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ODES,  
SONNETS,

AND OTHER

POEMS,

BY

WILLIAM MACDOWAL TARTT.

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“ ——— Me quoque pectoris  
“ Tentavit in dulci juventâ  
“ Fervor———.”

HORACE, *l. i. c. 16.*

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1808.



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TO

WILLIAM ROSCOE, Esq.

AN EXAMPLE OF

THE MOST

REFINED TALENTS IN LITERATURE,

AND OF

THE PUREST VIRTUES,

BOTH PUBLIC AND PRIVATE,

THE AUTHOR

HAS VENTURED TO DEDICATE

THE FOLLOWING

POEMS,

AS THE MOST PROPER PATRON

OF THE

INCIPIENT EFFORTS

OF

YOUTHFUL EMULATION.

Q5120017





# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE. . . . .	11

## ODES.

I. On Retirement . . . . .	17
II. From the Greek of T. Moore. . . . .	27
III. To Evening . . . . .	30
IV. To Winter . . . . .	34
V. On Revisiting ***** . . . . .	38

	PAGE
VI. To Ambition . . . . .	41
VII. To Patience . . . . .	47
VIII. "Cœlo Musa beat." . . . .	51

## SONNETS.

I. The Mother . . . . .	59
II. To Sensibility . . . . .	60
III. The appearance of Morning, &c. . . . .	61
IV. From Petrarch . . . . .	62
V. To a Friend . . . . .	63
VI. In answer to the preceding . . . . .	64
VII. From Petrarch . . . . .	65
VIII. On the pursuit of Fame . . . . .	66
IX. "Oh! gentle stream," &c. . . . .	67
X. Written at Hoy'lake . . . . .	68
XI. From Tasso . . . . .	69

	PAGE
XII. "Around me Evening's darkest shades," &c.	70
XIII. From Guidi . . . . .	71
XIV. In Retirement . . . . .	72
XV. Written at Midnight . . . . .	73
XVI. The Captive . . . . .	74
XVII. Written on reading Warton's "Suicide"	75
XVIII. The Maid . . . . .	76
XIX. To Ingratitude . . . . .	77
XX. On reading the fourth Sonnet of S. T. Coleridge . . . . .	78
XXI. Written near the Banks of the Mersey .	79
XXII. "How blest is he whose tranquil happy mind," &c. . . . .	80
XXIII. To Pain . . . . .	81
XXIV. "Let the weak wretch whom Folly ever chains," &c. . . . .	82
XXV. "Young, experienc'd, self-taught, un- known," &c. . . . .	83

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

	PAGE
Lines addressed to the Misses ***** . . . . .	87
Ballad . . . . .	89
Lines addressed to a Lady, who wished her son had a genius for Poetry . . . . .	91
Elegiac Stanzas . . . . .	96
The Lyre of Woe . . . . .	101
Mher-ul-nissa . . . . .	105
To the shade of Departed Beauty . . . . .	121
Woman . . . . .	124
The Wanderings of Fancy . . . . .	128
Lines, written under a Landscape, drawn by D. T.	141
Stanzas, written at Everton . . . . .	143
To my friend, *—*—** . . . . .	145

## CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
To ———. “When the joy-breathing spirit,” &c.	149
The Withered Leaf. . . . .	151
To ———. “In that dear expressive face,” &c.	153
Descriptive Lines . . . . .	155
NOTES, &c. . . . .	159

## ERRATA.

Page 82, l. 3, (in a few impressions,) *for* “bosom,”  
*read* “bosom’s.”

Page 140, *dele* (V. N.)



## PREFACE.

IF any excuse be admissible for the errors or inaccuracies of composition, surely none can merit more attention than the excuse of YOUTH; for where THAT is the plea, there is a hope of *future* improvement.

Merely as the first essays of youth I wish the following pages to be considered; and encouraged by a remembrance of the liberality, with which the efforts of early emulation have ever been received, I cheerfully commit them to the candor

of the public. Should they be thought entitled to Indulgence, as a work of *promise*, all I had in view is accomplished, and I am satisfied: should I have failed, I shall bow with resignation to the censure, which I shall both deserve and receive.

W. M. T.

*Benson-Street, 10th June, 1808.*



Des.

“ Minuuntur atræ  
Carmine curæ.”

# Odes.

---

## ODE I.

### ON RETIREMENT.

#### I. 1

HAPPY the man who, far retir'd  
From worldly cares, and ever-jarring strife,  
Passes in guiltless calm his life,  
With love of blessed peace inspir'd :  
Unmov'd by glitt'ring Fortune's charms,  
Who spurns the croud that round her swarms ;

Who, nobly scorning mad Ambition's tow'r,  
 Pants not her high-brow'd steep to gain,  
 With danger compass'd round,  
 The loose-hung rock and faithless ground,  
 Nor trusts the syren-voice that lures him on in  
 vain.

Secure, he, in Contentment's rosy bow'r,  
 Nor ever feels a pang, nor knows a heavy hour.

## I. 2.

Each day, each dawning day that gilds the sky,  
 Renew'd, to him fresh joys, and pleasure brings :  
 Lo, from his couch he vig'rous springs,  
 From slumbers sweet that early fly,  
 And breathes upon the flow'ry plain,  
 The fragrance of the gale again ;

Or wanders down the hawthorn hedge's side,  
 Where blooms the simple wild-rose sweet ;  
 Or climbs the dusky hill,  
 To gaze upon the prospect still,  
 And Morning see advance with mist-encircled feet ;  
 'Till as she throws the purple lustre wide,  
 The gorgeous sun appears in all his radiant pride.

## I. 3.

Oh ! who can view,  
 Unmov'd, the beauties of the rising morn,  
 While nature, bath'd in sparkling dew,  
 Smiles lovely thro' her lucid veil of light,  
 Whilst health's warm hues her cheeks adorn !  
 Sweet is the hymn the birds repeat,  
 The lark's song from his misty height,

On tow'ring wing, the time to cheat !  
 On bed of freshest roses lying,  
 Where Zephyrs play around him sighing,  
 Delight half opes his humid eye :

While round him glide, in wanton measure,  
 The whispering Loves and melting Pleasure,  
 And hail, in sportive wile, the blushing boy !

## II. 1.

Warm darts the sun his noon-tide beam ;  
 At ease, beneath the beechen shade reclin'd,  
 Lull'd by the murmurs of the wind,  
 Around his head what visions stream !  
 Dear is the hour, to Fancy dear,  
 On viewless wing who hovers near,  
 And lifts the soul unclogg'd by low desire :

Or glancing from her fairy scene,

He turns th' historic page,

The manners of past years to glean,

And marks the blood-stain'd track of man  
from age to age ;

Or, bending thought-rapt o'er the golden lyre,

Invokes the heav'n-born Muse, and wakes the  
warbling wire.

## II. 2.

Yet not, yet, haply, not alone by these

Sublim'd:—domestic cares the mind employ,

Blest source of pure unsullied joy,

Which God with eye benignant sees !

Around the sire, from sorrow free,

His offspring throngs with prattling glee,

While the fond partner of his blissful days  
 With look delighted gazes on,  
 And swelling breast of love,  
 Where Meekness makes her heav'nly throne  
 Mild as the evening gale, soft as the faithful  
 dove:

O'er her fine cheek the flush of rapture plays,  
 And from her tender eyes bright beam the thrilling  
 rays!

### II. 3.

Not the proud dome,  
 Where Splendor sweeps along in spangled vest,  
 Of Luxury the high-pil'd home,  
 While at the door stands ragged shiv'ring Want,  
 And vainly tells her tale distress,



Does gracious Peace attend to cheer:  
 And mild Content must shun the haunt  
 Where guilty pleasures blast the year.  
 She scorns the scenes of vacant Folly,  
 Her noisy train, and mirth unholy,  
 That echoes round her gaudy shrine;  
 But still within the humble dwelling,  
 In neat array, all pomp excelling,  
 Serene, resides her artless form divine.

## III. 1.

Behold the restless, toiling son of Care,  
 Whose sordid wishes speak the grov'ling mind;  
 With thoughts of base control confin'd,  
 What varied pains his bosom tear—  
 What dire attendants constant round him stay,

And, vengeful, often strike the blow

That stabs th' unshielded heart !

Remorse, the parent sad of Woe,

And Disappointment there lifts high her  
freezing dart;

And pale Mistrust, who strews with thorns the way,

And feigning Falsehood sly smiles treach'rous on  
his prey !

### III. 2.

Yet he, ev'n he, perhaps, a moment's pow'r,

Has felt a wish within the wounded breast,

That, as it rose, has sigh'd for rest,

Far from the City's busy hour ; —

When wand'ring forth at Evening's reign,

While freshness breathes upon the plain.

He sees the farms and cots around him rise,  
 (What time meek Nature sheds a balm  
 Upon the soften'd mind,)  
 And thinks in such a scene how calm  
 His years would glide away, nor leave one  
 sting behind !  
 In vain :—as fades the pensive light it dies,  
 And still the rugged path at morn again he tries.

## III. 3.

Oh ! may my days,  
 In some secure retreat, some peaceful shade,  
 Beam o'er my life with tranquil rays,  
 Where Nature lights with sweetest charm the scene :  
 With Contemplation, holy maid !  
 And 'mid the changes of the year,

Forgot each grosser care unclean,  
That wakes the ever-anxious fear ;  
Let Inspiration oft, infusing  
Her spirit o'er my lonely musing,  
Descend in silent dreams at ev'n ;  
And Hope, her milder influence lending  
When life's dread close is near, attending,  
Shall breathe (to soothe the soul) thrice-charmed  
words of Heav'n.

## ODE II.

TRANSLATED FROM MOORE'S GREEK ODE, PREFIXED  
TO HIS TRANSLATION OF ANACREON.

