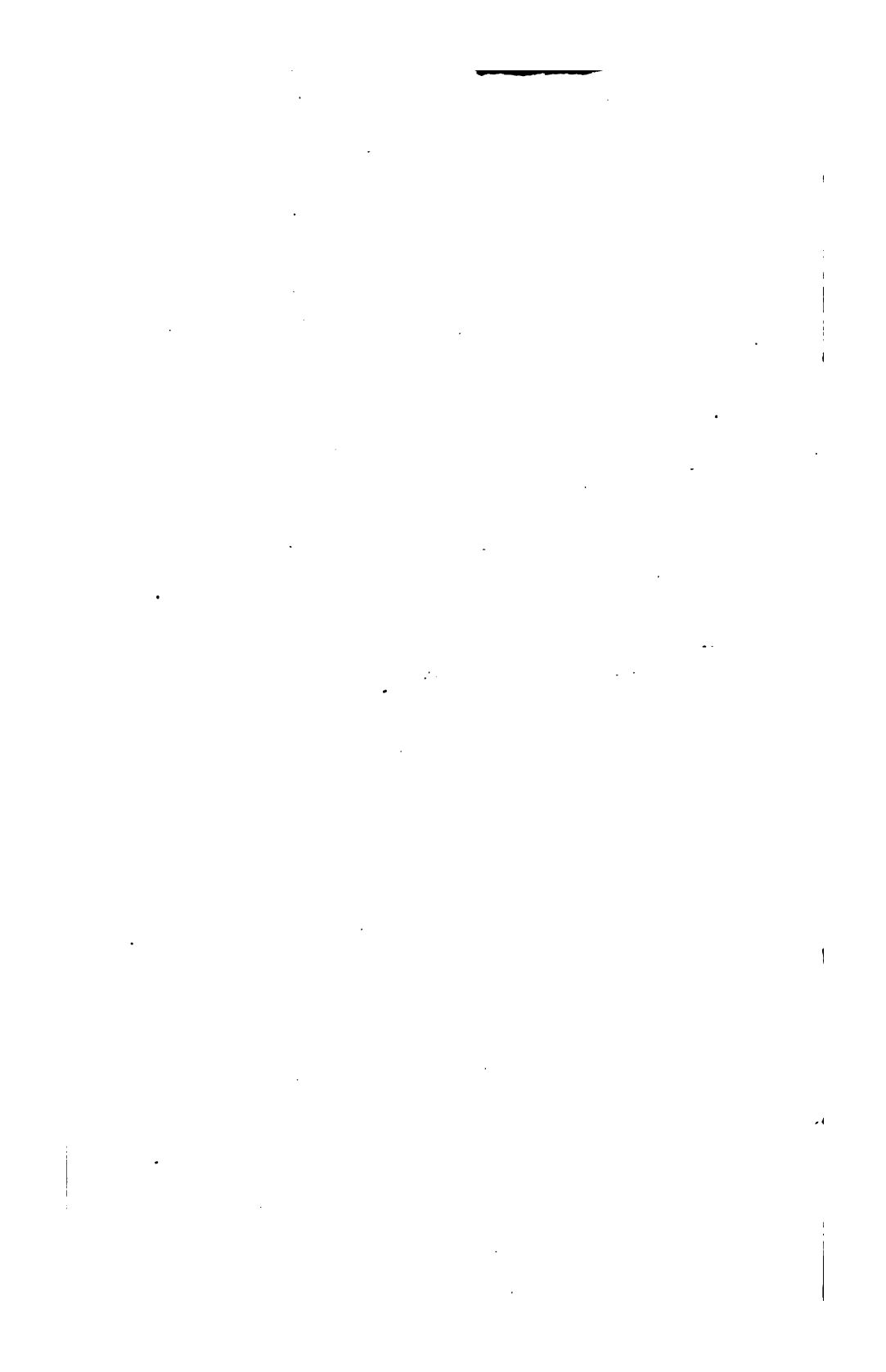
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### **The Cornish Fathers.**

THEY HAD THEIR LODGES IN THE WILDERNESS,  
OR BUILT THEM CELLS BESIDE THE SHADY SEA,  
AND THERE THEY DWELT WITH ANGELS, LIKE A DREAM!  
SO THEY UNCLOSED THE VOLUME OF THE BOOK,  
AND FILLED THE FIELDS OF THE EVANGELIST  
WITH THOUGHTS AS SWEET AS FLOWERS!



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Echoes from Old Cornwall.

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GENOVEVA.

PART THE FIRST.

Morning.

I.

Now hearken, lords and ladies gay,  
And ye shall understand,  
The wonders of a legend-lay  
From the old German land !  
She, of my song, in Eden's bowers  
A sainted lady lies,  
And wears a chaplet of the flowers  
That grow in Paradise !

B

## II.

Her father gloried in her birth,  
That daughter of his fame,  
The sweetest sound he knew on earth,  
Was Genoveva's name !  
She dwelt, a fair and holy child,  
Beside her mother's knee,  
She grew, a maiden meek and mild,  
And pure as pure could be !

## III.

And so it was, that when the maid,  
Fulfilled her childhood's vow,  
Saint Hildorf's lifted hands were laid,  
Upon no lovelier brow !  
And said they, as along the aisle,  
The knights and ladies pour'd,  
How will she gladden with her smile  
The castle of her lord !

## IV.

Right soon a stately champion came,  
For that bright damsel's hand,  
The sound of County Siegfried's fame,  
Was sung in many a land !  
He came, he knelt, he woo'd, he won,  
As warriors win the bride,  
Duke Pfalz hath hail'd him as his son,  
At Genoveva's side.

## V.

Then might you hear the *Matin*-bell  
With echoes low and sweet,  
Where at *Saint Hildorf's* sacred cell,  
The youth and maiden meet :  
And hark ! they plight the mystic vow,  
The troth that time shall try,  
When years have worn the beamy brow,  
And quench'd the laughing eye !

## VI.

Now turn we to the castle-gate,  
Wreath'd with the peaceful vine,  
Where *County Siegfried* holds his state  
Beside the *Rhine ! the Rhine !*  
They bring white blossoms from the bowers,  
The rose leaves hide the ground,  
Ah ! gentle dame, beneath the flowers,  
The coiling worm is found !

## VII.

Yet day by day went bounding on,  
Nor would the warrior roam,  
The brightness of his lady shone  
Throughout *Lord Siegfried's* home !  
She was the garland of his days,  
His blessing and his fame,  
His happy hearth hath won the praise  
Of *Genoveva's* fame !



## VIII.

But hark ! that stern and sudden sound,  
 Along the castle-wall,  
 It shook the echo from the ground,  
 That startling trumpet-call :  
 To arms ! to horse ! the Moor ! the Moor !  
 His Pagan banners fly,  
 The Spaniard and the Frank implore  
 Thy German chivalry !

## IX.

Then might you see at break of day,  
 The stately Siegfried stand,  
 Harness'd, and in his old array,  
 His good sword in his hand.  
 And Fare thee well ! the soldier said,  
 My lady bright and dear :  
 He spake, and bent his haughty head  
 To hide a warrior's tear !

## X.

Farewell ! and thou, my castellan,  
 My liegeman true and tried,  
 Shield, till thy lord shall turn again,  
 My lady and my bride !  
 And ye, good Saints, with unseen eyes,  
 Watch her in solemn care :  
 An Angel well might leave the skies,  
 At Genoveva's prayer !

## G E N O V E V A.

## PART THE SECOND.

## Ebening.

## I.

AH ! woe is me ! and well-a-day !  
 What scenes of sorrow rise !  
 And hark ! the music of my lay  
 Must breathe the breath of sighs !  
 That guardian,—he of trusty fame,  
 He seeks a deed abhorr'd,—  
 He woos to sorrow and to shame  
 The lady of his lord !

## II.

But she, fair Genoveva, stands  
 A pure and peerless bride,  
 Her angel lifts his sheltering hands  
 For ever at her side.  
 She kneels, she breathes some simple verse  
 Taught by her mother's care,  
 And the good Saints in Heaven rehearse  
 The gentle lady's prayer !

