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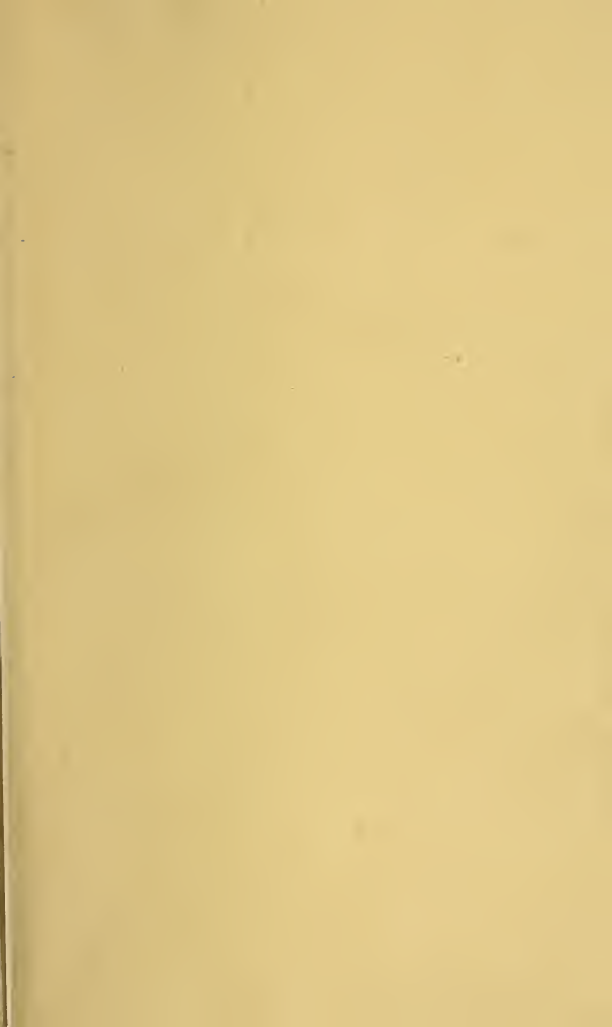


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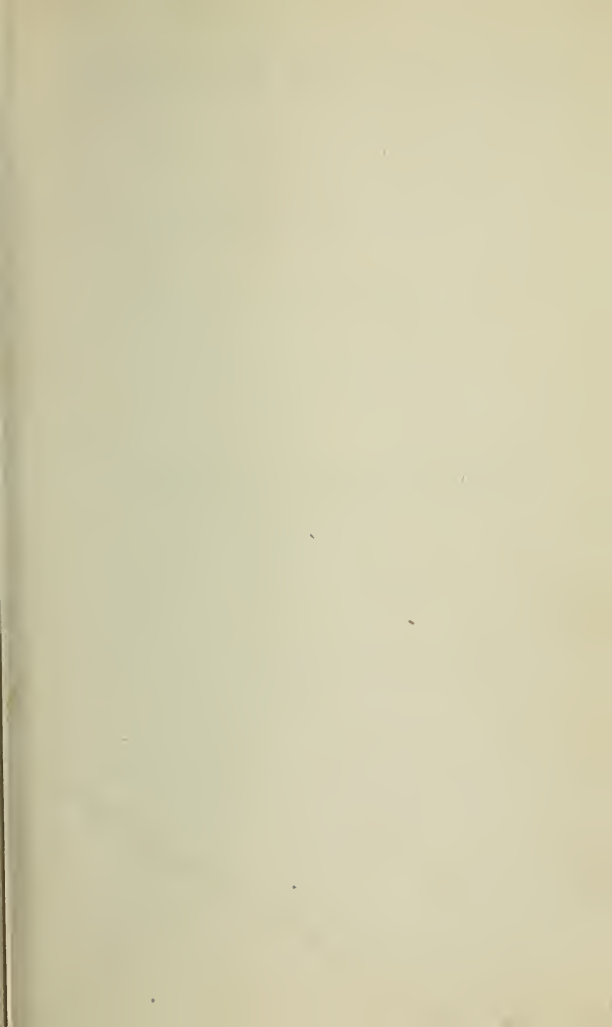
MORGAN'S
ORIGINAL POEMS.

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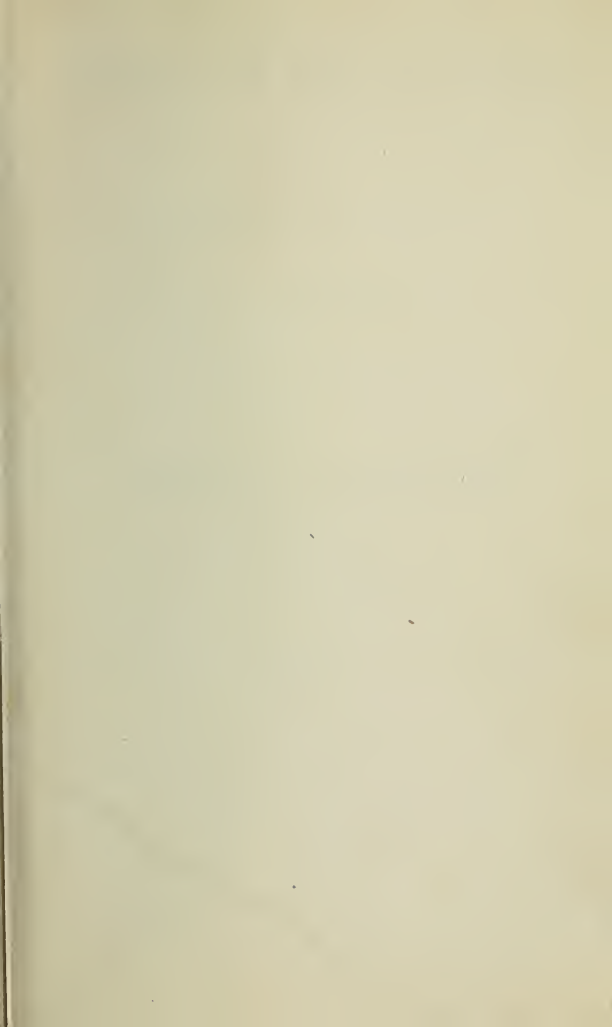
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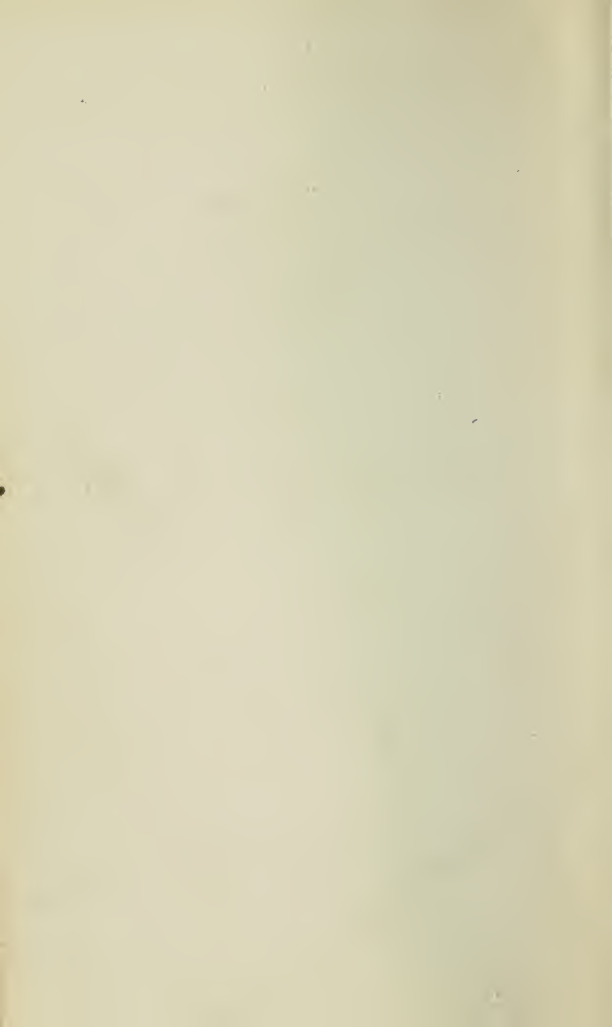