“ ΕΙΠΙ ροδινοῖς ταπησι,  
Τηῖος ποτ' ὁ μελισης. . . . ”

UPON a rosy couch reclin'd,  
His lyre soft breathing to the wind,  
The Teian bard, with heav'nly fire,  
Awoke the lay of wild desire;  
Around him, votive to his pleasures,  
Cupids danc'd in amorous measures,  
Or form'd the Queen of Beauty's dart  
That pierces, thrilling sweet, the heart;  
Or for his brows a wreath entwin'd  
Of rose and azure violet join'd,

Which, whilst his kiss each playful shar'd,  
They plac'd upon the hoary Bard.

But Wisdom, heav'n's immortal queen,  
Gaz'd on their sports with envious mien :  
Ey'd the rapt Bard and joyous train  
That, wanton, bounded o'er the plain ;  
And " Hoary Sage !" she smiling cries,  
(*" For sophists call Anacreon wise,*)  
Why wilt thou e'er thy life employ,  
Devote to Bacchus, Love, and Joy,  
Nor own I boast superior charms  
To you gay triflers' soft alarms ;  
Why wilt thou thus, entranc'd in bliss,  
Sing Bacchus' joys, and Beauty's kiss,  
Nor raise thy lyre, and Wisdom's Bard,  
Receive from me thy best reward ?"

' O Goddess !' thus the Bard replies,  
 ' Let not for this thine anger rise,  
 That without thee the Sages deem  
 Anacreon wise, tho' all his theme  
 Is Beauty, love's delightful dream,  
 ' The dewy lip, and eye of fire ;' ——  
 I love, I drink, I tune my lyre,  
 And sport with pleasure-beaming air,  
 ' Midst glowing groups of beauteous fair ;  
 For, as my lyre, e'en so my soul  
 Moves but to Love's divine control,  
 And I, beneath its blissful pow'r,  
 Enjoy the calm of life's short hour, —  
 Then Pallas say, my sage adviser !  
 Am I not wise ? — O who is wiser ?'

## ODE III.

### TO EVENING.

O BEAUTEOUS Eve! my wildly-throbbing heart  
Welcomes once more thy bless'd return! once more  
Thy pensive step I hail,  
And fair enchanting form!

Gladly I hail thy reign, O modest Eve!  
For at thy peaceful hour my sorrowing soul,  
Sooth'd by thy sacred sway,  
Oft feels a holy calm!

Now, while thine hour invites the hallow'd song,  
O let me breathe some plaintive lay ere Night,



As envious, she is wont,  
Veils, Nymph, thy pleasing scenes,

Which in my soul instil those pleasures sweet,  
And feelings without name, whose influence round  
The heart, and on each thought,  
Divinely thrilling, play!

Now air is still, (save when, to Silence' ear,  
The mournful cuckoo's note, from distant dell,  
Borne on the sullen gale,  
Sounds doleful o'er the plain,)

And Contemplation from her secret cell,  
Where, hid from day, she mus'd on heav'nly themes,  
Comes forth, in sober mood,  
Amid thy walks to stray :

And Genius, Melancholy's fav'rite child,  
Loves, too, thy silent haunt: and oft, as now.

While twilight grey descends,  
I, wondering, mark his form

Deep rapt in thought sublime, as slow he seeks,  
Where Ruin sits amid the gloom, yon tower

Mould'ring, with moss o'ergrown,  
While Fancy, bright-ey'd maid,

In visions wakes his soul.—Now deeper fall  
Thy shadows, stealing o'er the dim-seen vale.

And robe in dusky hue  
Yon awful mountain's head;

Whilst round the blasted oak, on leathern wing,  
In many a wheeling flight, the shrieking bat

Flits—now unseen, and now  
Quick darting 'cross my sight.

But see, advancing from the darken'd east,  
The ever-frowning night comes hast'ning on,  
To bid thy steps retire !  
Then farewell, pensive Eve !

Yet, not reluctant, stealing from the crowd,  
Thine hour shall win me oft to seek again  
These still-lov'd, soothing scenes,  
And hymn thy gentle name.

## ODE IV.

TO WINTER.

WINTER ! thy cloud-envelop'd form,

Thy bitter blast, and howling storm,

To me with nought of terror sound !

For many a dear delight is thine,

When, votive each at Pleasure's shrine,

We join, with smiles of joy, the dance's  
merry round.—

Dear 'tis to mark the orient blaze

Of May's bright morn ; and dear to gaze

Upon the scenes which Summer yields,

When Nature, deck'd in mellow hue,

Spreads her warm prospects to the view

Of shadowy woods, and lawns, and flow'r-  
emblossom'd fields:

And dear to Nature's simple child,

To mark the close of Evening mild,

When sinks the sun with splendid pride,

And leaves upon the lonely glade

A browner tint, a solemn shade,

Whilst lovely seems the scene tho' dim-descried.

But yet, to me, as dear the joy,

Whilst wintry clouds obscure the sky,

The dancers' merry group to join,

Where Beauty charms, and, blandly smiling,

The soul of all its cares beguiling,

Seems, tripping light along, with added charms  
to shine.

Young Health, whose cheeks bright tints adorn,  
Who meets the cheering breeze of morn,  
And e'er delights with Exercise to rove,  
Joins in the dance's mazy measures,  
With many a group of laughing Pleasures,  
And soft Desire, and ever-glowing Love :

And Cheerfulness of placid mien,  
And witching smile, and brow serene,  
Is scen amidst the merry throng ;  
And Joy, with many a sportive lay  
And harmless jest, and antic gay,  
Mingles, with happy look, the festive train  
among.

When Harmony, with rapid notes,  
 In many a varied cadence floats,  
     And loud the brisk-ton'd viol sounds,  
 E'en Age forgets each latent pain,  
 Joins with wild glee the jocund train,  
     And, to the lively tune, with lively motion bounds.

Then e'er with smiles shall I receive thee,  
 And, WINTER! e'er a welcome give thee;  
     For with thee come the dance's pleasures,  
 Where bound we sportively along,  
 Midst Youth and Beauty's blissful throng,  
     In many a giddy maze, to Joy's fantastic measures'

## ODE V.

ON REVISITING \*\*\*\*\*

O GROVE! where erst at ease, in languid trance,  
'Twas mine beneath thy shelt'ring shade secure  
    My careless limbs to rest,  
    And pass the noon-tide hours:

Again to visit thy belov'd retreat,  
A lonely pilgrim, from the busy world,  
    With lighter step I come,  
    Than when I trod the scene

Where mad Ambition urg'd her head-long course;  
And sickly Pleasure, 'mid the noisy croud



Of Folly's silken sons,  
Pursues her ceaseless round.

How sweet the gale that shakes thy leafy boughs,  
And seems to breathe a welcome to my soul !

How joyful to my ear  
The blithe birds' simple song !

Whilst o'er its bed the chrystal rivulet  
Flows on, in lapses sweet, a cooling tide ;  
And on its surface clear  
The busy fly now floats,

Now waves its filny wings.—The soften'd mind  
Feels an emotion of deliciousness,  
And blesses the blest spot !  
O may the muse that here,

A gentle visitant, would oft descend,  
 And prompt her vot'ry's dreams, not now delay  
     Her inspirations, (coy  
     Her aid,)—then shall my lyre,

Else mute, not idly, by the Zephyr's hand  
 Alone awaken'd, half unstrung, hang by :  
     Then shall these shades again  
     With soothing notes resound !

No foot profane dares here intruding tread ;  
 But should the child of guilt or pride pass nigh,  
     O ! let him pause, and hear  
     Intent the peaceful lay !

## ODE VI.

TO AMBITION.

AMBITION! phrenzied demon, cease  
To lure me on with syren smile!  
Thy visions end in fruitless toil,  
Chase from the breast the seraph Peace,  
And lead to many a troubled hour. —  
Then haunt no more my humble bow'r;  
Thy spells, of magic force, o'er me have lost their  
pow'r.

Too well I know the wily art  
With which thou chain'st the youthful heart,  
And tempt'st, with many a meteor-blaze,

To tread thy thorn-entangled ways :  
 Too well I know how oft in anguish  
 Thou bid'st thy fated victim languish,  
 When ev'ry honor Fancy drew  
 Has vanish'd from his wilder'd view,  
 And, for the phantom Glory's meed,  
 In poverty and woe he feels his bosom bleed.

When Splendor 'midst thy throng unfurls  
     Her gorgeous banner to the wind,  
 And Honour, pointing to thy sky-crown'd steep,  
     Maddens with potent spells the brain,  
 They see not where, in Misery's chasm deep,  
 Her victim, Disappointment hurls ;  
     They see not, past the noisy train,  
     Despair and Frenzy lurk behind !

Thou bid'st the Hero's breast with ardor glow,

And onward press unknown to fear,

Unknown to feeling's trembling tear;

Seeking thy path thro' hosts of slain,

And bounding o'er the gory plain,

As Glory calls him still pursuing,

Callous to tender Mercy's suing,

Onward still thou bid'st him steer;

'Till, staid amid his bold career,

He falls—and, groaning, sinks beneath the deadly  
blow.

And what the meed that crowns his dreadful deeds?

—To fill the Hist'ry Pity shud'ring reads!

Prompted by thee, the Tyrant grasps at pow'r,

Nor hears his suff'ring country's moans,

Nor hears the thousand, thousand groans,  
Which bid him liberty restore ;  
Faction's clam'rous troubled band,  
And dire Oppression blast the land—  
'Till Justice hears the nation's cries,  
And 'neath her lifted axe the mighty felon dies.

For thee the Poet wastes his youth  
Amid the night's chill gloom ;  
For thee he scorns the listless joys  
Which laughing Pleasure's vot'ries prize,  
And seeks to triumph o'er the tomb ; —  
But soon he feels the freezing hand  
Of proud Contempt oppress his soul,  
And sinks beneath the harsh control  
Of Penury's haggard spectre-band.

Hope soothes no more ; with fairy dreams  
 His ardent mind no longer teems,  
 The shiv'ring train of wan Despair  
 Cast on each scene their baleful glare ;  
 Hope soothes no more, but ev'ry blessing  
 Which once he deem'd as worth possessing,  
 The wreath of Glory, and the name  
 Borne on the deathless roll of Fame,  
 Now cease to charm ; for Want and Woe  
 Forbid his mind, depress'd, with fancies high to glow.