## III.

Yet strife and anguish lasted long,  
 Till he, that fiendish man,—  
 The anger of his sin was strong,  
 And thus his fury ran :—  
 “ Bind ye this foul and wanton dame,  
 False to my master’s bed ;  
 Hide in the earth both sin and shame :  
 Her blood be on her head ! ”

## IV.

They took the stern command he gave,  
 Two vassals fierce and rude,  
 They bare her for a nameless grave,  
 Far in a distant wood.  
 There knelt she down and meekly pray’d,  
 In language soft and mild,—  
 “ I bear beneath my breast,” she said,  
 “ Your lord, Count Siegfried’s child ! ”

## V.

“ Then let me tarry but awhile,  
 Far, far from earthly eye,  
 That I may see my infant smile,  
 And lay me down and die !  
 Nay, spare me, in sweet Mary’s name,  
 Who stood by JESU’S Cross ;  
 He from a mother’s bosom came,  
 That He might die for us ! ”

## VI.

They melted at the voice they heard,  
They left her lonely there,  
The holy Angels helped her word :  
There is such force in prayer !  
Then wander'd she, where that wild wood  
A tangled pathway gave,  
Till, lo ! in secret solitude,  
A deep and mossy cave !

## VII.

A source of quiet waters shone  
Along a shadowy glade,  
And branches fair to look upon  
A dreamy shelter gave. . . . .  
Her eyes are closed—but not in sleep,  
She bends—but not to pray,  
Thrill'd with the woes that mothers weep,  
The lonely lady lay.

## VIII.

She sees—What is it nestling near ?  
A soft fair form is nigh ;  
She hears—Sweet LORD, what doth she hear ?  
A low and infant cry !  
It is her son ! her son ! the child,  
The first-born of her vow :  
See, in his face his father smiled,  
He bears Lord Siegfried's brow.

## IX.

Good Angels ! 'twas a sight to see  
That cavern dark and wild,  
The nameless stream, the silent tree,  
The mother and her child !  
And, hark ! he weeps,—that voice of tears  
Proclaims a child of earth ;  
O what shall soothe, for holier years,  
The sorrow of his birth !

## X.

There was no font, no sacred shrine,  
No servant of the LORD ;  
The waters of the Mystic Sign,  
A mother's hand hath poured.  
She breathed on him a word of woes,  
His life in tears begun,  
The name a Hebrew mother chose,  
Benoni,—sorrow's son !

## XI.

But ah ! what miseries betide  
A mother and her pains !  
Her child must die, for famine dried  
The fountain of her veins.  
She saw the anguish of his face,  
She heard his bitter cry,  
And went forth from that woeful place,  
She could not see him die.

## XII.

Yet still, again, her feet must turn  
Back to that cavern wild ;  
Yea ! e'en in death, she fain would yearn  
Once more upon her child.  
What doth she see ! a fair young doe,  
A mother's task hath done,  
Bent at his side : her milk must flow  
To soothe the lady's son.

## XIII.

She wept, she wept, she could no less,  
Tears sweet and grateful ran,  
The mute thing of the wilderness  
Hath softer heart than man.  
She came, that wild deer of the herd,  
Moved by some strange control,  
There was a mystic touch that stirr'd  
The yearnings of her soul.

## XIV.

And there they dwelt, the gentle three,  
In peace, if not in joy,  
Until he stood beside her knee,  
A fair and thoughtful boy,  
The doe, the lady, and the youth,  
Seven long and weary years,  
Their calm and patient life ; in sooth  
It was a sight for tears.

## XV.

She fed him with the forest fruits  
That summer branches gave,  
She gather'd wild and wholesome roots,  
To cheer their wintry cave :  
They drank from that fair fountain's bed  
Whose faithful waters run,  
Bright, as when first his name they shed,  
Benoni, sorrow's son.

## XVI.

And she hath framed with chosen boughs,  
A simple Cross of wood,  
And taught the lad his childhood's vows  
To JESU, mild and good !  
He learnt the legend of the Cross,  
How Mary's blessed Son  
Came down from Heaven to die for us,  
And peace and pardon won.

## XVII.

He heard that shadowy angels roam  
Along the woodland dell,  
To lead the blessed to a home  
Where Saints and Martyrs dwell.  
So when the lady wept and pray'd,  
He sooth'd her secret sighs ;  
" Sweet mother, let us die," he said,  
" And rest in Paradise ! "

## XVIII.

“ Alas ! my son, my tender son !  
What wilt thou do ? ” she sigh’d ;  
“ When I, thy mother, shall be gone,  
Thou hast no friend beside !  
There is thy SIRE by heavenly birth,  
His love is strong and sure ;  
But he—thy father of the earth,  
He spurns thee from his door ! ”

## XIX.

“ Nay, tell me, mother dear ! ” he said,  
“ I pray thee tell to me,  
Are they not, all men, gone and dead  
Except thy son and thee ? ”  
“ Ah, no ! there be, my gentle child,  
Whole multitudes afar,  
Yet is it happier in this wild  
Than where their dwellings are. ”

## XX.

“ They cast me out to woe and shame,  
Here in this den to hide ;  
They blighted Genoveva’s name,  
Lord Siegfried’s chosen bride !  
But soon the weary will have rest,  
I breathe with failing breath :  
There is within thy mother’s breast  
The bitterness of death. ”



## XXI.

“Then, mother kind, in thy dark grave  
Alone thou shalt not lie;  
Before our Cross here, in this cave,  
Together let us die.  
Yea, let me look on no man’s face,  
Since such stern hearts there be,  
But here, in this our lonely place,  
Here will I die with thee.”

## XXII.

Ah ! noble heart ! thy words are sooth,  
I breathe their sound again,  
Better to pass away in youth,  
Than live with bearded men. . . . .  
And thou ! the lady of his birth,  
Farewell ! a calm farewell :  
Thou wert not meant for this vile earth,  
But with the Saints to dwell !

## GENOVEVA.

## PART THE THIRD.

## Another Day.

## I.

MARK ye, how spear and helmet glare,  
 And Red-Cross banners shine ;  
 While thrilling trumpets cleave the air,  
 Along the Rhine ! the Rhine !  
 Count Siegfried from the wars is come,  
 And gathering vassals wait,  
 To welcome the stern warrior home  
 To his own castle-gate.

## II.

But where is she, his joy, his pride,  
 The garland of his fame ?  
 Away, away ! her image hide,  
 He cannot brook her name.  
 Yet soon the whisper'd words are breathed,  
 And faithful lips declare,  
 How a vile serpent's folds were wreathed  
 Around their lady fair.

## III.

They tell his vassal's treacherous crime,  
The bow his malice bent,  
Till Genoveva, in her prime,  
Had perished innocent.  
Alas ! what torrent-tears must roll  
In fierce and angry shower :  
O ! what shall soothe Count Siegfried's soul  
In that o'erwhelming hour.

## IV.

He hides him in some vaulted room,  
Far from the light of day,  
He will not look on beauty's bloom,  
Nor hear the minstrel's lay.  
They try him with the trumpet sound,  
On many an echoing morn ;  
They tempt him forth with hawk and hound,  
And breathe the hunter's horn.

## V.

They loose the gazehound from the chain,  
They bring both steed and spear,  
Lord Siegfried's hand must rule the rein,  
And rouse the ruddy deer.  
On, through the wild, the war-horse bounds,  
Beneath his stately form ;  
He charges 'mid those rushing hounds,  
With footsteps like the storm.

## VI.

“Down, Donner, down! hold, Hubert, hold!”  
What is yon sight of fear?  
A strange wild youth, a maiden bold,  
That guard the panting deer.  
A fleecy skin was folded round  
Her breast, with woman’s pride;  
And some dead fawn the youth hath found,  
He wears its dappled hide.

## VII.

“Who, whence are ye?” the warrior said,  
“That haunt this secret cave?  
Ha! is it so? and do the dead  
Come from their hollow grave?”  
“I live, I breathe the breath of life,  
No evil have I done:  
I am thy true, thy chosen wife,  
And this is Siegfried’s son.”