ORIGINAL POEMS,

WRITTEN IN HOURS OF

LEISURE,

BY

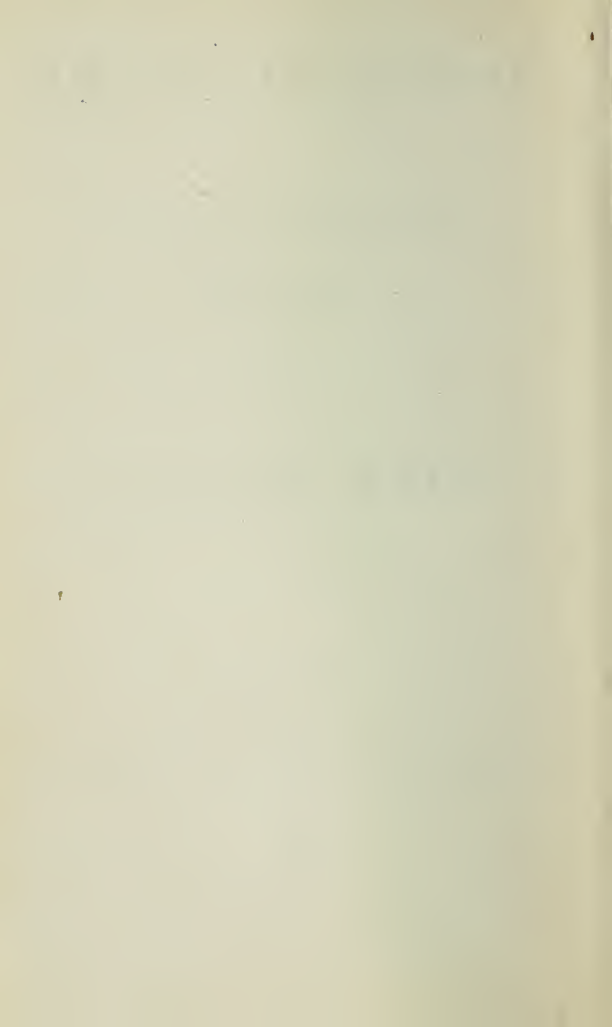
JOHN MORGAN.

LONDON :

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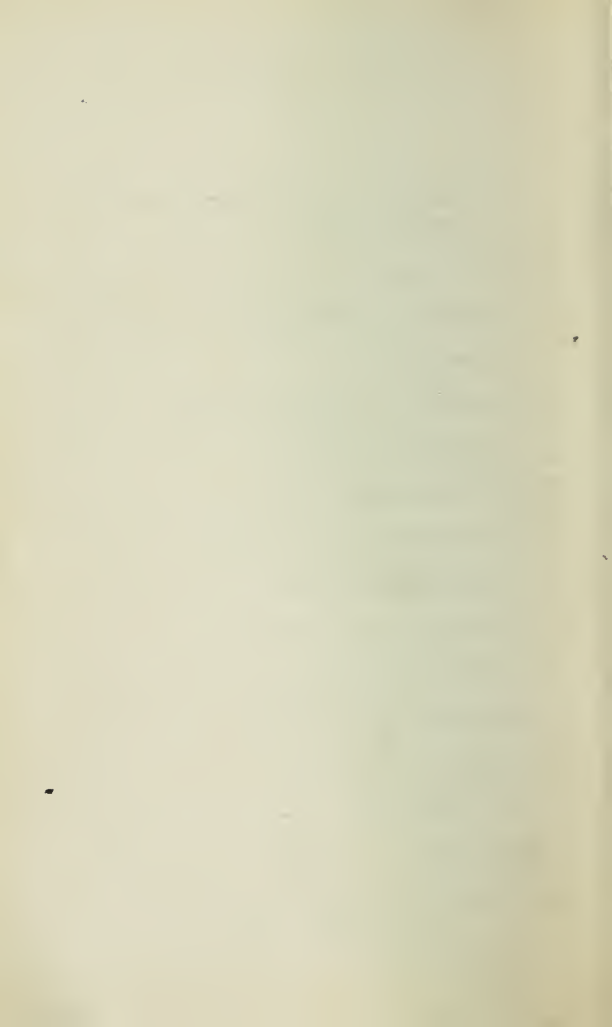
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1848.



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INTRODUCTION.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

Many of you are aware that, about three years ago, I published a volume of Poems, containing 134 pages. Those Poëms were on various subjects, and much in the style of the present ones. I promised, in my address to you in that volume, that should the work meet with success, I would increase it's size; but, as a great number of that edition has been disposed of amongst you, it would be useless for you to purchase the same work over again; therefore, I shall publish my Poems in small parts, like the present; and, whenever I have manuscript sufficient to make up about seventy pages, I shall publish it, as I have had ample proofs of your being satisfied with the larger volume. I do not write for a living nor profit, but entirely for my own amusement. I have never yet put any of my books into the hands of a publisher, nor would I do so until I had tried the opinions of my friends on a small scale.

I moreover beg to assure you, that any subject you may read in my writings is purely original, and never in print before. I have neither copied nor imitated any person's subject, manner, or style. What I write, whether censurable or praiseworthy, is purely my own; and should I fail in pleasing you, I shall be more deserving your pity than your censure,—since I have made the attempt, but nature withheld her hand.

I give this little work the title of having been written in hours of leisure. Since man's life is divided into different portions of time, such as labour or business, sleep, devotion, pleasure, &c., still there will be some odd hours and shreds of time that will not work into any of the above portions,—these I call hours of leisure; and, that no vacuum may form itself in any space of our lives, we should employ those hours in some innocent pursuit, such as would amuse ourselves and prove beneficial to others. It is in those hours we should practise and endeavour to display the abilities heaven has bestowed on our noble nature;—it is in those hours of leisure that I have penned upwards of 200 pages of those innocent, and, I hope, some way amusing Poems. Neither the ambition of fame nor the hope of gain has induced me to write; it is the pure inclination of my soul that bids me do so.