And, lo ! his fiery eye-balls roll !

Frenzy marks him for her own ;  
 Whilst sunk in grief his noble soul

Mourns each fond vision flown ;—  
 And now dark Melancholy wastes his frame,

In deep despondency he sinks,  
And owns no more the magic of a name.  
Hence, then, Ambition ! demon, hence !  
Nor haunt my humble bow'r ;  
For well I know thy phantoms lead  
To many a troubled hour !



## ODE VII.

TO PATIENCE.

NYMPH of the ever-placid mien,  
With humble look, and soul serene,  
    In fortune's adverse day ;  
Who calmly sit'st amid the storm  
That bursts around thy angel form,  
    Nor murmur'st at its sway.

Oh ! now regardful of thy spell,  
While heaves my aching bosom's swell,  
    Each grief, each pain reveal'd,  
Still trembling in the dangerous maze,  
When ills assail, be near to raise  
    Thy strong protecting shield !

Full many a heart, by sorrow try'd,  
Has felt the balm thy hand supply'd

To ease its throbbing woes—

As Resignation lifts on high,  
Not vainly so, the trusting eye,  
And soothes them to repose.

Yet ah! upon thy steps no less  
The watchful fiends, relentless, press

To urge their fell control :

How oft they aim the pois'nous dart,  
In vain, to strike thy gentle heart,  
And fright thy tranquil soul !

Methinks I see thee, even now,  
With hands compos'd, and halcyon brow,  
While glaring near thee stand,

(Undaunted thou behold'st them wait,  
 The vengeful ministers of fate,  
 A dreadful, num'rous band!

There stern Misfortune frowning lowers,  
 And chills the heavy-passing hours,  
 Mad Anguish writhing nigh;  
 And drooping Misery, and Scorn,  
 And weeping Poverty forlorn,  
 Their diff'rent efforts try:

There base Ingratitude, and lo!  
 Sly Falsehood striking off the blow  
 In Friendship's specious guise,  
 Whose hell-born art can none avoid,

By sad experience fully try'd,

The guarded nor the wise

Tho' ne'er invoc'd before, thy aid

Refuse not then, propitious maid!

This warmly-votive hour;

A suppliant at thy shrine, decreed

By many a bitter wrong to bleed,

Implores thy pitying pow'r:

With pious Hope, thy sister-friend,

Oh! hither come, thy succour lend,

To quell this painful strife;

And teach me now, with rising thought,

And breast with conscious Virtue fraught,

To bear the ills of life!

## ODE VIII.

“ CÆLO MUSA BEAT.”

INSCRIBED TO W. S. L. ESQ.

DEAR, O my lyre! art thou to me,

Tho' fools may scorn, and friends may chide  
me;

Dear is thy simple melody,

Tho' Commerce' toiling sons deride me!

O lyre! they little know thy charms!

They know not how thy music warms

The soul, whom Pöesy's fine glow

From each mean act sublimes, from ev'ry passion  
low.

Dear, O my lyre ! art thou to me,

Dear above all the world's vain treasure !

Dear in the hour of misery,

For then thou art my only pleasure !

I strike thy chords—Care flies away,

And Rapture darts her cheering ray ;

As, 'midst a storm, the transient beam

Shines o'er the gloomy plain, or glitters on the stream.

When Fortune's favor'd sons I see,

I envy not their splendid folly ;

Thy strings are dearer far to me,

Swept by the hand of Melancholy !

Dearer to me the pensive hour,

When, yielding to thy sacred pow'r,

I feel thy thrilling sounds impart

A bliss, that never warm'd the proud or selfish  
heart :

Tho' doom'd 'midst sordid souls to dwell,  
My toil the hour of Ev'ning closes,  
Hope smiles—I strike the chorded shell—  
Its music every grief composes :  
Or bending o'er some tale of woe,  
The while its notes more solemn flow,  
I for the child of sorrow moan,  
And 'midst another's woes forget to feel my own.

Oft too upon the Sabbath morn,  
While merrily the bells are playing,  
A man, 'gloom-pamper'd' and forlorn,  
I, 'mid some rustic scene, am straying :

But haply if around I see  
 Content's bland smile, and artless glee,  
 I sigh no more, but gaze upon the scene  
 With heart alive to joy, and gladness in my mien:

For who can see the blue-edg'd hill,  
 The streamlet thro' the valley flowing,  
 The humble cot, the hamlet still,  
 The trees in spring-tide beauty glowing—  
 O who can gaze on Nature's charms,  
 Nor feel the sight his bosom warms?  
 O who can gaze on such a scene as this,  
 Nor feel all care forgot, nor feel a heav'nly bliss?—

When in the crouded City's haunts,  
 The cares of wealth's low sons perplex me,



When Vice in robe of splendor flaunts,  
 And haughty Pride and Folly vex me,  
 Then, lyre! in thy sweet sounds I find  
 A solace to my troubl'd mind!

Soft o'er thy strings a voice from Heav'n  
 Tells me, "To Virtue's sons sublimer joys are giv'n

"Mistaken man," it seems to say,

"Tho' Vice seems prospering around thee,

"Tho' Folly lives its little day,

"And Pride, and Envy's scoffings wound thee

"Beyond the grave the soul shall rise,

"And spring exulting to the skies;

"There Misery's injur'd child shall find

"In Abraham's bosom peace, in heav'n a bliss  
 refin'd."

Then dear, my lyre! art thou to me,

If these the pleasures thou can'st give me;

No more I'll sigh in misery,

No more the want of wealth shall grieve me;

'Spirit of Spenser!' shall the mind

By Poësy's pure glow refin'd,

Stoop to the grov'ling cares of Mammon's son,

Toil for the bauble wealth, labor to be undone?

Spirit of Spenser! no!—tho' born

Whilst doom'd on this low scene to languish,

('Midst cold neglect, and want, and scorn,)

To feel their bosoms torn with anguish!

The Muses' vot'ries have their joys,

Which not e'en death's fell pow'r destroys;

For theirs, O happy thought! 's immortal fame,

The soul's unquench'd fire, the never-dying name!

# Sonnets.

“ —Unambitious of the laurell'd meed  
“ That crowns the gifted bard, I only ask  
“ Some stealing melodies the heart may love,  
“ And a brief Sonnet to beguile my cares,—”

## SONNET I.

## THE MOTHER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF FILLICAJA.

SEE the fond Mother with her offspring round,  
 How melts her soul with pious tenderness !  
 As she surveys them, all her looks express  
 Maternal love, and happiness profound.

One to her breast, where the calm joys abound,  
 She eager clasps ; another strives to bless  
 With words of sweet import ; a third no less  
 Soothes ; while another sports upon the ground.

By all their little ways their wants she knows ;  
 To each dispenses what its wants demand,

Or feigning frowns : the Almighty so, who throws  
 His glance from high, to Man each need supplies ;

And if a pray'r rejects, his bounteous hand,  
 Withholding, but to bless the more denies.

## SONNET II.

TO SENSIBILITY.

YES, tho' thou bid'st life's troubl'd scenes appear  
 In darker shades; tho' oft thou bid'st arise,  
 Whilst the dull croud pursue their fragile joys,  
 E'en fancied discontent, imagin'd fear;  
 And seest each distant misery as near;  
 Yet, SENSIBILITY! thee more I prize  
 Than his cold calm who views with tearless eyes  
 The orphan supplicant, or Friendship's bier:  
 For thou hast nameless pleasures, which the mind  
 To dullness wed, can never, never know.  
 Where thy soft sympathies refine the breast,  
 The ties of love or friendship stronger bind;  
 And if thou add'st a pang to ev'ry woe,  
 To ev'ry real bliss thou giv'st a purer zest!

## SONNET III.

THE APPEARANCE OF MORNING AFTER A TEMPESTUOUS  
NIGHT.

DARK is the night; on yonder moss-bound tow'r  
 The glimm'ring stars a feeble ray scarce cast,  
 And 'neath the fury of the bellowing blast  
 The monarch oak bows its high head; whilst pour  
 The mountain torrents down the craggy shore  
 Of yon huge cleft;—the midnight hour is past;  
 And Superstition, trembling, pale, aghast,  
 Hears dying shrieks mix with the tempest's roar.  
 With falt'ring step the lated trav'ller strays  
 Unweeting of his way; and chasms dire,  
 The flood unseen, or meteor's witching blaze,  
 His fear-struck fancy paints.—But soon retire  
 The gather'd shades; and to the enraptur'd view  
 The hills and vales return, glowing with golden hue!

## SONNET IV.

FROM PETRARCH.

**DEAR** Eyes! ye day-stars of my fate! from whence  
 Fall the pearl drops of sympathetic tears;  
 Bright azure lamps, within whose chrystal spheres  
 The rays of virtue live, and innocence:  
 From ye, inspiring orbs! no guilty sense  
 Of passion kindles, while each look endears,  
 But in the wond'ring soul, a love, thro' years  
 To burn, with chaste, and holy thrill intense!—  
 To ye, pure eyes! I humbly look, and there  
 I read the words that calm my troubled soul:  
 “Oh! PETRARCH, murmur not!—to earthly share  
 “Of griefs shall recompense on high be giv'n.”—  
 Yes, I will ev'ry grov'ling wish control,  
 And thro' their mistress lift my thoughts to Heav'n!



## SONNET V.

TO A FRIEND.

Ah! seek no more, by faithless thoughts possess,  
 To tempt the dang'rous paths which lead to fame;  
 Quench, quench at once th' increasing treach'rous  
 flame

Ambition lights within thy glowing breast!  
 For arduous is the task to climb, at best,  
 The sky-crown'd steep which daring spirits aim  
 To reach, and gain a never-dying name;  
 And few, alas! so far are ever blest!

Ah! pant no more to grasp the glorious meed,  
 Won but by toil, and woe, and many an hour  
 Of anxious fear, and throbbing pangs,—the doom  
 (With oft neglect severe, and scorn, and need,)  
 Of him, whose gifted mind would mock the pow'r  
 Of years, and triumph o'er oblivion's gloom!