## VIII.

He stood—as severed souls may stand  
At first, when forth they fare,  
And shadowy forms—a stranger-band  
Will greet them in the air!  
He bounds—He binds her to his heart,  
His own—his rescued bride!  
No more, O never more, to part,  
Even death shall not divide!

## IX.

See now, they move along the wild,  
With solemn feet and slow,  
The warrior and his graceful child,  
The lady and the doe !  
They stand before the castle gate,  
Rich with the clustering vine,  
Again shall Siegfried hold his state,  
Beside the Rhine ! the Rhine !

## X.

They come—they haste from many a land,  
For fast the tidings spread,  
And there doth Genoveva stand,  
Bright as the arisen dead !  
Her mother weeps—by God's dear grace,  
Glad tears are in her eye,  
Duke Pfalz hath seen his daughter's face,  
And now—now let him die !

## XI.

Yea ! from his calm and distant cell,  
The sainted Hildorf came,  
His spirit bowed beneath the spell,  
Of Genoveva's name !  
He came—he sought that solemn cave,  
The lady's patient home—  
He measured it with aisle and nave,  
He shaped a shadowy dome !

## XII.

He knelt in votive solitude,  
He fixed both Saint and sign,  
And bade them build in that lone wood,  
A fair and stately shrine !  
There might you read for many an age,  
In the rich window's ray,  
Traced, as along some pictured page,  
The Legend of my Lay !

## XIII.

The image of their youth was there—  
The bridegroom and the bride,  
The porch, where Genoveva fair,  
Knelt at her Siegfried's side !  
There, through the storied glass, the scene  
In molten beauty falls,  
When she with mild and matron-mien,  
Shone in her husband's halls !

## XIV.

There was the cave, the wood, the stream,  
In radiance soft and warm,  
And evermore, the noon-day beam,  
Came through some angel's form !  
The youth was shown in that wild dress,  
His mother's cross he bore,  
Saint John in the old wilderness,  
Was not more strangely fair !

## XV.

But where they breathe their holiest vows,  
 And Eastern sunbeams fall,  
 A simple cross of woodland boughs  
 Stands by the chancel wall !  
 It is the lady's lonely sign,  
 \* By mournful fingers made,  
 The self-same symbol decks the shrine,  
 That soothed the cavern's shade !

## XVI.

Behind yon altar rear'd on high,  
 A lady breathes in stone,  
 A sculptur'd deer is couching nigh,  
 An infant weeps alone !  
 A word is there, but not of woe,  
 One voice, a prayer to claim ;  
 Beneath the lady and the doe,  
 Is Genoveva's name !

## XVII.

Thus lived—thus loved she : and she died—  
 But old and full of days :  
 Ask ye how time and truth have tried  
 The legend of her praise ?  
 She, of my song, in Eden's bowers  
 A sainted lady lies,  
 And wears a garland of the flowers,  
 That grow in Paradise !

## A Legend of the Hive.

### I.

BEHOLD those winged images !  
 Bound for their evening bowers,  
 They are the nation of the Bees,  
 Born from the breath of flowers :  
 Strange people they ! a mystic race,  
 In life and food, and dwelling place !

### II.

They first were seen on earth, 'tis said,  
 When the rose breathes in spring,  
 Men thought her blushing bosom shed  
 These children of the wing !  
 But lo ! their hosts went down the wind,  
 Filled with the thoughts of God's own mind !

### III.

They built them houses, made with hands,  
 And there, alone, they dwell,  
 No man to this day understands  
 The mystery of their cell :  
 Your mighty sages cannot see  
 The deep foundations of the Bee !



## IV.

Low in the violet's breast of blue  
For treasur'd food, they sink,  
They know the flowers that hold the dew  
For their small race to drink,  
They glide—King Solomon might gaze  
With wonder on their awful ways!

## V.

And once,—it is a grandame's tale  
Yet fill'd with secret lore—  
There dwelt within a woodland vale,  
Fast by old Cornwall's shore,  
An ancient woman, worn and bent,  
Fallen nature's mournful monument!

## VI.

A home had they,—the clustering race  
Beside her garden wall,  
All blossoms breathed around the place,  
And sun-beams fain would fall,—  
The lily loved that Combe the best  
Of all the valleys of the West!

## VII.

But so it was, that on a day,  
    When summer built her bowers,  
The waxen wanderers ceased to play  
    Around the cottage flowers !  
No hum was heard, no wing would roam,  
They dwelt within their cloister'd home !

## VIII.

This lasted long—no tongue could tell  
    Their pastime or their toil !  
What binds the soldier to his cell,  
    Who should divide the spoil ?  
It lasted long—it fain would last  
Till Autumn rustled on the blast !

## IX.

Then sternly went that woman old,  
    She sought the chancel-floor,  
And there, with purpose bad and bold,  
    Knelt down amid the poor :—  
She took—she hid—that Blessed Bread,  
Whereon the Invisible is shed !

## X.

She bore it to her distant home,  
She laid it by the hive,  
To lure the wanderers forth to roam,  
That so her store might thrive ;—  
'Twas a wild wish, a thought unblest,  
Some evil legend of the West.

## XI.

But lo ! at morning-tide, a sign,  
For wondering eyes to trace,  
They found, above that bread, a shrine,  
Rear'd by the harmless race !  
They brought their walls from bud and flower,  
They built bright roof and beamy tower !

## XII.

Was it a dream ? or did they hear  
Float from those golden cells,  
A sound, as of some Psaltery near,  
Or soft and silvery bells ?  
A low, sweet Psalm, that grieved within  
In mournful memory of the sin !

## XIII.

Was it a dream ? 'tis sweet no less ;  
Set not the vision free,  
Long let the lingering legend bless  
The nation of the Bee.—  
So shall they bear upon their wings  
A parable of sacred things !

## XIV.

So shall they teach, when men blaspheme  
Or sacrament or shrine,  
That humbler things may fondly dream  
Of mysteries Divine :—  
And holier hearts than his may beat,  
Beneath the bold blasphemer's feet !

## The Baptism of the Peasant and the Prince.

JANUARY 25, 1842.

“Every one that is perfect shall be as His Master.”

St. Luke vi. 40.

I.

I CLIMB'D a poor and narrow stair  
 The Prince's Christening Day—  
 I sought a cottage bed; for there  
 A travail'd woman lay!

II.

With covering thin and scanty vest,  
 Her babe was on her arm;  
 It was the strong love in her breast,  
 That kept that infant warm.

III.

I came, a country minister—  
 A servant of the LORD—  
 To bless that mother's child for her  
 With water and the Word!

IV.

The dim light struggling o'er the room  
Scarce reach'd the lowly bed ;  
And thus 'mid woe, and want, and gloom,  
The Sacrament was shed !

V.

Then said I,—for the woman smiled  
As she took back her son :  
Be glad ! for lo, that little child  
Is 'mong God's children, one !

VI.

Henceforth it hath a name on high,  
Where blessed Angels shine ;  
Nay, one will leave his native sky  
To watch this babe of thine !

VII.

Be glad ! this very day they meet  
In a far loftier scene,  
With blessing and with vow to greet  
The offspring of a Queen.

VIII.

Bright faces beam in banner'd halls  
Around the noble boy ;  
And Princes teach the echoing walls  
The glory of their joy !

IX.

Yet will the self-same words be said  
Our lips have utter'd now ;  
And water such as here we shed,  
Must bless that princely brow.

X.

One Cross the twain shall seal and sign,  
An equal grace be pour'd ;  
One Faith, one Church, one Heaven, will join  
The Labourer and his Lord !

XI.

“ Thanks be to God ! ” in language mild,  
The humble woman said,  
“ Who sends such kindness to, my child,  
Here in its mother's bed ! ”

XII.

“ And bless our Queen with health and grace,  
Hers is a happy reign :  
O ! one smile of her baby's face  
Pays her for all her pain ! ”

---

“ A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow because her hour is come ; but when the child is born, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world. ” — S. JOHN xvii.

**On a Child's Grave in Morwenstow  
Churchyard.**

## I.

THOSE whom GOD loves die young !  
 They see no evil days,  
 No falsehood taints their tongue,  
 No wickedness their ways.