I shall here conclude my address by saying,

Should the whole world my humble verse refuse,
To the wild woods and gales I'll sing my muse.

I am, my dear Friends,

Your obedient Servant,

JOHN MORGAN.

London, January, 1848.

LADY LEDA SHARING THE FATES
OF HER HUSBAND IN THE
BATTLE FIELD.

'Twas on a smiling summer's morn,
The fields with gentle airs abound,
The sun on golden clouds was borne
With all his eastern glories round.

And here now sat a noble knight,
And by his side a lady fair—
He came to join the glorious fight,
And she in all his fates would share.

But oft he urg'd her to her home,
Where she had left her baby dear ;
Nor wait the bloody fields to roam
Amidst the sounding shield and spear.

Oh, think thy baby needs thee there,
And to thy silent home remove,
And nurse with fond and tender care
The produce of our wedded love.

The fields, where urgent struggles call,
 Are but the scene for martial men ;
 Now haste and seek thy silent hall,
 And wait till I return again.

Oh, hark the clarion sound of war,
 Amidst the din of arms is heard ;
 Now speed thy courser quick and far,
 And shun the dangers of the sword.

There sit thy infant baby dear,
 Once more upon his mother's knee,
 And wipe away his harmless tear,
 And kiss his lips again for me.

And if grim death that haunts the plains
 Should light his barbed dart on me,
 And life come gushing through my veins,
 Think it no more than fate's decree.

Tell thy baby on some future day
 Of all his father's glorious fame ;
 Speak not a word to him of me,
 Should I deserve a coward's name.

When martial trumpets summon me,
 I fly to yonder field of fame ;
 This day must set a nation free,
 Or thou must bear a widow's name.

No tongue shall urge me from the field,
 While I can draw my vital breath,
 I'll wait the glories fate may yield,
 Or bind thy mortal wounds in death.

Duty calls me to the martial plains,
 I fear no danger in the strife,
 But wait to heal thy leaking veins,
 And stop the crimson stream of life.

Should mortal wounds now lay thee low,
 Thy Leda's hand will raise thy head,
 Or wish for death by that same blow
 That struck a gallant husband dead.

And should I lose a husband dear,
 Let death now stretch me by his side ;
 This very day makes but one year
 Since I have been his wedded bride.

Kind heaven aid us with thy care,
 Since 'tis the duty of a wife
 In all her husband's fates to share,
 And save his feeble web of life.

Whilst thou my babe, devoid of care,
 Can'st safely sleep and take thy rest,
 Nor dost thou know what troubles tear
 The vitals of thy parent's breast.

It is not war that bids me sigh,
 From which no nation can be free ;
 It is to fear—a widow I,
 And a poor orphan thou wilt be.

Thou sun that shed'st thy morning ray,
 No doubt beneath thee thousands fall,
 Long ere thou shut'st the scene of day,
 Or sink'st beneath this earthly ball.

Each soldier now she onwards press'd,
 And pointed where their dangers hung ;
 She bound the victory to each breast
 With the soft language of her tongue.

Young heroes, will you now be free ?
 'Tis that great cause this day we try ;
 Yonder stands the flag of liberty,
 We win it or this day we die.

Be bondsmen to another state,
 The free-born heart must never yield—
 This day we try the doubtful fate
 In Fealand's wide extended field.

Victory to every heart we bind,
 And when the doubtful day is o'er,
 Our flags shall wave in freedom's wind,
 On every port along the shore.

Now the scatter'd ranks are seen a-far,
Hast'ning o'er the wide extended plain ;
Each trumpet speaks the voice of war,
And mournful is its plaintive strain.

She sees her husband on the field,
With his bright steely armour on—
She sees his blazing casque and shield
Reflect new rad'ance from the sun.

And now the din of arms is heard
Loudly clashing on the sounding shield,
Each manly warrior plies his sword,
And death with thousands gluts the field.

Round the field she flies with fearful speed,
Her horse is of the martial stud ;
And now she sees a milk-white steed,
His rider deeply stain'd with blood.

Oh, see what horrors meet her sight,
The sparkling tear stands in her eye ;
She sees it is her own dear knight
Mortally wounded in his thigh.

She leap'd from off her courser bold,
While blood ran streaming to the ground ;
And took her scarf of silk and gold,
And tightly tied the gaping wound.

His horse was of the warlike breed,
 And quickly bore him from her sight ;
 She stood and eyed the flying steed
 'Till he had mingled in the fight.

The clash of arms again is heard,
 And thousands more are newly slain ;
 See death in triumph wields his sword,
 And steps majestic o'er the plain.

An arrow from a mighty bow
 Was aim'd at Lady Leda's head—
 It miss'd its aim and past more low,
 And struck her fav'rite courser dead.

To no despair her heart could yield,
 She grasp'd a dying warrior's sword,
 And fac'd the dangers of the field,
 In search of her dear absent lord.

Oh, see she treads the sanguine field,
 And leaps the liquid streams of gore ;
 She eyes each warrior's casque and shield,
 But sees not that her husband wote.

His casque was of pure silver bright,
 The top with sparkling horse-hair crown'd—
 His shield flash'd beams of rad'ant light
 On all the warlike scene around

Loudly she call'd her husband's name,
 And view'd the casque on every head,
 For much she fear'd his thirst for fame
 Had laid him low amongst the dead.

Oh, now she heaves and pants for breath,
 And see she roams the bloody plain,
 And seeks amidst the works of death,
 For her dear knight she fears is slain.

Oh, death, she cried, now spare thy hand—
 Think how dear a soldier earns his fame,
 And see what thousands in this land
 Already bear an orphan's name.

And thou, my only baby dear,
 Wilt see thy father's face no more ;
 His leaking veins so much I fear
 Have added to these streams of gore.

Forbear yon cloud to seal that light—
 Forbear to hide the setting sun—
 Forbear ye gloomy shades of night—
 Until the doubtful day be won.

Again she seeks her husband there,
 But still she seeks for him in vain ;
 At length worn out with long despair,
 She faints upon the sanguine plain.

See, a soldier, with more tender heart,
 Came flying o'er the distant plains,
 For much he fear'd some random dart
 Had drunk its fill in her dear veins.

He lights from off his gallant steed,
 And heaves her from the gory plain ;
 Her breath, her colour, all had fled—
 He leaves her there amongst the slain.

And mounts his courser brave and bold,
 And measures back the distant plain ;
 To her dear knight the truth he told,
 That she was stretch'd amongst the slain.

What troubles these sad tidings cost,
 Nor to her assistance could he go ;
 No moment now could there be lost,
 While they were chasing of the foe.

And now the doubtful day is o'er,
 Oh, see what numbers more are slain,
 And streams of blood more than before
 Run steaming o'er the heathy plain.