## SONNET VI.

RECEIVED IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

" FAR be from me the dull inglorious thought  
 Which in my bosom checks each proud desire,  
 Each wish above the vulgar to aspire,  
 By glory prompted, by ambition taught,  
 By few attain'd, 'tis true, by many sought!—  
 But be it mine to sweep the warbling lyre,  
 Or strike the louder chord of epic fire,  
 My early lines with glowing fancy fraught:  
 Or bid Anacreon's tender measures flow  
 Swift-pac'd; to sing the rosy-bosom'd Boy,  
 Or fire my song with bacchanalian joy:  
 Or weave the pity-moving tale of woe.  
 These, these can make the breast with transport  
 glow,  
 Or bid the hours of sorrow swifter fly."

## SONNET VII.

FROM PETRARCH.

Now Spring again enlivens all the green,  
 And blushing throws her bloomy treasures round ;  
 A glowing verdure cloathes the laughing ground,  
 And Mirth and Music gladden the sweet scene.  
 On budding sprays the joyful birds convene,  
 And Love on all inflicts his gentle wound :—  
 But me no views enliven ; nor sweet sound  
 Delights : nor fragrant flowers, nor skies serene !  
 But all luxuriant Nature to my sight  
 Seems like a desart and a dreary wild !  
 For oh ! the form that woke my passion proud,  
 And with entrancing smiles each grief beguil'd,  
 Is sunk for ever in unchanging night ;—  
 And all my hopes lie buried in her shroud !

## SONNET VIII.

ON THE PURSUIT OF FAME.

ADDRESSED TO A WIDOWED MOTHER.

AWAY delusive thoughts! romantic schemes!

    Tempt me no more to leave a good possess'd,

    To stray, of Fame's uncertain meed in quest,

Deceiv'd by Ambition's flatt'ring dreams.

E'er may I shun the path! it falsely gleams;

    Her projects rob each votary of rest,

    And rend with unknown pangs the lab'ring breast

Of him, who at immortal honour aims.—

My Widow'd Mother! thee I'll e'er protect,

    For thee forego the poet's dazzling name;

To thee my youth devoted, will neglect

    The pleasing visions of eternal fame:

For thee the path of wealth I will essay,

But Poësy shall smoothe its rugged way!

## SONNET IX.

O! GENTLE stream, that gliding thro' the vale,  
 Along thy bed the Ocean's waves to meet,  
 Hath sooth'd me often, as thy murmurs sweet  
 Mix'd with the sighs of Summer's balmy gale;  
 From the aye-bustling world's enjoyments stale,  
 Thee gladly once again, blest stream! I greet;  
 For ah! 'tis long since last my weary feet  
 Prest, careless, thy soft banks—ere Sorrow pale  
 Had mark'd me for her own: and many a stream  
 Beauteous, and river proud since have I seen;  
 But not from thee could e'er my mem'ry  
 roam,  
 Or my soul love thee less, than when, in dream  
 Of youth, thro' Fancy's wistful eyes, serene,  
 I watch'd the sparkling of thy sun-ting'd foam.

## SONNET X.

WRITTEN AT HOY'LAKE—MAY, 1806.

STRAYING along the banks of Hoyle, whilst roars  
 The foaming billow o'er the yellow sand,  
 Upon the scene which glows around, I stand  
 Gazing in extacy; or where yon shores  
 Rise glitt'ring dim-descried; or lab'ring oars  
 Gleam faintly to the setting sun.—Scarce fann'd  
 By the light breeze, the barque that to the strand  
 Of commerce bends her way, with wealthy stores  
 Fraught, moves but with the flowing tide, each sail  
 Close-clinging to the mast:—But not these scenes,  
 Nor yon rude hills on which the black cloud leans  
 In awful grandeur, o'er my mind prevail  
 More than the thought—that here, with raptur'd  
     fire,  
 SEWARD once swept her nature-breathing lyre.

## SONNET XI.

FROM TASSO.

*“ Tre gran don vid' io, ch'in esser belle,” &c.*

THREE courtly damsels stood before my sight,  
 All cast in beauty's mold, tho' each possess'd  
 A various charm; yet every shape confest  
 A form the same, and every gay delight  
 A sister's air betray'd:---each maiden bright  
 I fondly prais'd; but one above the rest  
 Soon kindled love's warm flame within my breast;  
 And still to her my thoughts will wing their flight,  
 And still for her I sigh, and still my lyre  
 Her name, her beauties only can inspire:—  
 Tho' as her semblance in the rest I view,  
 Reflected, her in them I must adore;  
 But sighing fear, as each I thus pursue,  
 To prove a traitor to Love's mighty pow'r.

## SONNET XII.

AROUND me Evening's deepest shades descend ;

Hush'd is the songster's warblings on my ear,

Yet still in musing mood I linger here,

Still lonely o'er the tott'ring wall I bend :

For busy fancy warm a charm can lend

Amid this hour, to fix'd attention dear,

Whilst dwells her eye on yon worn ruin near,

That with the dusky twilight seems to blend.

She brings to view the vanish'd days of yore,

Within the banner'd hall the Warriors plac'd :

And Pleasure smiles the sparkling stream to

pour,

As the old Minstrel's kindling songs arise:—

Now nought is heard, save the low mournful blast,

Which thro' the shuddering ivy shivering sighs.



## SONNET XIII.

FROM GUIDI.

*“ Scherzava dentro all' auree chiome amore,” &c.*

LOVE fondly wand'ring thro' the auburn maze  
 That decks with silken tresses Julia's brow,  
 Trac'd every lock, each waving ringlet's glow,  
 And, doting, linger'd there with fond delays.  
 Long, rapt in bliss, the wanton flutt'rer stays,  
 And soon he found 'twere vain to wish to go;  
 For, in each glossy curl's entwisting flow,  
 A chain, by Beauty wove, its bondage lays  
 Upon his heart, and keeps it close confin'd.—  
 Venus, with gifts divine, her boy's release  
 Seeks; but, O Venus! let thine efforts cease!  
 He's Julia's slave, by her his bonds are twin'd;  
 And should'st thou free him from his golden chain,  
 With ardent flight he would return again.

## SONNET XIV.

WHILE here Contentment trims her wood-bine  
     bow'rs,  
 And Peace, her smiling sister, soothes the breast,  
 Lap'd ever in the dream-like charm of rest,  
 How sweetly pass the golden-winged hours!  
 When morning mild her flood of radiance pours,  
     I rise refresh'd, from dreams and slumbers blest,  
     To breathe the gale;—when evening paints the  
         west,  
 I climb the rugged steep that rudely tow'rs,  
 Whence view'd around the rich-hued landscape  
     spreads:  
 Or thro' the fragrant vale's sequester'd haunts  
     I wind, with easy step, my careless way,  
 Where ne'er Oppression, sullen tyrant, treads:  
 And far from scenes where vacant Folly flaunts,  
     Wake, as the muse inspires, the simple lay.

## SONNET XV.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

SHRILLY the whirlwind whistles through the air !  
 The vivid lightning's quickly-flashing ray,  
 And deep-ton'd thunder on its distant way,  
 Render the night more awful : dim and drear  
 The glimm'ring beacons on yon heights appear,  
 And mock the mariner with delusive play :  
 The barque at anchor in the swelling bay  
 Rolls dreadful. Ev'n the sea-boy bows to fear,  
 And gazes on the tempest-troubled scene  
 In mute astonishment. On such a night  
 Hoar Avarice, trembling, grasps his glitt'ring store ;  
 And harden'd Murder, fiend of pallid mien,  
 Shrinks from his bloody purpose, whilst Affright  
 Paints to his sunken eye th' OFFENDED POW'R.

## SONNET XVI.

## THE CAPTIVE.

A FETTER'D slave a negro chieftain lay,  
     Borne by th' oppressor o'er the swelling wave,  
     When Memory, to his midnight vision, gave  
 The realms o'er which he proudly once bore sway.  
 Again, in thought, the sufferer was gay,  
     Again was happy, generous, and brave;  
     Once more beheld the stream its green banks lave,  
 Where, blest with freedom, he was wont to stray;  
 Again he clasp'd his mistress to his breast,  
     Whilst throng'd his children fondly round his  
         knee; —  
 But O! the bliss supreme was scarce possess'd,  
     Ere doom'd, swift as the passing gale, to flee;  
 For soon th' oppressor's lash his slumbers broke,  
 Loud clank'd his chains' in agony he woke!

## SONNET XVII.

WRITTEN ON READING WARTON'S "SUICIDE."

RIGHT sung the glowing Bard his moral strain,  
 While (bending o'er his seraph-speaking lyre,  
 His conscious bosom fill'd with hallow'd fire)  
 He drew the wretch by his own weapon slain!  
 Misguided wretch! whom black Despair could chain,  
 Whilst to his fancy's view she held, thrice-dire,  
 Woes that awoke the frenzy-kindling ire!—  
 "Tho' fell Misfortune and her baleful train  
 Assail thee, bear thou still with fortitude  
 Thy doom, the trial of all-righteous Heav'n;  
 Who gives, in mercy, too, Religion; blest  
 With sovereign balm to soothe thy soul to rest,  
 Nor murmuring dare to sacrifice, with rude  
 And impious hand, the life which God hath giv'n!"

## SONNET XVIII.

## THE MAID.

BEHOLD Maria, deck'd in bloom of youth,

Health in each look, in every gesture grace,

Trip o'er the plain! Beneath her gentle pace

Scarce bends the grass:—in innocence and truth,

In unassuming loveliness array'd,

She hears the lover's tale; and blushes dye

With deeper red her cheeks, whilst tremblingly

She feels him press her hand; and would upbraid

His fervent vows,—but in her beating breast,

Now seen most beauteous, in her swelling veins

That throb with pleasure, as he fondly strains

Her yielding bosom, to his bosom prest,

(Whilst o'er her charms his eyes enraptur'd rove,)

She feels a pleasing glow,—yet knows not that 'tis

love.

## SONNET XIX.

TO INGRATITUDE.