## II.

Baptized—and so made sure  
 To win their safe abode—  
 What could we pray for more ?  
 They die—and are with GOD !



## The Silent Tower of Bottreau

BY THE SEVERN SEA.

I.

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

“Come to thy God in time !”

Thus saith their pealing chime ;

“Youth, manhood, old age past,

“Come to thy God at last !”

II.

But why are Bottreau's echoes still ?  
 Her tower stands proudly on the hill :—  
 Yet the strange chough that home hath found,  
 The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.

“Come to thy God in time !”

Should be her answering chime ;

“Come to thy God at last !”

Should echo on the blast.

## III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

“ Thank God ! thou whining knave, on land,  
But thank, at sea, the steersman's hand,—  
The captain's voice above the gale,—  
Thank the good ship and ready sail ! ”  
    “ Come to thy God in time ! ”  
    Sad grew the boding chime ;  
    “ Come to thy God at last ! ”  
    Boom'd heavy on the blast.

## VI.

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

## VII.

Long did the rescued pilot tell,  
 When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell,  
 While those around would hear and weep,  
 That fearful judgment of the deep !  
 " Come to thy God in time ! "  
 He read his native chime ;  
 " Youth, manhood, old age past ! "  
 His bell would ring at last.

## VIII.

Still, when the storm of Bottreau's waves  
 Is waking in his weedy caves,  
 Those bells, that sullen surges hide,  
 Peal their deep tones beneath the tide.  
 " Come to thy God in time ! "  
 Thus saith the ocean-chime ;  
 " Storm, billow, whirlwind past,  
 Come to thy God at last ! "

## Ephphatha.

### I.

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

### II.

But light and shadow loveliest fall  
 Yonder, along the southward wall,  
 Where ceased, e'en now, the chanted hymn  
 Of that gray man, whose eyes are dim :  
 'Twas an old legend, quaintly sung,  
 Caught from some far, barbaric tongue.

### III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

" Watch ! gentle Ronald, watch and pray !  
 It is the Baptist's Holy Day !  
 Go, where in old Morwenna's shrine,  
 They break the Bread and bless the Wine ;  
 There, meekly bend thy trusting knee,  
 And touch—what sight can never see !

## VIII.

" Thou wilt behold ;—thy lips may share  
 All that the cup and paten bear ;  
 But Life unseen moves o'er that Bread,  
 A glory on that Wine is shed,  
 A light comes down to breathe and be,—  
 Though hid, like summer suns, from me.

## IX.

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

## X.

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

---

I have sought, in these verses, to suggest the manner of that  
miraculous event, the actual and ethereal Presence of our LORD in  
the second Sacrament of His Church.

## The Lady's Well.

### I.

It flowed, like light from the Voice of God !  
 Silent, and calm, and fair—  
 It shone, where the child and the parent trod,  
 In the soft and evening air.

### II.

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

### III.

“ Once on a time, my own sweet child !  
 There dwelt across the sea,  
 A lovely mother, meek and mild,  
 From blame and blemish free :



## IV.

“ And Mary was her blessed name,  
If not by men adored,  
Its sound deep thoughts of love should claim  
From all who love their LORD !

## V.

“ A child was hers—a Heavenly Birth !  
As pure as pure could be ;  
He had no father of the earth,  
The SON of GOD was He !

## VI.

“ He came down to her from above,  
He died upon the Cross :  
We never can do for Him, my love !  
What He hath done for us.

## VII.

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

## VIII.

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

## The Lost Ship.

THE PRESIDENT left New York for England, on the 11th day of March, 1841, and was never heard of more.

### I.

SPEAK ! for thou hast a voice, perpetual sea !  
 Lift up thy surges with some signal-word,—  
 Show where the pilgrims of the waters be,  
 For whom a nation's thrilling heart is stirred !

### II.

They went down to thy waves with joyous pride,  
 They trod with stedfast feet thy billowy way ;  
 The eyes of wond'ring men beheld them glide  
 Swift in the arrowy distance !—Where are they ?

### III.

Didst thou arise upon that giant frame,  
 Mad, that the strength of man with thee should  
 strive,  
 And, proud thy rival element to tame,  
 Didst swallow them, in conscious depths, alive ?

## IV.

Or shorn and powerless hast thou bade them lie,—  
 Their stately ship a carcase of the foam,—  
 Where still they watch the ocean and the sky,  
 And fondly dream that they have yet a home?

## V.

If thou hast drawn them, mighty tide! declare,  
 To some far-off, immeasurable plain,  
 'Mid all things wild and wonderful,—and where  
 The magnet woos her iron mate in vain!

## VI.

Doth hope still spothe their souls, or gladness thrill?  
 Is peace amid the wanderers of the foam?  
 Say! is the old affection yearning still,  
 With all the blessed memories of home?

## VII.

Or, is it over? Life, and breath, and thought,  
 The living feature and the breathing form,—  
 Is the strong man become a thing of nought,  
 And the red blood of rank no longer warm?

## VIII.

Thou answerest not,—thou stern and haughty sea!  
 There is no sound in earth, or wave, or air:  
 Roll on, ye tears! O, what shall comfort be  
 To hearts that pant for hope, but breathe despair?

## IX.

Nay, mourner ! there is sunlight o'er the deep,  
A gentle rainbow on the darkling cloud ;  
A Voice more mighty than the storms shall sweep  
The shore of tempests when the wave is loud !

## X.

What though they woke the whirlwinds of the West,  
Or roused the tempest from some Eastern lair,  
Or clave the cloud with thunder in its breast,  
LORD of the awful waters ! Thou wert there !

## XI.

ALL-MERCIFUL ! The day, the doom, were Thine !  
Thou didst surround them on the seething sea ;  
Thy Love too deep, Thy Mercy too divine  
To quench them in an hour unmeet for Thee !

## XII.

If winds were mighty, Thou wert in the gale !  
If their feet fail'd them, in Thy midst they trod ;  
Storms could not urge the bark, or force the sail,  
Or rend the quivering helm—away from God !

**The Well of Saint John on Morwenstow Glebe.**

THEY dream'd not in old Hebron, when the sound  
     Went through the city, that the promised son  
     Was born to Zachary, and his name was John ;  
 They little thought that here, in this far ground  
     Beside the Severn Sea, that Hebrew child  
     Would be a cherished memory of the wild !  
 Here, where the pulses of the ocean, bound  
     Whole centuries away, while one meek cell,  
     Built by the fathers o'er a lonely well,  
 Still breathes the Baptist's sweet remembrance round !  
     A spring of silent waters with his name,  
     That from the Angel's voice in music came,  
 Here in the wilderness so faithful found,  
 It freshens to this day the Levite's grassy mound !

## The Wolf of Benjamin.

Long centuries ago,—this very day,  
 In a far wilderness of Syrian sand,  
 Urging his steed amid an armed band,  
 The Wolf of Benjamin was on the prey!  
 But lo! a light, a voice, a thrilling sound:—  
 And where was Saul of Tarsus? Sternly bound,  
 A fetter'd thrall, in darkness there he lay!  
 Shall he arise and conquer? can he toil  
 Once more in war and yet divide the spoil?  
 For thus dim Jacob traced the wanderer's way.  
 Answer, proud Corinth! stern and stately Rome,  
 Soft Ephesus, and thou! the populous home  
 Of many a city, old Galatia, say,—  
 Did not the warrior win, and wear, a conqueror's  
 array?

*The Festival of Saint Paul, 1843.*

## The Twin.

Two sunny children wander'd, hand in hand,  
 By the blue waves of far Gennesaret,  
 For there their Syrian father drew the net  
 With multitudes of fishes to the land !  
 One was the Twin ! even he whose blessed name  
 Hath in ten thousand shrines this day a fame,—  
 Thomas the Apostle,—one of the ethereal band !  
 But he, his Hebrew brother, who can trace  
 His name, the city where he dwelt, his place,  
 Or grave ?—We know not, none may understand :  
 There were two brethren in the field : the one  
 Shall have no memory underneath the sun,—  
 The other shines, beacon of many a strand,  
 A star upon the brow of night, here in the rocky  
 land !