And now the dreadful work is done,
 Let every tongue with quick reply
 Thank heav'n for that glorious sun,
 Which still hangs in the western sky.

Oh, sun, what numbers saw thee rise
 In blooming health and vigour brave—
 Has death for ever clos'd their eyes,
 And swept whole thousands to the grave ?

And now her dear victorious knight
 In haste flies o'er the heathy plain—
 His eyes prepar'd to meet the sight
 Of his dear lady basely slain.

But heav'n protect'd his lady fair,
 Whom all around believ'd was slain,
 Tho' she with grief and sad despair
 Had merely fainted on the plain.

He sees her standing on the ground,
 With many a comrade at her side ;
 Full oft he rides around and round,
 And sees her garb with crimson dyed.

Three times he past her gazing eye,
 While she could scarce believe her sight ;
 'Twas by the scarf that bound his thigh
 She first beheld her own dear knight.

His casque and shield that once so bright
 Reflect their beaming rays no more—
 Those orbs which blaz'd with radiant light
 Are deeply stain'd with human gore.

His horse, that was so milky white,
 Is now with crimson deeply dyed ;
 And all his armour, once so bright,
 Is stain'd with gore on every side.

But now she sees her lord again,
 And he beholds his lady fair ;
 Whom each believ'd had long been slain,
 Oh, think what joys their bosoms bear.

And when he saw her free from harm,
 To earth he dash'd his batter'd shield ;
 He clasp'd her in his folding arm,
 And triumphant bore her from the field.

THE UNIVERSAL BOOK.

Begin, my muse, begin to sing,
 While o'er bless'd nature's laws I look ;
 And learn from whence all causes spring,
 Of which I read in nature's book.

Arise, my soul, on wings of wind,
 The works of nature further trace ;
 And tell what wonders thou can'st find
 Through all this universal space.

Before yon starry worlds were there,
 All space and matter were the same ;
 Tho' rudely mix'd in common air,
 And Chaos was their early name.

'Till heaven's first almighty cause
 These matters to their centres hurl'd,
 And press'd by gravitating laws,
 Around each centre, form'd a world.

Sing, my soul, in heav'n's devotion,
 Nor dare deny that pow'r I venture ;
 Which sets a thousand worlds in motion,
 Rolling round their common centre.

And sing, my muse, in nature's praise,
 On all her noble works sublime,
 And think a thousand worlds rise
 From out of Chaos at one time.

In four elements hang every cause,
 The hand of God has plac'd them there ;
 All regulations, rules, and laws,
 Fix'd in fire, water, earth, and air.

And all creation's noble race
 That breathe our atmospheric air,
 Or vegetate the world's wide face,
 The common laws of nature share.

Stay, sinner, ere thy day is spent,
 Drop a relenting tear and pause ;
 Can'st thou behold such grand event,
 And yet deny thy God the cause ?

Here see nature's glorious book
 Is spread to all the nations round,
 And on what page so'er we look
 The works of God therein abound.

See nature's laws extending far,
 In ev'ry space their pow'r is shown ;
 They rule the distant solar star,
 And thousands more to us unknown.

What more can mortal man be taught,
 Or what is more for him to know ?
 To fill his mind with heav'nly thought,
 And learn from whence its pleasures flow.

When man the works of nature know,
 And all her laws are understood,
 His heart with virtuous deeds will glow,
 And all his actions tend to good.

When on creation's laws we look,
 Can we the works of heav'n deny ?
 We read them all in nature's book,
 And prove their truths in yonder sky.

AGNES DARE, THE VILLAGE MAID.



'Twas in a valley rich and green,
Where cowslips rear'd their blooming heads,
And cattle o'er the distant scene
Lay sleeping in their flow'ry beds.

The sun was feeble in his pow'r,
While nature breath'd his beams a-new ;
Like diamonds on each blooming flow'r
Hung glitt'ring gems of amber dew.

I sat me down beside a spring,
Where drooping willows hung around ;
The birds had just begun to sing—
The trees were rich in heav'nly sound.

Far up the vale a village stood,
And to the southern view declin'd ;
Behind it gently rose a wood,
And shelter'd from the northern wind.

Here the heav'nly vale spread open wide,
And shew'd its landscapes rich and new—
Declining back on either side,
And ending in the distant view.

I sat me by that gentle stream,
And view'd the heav'nly scenes around,
Until the sun's far warmer beam
Had chas'd the dews from off the ground.

The new-born stream so gently glid'd,
Soft music o'er my soul did creep ;
While musing by its lonely side,
My thoughts fell into balmy sleep.

When I awoke, in looking round,
At some small distance from my side,
A miniature in gold I found,
Which bore the features of a maid.

And some sweet flow'rs with roses gay,
Around the miniature were spread ;
A music box still closer lay
In tuneful motion near my head.

I view'd the flow'ry meadows round,
And down beside the infant stream ;
No human features there were found—
'Twas like the phantom of a dream.

At some small distance on the ground,
And by pure accident dropp'd there,
A handsome little book I found,
Mark'd with the name of Agnes Dare.

The miniature I haste to view—
 The workmanship was rich and bold ;
 The features soft with beaut'ous hue,
 Laid in a frame of purest gold.

It was a maiden's lovely face,
 But still no tongue was there to tell
 What damsel had been at that place,
 And left her portrait near the well.

Homeward I bore my lonely way
 Along beside the crystal stream,
 Where gath'ring waters deeper lay,
 Refulgent in the morning beam.

An aged man by chance I met,
 Whose brow seem'd furrow'd deep with care ;
 His sun of life had nearly set—
 His head was crown'd with silver hair.

Come sit you down my gentle sire,
 Here Phœbus's beams are falling hot,
 While I important truths inquire
 About those lands around this spot.

I live in yonder village far,
 Whose beauty grace this noble scene ;
 For years I've been the guiding star
 To all besides that dwell therein.

One sweet blooming daughter dear—
 The comfort of my drooping age—
 Has just now reach'd the twentieth year
 Of life's fair prosperous stage.

Many a youth our village hold,
 And full many a maiden fair ;
 While some can boast of lands and gold,
 Of beauty boast young Agnes Dare.

That name old man I fain would know—
 Canst thou but now direct me where ;
 Large gifts on thee I will bestow,
 For once the sight of Agnes Dare.

This picture hast thou ever seen—
 This little music box also—
 This book so richly bound in green,
 The name upon it doest thou know ?

The aged sire with feeble eye
 Now view'd the miniature around ;
 To speak his lips full oft did try,
 But trembling fear denied the sound.

At length he rais'd his aged head—
 It is my blooming daughter dear ;
 Does she still live, in haste he said,
 How came that valu'd portrait here ?

His eyes with briny tears o'erflow'd,
 The stream roll'd down his furrow'd cheek ;
 The long white hair that brightly glow'd,
 With beaming silver grac'd his neck.