O CURST INGRATITUDE! how dire the blow  
 Treach'rous thou deal'st! no deadly-poison'd dart  
 Wounds with such ten-fold agony the heart,  
 Or bids it half such poignant misery know!  
 No balm can cure thy phrenzy-waking woe,  
 Or to the wretch a moment's ease impart  
 Thy hand subdues; recoiling from him start  
 The forms of Hope—her visions wont to glow,  
 And cheer, with magic light, life's dreary gloom:  
 While fell Despair, exulting o'er his prey,  
 Grim-smiling, binds him in his freezing chain!  
 O! see he sinks beneath th' oppressive doom!—  
 And the poor sufferer, from his feelings' sway,  
 Would seek in death oblivion of his pain.

## SONNET XX.

ON READING THE FOURTH SONNET OF S. T. COLERIDGE.

*“ Ah that once more I were a careless child !”*

WHY, Coleridge, wish for childhood's hours again?

We heave a sigh of fond regret, 'tis true,

As Memory bids its visions rise to view,

And think that then we scarcely knew a pain:

For O! 'tis sweet to muse on pleasures past,

Whether in youth's gay dawn, or manhood's  
prime;

Such thoughts a pleasing melancholy cast

O'er the rapt soul.— But not alone the time

Of infancy's light hours such joys can bring;

Of virtuous love thou knew'st not then the bliss,

The witching transports of thy Sara's kiss,

Nor friendship's charms, nor fancy's visions wild!

Then, COLERIDGE, in thy hours of sorrowing,

Wish not again thou wert a careless child!



## SONNET XXI.

WRITTEN NEAR THE BANKS OF THE MERSLY.

O'ER heav'n's expanse the gath'ring tempest low'rs,  
 Dark'ning the sūrf<sup>ce</sup> of the dusky main;  
 The sea-bird screaming, seeks yon cliffs to gain,  
 To shun the pelting of the threaten'd show'rs:—  
 And now in ceaseless torrents lo! it pours,  
 Shading th' horizon, 'till the hills attain,  
 So seeming, the black clouds; which still retain  
 Their golden edge, ting'd by the setting sun,  
 As swift it sinks behind yon gothic tow'rs.\*—  
 Louder the whirlwind rages; bright upon  
 The humid deck of yonder storm-tost barque  
 The lightning flashes;—and, with feeble toll,  
 The bells' hoarse sounds, as o'er the waves they roll  
 Solemn and slow, the hour of evening mark.

---

\* The Abbey of Orléans, built in the reign of Henry II.

## SONNET XXII.

How blest is he whose tranquil, happy mind,  
     No sordid views, no restless thoughts inspire  
     The dangerous gifts of fortune to desire,—  
 Whose eyes her dazzling prospects cannot blind;  
 But in his state contented and resign'd,  
     Nor owns a wish that prompts him to be higher,  
     Or to Ambition's rugged heights aspire,  
 Pleas'd with the lot that Heaven has design'd:  
 For clear will ever shine his destin'd hour,  
     As calmly on his stream of life doth glide,  
     And on its surface beams of joy play warm;  
     Whilst o'er rough rocks Ambition's turbid tide  
 Foaming, its course pursues with troubled roar,  
     Swelling and raging to the vexing storm.

## SONNET XXIII.

TO PAIN.

SPECTRE ! whose writhing limbs, wild-glaring eyes,  
 And livid cheek, and quiv'ring lip, and breast  
 Throbbing with torture, speak a form opprest  
 By many a bitter anguish ; at whose sighs  
 Content, and Joy, and every pleasure flies !

Thee, Pain ! too oft I've known ; too oft have prest  
 My Pillow, by thy cursed spells possess'd,  
 And thought I from it never more should rise :  
 For thy fell pow'r subdues the glowing mind,  
 And 'neath thy sway its energies are lost ;  
 Or 'midst the dreams of 'moody madness' tost,  
 Oblivion of its woes it seems to find.

Then, dreaded fiend, no more my peace invade,  
 For, at thy spectral sight, Life's brightest prospects  
 fade.

## SONNET XXIV.

LET the weak wretch, whom folly ever chains,  
     In worthless pleasures spend life's transient hours,  
     (Whilst peevish spleen his bosom's peace devours,  
 And fills each moment, unemploy'd, with pains)—  
 Join the mad throng where dissipation reigns,  
     Revel, and from the sparkling bowl, that show'rs  
     The grape's rich nectar, quaff, 'till wine o'er-  
         pow'rs,  
 'Till o'er each sense excess the triumph gains :  
 But be it mine, from all such tumults far,  
     To pass my days, blest with those tranquil joys  
 That thro' the breast of Nature's vot'ry steal,  
     Nor with himself, nor passions e'er at war ;  
     And, as to raptur'd view her scenes arise,  
 Possess the happiness she bids me feel.

## SONNET XXV.

YOUNG, inexperienc'd, self-taught, unknown,  
 As Fancy bids I form my careless lay,  
 Unmeet before the rigid critic's throne  
 To claim the laurel wreath : but many a day,  
 When woe oppress'd me on life's weary way,  
 I've found sweet solace in my lyre alone ;  
 And I would think, that in the weak essay  
 The Poet's pow'rs, yet immature, were shewn. —  
 But is it arrogance would thus mislead  
 My youthful mind ; or is it consciousness  
 That native genius will my musings bless  
 And crown me with the never-fading meed ;  
 Yet still, my Lyre ! I'll strike thy feeble strings,  
 For dear's the comfort which their music brings.



MISCELLANEOUS

Poems.

“ Oh ! let my song, my memory find  
“ A shrine within the tender mind !”



## LINES,

ADDRESSED TO THE MISSES \*\*\*\*\*

WHY does the harp neglected slumber?  
Fail to breathe its wonted number?  
Ne'er upon its untouch'd strings  
The tuneful lay of rapture rings,  
But Inspiration o'er it sighs,  
And half her fading spirit dies!  
When, ere I pass, 'twixt hope and fear,  
Still as I pause some strain to hear,  
Never does a single note,  
Or murmur wild, in pity float,

But Silence, in the lonely room,  
Sits shrouded, 'mid her cheerless gloom!  
Sweet is music to the soul!  
Her sounds, with some divine control,  
Her thrilling sounds, and soothing airs,  
Can soften all the bosom's cares;  
But O! when Beauty's magic hand  
Wakes the wire with blest command,  
Gliding o'er with gentle fingers,  
How the soul entranced lingers,—  
Lingers on each melting fall,  
In heavenly trance absorbing all  
The senses in a pensive pleasure,  
Captives to the joyous measure!  
While Love, with influence more refin'd,  
In bondage dear enchains the mind!

## BALLAD.

DARK and cold was the night, and the wind was  
loud howling,

But I felt it not, Fanny, whilst wand'ring with  
thee;

And tho' o'er yon lone turret the black cloud hung  
scowling,

I sat 'midst its ruins with thee on my knee.

And I felt, too, a bliss, tho' the scene was so dreary,  
A rapture which none could inspire, love, but  
thee;

'Twas the press of thy lips made me fancy it cheery,  
 When sat 'midst those ruins with thee on my  
 knee.

And when the fierce tempest's shrill whistlings  
 grew louder,

And thy bosom began to be fill'd with alarms,  
 Than the gem-cover'd monarch thy William was  
 prouder,

To see thee forget all thy fears in his arms.

Thus, Fanny, thro' life will I ever protect thee,  
 Thro' each varying scene I still constant will be ;  
 Should Sorrow assail thee, or Friendship neglect thee,  
 Thou still shalt be welcom'd, my Fanny, by me !

## LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY

*Who wished her Son had a Genius for Poetry.*

O! WISH it not!

That, fraught with Pöesy's bright fire,  
Thy SON BELOV'D should sweep the lyre;  
Should form its sounds to Rapture's lay,  
In frolic Fancy's measures gay:  
Or bid the piteous tale of Woe  
In solemn cadence sadly flow.

O! wish it not!

For tho', 'tis true, it has the pow'r  
To chase misfortune's heavy hour;

Can many a bliss supreme impart  
 That never warm'd the selfish heart ;  
 Tho' oft by it the sensate mind  
 Is ev'n to extacy refin'd.

Yet wish it not !

Tho' round the heart that feels its sway  
 The kindlier passions gently play,  
 And prompt to shed the pitying tear  
 To Mercy, and to Virtue dear ;  
 Or from the bosom draw the sigh  
 That's breath'd for human misery.

Yet wish it not !

Tho' feeling and affection warm  
 The breast that owns its magic charm ;  
 Tho' it can check each sordid thought,  
 Each wish by Fraud or Malice taught ;

Tho' it can bid us proudly tow'r  
 Superior to Life's little hour.

Yet wish it not!

For, oh! believe me, many a woe  
 Corrodes the heart that feels its glow;  
 It makes us view life's vale of pain  
 In sombre colours, listless, vain;  
 And cherish feelings too refin'd  
 For him who mingles with mankind.

Then wish it not!

Reason forgot, the raptur'd soul  
 Follows each passion's wild control;  
 With proud contempt Wealth's vot'ry views,  
 And thinks superior far the Muse;  
 Heedless of interest, many an hour  
 He loses 'midst her myrtle bow'r.

Then wish it not !

It lays him open to each wile  
 Of the base fiend insidious Guile ;  
 And when beneath Misfortune's pow'r  
 He feels that Wealth should claim its hour,  
 For Friendship then he finds a name,  
 Humanity an idle dream—

They help him not !

His faults condemn'd, his pow'rs forgot,  
 Despair and Poverty his lot ;  
 Subdued, behold his once proud soul  
 Sink 'neath despondency's control ;  
 Extinct his fire, his reason flown,  
 Wild Madness claims him for her own—

Then wish it not !

For what avails the voice of Fame,



The laurell'd bust, the deathless name ?

The only meed the Poet gains

For all his sorrows, all his pains ;

Too late 'tis giv'н—too late our sighs

To *mourn* the woes he *felt* arise.—

He hears them not !

## ELEGIAC STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER, 1866.

BARE are the boughs where clust'ring foliage grew,  
And loud the chilling wind howls o'er the plain ;  
The hedge-row shines no more with morning's dew,  
But falls, with heavy sound, the patt'ring rain.