“One is Not.”

THERE is a cross in Oxford, built of stone,  
 They call it there the Martyrs' Monument ;  
 Wise-hearted workmen rear'd it, and they spent  
 In that proud toil, labour and gold unknown !  
 There have they pictur'd many a visible thought  
 And deep device, whereby the fathers wrought  
 Doctrines in walls, and gave dumb roofs a tone !  
 Yet hearken ! in yon cloister dim and old,  
 They show a simple casket fram'd to hold  
 An ancient staff.—Ye walls of stern Saint John !  
 Watch well that relique of the days gone by,  
 Thereon Laud lean'd when he went forth to die.  
 Ha ! stout old man, thy fame is still our own,  
 Though banish'd be thy memory from the graven  
 stone !



### The Stem and the Boughs.

**HEARKEN!** there is in old Morwenna's shrine,  
 A lonely sanctuary of the Saxon days,  
 Bear'd by the Severn Sea, for prayer and praise,—  
 Amid the carved work of the roof, a vine!  
 Its root is where the eastern sunbeams fall  
 First in the chancel, then along the wall  
 Slowly it travels on, a leafy line,  
 With here and there a cluster, and anon,  
 More and more grapes, until the growth hath gone  
 Through arch and aisle. Hearken! and heed the sign!  
 See at the altar-side, the stédfast root,  
 Mark well the branches, count the summer fruit:  
 So let a meek and faithful heart be thine,  
 And gather from that tree, a parable divine!

## The Oblation.

### I.

A WEB of woven wool, fringed all around,  
 Ruddy and rich in hue like Syrian wine,  
 With golden leaves inlaid on that dark ground,  
 That seem'd just shed from some o'ershadowing vine :  
 Such was the lady's offering at Morwenna's shrine !

### II.

We laid it on the altar, while the Word  
 Linger'd in echoes o'er the unconscious wall,—  
 The voice that prophesied our God had heard  
 The sound of alms, and would remember all :  
 'Twas the Child Jesu's Day—the Bethlehem Festival !

### III.

We *offer'd* it to Him :—scorn not the phrase,  
 Ye proud and stately magnates of the land ;  
 Grudge not the poor their pence, nor God His  
 praise,  
 Though as our simple fathers stood, we stand,  
 And render thus our gifts with meek and votive hand !

## IV.

We left it in that chancel, deck'd with flowers,  
And boughs that blossom'd like old Aaron's Rod ;  
For faithful hands had built them leafy bowers,  
Along our aisles, such as the Angels trod,  
When Moses saw the bush, and Abraham talk'd with  
God !

*Christmas Day, 1843.*

## The Poor Man and his Parish Church.

A TRUE TALE.

I.

THE poor have hands, and feet, and eyes,  
Flesh, and a feeling mind ;  
They breathe the breath of mortal sighs,  
They are of human kind !  
They weep such tears as others shed,  
And now and then they smile,  
For sweet to them is that poor bread  
They win with honest toil.

II.

The poor men have their wedding-day,  
And children climb their knee ;  
They have not many friends, for they  
Are in such misery.  
They sell their youth, their skill, their pains,  
For hire, in hill and glen ;  
The very blood within their veins,  
It flows for other men !

III.

They should have roofs to call their own,  
When they grow old and bent,  
Meek houses built of dark gray stone,  
Worn labour's monument !  
There should they dwell beneath the thatch,  
With threshold calm and free ;  
No stranger's hand should lift the latch  
To mark their poverty.

IV.

Fast by the church those walls should stand ;  
Her aisles in youth they trod,  
They have no home in all the land,  
Like that old House of God !  
There, there the Sacrament was shed,  
That gave them Heavenly Birth,  
And lifted up the poor man's head  
With princes of the earth !

V.

There, in the chancel's voice of praise  
Their simple vows were pour'd ;  
And Angels look'd with equal gaze  
On Lazarus and his lord !  
There too, at last, they calmly sleep,  
Where hallow'd blossoms bloom,  
And eyes as fond and faithful weep,  
As o'er the rich man's tomb.

VI.

They told me of an ancient home,  
Beside a churchyard wall ;  
Where roses round the porch would roam,  
And gentle jasmynes fall :—  
There, dwelt an old man, worn and blind,  
Poor, and of lowliest birth,  
He seem'd the last of all his kind,  
He had no friend on earth !

VII.

Men saw him, till his eyes grew dim,  
At morn and evening tide,  
Pass 'mid the graves with tottering limb,  
To the gray chancel's side :—  
There knelt he down, and meekly pray'd  
The prayers his youth had known—  
Words, by the old Apostles made,  
In tongues of ancient tone !

VIII.

At matin-time, at evening hour,  
He bent with reverent knee,  
The dial carved upon the tower,  
Was not more true than he :  
This lasted till the blindness fell  
In shadows round his bed,  
And on those walls he lov'd so well  
He look'd—and they were fled.

## IX.

Then would he watch and fondly turn,  
 If feet of men were there,  
 To tell them how his soul would yearn  
 For the old place of prayer :—  
 And some would lead him on, to stand,  
 While fast their tears would fall,  
 Until he felt, beneath his hand,  
 The long-accustomed wall.

## X.

Then joy in those dim eyes would melt,  
 Faith found the former tone—  
 His heart, within his bosom, felt  
 The touch of every stone !  
 He died—he slept beneath the dew  
 In his own grassy mound  
 The corpse, within the coffin, knew  
 That calm, that holy ground !

## XI.

I know not why—but when they tell  
 Of houses fair and wide,  
 Where troops of poor men go to dwell  
 In chambers side by side—  
 I dream of that old cottage door  
 With garlands overgrown,  
 And wish the children of the poor,  
 Had flowers to call their own !

XII.

And when they vaunt, that in those walls  
They have their worship-day,  
Where the stern signal coldly calls  
The prison'd poor to pray ;—  
I think upon that ancient home  
Beside the churchyard wall,  
Where roses round the porch would roam,  
And gentle jasmynes fall !

XIII.

I see the old man of my lay,  
His grey head bow'd and bare,  
He kneels by one dear wall to pray,  
The sunlight in his hair !  
Well ! they may strive as wise men will,  
To work with wit and gold,  
I think my own dear Cornwall still  
Was happier of old !

XIV.

O ! for the poor man's church again !  
With one roof over all,  
Where the true hearts of Cornish men  
Might beat beside the wall !  
The altars, where in holier days  
Our fathers were forgiven,  
Who went with meek and faithful ways  
Through the old aisles to heaven.



## The Cell by the Sea.

### I.

How wildly sweet by Hartland Tower,  
 The thrilling voice of prayer !  
 A seraph from his cloudy bower  
 Might lean, to listen there.

### II.

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

### III.

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

### IV.

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

## V.

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

## VIII.

Here glides the Spirit of the Psalm !  
Here breathes the soul of prayer !  
The awful church—so hush'd—so calm—  
Ah ! surely God is there !

## IX.

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

## X.

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

## XI.

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

## XII.

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

## XIII.

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

## XIV.

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

## XV.

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

## XVI.

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

## XVII.

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

## XVIII.

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

## XIX.

Then waft, ye winds, this tale of fear ;  
Breathe it in hall and bower,  
Till reckless hearts grow hush'd to hear  
The Monk of Hartland Tower !

## The Crle's Cert.

JEREMIAH XXII. II.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

## V.

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

## VIII.

No more ! no more ! O, never more  
The hills, the trees, the ocean-shore :  
Ah ! Salem, Gilead, Lebanon,  
The LORD, the LORD your GOD, is gone !

**Morbennae Statio, hodie, Morwenstow.**

I.

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

II.

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

## III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

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



## VI.

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

## VII.

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

\* The Rose and the Lily, adopted as types of our Lord and His Mother, from Canticles ii. 1, were used as Church-emblems centuries before they were emblazoned in secularheraldry by the Normans and English.

## VIII.

Still points the tower, and pleads the bell,  
The solemn arches breathe in stone,  
Window and wall have lips to tell  
The mighty faith of days unknown !  
Yea ! flood, and breeze, and battle-shock,  
Shall beat upon this church in vain ;  
She stands—a daughter of the rock—  
The Changeless God's eternal fane !