Forbear to weep, my aged sire,
 And dry affection's rolling tear ;
 May heav'n yet hear thy earnest pray'r,
 And bless thy youthful daughter dear.

Hard by the source of this pure stream,
 Where drooping willows hang around—
 Beneath this morning's early beam
 I laid me sleeping on the ground.

When drowsy sleep unseal'd my eyes,
 Beside the crystal stream I found
 This handsome little fav'rite prize,
 With blooming flowers strew'd around.

What baneful thoughts did on him roll
 When I those words to him did say ;
 It seem'd as if his anxious soul
 Would quickly leave that house of clay.

Amidst his sorrows, oft he said,
 What debt to affection could she owe ?
 Perhaps this stream rolls o'er her head,
 While she lies breathless deep below.

No deceitful love did she adore,
 No village youth to her was dear ;
 Fly, doubtful thoughts, and now once more
 Let hope dry up the pearly tear.

Our village with happiness abound,
 And is to all the country dear ;
 Sorrows ne'er shade it's happy ground,
 Nor troubles found an entrance there.

Upon a spot of rising ground
 My happy little mansion stands,
 And breathes pure fragrance all around,
 From waving woods and pasture lands.

Now come with me, my youthful swain—
 And share the joys my home afford ;
 This day with me some friends will dine,
 And thou shalt grace my happy board.

If heav'nly peace still dwelleth there,
 Rich aged wines shall flow around ;
 Now in my joy or sorrow share,
 Until this secret can be found.

Homeward he plod his weary way ;
 His thoughts were oft absorb'd in care ;
 When hope would yield a cheering ray,
 'Twas quickly clouded by despair.

When we the village church drew near,
 It was the work of ancient day ;
 And still what made that pile more dear,
 It held Lord Clifford's mould'ring clay.

Come now, my aged sire, tell,
 Oh ! quickly tell me now, I pray,
 Why sounds that mournful fun'ral knell
 Upon this happy summer's day.

On some other day, as stories tell,
 When noble Clifford own'd those iands,
 He struggl'd, and in battle fell
 By Lord Digby's murderous hands.

One youthful son Lord Clifford had,
 And he by chance was sent to sea ;
 Heav'n knows whate'er befel the lad ;
 He ne'er was heard of to this day.

And still those noble vales of land
 The dire usurpers now enjoy ;
 All would fall from their murd'rous hand,
 Should heav'n again restore the boy.

To all this vale the name is dear,
 And ev'ry tongue herein can tell
 That on this day, in every year,
 Is heard Lord Clifford's fun'ral knell.

The youth with eager ear now heard,
 And trembling, listen'd to the tale ;
 His tongue forbore to speak a word ;
 No secret there did he reveal.

Towards his home the sire hast'd,
 To meet his blooming daughter dear ;
 The youth each eyelid tightly press'd,
 And dried therefrom the parent tear.

Through stately walks and ancient bow'rs
 The aged sire in haste repair'd ;
 And there, amidst rich blooming flow'rs,
 His beauteous daughter first appear'd.

Her eyes were of sweet vi'lets blue,
 Surrounded by young lilies white ;
 Upon her cheeks two roses grew,
 Her neck was of pure ivory bright.

A heav'nly maid, by nature form'd,
 Complete in every village art ;
 Her features ne'er by passion warm'd,
 Simplicity was at her heart.

The father spoke, and gently smil'd,
 While turning to the stranger youth—
 Young man, he said, behold my child,
 And know that I have spoke the truth.

Now thronging guests to dinner came,
 To celebrate Lord Clifford's day ;
 And oft was heard young Edwin's name,
 Whom all believe was far away.

When dinner was o'er and mirth went round,
 And sparkling joys were in the bowl,
 With former tales the roof resound,
 For wine had gladden'd every soul.

The father claim'd a silence now,
 While all around were mirth and joy ;
 Dark horror sadden'd every brow,
 Except the youthful stranger boy.

Sweet blooming maid and daughter dear,
 Now hearken what thy father say ;
 And bring that little portrait here,
 Which I've not seen for many a day.

A blush her heav'nly cheeks bestow'd ;
 She sought to hide no fault by art ;
 Each eye with innocence now glow'd,
 For truth sat firmly on her heart.

This morning was so blithe and fair—
 Oh, hark ! while I the truth will tell ;
 While breathing yonder fragrant air,
 I left it near the Landcombe well.

And whosoever finds it there,
 And kindly should restore the same,
 Shall own the hand of Agnes Dare,
 And set her free from future shame.

Then here's the portrait, heav'nly maid,
 The stranger youth in haste reply'd ;
 I now return it back, he said,
 And thou must be my happy bride.

Their hands were join'd in love and bliss,
 And both did from one goblet sip ;
 The stranger smil'd, and snatch'd a kiss
 That hung upon her ruby lip.

From whence the youthful stranger came,
 No one within that house could tell ;
 Nor even knew the youth's right name,
 Or how he came so near the well.

Thy name, young man, I fain would know :
 To this request now answer me ;
 See every eye with passion glow,
 Anxious to hear what thou wilt say.

Young Edwin Clifford is my name,
 This village knew my father well :
 This day relates his dying fame,
 On yonder mournful fun'ral knell.

Some eyes were fix'd upon the youth,
 And many on the blooming maid ;
 For much they doubted of the truth,
 Of what Lord Edwin just had said.

But if Lord Clifford's son thou be,
 Canst thou confirm that sacred truth ;
 That every eye around may see,
 And hail thee as the long-lost youth ?

This signet you have seen before,
 Let the armorial now be tried :
 That self-same ring my father wore
 Upon the very day he died.

When I was banish'd from these lands—
 Oh, hard have been my cruel fates—
 By some dar'd villain's secret hands,
 While he enjoy'd my rich estates.

• Now every ear with horror thrill'd—
 No tongue was heard to yield a sound ;
 The aged sire each goblet fill'd,
 And hand the sparkling joys around.

Oh, let the minstrel hither come,
 And instrumental music bring,
 To welcome Edwin Clifford home,
 On every vibrating string.

The village with new mirth abound,
 And ceas'd its mournful fun'ral knell ;
 The rustic tow'r, with ivy crown'd,
 Proclaim'd its joys on ev'ry bell.

And now our festive mirth's begun,
 Each heart with swelling joys expands ;
 We hail thee as Lord Clifford's son,
 And drive a murderer from thy lands.

But when the festive joys were o'er,
 Lord Clifford claim'd the village maid,
 Whom he had promis'd, just before,
 Should soon become his happy bride.

But still her father wish'd not so,
 And smiling to Lord Clifford said—
 Thou shouldst that promise now forego,
 And wed some noble honour'd maid.

When rank and title round thee stand,
 With all their courtly pomp and pride,
 Perhaps they may refuse a hand
 To one who was a village maid.

To fetters of a courtly life
 The free-born heart can never yield ;
 A village maid should be the wife
 Of one who tills your lordship's field.

No words that youth or age might say,
 The affection from his heart could move ;
 And oft he nam'd that happy day
 Their hands should join in purest love.