Another Summer of my youth is gone,  
Nor left a trace to say it once was mine ;  
In folly spent its golden hours have flown,  
Or lost at laughter-loving Pleasure's shrine.

I fondly hop'd to cull the classic page,  
Or woo stern Science in her sombre cell ;

Still meaner thoughts each passing day engage,  
 And e'en neglected lies the muses' shell.

Yet I had hop'd to form a raptur'd strain,  
 Might bid my memory triumph o'er the tomb;  
 —But Genius flies from Folly's brawling train,  
 And seeks some shadowy glen 'midst evening's  
 gloom,

'Tis her's to climb the mountain's craggy steep,  
 And gaze upon the scene which glows around;  
 To bend astonish'd o'er the foaming deep,  
 Or list with horror to the tempest's sound.

'Tis her's, reclin'd beneath the moon's pale beam,  
 To give the passing air a living form;

Or, 'midst the forky lightning's vivid gleam,  
 To view the angry demon of the storm.

'Tis her's to bid the spirit fly from earth,  
 And join the seraph-forms of Fancy's sky :  
 To give each warmest, wildest feeling birth;  
 Or prompt the tear which falls from Pity's eye.

Yet what avails her pow'rs, her thoughts refin'd—  
 They only give a keener sense of woe :  
 Far more sereneness feels the humble mind,  
 Than they whose breasts with Genius' throbbings  
 glow.

Then be it mine, amidst domestic joys,  
 To live retir'd, nor feel ambition's flame;

Its wild control the bosom's peace destroys,  
 And arduous is the path which leads to  
 fame.

But happy he, with calm contentment blest,  
 Who gazes raptur'd on an infant train,—  
 Claspings a lov'd Companion to his breast,  
 Who gives each pleasure zest, and soothes each  
 pain.

Be mine his bliss! in some sequester'd shade,  
 Far from the world, its follies, and its  
 crimes,—

Be mine to mark life's latest shadows fade,  
 Whilst nature's lore my humble joy sub-  
 limes!

Tho' not forgot should be the simple lay,  
That oft hath charm'd misfortune's heavy hour ;  
Still, Pöesy ! I'd court thy heav'nly sway,  
Still should my willing bosom own thy pow'r !

## THE LYRE OF WOE.

—TO FANNY.—

I've struck the Lyre of Woe too long,

My plaints can ne'er make sorrow cease :

To Pleasure now I'll give my song—

O! could the strain my Fanny please!

I'd sing thee many a merry tale,

Or paint thy charms in amorous measure;

I'd swear the swiftly-varying gale

Ne'er, varying, blew on such a treasure.

With fifty more such flights as these,

Such as the dreaming bard composes,

Who, but in Fancy's wand'rings, sees

The coral lip, the cheek of roses :

Or in my song, to nature true,  
I'd paint the bliss I oft have known,  
When (whilst each moment swifter flew)  
'Midst yon green wood with thee alone,

I've clasp'd thee to my glowing breast,  
And sworn I lov'd thee o'er and o'er,  
And as to mine thy bosom prest,  
I still have thought I lov'd thee more ;  
'Till feeling I could never tell  
How much I lov'd, or speak my bliss,  
I've prest thy lips' bewitching swell,  
And drown'd the accents in thy kiss :

Whilst every kiss still made me feel  
That I did love thee more sincerely,



'Then from my breast a sigh would steal,  
 And I would whisper thee how dearly:  
 'Twas all my transport let me say,  
 But, Fanny, 'twas sincerely true,  
 And I was blest to hear *thee* say,  
 And deeply blush, thou lov'd'st me too.

Thus many a happy night I've pass'd,  
 And thought it fled but as a minute,  
 And I would ever think the last  
 Had most of heav'nly 'rapture in it:'  
 This be my theme! no more I'll sigh,  
 No more I'll strike the Lyre of Woe;  
 From hence be mine the Harp of Joy,  
 And sweetly may its numbers flow!



Shir-ul-nissa,

THE FRAGMENT OF AN EASTERN TALE.



The following Stanzas form nearly the first canto of a poem, founded upon a narrative which was read by the author with considerable interest. He is aware that some of them are feeble; but if they have sufficient merit to preserve them from the blight of criticism, it is his intention to complete the poem in a second canto.



## MHER-UL-NISSA.

BUT who is she, who far above the rest

Tow'rs with majestic air, and heav'nly mien,

Whose glance with Love's fine feelings warms the  
breast,

Or awes the soul as Wisdom's haughty queen?

Loose flows her glossy hair of auburn die,

And brightly sparkling is her azure eye,

As with an angel's grace, and prophet's fire

She wakes, with raptur'd touch, the glowing lyre,

To deeds of heroes bold, or songs of soft desire?

'Tis MHER-UL-NISSA; wond'rous is her tale,  
 And wild as is the Bard's romantic dream,  
 When warlike chieftains clad in cumb'rous mail,  
 And fairies, love, and battles are his theme;  
 Nor is it fraught with less of magic sway  
 Than the young Poet's fancy-breathing lay;  
 But as each varied scene we seem to view,  
 In mis'ry's sombre tints, or joy's bright hue,  
 It moves our feelings more, for that we know 'tis  
 true.

Then hear it, Stranger: Lowly was her sire,  
 A northern Tartar, who his country fled  
 To seek the scenes which Glory's vot'ries fire,  
 Where her vast treasures proud Hindostan spread:  
 One feeble horse, and purse of sordid ore,



Were all he from his native country bore ;  
 And parch'd with heat, and drooping oft for  
     food,

Dauntless, he still his onward way pursued  
 Amid the dreary waste of desert solitude.

His wife, who pregnant with yon beauteous fair,  
     Was ill enabled to support the toil,

Yet with her lord content each grief to share,

    The tedious journey bore; with ceaseless toil

Still on they went, amidst the desert waste

No hut to shield them from the sultry blast,

No hand to soothe their bitter woes they found:

Wearied and famish'd, on the barren ground

They sunk, whilst night's dense shades, deep-thick-  
     ening, clos'd around.

Dismal the wild, and 'midst the cheerless gloom  
 The Tygers' loud and soul-appalling yell,  
 As fierce with hunger for their prey they roam,  
 Upon the ear as distant thunder fell ;  
 They cannot now retreat, 'twere certain woe,  
 And death appears their fate if on they go,—  
 Either is misery supreme; yet here,  
 Amid these scenes of famine, death and fear,  
 Yon beauteous Sun\* was born, was born to grace  
 her sphere.

Feeble and feebler still her parents grew,  
 They could not bear the gift which Heav'n had  
 giv'n,

---

\* MHER-UL-NISSA is, in the metaphorical language of the East, "the Sun of Women."

Hope's distant prospect lessen'd on their view,  
 By wan Despair, and Melancholy driv'n;  
 At length, (could ought but Mis'ry's deadliest  
 dart

So chill the fervor of a parent's heart?)  
 By sorrow's dark oppressive thoughts beguil'd,  
 They form the dread resolve to leave their child,  
 To meet uncertain fate amidst the desert wild.

Onward they journey'd on their weary way;  
 But who can tell the mother's feelings strong,  
 When to her distant gaze her infant lay

Such scenes of Horror's varied shapes among?  
 The noxious reptile's sting, the blast of night,  
 All that a mother's feelings could affright  
 Rose on her mind; and "Oh!" she wildly cries,

“ Return, return to where our baby lies,

“ Haste, to its succour fly! oh! save it ere it dies !”

And could a father hear a wife thus plead,

And for her infant's life refuse her prayer?

No! swiftly he repents the deadly deed,

And seeks again where, to the tempest bare,

It lay beneath a blasted tree's drear shade;

He seeks the fateful spot, yet seeks afraid,

Lest ought perchance had harm'd her tender form;

And Horror thrills, and Hope's bright visions

warm,

As for his babe he seeks amidst the bitter storm.

O God! what varied pangs distract his mind,

When to his view the infant lay confest,

And round its neck a snake's huge foldings twin'd,  
 Whose forked tongue was brandish'd o'er its  
 breast.

E'en now between its jaws the baby seems,  
 When loud and shrill th' affrighted father screams ;  
 The startled monster instant loos'd its hold,  
 And to its dreary den in terror roll'd,  
 Dragging its form immense, in many a mazy fold.

Oh ! joy supreme ! he sees unhurt the child,  
 And bears it to its trembling mother's arms ;  
 Hope now again exerts her influence mild,  
 And Mis'ry of its venom'd sting disarms ;  
 A mother bliss can feel, whilst to her breast,  
 E'en tho' in such a state, her babe is prest ;  
 And now no more they droop 'midst hopeless fear,

Succour, so long deferr'd, at length draws near,  
 For to their ravish'd sight, lo! travellers appear!

On to Lahore, refresh'd, they bend their way,  
 Where Akbar then his court in splendor held,  
 And Fortune smil'd auspicious on the day:—

For MHER-UL-NISSA soon in charms excell'd,  
 As did her sire in honours, wealth and pow'r:  
 They view'd their alter'd state, and bless'd the hour  
 When, vent'rous, from the barren North they fled;  
 For Glory's wreath soon bound the father's head,  
 And Beauty on the child her choicest treasures shed.

Young Selim, Akbar's Son, had heard extoll'd  
 Her beauty, wit, and grace each fair above,  
 And long had panted eager to behold

Whom e'en to see, was seeing but to love.  
 At length arriv'd the happy day he sought,  
 With all anxiety's wild tumults fraught,  
 When first her home the Prince's presence knew ;  
 The Sire receiv'd his guest with honours due,  
 And MHER-UL-NISSA soon was usher'd to his  
 view.

Graceful in every pleasing art she shone,  
 Or mingling in the mazes of the dance,  
 When to the music's soul-enliv'ning tone,  
 Her polish'd limbs with rapid motion glance ;  
 Or when to milder airs they slowly move  
 In all the soft luxuriance of love,  
 E'en as some fairy-form's ærial flight ;  
 Prince Selim gaz'd, entranc'd with wild delight,

Gaz'd on her charms, and sigh'd, a captive to the  
sight.