## The Ringers of Lancell's Tower.

---

They rang at the Accession of George III., and they all lived to ring again on the fiftieth anniversary of his reign.

### I.

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

### II.

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

### III.

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

IV.

Hark! proudly hark! with that true tone  
They welcomed him to land and throne;  
So e'er they die they fain would ring  
The jubilee of England's king!

V.

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

---

Some of these old men lived to ring at the Accession of George IV.  
and one at that of William IV.

## The Signals of Levi.

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The Rabbins say that the daily oblation was not to begin until the Signal of Levi was heard ; and the time was thus to be known : —a Levite was placed on the Temple roof, and when the day had so far dawned that he could see Hebron (a city on the heights where John the Baptizer was afterwards born), then he blew with his trumpet, and the Sacrifice began.

### SIGNAL THE FIRST.

#### I.

THERE is light on Hebron now :  
 Hark to the trumpet-din !  
 Day dawns on Hebron's brow,  
 Let the sacrifice begin !

#### II.

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

## III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

Blossom and branch are bare  
On Jesse's stately stem,—  
So they bid swart Edom\* wear  
Fallen Israel's diadem!

\* The Herods were of Idumæan race.

## VIII.

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

---

## SIGNAL THE SECOND.

## I.

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

## II.

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

## III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

The Child of Judah's line—  
The Son of Abraham's fame!  
Arise, ye lands! and shine,  
With the Bless'd JESU'S Name!

VII.

This is the promised dawn;  
So fades the night of sin,—  
Lo! the gloom of death is gone,  
Let the Sacrifice begin!

---



## SIGNAL THE THIRD.

## I.

Ho ! watchman ! what of the night ?  
Tell, Christian soldier, tell,—  
Are Hebron's towers in sight ?  
Hast thou watch'd and warded well ?

## II.

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

## III.

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

## IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

No hill remain'd in cloud,  
There lurk'd no darkling glen ;  
And the Voice of GOD was loud,  
Upon every tongue of men !

VII.

There shall never more be night  
With this Eternal Sun !  
There be Hebrons many in sight,  
And the Sacrifice is done !

## The Grief of the Cornish Mother.

## I.

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

## II.

I know it should be a pleasure  
 Your child to GOD to send ;  
 But mine was a precious treasure  
 To me and to my poor friend !

## III.

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

## IV.

Well ! GOD is its own dear Father,  
 It was carried to church and bless'd,  
 And our SAVIOUR'S Arms will gather  
 Such children to their rest !

V.

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

VI.

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

## The Sisters of Glen-Neot.

## I.

It is from Neot's sainted steep  
The foamy waters flash and leap ;  
It is where shrinking wild-flowers grow,  
They lave the nymph that dwells below !

## II.

But wherefore in this far-off dell,  
The reliques of a human cell ?  
Where the sad stream and lonely wind  
Bring man no tidings of their kind !

## III.

Long years ago ! the old man said,  
'Twas told him by his grandsire dead,  
One day two ancient sisters came  
None there could tell their race or name.

## IV.

Their speech was not in Cornish phrase,  
Their garb had marks of loftier days,  
Slight food they took from hands of men,  
They wither'd slowly in that glen.

## V.

One died ! the other's shrunken eye  
Gush'd, till the fount of tears was dry ;  
A wild and wasting thought had she,—  
“ I shall have none to weep for me ! ”

## VI.

They found her silent at the last,  
Bent in the shape wherein she pass'd,—  
Where her lone seat long used to stand,  
Her head upon her shrivell'd hand !

## VII.

Did fancy give this legend birth ?  
The grandame's tale for winter-hearth,—  
Or some dead bard, by Neot's stream,  
People these banks with such a dream ?

## VIII.

We know not ! but it suits the scene,  
To think such wild things here have been ;  
What spot more meet could grief or sin  
Choose at the last to wither in ?

## The Wreck.

## I.

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

## II.

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

## III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

Unseen the forms that fill the sky  
 To watch the seaman's erring hour ;  
 Thy sin hath brought the Avenger nigh,  
 The Spirit of the Storm hath power !

## VI.

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

## VII.

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



## VIII.

Thou see'st dark Cornwall's rifted shore,  
Old Arthur's stern and rugged keep ;  
There, where proud billows dash and roar,  
His haughty turret guards the deep.

## IX.

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

## X.

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

## XI.

"Pilot ! they say when tempests rave,  
Dark Cornwall's sons will haunt the main,  
Watch the wild wreck, but not to save :  
O, for Parana's sands again !"

## XII.

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

## XIII.

Away! away! before the wind!  
Fury and wrath are on the blast;  
Tintagel's keep, far, far behind,  
Tremoutha's bay is won and pass'd.

## XIV.

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

## XV.

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

## XVI.

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

## XVII.

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

## XVIII.

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

---

There is a silver goblet in my possession, inscribed with the following legend :—"This cup is presented to Wrey I'ans, Esquire, by Robert and Edward Were Fox of Wadebridge, on behalf of the Proprietors of the cargo of the Saint Anna Saint Joseph, Captain Antony de Fonseca Rosa, wrecked at Bude, the 7th of August, 1790, for his care in saving the same, and particular attention to the unfortunate crew." The said Wrey I'ans, Esq., is Mrs. Hawker's father.

## The Storm.

### I.

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

### II.

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

### III.

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

### IV.

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

## V.

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

## The Child Jesus.

A CORNISH CAROL.

I.

WELCOME that star in Judah's sky !  
 That voice o'er Bethlehem's palmy glen !  
 The lamp far Sages hailed on high,  
 The tones that thrill'd the Shepherd-men.  
 Glory to GOD in loftiest Heaven !  
 Thus Angels smote the echoing chord—  
 Glad tidings unto man forgiven !  
 Peace from the Presence of the LORD !

II.

The shepherds sought that Birth divine .  
 The wise-men traced their guided way ;  
 There ! by strange light and mystic sign,  
 The GOD they came to worship lay !  
 A human babe in beauty smiled,  
 Where lowing oxen round him trod :—  
 A maiden clasp'd her awful child—  
 Pure offspring of the Breath of GOD !

## III.

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

## The Song of the School.

SUNG AT SAINT MARK'S, MORWENSTOW.

I.

SING to the LORD the children's hymn !  
 His gentle love declare,  
 Who bends amid the Cherubim,  
 To hear the children's prayer !

II.

He at a mother's breast was fed ;  
 Though God's own Son was He ;—  
 He learn'd the first small words He said  
 At a meek mother's knee.

III.

He held us to His mighty breast,  
 The children of the earth ;  
 He lifted up His hands and bless'd  
 The babes of human birth.

IV.

So shall He be to us our GOD—  
 Our gracious SAVIOUR too,  
 The scenes we tread, His footsteps trod,  
 The paths of youth, He knew !



## V.

Lo ! from the stars His face will turn  
On us, with glances mild,  
The Angels of His presence yearn  
To bless the little child.

## VI.

Keep us, O JESU LORD, for Thee !  
That so by Thy dear grace  
We, children of the font, may see  
Our heavenly Father's face !

## VII.

Sing to the LORD the children's hymn  
His gentle love declare,  
Who bends amid the Seraphim,  
To hear the children's prayer !

## A Cornish Death-Song.

## I.

SING! from the chamber to the grave!  
Thus did the dead man say,—  
A sound of melody I crave  
Upon my burial-day!

## II.

Bring forth some tuneful instrument,  
And let your voices rise;  
My spirit listen'd as it went  
To music of the skies!

## III.

Sing sweetly while you travel on,  
And keep the funeral slow;—  
The Angels sing where I am gone,  
And you should sing below!

## IV.

Sing from the threshold to the porch,  
Until you hear the bell;  
And sing you loudly in the church  
The Psalms I love so well.

## V.

Then bear me gently to my grave ;  
And as you pass along,  
Remember 'twas my wish to have  
A pleasant funeral song !

## VI.

So earth to earth—and dust to dust—  
And though my bones decay,  
My soul shall sing among the just,  
Until the Judgment day !