And when the bridal day was come,
 New joys had charm'd the village pride ;
 Young damsels wait'd to welcome home
 Lord Clifford and his happy bride.

The lawns and walks with flowers strew'd,
 And ev'ry bush with garlands hung ;
 Each maid her tuneful voice renew'd,
 And bridal songs were nobly sung.

And now the bridal day is o'er,
 And honours richly due are paid ;
 We hail Lord Clifford now once more,
 And bless the happy village maid.

In yonder lawn their mansion stands,
 Where shrubs and richest flow'rs abound—
 From whence appears Lord Clifford's lands,
 In ev'ry hill and dale around.

Since wealth and love are now their lot,
 They to the village cares attend ;
 And ev'ry house and distant cot
 At length have found a noble friend.

PASTORAL THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

This Pastoral is founded on Cela, the daughter of a Shepherd, who is considered the greatest beauty in that part of the country. She is also noble in the song. She has many lovers, but cannot decide which of them to choose. At length she tells them all whoever is the best singer amongst them shall be her lover; but each youth must compose his own verse, and sing the same. Two swains are brought from Sicily to be their umpires. The trial is made, and Selon is declared victor. The remainder of the day is spent in mirth and joyous festival amongst the young country people; while those who failed withdrew from the festive scene, and hid themselves in the lonely grove.

CELA.

Beneath that willow tree which shades yon spring
Was first the place I tried my muse to sing,
And as I sung, my notes were not in vain,
To charm the tender heart of every swain.

Those who with their snowy flocks spent the
 whole day,
 And rosy youths who turn'd the furrow'd lea
 Came near and stood in silent ambush there,
 To catch each note that trembl'd through the air.
 Ye youthful swains now try your boasted fame,
 Prepare your own soft verse and sing the same ;
 Of all the youths around that seek my love,
 None will my tender heart to pity move—
 But he who sings the best in every part
 Shall win the soft affections of my heart.

STEPHON.

Before the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
 The swains prepar'd to try their sylvan muse ;
 Those who before no muses could inspire,
 Now glow'd with rapture, and their souls with fire.
 Her voice that stole through airs so soft and fine
 Breath'd out the heav'nly muse in every line ;
 What simple youth through all our native plains
 Can hope to match her soft melodious strains ?
 Perhaps some simple youth, by nature's aid,
 Untaught to sing, may win the favourite maid.

CORMAC.

And now behold the morn is fresh and fine,
 A pleasing time to fill the muse's line—
 The vallies their green mantles now unfold,
 And every mountain's top is crown'd with gold.

Now is the time for every youth to sing,
 Who hopes to win the fairest flow'r of spring ;
 See on each shrub the dew drops clear and bright,
 That mock pure diamonds with their radiant light;
 And in their lustre all things else defy,
 Except that beam which shines in beauty's eye.

DAMUS.

My name is Damus, of boasted renown,
 I sing the arts of yonder rising town ;
 There nature, far too simple for my song,
 I ne'er rove the hill, nor dales, nor groves among.
 The field and forest claim no praise of me,
 I see no beauty in the stream, the flow'r, or tree ;
 By artful notes we sing and gain our fame,
 Can these poor rustic swains now do the same ?
 Untaught by art, on nature they rely,
 And sing what chance may strew within their way.

SELON.

The sun o'er yonder plain bestows his ray—
 An hazy mist fortels a sultry day—
 While I amidst the pasture fields now choose
 To pen my simple lines, and try the muse.
 Hark, sweet Cela, while I my lines rehearse,
 No boasted wonders thunder through my verse ;
 Amidst the gifts of nature let me ever rove,
 And sing the fields, the forest, and the grove—

And can sweet Cela now my notes despise,
While I but sing what nature do devise ?

MERION.

Now in a deep sequester'd wood I lie,
Beneath the shades that chestnut trees supply,
Near where the streams in silver riv'lets glide,
That roll sublimely down yon mountain's side ;
While my unhappy ewes, so lately shorn,
For their lost lambs in bitter anguish mourn ;
And my indust'rous bees, with their united pow'r,
Distil sweet essence from each blooming flow'r.
With wild notes the trees in yonder wood abound,
The vales re-echo, and improve the sound.

CORMAL.

Early this morn my sheep were in their beds,
The pleasing beams of heav'n just lighting on their
heads,
While I from yonder cot had made my way,
And sat me near the spot on which they lay ;
While vernal airs swept o'er the grassy plains,
The birds from ev'ry tree sent out their morning
strains.
Silence, ye murm'ring streams, while I rehearse,
In tender strains, the cadence of my verse ;
My slender notes on trembling airs I raise,
And sing, sweet Cela, to thy heav'nly praise.

TRIAL OF THE SONGS AND DECLARATION OF THE
VICTOR.

Now Donas and Egon, two noble swains
 As e'er breath'd on fair Sicilian plains,
 Both young shepherds, and both with beauty bless'd,
 Came hither to hear who sung his song the best.
 And should they not the important case decide,
 To which fair youth belongs the beauteous maid,
 A third be chosen, and his impartial voice
 Shall say to which fair youth belongs the choice.
 The place where all this youthful mirth shall be
 Is by yon spring, beneath the willow tree ;
 Where Cela, queen of beauty, oft did sing,
 While she drew pure waters from the spring.
 And now their rustic reeds begin to sound—
 Silence, ye hills, and dales, and woods around !
 When Stephon first began his tuneful song,
 The stream in bashful silence roll'd along.
 The birds, that echo'd in the distant wood,
 Withheld their sylvan notes, and silent stood,
 When Cormac's voice rose high in air,
 But not a note with Stephon could compare.
 At Damas's voice the swains stood silent round,
 To hear his artful notes in heav'nly sound.
 But all his art was turn'd to boasted shame,
 When Selon sung, regardless of his future fame.

Here nature's simple voice, untaught by art,
 Stole through each ear and soften'd every heart ;
 Pure words and accents in ev'ry line are laid,
 And Selon soon will claim the beauteous maid.
 Merion and Cormal sung, but sung in vain,
 Since Selon is the fav'rite of the plain.
 Donas and Egon did at once decide
 That Selon fairly won the blue-eyed maid.
 The youthful hearts around, in joyous trains
 Haste from the neighbouring hills and distant
 plains ;
 With flow'ry bays each blooming brow was crown'd,
 And garlands deck the drooping willow round ;
 While every smiling maid, with heartfull glee,
 Hung her white favours on the drooping tree.
 But those young swains who fail'd to win her love
 Fled to the shades within the myrtle grove,
 Where they could shun unwelcome light of day,
 And give relieving tears their boundless way.

PASTORAL THE SECOND ;

OR, THE LOST LAMB.

ARGUMENT.

Letha, the daughter of a rural Miller, wayleads from the flock of Ronan, a tame Lamb. Ronan's sad lamentation for the loss of it. The restoration of the Lamb, with the festive joys attending it.