O! for the Teian sage's glowing lyre  
To paint those youthful charms with fervor  
due,  
Her crimson lips that smil'd with soft desire,  
And brightly-rolling eyes of tender blue ;  
Easy each motion seem'd, serene her air,  
Full, tho' unzon'd, her bosom rose ; her hair  
Untied, and ignorant of artful aid,  
Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd,  
And in the auburn curls ten thousand Cupids play'd.

Prince Selim lov'd ; and could a female heart  
Not feel the bliss which such a love bestows,



When Splendor, Beauty, Youth their aid  
impart,

To grace with added force the lover's vows?

Oh no! e'en tho' she'd giv'n her plighted  
truth

With many a kiss to bless an humbler youth,

Yet Selim now alone her thoughts employs,

And as he leaves her home, with tearful eyes

She gaz'd, whilst swell'd her breast with love's  
impassion'd sighs.

Not so her sire, he priz'd the lowlier youth

For many a virtue to the prince unknown,

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

And now he mourn'd to see him droop depress'd,

By mad'ning Jealousy's wild pangs oppress'd,  
And gave, to free him from his fond alarms,  
Before the altar, MHER-UL-NISSA's chains,  
Who sigh'd a joyless bride, reluctant, in his arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

(V. N.)

TO THE

SHADE OF DEPARTED BEAUTY.

SPIRIT of her for ever flown !

O ! could thy heav'nly essence see,  
While to the careless world unknown,  
How much my soul laments for thee ;  
Perhaps 'twould please thee then to know  
That he whose heart was fondly thine,  
Tho' dead to all his hopes below,  
Yet cherishes a flame divine !

Then would'st thou see how many a tear  
Of anguish bathes these burning eyes ;

Then would thy gentle nature hear  
 The murmur of my ceaseless sighs !  
 And, O blest spirit ! then, intent,  
 In long succession, would'st thou find  
 How many a slow-wing'd night is spent  
 To woo thy image to my mind !

Yet surely, at this silent hour,  
 When wearied mortals sink to sleep,  
 Thou pitying se'est, by memory's pow'r  
 Oppress'd, thy wretched lover weep,  
 And shed'st upon his woes a balm : —  
 For oft upon my troubled breast  
 Will steal a momentary calm,  
 That speaks thy hov'ring presence blest.

And oft, to list'ning fancy lone,  
As griefs of wilder swell subside,  
Thy voice, like music's sweetest tone,  
A seraph's soothing voice will glide,  
And with its breath attention chain :  
“ A little space will pass away,  
“ And we, more blest, shall meet again  
“ In yonder realms of endless day !”

## WOMAN.

THE dreadful toil of Battle o'er,  
When the Warrior, bath'd in gore,  
Seeks his native home again,  
And leaves the carnage-glutt'd plain,  
Where in one promiscuous heap  
The friend and foe unconscious sleep,  
Where by the pale moon's feeble ray  
The War-fiend wings his gloomy way,  
And smiles upon the horrid sight  
With all a demon's curst delight;—

What meed can soothe such dreadful toils  
 But woman's love, but woman's smiles ;  
 Reclin'd upon HER heaving breast,  
 Each deadly thought is hush'd to rest !

When o'er the billowy ocean borne,  
 From home and social pleasure's torn,  
 The seaman ploughs the wat'ry waste  
 Amid the desolating blast,  
 Whilst the dark spirit of the storm  
 Raises his fear-inspiring form,  
 And Death in ghastliest shape appears  
 'Till e'en the hardy seaman fears,  
 As 'midst the lightning's livid hue  
 The pointed rock assails his view ;—

Say all his dreary dangers o'er,  
And gain'd again his native shore,  
What can reward such dreadful toils  
But woman's love, but woman's smiles !

Yes, Woman ! dearest boon of Heav'n !  
To thee, alone to thee, was giv'n  
To lull each bitter woe to rest  
That ever pain'd the human breast ;  
Thy lovely smile and soothing pow'r  
Can chase pale Sorrow's gloomy hour ;  
Thy lovely smile and sparkling eye  
Can give a purer zest to joy ;  
Thy converse sweet can aid impart  
To cheer the mourner's drooping heart,



Can give each blissful feeling birth,  
And raise a Paradise on earth ;  
Each woe's forgot, repaid each toil,  
By woman's love, by woman's smile !

## THE WANDERINGS OF FANCY.

“ The generous fear, that wounds the youthful breast  
“ To live inglorious, and to die unblest.”

ROSCOE.

WITH thee, O FANCY ! and thy shadowy train,  
I sought the rapid Mersey's sandy shore,  
Whilst danc'd the moon-beam on the billowy main,  
Or faintly gleam'd upon the boat-man's oar.—  
Forgot the noisy city's grov'ling throng,  
And lost thy bold fantastic dreams among,  
Their pow'r the galling woes of life beguil'd,  
Beneath their sway at sorrow's sting I smil'd,  
And felt thy sacred flame, and gaz'd thy visions wild.

Whilst thus I pensive stray'd, methought a form  
     Light as the shadowy vapours of the dawn,  
 Whose eye flash'd vivid as the lightning-storm,  
     Came bounding nimble as the dappled fawn,  
 And stood before my sight ; her jetty hair  
 Twin'd graceful o'er her bosom, rising bare  
 Above her slacken'd zone, whilst loosely swings  
 Upon her arm a lyre, and 'cross its strings  
 Her hand now soft she sweeps, and now ungovern'd  
     flings.

Bright and yet mild as gleams the rising sun  
     When o'er the misty mountain first he wheels,  
 So seem'd her form divine.—Approaching, soon  
     Her hand across the lyre she sweetly steals,  
 And from its golden chords arose a strain

That rapt in wild excess the wilder'd brain,  
 And seem'd with nobler ardors to inspire  
 The glowing soul; but O! no mortal lyre  
 Can imitate the sounds: (she fled,) they must  
       expire.

Yet, Memory, thee I woo to tell the strain,  
       Tho' feebly must *my* lyre its wand'rings  
               trace,  
 But e'en its simple chords may not in vain  
       Essay the sounds which time shall ne'er efface;  
 E'en I who frame a wild and careless song  
 Full oft, amidst the Muses' higher throng,  
 Inspir'd by her less dissonant may be;  
 For oh! the lays she sweetly sang to me,  
 Seem'd as the seraph-train's immortal harmony.

And if aright I caught the soothing strain,

'Twas thus the spirit sang:—

“ Dear Youth ! when on thy mother’s breast

In infant slumbers thou did’st rest,

I saw thy life’s beginning fair,

E’en then began my guardian care,

I saw young Hope of azure eye

Point to the flow’ry paths of Joy,

But ere thou reach’dst the fairy ground,

The fiend Misfortune on thee frown’d ;

I mark’d how later years arose

Amidst accumulating woes ;

With pleasure, saw thy noble pride

Pale Misery’s haggard train defied,

And view’d with joy thy stubborn soul

Still firm beneath their harsh control.

I saw thy youthful mind expand,  
And still the spark of genius fann'd,  
Would smile, when at the gloomy hour  
Of midnight, thou did'st woo my pow'r,  
Or when amidst the lonely glen,  
Far from the noisy haunts of men,  
Thou stray'dst at evening's close serene,  
And gaz'd, with mildly-pensive mien,  
On Nature and her rustic charms,  
The wood-clad hill, the scatter'd farms,  
The village spire, the mountain grey,  
The peasant on his homeward way,  
His children tottering by his side,  
His distant cot and homely bride;  
I heard thee sigh, the world forgot,  
To pass *thy* days in such a cot,

With Nature, and Simplicity,  
 And mild Content, and Pöesy:  
 Again I heard thy rising sigh,  
 As once again the town drew nigh;  
 For thou amidst its bustling throng,  
 Obscure, unnotic'd pass'd along,  
 Or haply met weak Folly's smile,  
 Or the dark brow of canker'd Guile;  
 But still preserve thy tow'ring soul,  
 Press onward to the destin'd goal,  
 And thou the wish'd-for meed shalt claim,—  
 The Bard's high hope—the deathless name:  
 Yes, though as yet thy humble lay,  
 Its sounds scarce risen, fades away,  
 Yes, though as yet it listless seems,  
 And lost to thee young Fancy's dreams;

The time shall come, nor far the date,  
 When thou shalt raise thy Harp on high,  
 And sing of deeds unsung before,  
 In strains that ne'er shall die!"

And thus she falt'ring ceas'd: for now drew near

A Hermit-form, with wrinkled cheek, and  
 pale

E'en as the slave of soul-subduing Fear,

And his hoar beard hung loosely to the gale;  
 Bent was his brow as one deep lost in thought,  
 And in his looks, with anxious meaning fraught,  
 Sat pictur'd Discontent, and haggard Woe.

He nearer drew, and then, in accents slow,  
 From his pale quiv'ring lip these sounds did seem  
 to flow.



“ O ! heed not, youth, you syren’s witching lay,  
 Fly, from her tempting accents fly away !  
 False are her sounds, her visions vain tho’ bright,  
 The gaudy rainbow’s varied, transient light.  
 She’d lead thee on to seek a deathless name,  
 And snatch the wreath that binds the brow of Fame,  
 But oh ! whilst pointing to her prospects fair,  
 She hides the many mis’ries lurking there,  
 She points to Honor and her gorgeous train,  
 But shews not Disappointment, Want, and Pain ;  
 She bids thee feel with her a bliss refin’d,  
 The Poet’s glowing soul, the daring mind,  
 But tells thee not the misery he knows,  
 His hopes dispers’d, his keener sense of woes,  
 She pictures not his breast with anguish torn,  
 The prey of sorrow, cold neglect, and scorn ;

She tells of humble scenes, yet still inspires  
 Thy soul with higher hopes and proud desires :  
 O ! shun her barren path ! and be it thine  
 To seek of Wealth the ever-teeming mine,  
 With it thou'lt purchase Honor, Lux'ry, Ease,  
 Each charm that life, amid its pow'r to please,  
 Can give : then shun yon syren's 'witching  
                   lay,

And, wiser, seek the gem-bespangled way ;  
 This, this be thine ! wish not the Poet's name !  
 Nor tempt the dang'rous path which leads to  
                   Fame !”