---

These verses are carved in stone as the Epitaph on a young man of Morwenstow, named Richard Cann, whose soul was carried by the Angels into Paradise, on the 15th of February, 1842.

## A Baptismal Ballad,

FOR A COTTAGE WALL.

I.

A CHILD sate by the meadow gate,  
 A tender girl and young—  
 With many a tear her eyes were wet,  
 And thus she sate and sung :

II.

Ah ! woe is me ! for I have no grace,  
 Nor goodness as I ought :  
 I never shall go to the happy place,  
 And 'tis all my parents' fault.

III.

To this bad world they brought me in,  
 A place where all must grieve,  
 With flesh of misery and sin,  
 From Adam and from Eve :—

IV.

And then they shunn'd the churchyard path  
 Where holy Angels haunt ;  
 They would not bear their child of wrath  
 To yonder blessed font !

## V.

They kept me from that Second Birth  
Which God to Baptism gave ;  
And now I have no hope on earth,—  
Nor peace beyond the grave !

## VI.

Yet a thought is in my mind to-day—  
It came I know not how—  
I will go to the font at church, and say  
I seek my Baptism now !

## VII.

Yes God is kind ! I shall then have grace  
And goodness as I ought,  
For, O ! if I lose the happy place,  
'Twill be my poor parents' fault !

## VIII.

'Twas a child of meek and gentle kind  
A tender girl and young,  
And Angels put into her mind,  
The solemn words she sung !

## Pompeii.

THE OXFORD PRIZE POEM FOR 1827.

How fair the scene ! the sunny smiles of day  
 Flash o'er the wave in glad Sorrento's bay ;  
 Far, far along, mid Sarno's glancing stream,  
 The fruits and flowers of golden summer beam,  
 And cheer, with brightening hues, the lonely gloom,  
 That shrouds yon silent City of the Tomb !  
 Yes, sad Pompeii ! Time's deep shadows fall  
 On every ruin'd arch and broken wall !  
 But nature smiles as in thy happiest hour,  
 And decks thy lowly rest with many a flower.  
 Around, above, in blended beauty shine  
 The graceful poplar and the clasping vine ;  
 Still the young violet,\* in her chalice blue,  
 Bears to the lip of Morn her votive dew ;  
 Still the green laurel springs to life the while,  
 Beneath her own Apollo's golden smile ;  
 And o'er thy fallen beauties beams on high  
 The Glory of the Heaven's—Italia's sky !

How fair the scene ! even now to Fancy's gaze  
 Return the shadowy forms of other days :

\* The violets of this district are proverbial for their abundance and beauty.

Those halls, of old with mirth and music rife,  
 Those echoing streets that teem'd with joyous life,  
 The stately towers that look'd along the plain,  
 And the light barks that swept yon silvery main.  
 And see ! they meet beneath the chesnut shades,  
 Pompeii's joyous sons and graceful maids,  
 Weave the light dance—the rosy chaplet twine,  
 Or snatch the cluster from the weary vine ;  
 Nor think that Death can haunt so fair a scene,  
 The Heaven's deep blue, the Earth's unsullied green.

Devoted City ! could not aught avail  
 When the dark omen\* told thy fearful tale ?  
 The giant phantom dimly seen to glide,  
 And the loud voice† that shook the mountain side,  
 With warning tones that bade thy children roam,  
 To seek in happier climes a calmer home ?  
 In vain ! they will not break the fatal rest  
 That woos them to the mountain's treacherous breast :  
 Fond memory blends with every mossy stone  
 Some early joy, some tale of pleasure flown ;

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

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

VIRG. Georg. i. 476.

And they must die where those around will weep,  
 And sleep for ever where their fathers sleep.  
 Yes! they must die: behold! yon gathering gloom  
 Brings on the fearful silence of the tomb;  
 Along Campania's sky yon murky cloud  
 Spreads its dark form—a City's funeral shroud.

How brightly rose Pompeii's latest day!\*  
 The sun, unclouded, held his golden way,—  
 Vineyards, in Autumn's purple glories drest,  
 Slept in soft beauty on the mountain's breast;  
 The gale that wanton'd round his crested brow,  
 Shook living fragrance from the blossom'd bough;  
 And many a laughing mead and silvery stream  
 Drank the deep lustre of the noon-day beam:  
 Then echoing Music rang, and Mirth grew loud  
 In the glad voices of the festal crowd;  
 The opening Theatre's† wide gates invite,  
 The choral dance is there, the solemn rite—  
 There breathes th' immortal Muse her spell around,  
 And swelling thousands flood the fated ground.

\* Pompeii was destroyed on the twenty-third of August, A. D. 79. See Plinii Epist. l. vi. 16. 20; Dio Cassius, lxxvi. It remained undiscovered during fifteen centuries.

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



See! where arise before th' enraptur'd throng,  
 The fabled scenes, the shadowy forms of Song!  
 Gods, that with Heroes leave their starry bowers,  
 Their fragrant hair entwin'd with radiant flowers,  
 Haunt the dim grove, beside the fountain dwell—  
 Strike the deep lyre, or sound the wreathed shell—  
 With forms of heavenly mould; but hearts that glow  
 With human passion, melt with human woe!  
 Breathless they gaze, while white-rob'd priests advance,  
 And graceful virgins lead the sacred dance;  
 They listen, mute, while mingling tones prolong  
 The lofty accent, and the pealing song,  
 Echo th' unbending Titan's haughty groan,  
 Or in the Colchian's woes forget their own! \*  
 Why feels each throbbing heart that shuddering chill  
 The Music falters, and the Dance is still—  
 "Is it pale Twilight stealing o'er the plain?  
 Or starless Eve, that holds unwonted reign?"  
 Hark to the thrilling answer! who shall tell  
 When thick and fast th' unsparing tempest fell,  
 And stern Vesuvius pour'd along the vale  
 His molten cataracts, and his burning hail:—  
 Oh! who shall paint, in that o'erwhelming hour,  
 Death's varying forms, and Horror's withering power?

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

Earthquake! wild Earthquake! rends that heaving plain,  
Cleaves the firm rock, and swells the beetling main :  
Here, yawns the ready grave, and raging, leap  
Earth's secret fountains from their troubled sleep ;  
There, from the quivering mountain bursts on high  
The pillar'd flame, that wars along the sky !  
On, on they press, and maddening seek in vain  
Some soothing refuge from the fiery rain ;—  
Their home ? it can but yield a living tomb,  
Round the lov'd hearth is brooding deepest gloom ;  
Yon sea ? its angry surges scorching rave,  
And Death fires gleam upon the ruddy wave :  
Oh ! for one breath of that reviving gale,  
That swept at dewy morn along the vale !  
For one sad glance of their beloved sky,  
To soothe, though vain, their parting agony !  
Yon mother bows in vain her shuddering form,  
Her babe to shield from that relentless storm :  
Cold are those limbs her clasping arms constrain,  
Even the soft shelter of her breast is vain !  
Gaze on that form ! 'tis Beauty's softest maid,  
The rose's rival in her native shade ;—  
For her had Pleasure rear'd her fairest bowers,  
And Song and Dance had sped the laughing hours :  
See ! o'er her brow the kindling ashes glow,  
And the red shower o'erwhelms her breast of snow ;  
She seeks that lov'd one—never false till then ;—  
She calls on him—who answers not again :

Loose o'er her bosom flames her golden hair,  
 And every thrilling accent breathes despair !  
 Even the stern priest, who saw with raptur'd view,  
 The deathless forms of Heaven's ethereal blue,  
 Who drank, with glowing ear, the mystic tone,  
 That cloth'd his lips with wonders not their own,  
 Beheld th' immortal marble frown in vain,  
 And fires triumphant grasp the sacred fane,  
 Forsook at last the unavailing shrine,  
 And curs'd his faithless gods—no more divine !

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

Still the dim City slept in safest shade,  
 Though the wild waves another Queen obey'd,  
 And sad Italia, on her angry shore,  
 Beheld the North its ruthless myriads pour ;  
 And Nature scatter'd all her treasures round,  
 And grac'd with fairest hues the blighted ground.  
 There oft, at glowing noon, the village maid  
 Sought the deep shelter of the vineyard shade ;  
 Beheld the olive bud—the wild-flower wave,  
 Nor knew her step was on a People's grave !