[THE TIME IS AFTER SUNSET.]

The lamp of heav'n with his last shining ray,
Had just withdrawn and clos'd the scene of day,
When high aloft, from yonder cloudless sky,
The moon sent back her pale reflected ray ;
And where she strew'd her silver light around,
A shepherd boy lay sleeping on the ground ;
His dog and crook, companions of the day,
In silence by their sleeping master lay ;
And at some distance from his rural bed,
A youthful lamb from Ronan's flock had stray'd :
And in the twilight of that very day,
Through Ronan's fields fair Letha led her way,

As from yon village, on the distant hill,
 She trode her lonely way towards the mill.
 No companion on her way, no hand to guide,
 She pass'd the rural fields and join'd the riv'lets side.
 When near her home she was surpriz'd to find
 Some hasty little step not far behind.
 She quickly turn'd, her backward path she ey'd,
 When a lost lamb stood bleating by her side.
 She view'd it round, and soon did she behold
 This sweet young lamb belong'd to Ronan's fold.
 When youthful Ronan from his grassy bed,
 Amidst the moon's pale beams had rais'd his head;
 His thoughts absorb'd in wonder and surprise,
 To see the shades of night around him rise,
 Like orient climes, where airs are more serene,
 The moon had clad the fields in silvery sheen.
 Around him, at a distance, lay his sheep,
 Their eyes conceal'd in soft refreshing sleep.
 The dog, so watchful of his master's care,
 Refus'd with him in balmy sleep to share.
 The strange young lamb, that from the flock did
 stray,
 Unknown to him, had join'd the fold that day.
 On more familiar sheep his watchful eye was bent,
 Regardless of which way the stranger went.
 The fair young swain, with looks of sad dismay,
 Through field and forest bore his lonely way.

At length, deep in a lonely vale there stood
 Betwixt a winding stream and waving wood,
 Which long had brav'd the torrent of the rill,
 A lonely cottage and an ancient mill,
 And from a rustic window there he saw
 Beneath the drooping eaves of rotten straw,
 Feeble beams of distant glimmering light
 Shot through the lonely vale, and caught his sight.
 And here, in silence, for awhile he stood,
 Until the moon had risen o'er the wood,
 And with her beams, so pale and bright,
 Shed o'er the rustic mill her silver light ;
 Then at the door in sighs and sorrow told
 What sad misfortune led him from the fold :
 While I beneath an oak had fall'n asleep,
 And all around me lay my happy sheep—
 Behind the miller spoke a blooming maid,—
 And from your flock, no doubt, a lamb has
 stray'd !

The artless youth, now silent with surprise,
 Saw in her face the flush of beauty rise.
 While you so carelessly had fallen asleep,
 What safe protection had your grazing sheep ?
 Might not some savage wolf, so fond of prey,
 In that unguarded hour stole the lamb away ?
 Those few lambs my ewes this year have yield'd,
 Are with their dams in yonder pasture field ;

And as no cloud through all the distant sky
Obscures the light the moon and stars display,
With you I'll haste, and there you may behold
If your lost lamb has join'd my happy fold.
Perhaps that lamb which you so sadly mourn
May be amongst your flock at your return ;
And all the while you search, in slumber lie,
And never from the fold has gone astray.
Oh, no—that lamb, which I so dearly hold,
Was the sweet young favourite of my fold.
She laid her near the spot where I did sleep,
And e'er refus'd to mix with other sheep.
This fav'rite lamb is more to me than gold ;
To ransom her I'll give the best of all my fold.
When she was three days old her mother died,
And every means to save her life was tried.
My sister, now in Georgia's distant land,
Rear'd this sweet young favourite up by hand ;
Taken from my uncle's bounteous stock,
To be the mother of a future flock.
With me she bore the sultry heat of day,
And while I slept my lamb has gone astray.
From field to field, o'er streams and brooks I fly,
And listen, as I haste, to hear her cry ;
But all is silent—no echoing voice I hear,
Except yon stream that murmurs in my ear,

Ere Eva bid farewell her native home,
 Or left her rural fields abroad to roam,
 I faithfully to her request did swear
 That her young lamb should be my greatest care ;
 But in this vale my lamb has gone astray,
 And to some nei'bouring flock has found her way.
 Perhaps like Jacob's fav'rite son of old,
 For some good cause your lamb was tak'n from
 the fold ;

Or some fair maid whose footsteps led this way
 Has caus'd your fav'rite lamb to go astray.
 What kind favour on her would you bestow
 Who could restore your sister's fav'rite Ewe ?
 Would you one smile of kind affections give
 To her who could your troubles now relieve ?
 On virtue and honour I do declare,
 Whoe'er restores my lamb my love shall share—
 My affections and all I dearly hold,
 Besides the choicest sheep that grace my fold ;
 This I promise, and will not fail to give
 To one who can my present griefs relieve.
 Be silent now while I relate the tale
 What brought your lamb into this lonely vale :
 While you, fair Ronan, slept beneath the oak,
 And all around you lay your happy flock,
 When I from yonder village bore my way,
 And view'd your features as you sleeping lay ;

Your fav'rite lamb is now within my care,
And in the company of my flock does share.
O wait, and by the morning's first approaching ray,
Bear your young favourite lamb away.
His youthful heart beat high with native pride,
As he view'd the sacred beauties of the maid ;
But what was beauty in the moon's pale ray
Was ten-fold beauty in the beam of day—
But more than beauty ever could impart
Breath'd from the gentle feelings of her heart.
The aged miller smil'd with secret pride,
As he view'd the rosy youth and blooming maid ;
And every kindness did his heart display,
To raise a flame from love's igniting ray.
Come youthful Ronan now thy lamb is found,
And let thy sorrows in rich mead be drown'd ;
My rustic board shall ample bowls supply,
'Till morning sun restores the wanted ray.
From thy rosy face disperse the stamp of woe,
While songs and mirth around our table flow ;
That blooming maid who is my greatest pride
Some future day shall be young Ronan's bride.

A WIDOW IN HER BRIDAL BED:

Ye maids and swains who near me dwell—
Whose lives are still in juv'nile years—
Come listen to the tale I tell,
Amidst a flood of briny tears.

When lovers form affection young,
It seals the raging mouth of strife ;
Tho' oft their courtships may be long,
It smoothes the paths of future life.

But 'twas not so when Loda smil'd—
His love was to young Annas dear ;
For she was Luthan's only child,
And scarcely reach'd her eighteenth year.

But oft she heard young Loda's voice,
Nor did her charms to others rove ;
For soon he bless'd his happy choice,
And seal'd the pledge of granted love.

Ere long that happy pledge was sworn,
 And love's affection stronger grew ;
 In lawns they breath'd the airs of morn,
 And left their footsteps in the dew.

Young Annas fair had fortune great,
 And youthful Loda had the same ;
 And both with beauty form'd complete,
 And crown'd with Cupid's wreath of fame.