'Twas thus Experience sang : the Muse arose,  
           Whilst flashes anger from her sparkling  
                   eyes,

And in her bosom indignation glows,

“ Fly far from hence, mean grov’ling wretch,”  
 she cries,

“ Nor damp the ardors of the youthful mind,  
 To dull oblivion be thy strain consign’d,

And lost “ the lore that deadens young desire,”

But thou, O ! youth, to higher hopes aspire,

Be thine the sensate breast, be thine the golden  
 lyre !

Yes, though the Sons of Prudence chide,

Tho’ Folly’s senseless croud deride

Thy wild desires and simple pleasures,

Yet to the mind which owns my sway,

To many a kindred bosom they

Are dearer than the world’s vain treasures.

The worldling cannot feel the line

Where glow the minstrel's thoughts divine,

And Fancy's visions rise in words that breathe,

He dreams not of the poet's joy,

He never felt the rising sigh

To build a deathless name, to snatch the fadeless  
wreath.

But oh! be thine to feel the poet's song,

Be thine the poet's soul, be thine the poet's  
tongue!

To Virtue strung, the lyre, its simplest strain,

Its untaught warblings are not form'd in vain;

Be thine the bliss unknown to sordid souls,

The wild-wove dream that round the Minstrel  
rolls!

Let deeds of high emprise thy lay inspire,  
 To liberty and truth devoted be thy lyre,  
 And thou, oh youth! shalt see again  
 My visionary form! shalt see decreed,  
*When manhood breathes a purer strain,*  
 The poet's best reward, the deathless meed!"

She ceas'd; she fled: again I sighing sought  
 The noisy town; but soon her soothing tone,  
 By memory cherish'd, check'd each murm'ring  
 thought;  
 It bade me sigh no more at Fortune's frown,  
 But look to higher hopes, to joys refin'd,  
 Unknown but to th' enthusiast's glowing mind:  
 It bade me tow'r above the sordid crew,

Who to the shrine of Mammon bound their  
view,

Nor know the sacred hour to taste and feeling  
true.

(V. N.)

## LINES,

WRITTEN UNDER A LANDSCAPE, DRAWN BY D. T\*\*\*\*.

How still the air! no sound is heard to breathe  
To interrupt this pause; yon ruin'd tow'r,  
More awful by the twilight's partial show'r,  
Adds to the solemn scene a dearer charm.—  
Here Fancy may indulge her visions warm,  
And bright Imagination flow'rets wreath,  
  
To deck her fav'rite child: my raptur'd eye  
Glides o'er the dying landscape with delight,  
And marks the sombre colouring of night

Mellow the tints of eve. Now fainter still  
Appears to view yon tall majestic hill  
That lifts its head e'en as 'twould prop the sky.

Here Silence holds her court: the sighing breeze,  
Sweeping the dusky lake, is heard no more,  
No more the waves in murmurs seek the shore,  
In slow succession; nor the distant bell  
Tolling the curfew, or a dying knell,  
Floats on the wind, or echoes thro' the trees.



## STANZAS,

WRITTEN AT EVERTON\*, ON SUNDAY MORNING.

O COULD I for life, freed from every care,  
As pensive, as blest, as serene,  
Nor feeling one lingering wish to be there,  
Thus gaze on the world's joyless scene !

\*Tis the morning of rest ; scarce a murmur is driv'n  
Before the soft current of air ;

'Tis so still that an angel might whisper from Heav'n  
To soothe the cold breast of despair.

---

\* An eminence overlooking the town of L\*\*\*\*\*.

And happy is he who thus raptur'd can gaze  
On nature's bright prospects ; and view  
With pity, the bosom where Guilt ever preys,  
Or the cheek mark'd by Sorrow's pale hue.

For oh ! 'tis not theirs, when retir'd from mankind,  
This calmness of soul to attain ;  
For where guilt or misfortune oppresses the mind,  
In solitude keenest's the pain.

And the bliss I now feel, it not long can remain,  
'Tis a bliss too extatic to last ;  
I must mingle again with the world's noisy train,  
And forget the sweet moments I've pass'd !

TO MY FRIEND, \*—\*\*—\*\*\*——.

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

To hail in song the natal day,  
And more than e'er was felt to say,  
O 'tis a beaten path!—but yet  
THY birth-day I can ne'er forget,—  
The Bard who cherish'd first by thee  
Felt added joys in pöesy,  
Felt e'en his numbers could impart  
A pleasure to some kindred heart,  
Shall hail the day, in accents rude,  
And speak, in simple lays, his heartfelt gratitude!

I saw the muses' raptur'd train  
 Scorn'd by the worldling dull and vain ;  
 In secret form'd my warblings wild,  
 'Till thou upon my efforts smil'd,  
 'Till thou with glowing soul appear'd,  
 My drooping spirits fondly cheer'd,  
 And bade me hope that yet my name  
 Might grace the deathless roll of fame ;  
 Then, then I boldly own'd the song,  
 And view'd, with proud contempt, the cold in-  
                   sensate throng.

Since — many a happy hour I've known  
 Such as the feeling mind alone  
 Can rescue from the cares of earth—  
 When Reason smil'd on frolic Mirth,

And youthful Fancy hover'd nigh  
 As o'er some raptur'd minstrelsy  
 We both have hung, and thought how sweet  
 'Twou'd be, to hear the Bard repeat  
 To Friendship's ear o'er Pleasure's bowl,  
 Those glowing emanations of the soul !

'Twas such a Bard in some blest hour  
 Whilst 'neath Imagination's pow'r,  
 Who, sportive, thought that nature might  
 Some short descriptive labels write,  
 And hang them upon mortals' "throattles,  
 Like labels upon physic bottles\*."

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\* For this expression, which is certainly rather anti-poetical, see Moore's "Nature's Labels," in the Poetical Works of Thomas Little, Esq.

'Twas a wild thought : but if dame Nature  
 Had thus made known each secret feature,  
 Upon thy warm and sensate breast  
 This label would have hung confest :

---

“ Here Fancy and Feeling commingling impart  
 A wild throb to the pulse, and warm glow to the  
     heart,  
 Here Wit, Mirth, and Reason, enliven each hour,  
 And the wish to be gen'rous is blest with the pow'r ”

---

Such is the friend whose natal day  
 I hail, in this wild, wand'ring lay ;  
 O ! may his future moments flee  
 From care and disappointment free,  
 Her sigh for him may Beauty breathe,  
 And Glory crown him with her wreath !

To ———.

*On being told I had hurt her feelings.*

WHEN the joy-breathing spirit of Rapture has  
    flown,  
And the heart sinks oppress'd by the demon of  
    woe,  
Could *I* add to the pangs which the Suff'rer has  
    known,  
Or sharpen the arrow of sorrow? Oh! no!

Each sigh of her grief I would willingly share,  
    Bid the tear of her anguish for e'er cease to flow,

But could *I* ever add to the load of Despair,  
Or oppress the keen feelings of sorrow? Oh! no!

Oh no! I would pray the blest seraph of Peace  
To soothe all the cares of the mourner to rest,  
Bid the griefs of her bosom in happiness cease,  
And Joy fix its haunt in so hallow'd a nest!



---

'T WAS WINTER—from the cheerless drizzling  
North,  
Athwart the air, cold misty horrors spread;  
To melancholy born—I wander'd forth,  
And hail'd the darkness, happier bosoms dread.

For Nature's naked Majesty can soothe  
The *undeserv'd* misfortune's sullen pride;  
Can melt to noble and delicious ruth,  
When life is left a bitter friendless void.

O'er the bleak scene my eyes enraptur'd stray,  
On the bare trees with gloom-nurst fancy rest;  
When one lone ling'ring leaf, gust-swept away,  
Wheeling and fluttering, lighted in my breast.

“ Alas ! Pale out cast, seek not there  
     To shun the rigors of the sky,  
 Thou’lt only find an atmosphere  
     As blighting as the winds you fly :  
 Go ! rather brave the boist’rous air,  
     Or mould’ring on the damp earth lye ;  
 Within this breast burns fev’rous care,  
     Its springs of Sympathy are dry.

“ From all my native branches cast,  
     Like thine is my uncertain state,  
 The sport of every random blast,  
     Nor meet one bosom’s calm retreat ;  
 And all my hope is but to find,  
     Still with thyself a kindred fate,  
 On the cold lap of earth resign’d,  
     To leave at length Life’s weary weight.”

To ———.

Is that dear expressive face

A sad and secret tale I read;

Thy heart has felt the with'ring trace

Of Passion's self-deceiving deed.

The unbidden sigh—the starting tear—

The keenly-conscious glowing cheek—

The forced smiles that half appear,

Then fade in gloom—thy woes bespeak.

Simplicity that thought no harm

Has fall'n an unsuspecting prey:—

Oh! who shall hence thy sorrows charm,  
And drive the fiends of care away?——

Those bitter pangs that rend thy heart,  
(Tho' the harsh world deny relief,)  
Those very pangs shall peace impart—  
Heaven shall soothe repentant grief!

Thy life-consuming tears and sighs,  
Those holy sorrows, soon shall cease,  
Grateful, to Mercy's throne, they rise,  
The pledges of *eternal* peace.

# Notes.



## NOTES.

WITH regard to a few of the preceding poems, I merely act as editor; but, owing to the author's absence from England, I have not, at present, the liberty of pointing them out.

### P. 62. SONNET IV.

“From Petrarch,”—is rather an *imitation* of his *general* style; but the seventh is principally taken from Petrarch's two hundred and seventieth.

### P. 118. l. 6.

“*Easy each motion seemed, serene her air,*” &c.

The lines which conclude the stanza are altered from Prior's “Solomon,” a poem undeservedly neglected.

### P. 120.

The second canto of this essay, should it ever be completed, will be occupied by a relation of the events preceding MHER-UL-NISSA's advancement to the throne of the Mogul Empire; at which period the poem commences.

THE END.







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