But see ! once more beneath the smiles of day,  
The dreary mist of ages melts away !  
Again Pompeii, 'mid the brightening gloom,  
Comes forth in beauty from her lonely tomb.  
Lovely in ruin—graceful in decay,  
The silent City rears her walls of grey :  
The clasping ivy hangs her faithful shade,  
As if to hide the wreck that time hath made ;  
The shatter'd column on the lonely ground,  
Is glittering still, with fresh acanthus crown'd ;  
And where her Parian rival moulders near,  
The drooping lily pours her softest tear !  
How sadly sweet with pensive step to roam  
Amid the ruin'd wall, the tottering dome !  
The path just worn by human feet is here ;  
Their echoes almost reach the listening ear :  
The Marble hall with rich Mosaic drest ;  
The portal wide that woos the lingering guest :  
Altars, with fresh and living chaplets crown'd,  
From those wild flowers that spring fantastic round,  
Th' unfinished painting, and the pallet nigh,  
Whose added hues must fairer charms supply :  
These mingle here, until th' unconscious feet  
Roam on, intent some gathering crowd to meet ;  
And cheated Fancy, in her dreary mood,  
Will half forget that it is solitude !  
Yes, all is solitude ! fear not to tread  
Through gates unwatch'd the City of the Dead,

Explore with pausing step th' unpeopled path,  
 View the proud hall—survey the stately bath,  
 Where swelling roofs their noblest shelter raise ;  
 Enter ! no voice shall check th' intruder's gaze !  
 See ! the dread legion's peaceful home is here,  
 The signs of martial life are scatter'd near.  
 Yon helm, unclasp'd to ease some Warrior's brow,  
 The sword his weary arm resigu'd but now,  
 Th' unfinish'd sentence trac'd along the wall,  
 Broke by the hoarse Centurion's starting call :  
 Hark ! did their sounding tramp re-echo round ?  
 Or breath'd the hollow gale that fancied sound ?  
 Behold ! where 'mid yon fane, so long divine,  
 Sad Isis mourns her desolated shrine !  
 Will none the mellow reed's soft music breathe ?  
 Or twine from yonder flowers the victim's wreath ?  
 None to yon altar lead with suppliant strain  
 The milk-white\* monarch of the herd again ?  
 All, all is mute ! save sadly answering nigh  
 The night-bird's shriek, the shrill cicala's cry.  
 Yet may you trace along the furrow'd street,  
 The chariot's track—the print of frequent feet ;  
 The gate unclos'd, as if by recent hand ;  
 The hearth, where yet the guardian Lares stand ;

\* Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus

Victima.

VIRG. Georg. ii. 146.

Still on the wall the words\* of welcome shine,  
 And ready vases† proffer joyous wine :  
 But where the hum of men ? the sounds of life ?  
 The Temple's pageant, and the Forum's strife ?  
 The forms and voices, such as should belong  
 To that bright clime, the land of Love and Song ?  
 How sadly echoing to the stranger's tread,  
 These walls respond, like voices from the dead !  
 And sadder traces—darker scenes are there,  
 Tales of the Tomb, and records of Despair ;  
 In Death's chill grasp unconscious arms enfold  
 The fatal burthen of their cherish'd gold ; ‡  
 Here, wasted relics, as in mockery, dwell  
 Beside some treasure lov'd in life too well ;  
 There, faithful hearts have moulder'd side by side,  
 And hands are clasp'd that Death could not divide !  
 None, none shall tell that hour of fearful strife,  
 When Death must share the consciousness of Life ;  
 When sullen Famine, slow Despair consume  
 The living tenants of the massive tomb ;  
 Long could they hear above th' incumbent plain,  
 The music of the breeze awake again,

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

† The amphoræ which contained wine still remain, and the marble slabs are marked with cups and glasses. *Bustace.*

‡ At the door of the court of one of the houses skeletons were found, one with a key, another with a purse. *Ibid.*

The wave's deep echo on the distant shore,  
And murmuring streams, that they should see no  
more!

Away! dread scene! and o'er the harrowing view  
Let Night's dim shadows fling their darkest hue!

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



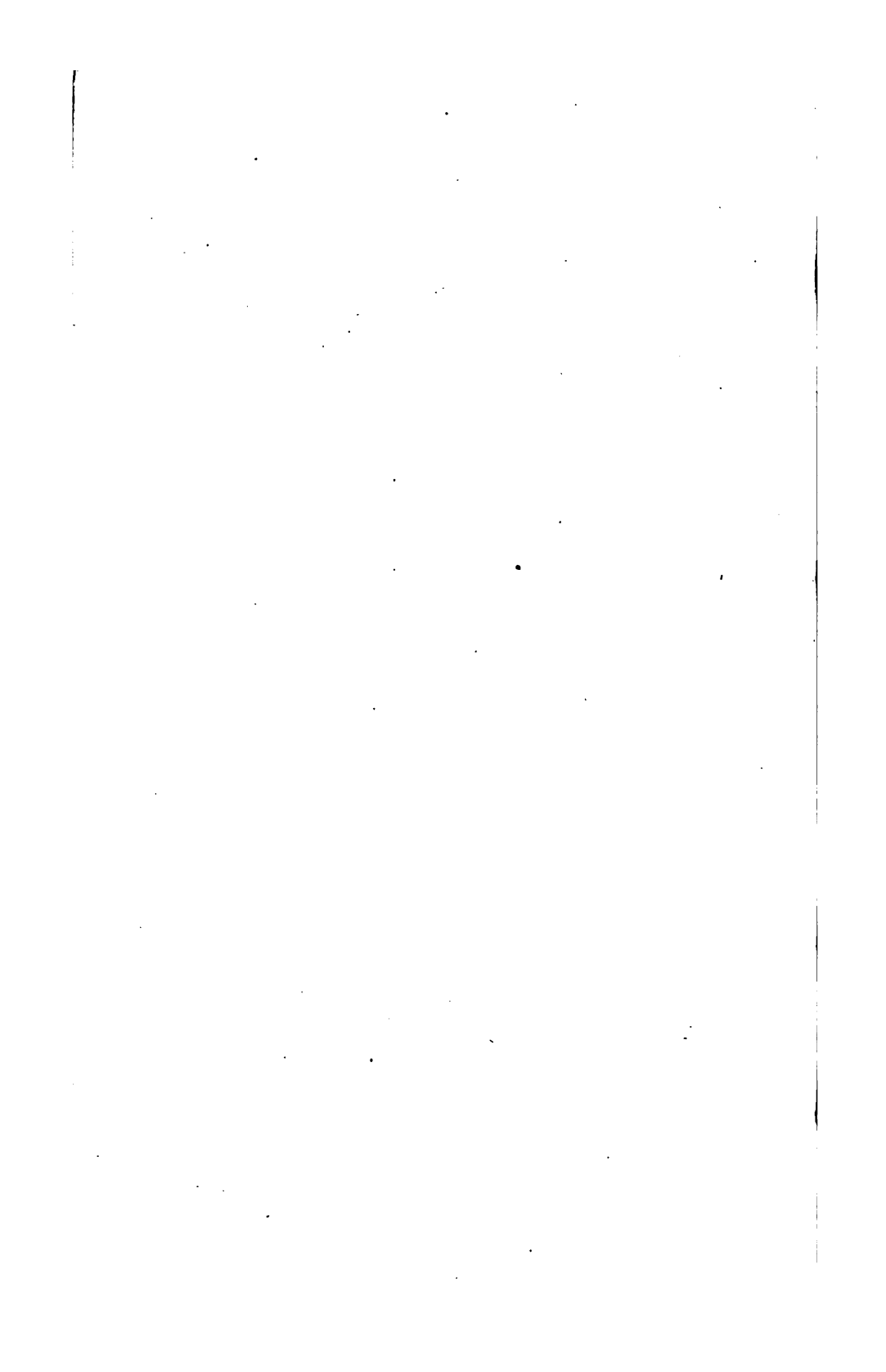
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