Each happy parent on them smil'd,
 And fann'd the gentle rising flame ;
 For Luthan lov'd his fav'rite child,
 And youthful Loda did the same.

In whispers oft was nam'd the day
 When Annas should be call'd a bride ;
 But one moon more must pass away
 Ere Hymen's happy knot be tied.

Slowly the days and nights roll'd on,
 When Loda said to Annas dear—
 Oh, since the last meridian sun,
 Time seems almost a tedious year.

The bridal moon is new to-day—
 The nuptial flow'rs are blooming fine—
 The ring that long in ambush lie
 Must soon on thy white finger shine.

All things are ready now for joy,
 And now the bridal day is come :
 Soft pleasures free from base alloy,
 Fill all their happy peaceful home.

Within yon holy walls they stand,
 Bestrew'd with richest flow'rs of spring ;
 And now young Loda takes her hand,
 And places thereon the bridal ring.

And when the happy knot was tied,
 With joy he dropp'd affection's tear ;
 Then turning to his youthful bride,
 Priz'd every feature ten times dear.

When all was o'er on hasty feet,
 In joy they plod their homeward way ;
 But soon the press-gang did them meet,
 And bore her husband off to sea.

Young Annas, of all joys bereft,
 Flew homeward in a breathless state ;
 Far behind the bridal maids she left,
 And quickly reach'd her father's gate.

Oh, haste, young porter, haste away,
 And mount my father's swiftest horse ;
 Fly to that port where yonder sea
 Will soon receive the naval force.

They have my Loda press'd from me—
 They tore him from my trembling side—
 And dragg'd him off to sail the sea,
 Perhaps on this high-flowing tide.

And when the tidings reach'd the hall,
 The bridal mirth was turn'd to gloom ;
 And sighs and tears bedew'd them all,
 And wailing echo'd through each room.

Her lips had lost their coral'd hue—
 The rose had faded on her cheek—
 In tears she to her father flew,
 And threw her arms around his neck.

Oh, horseman, mount thy flying steed,
 That far exceeds the fleetest wind ;
 And haste thee on with lightning speed,
 Until my Loda thou canst find.

As quick as his young steed could fly,
 He travel'd through the sultry day ;
 And as the port first caught his eye,
 He saw a ship sail out to sea.

The wind blew on a gentle breeze,
 And crowded every swelling sheet ;
 And Loda on the briny seas
 Was gone to join the warlike fleet.

The horseman soon return'd with speed,
 And tidings sad destroy'd all mirth ;
 Young Annas wept the direful deed,
 And dash'd her ringlets to the earth.

And is my Loda on the sea,
 And does he sail the raging main ?
 Oh, heaven hasten on that day
 When he shall be restor'd again.

Where dreadful wars alarm the wave,
 And direful struggles fright the sea,
 And thousands fill a watery grave,
 Oh, heaven, set my Loda free.

Since that sad day that did us part,
 What change of hopes and fears arise ;
 And troubles rolling through my heart
 Burst forth in mingl'd tears and sighs.

Oh, weary of such troubl'd life,
 The fair young Annas weeping said—
 Five months I've been a wretched wife,
 And yonder stands our bridal bed.

And slowly now the time roll'd on,
 That many a day and week had past ;
 And six long months were nearly gone,
 When tidings sad arriv'd at last.

But oh, the news of that sad day
 My falt'ring tongue can scarcely tell ;
 While struggling on the briny sea,
 Young Loda sad in battle fell.

The gloom of night again had spread,
 And Annas had retir'd to rest,
 While dreadful dreams roll'd through her head,
 And raging troubles heav'd her breast.

The house was all in tears below—
 Her weeping father shook his head ;
 And from her mother tears did flow,
 For her dear husband now is dead.

And Annas call'd her youthful maid,
 One richly bless'd with blooming years ;
 Come tell me now, dear Ive, she said,
 What means this mournful flood of tears.

Oh, ask me not, my lady fair—
 Oh, ask me not again, I pray—
 For some disast'rous news I hear
 Has just arriv'd from yonder sea.

And thou art of all hope bereft,
 For youthful Loda now is dead ;
 And thou, poor hopeless virgin, left
 A widow in thy bridal bed.

What direful hues did sorrow bring,
 And o'er her rosy features cast,
 Which faded like the flow'r of spring
 Beneath the deadly northern blast.

Her dreadful sorrows now begun,
 And copious tears flow'd from her eyes—
 Down her pale cheeks in torrents run :
 No words could pass for heaving sighs.

Her parents came to sooth her woe,
 And calm once more the raging sigh ;
 Their inward sorrows ceas'd to show,
 But anguish flow'd from every eye.

And all her prospects lost for life,
 Her father turning round now said—
 Long time she's been a lonely wife,
 And now a widow and a maid.

Some latent hopes there still may be
 That he may live and yet return ;
 As long as life exist in me,
 For him I still will ever mourn.

And all the house is now in tears—
 Each silent vassal mournfully clad—
 And every eye her sorrow shares,
 And joins to weep the long-lost lad.

Now days and months again roll'd by,
 And yet no tidings more there came ;
 And tears had ceas'd from many an eye,
 And tongues stood silent of his name.

But Annas wept her absent lord,
 And at the voice of pleasure mourn'd ;
 Regardless of her parent's word,
 Her heart with bitter anguish burn'd.

And as she walk'd her grove one day,
 With dismal veils around her head,
 She heard a distant voice now say—
 Thy youthful husband is not dead.

She search'd the grove, but not in vain,
 To find from whence the voice proceed ;
 At length a seaman from the main,
 Came hasting on, with eager speed.

His dress was of the rudest kind
 That e'er a youthful seaman wore ;
 His ringlets waving in the wind,
 As if he just had come on shore.

O, gentle lady, tell me why
 That mournful veil enclose thy head ;
 Or why so deeply draw that sigh,
 Or what kind friend is lately dead ?

A husband dear I weep so sore,
Who was press'd upon his bridal day :
Dragg'd from my arm and from the shore,
And died upon the raging sea.

Perhaps some other of that name,
Died on that sad unhappy day ;
And he, to seek for wealth and fame,
May still be on the briny sea.

What wealth on me would'st thou bestow,
Could I in truth, now tell thee where ;
That thou in haste should'st quickly go,
And evermore his company share.

These lands around which thou canst see,
I faithfully swear to give them all,
When thou restor'st him safe to me,
Within my father's ancient hall.

Then off his seaman's garb he threw,
And hast'd her trembling hand to press ;
And bade fair Annas now to view
Her husband in his bridal dress.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN VERSE.



Our Father who in Heaven art,
All hallow'd be Thy name ;
Thy kingdom come ! let ev'ry heart
Prepare to meet the same.

Let ev'ry man, with joy and mirth,
Where life and light are giv'n,
Do Thy great will, the same on earth
As angels do in heav'n.

And here we thank thee, Lord, again,
Who hast our table spread ;
Prepar'd for worthless, sinful man,
Each day our daily bread.

Our trespasses, O God ! forgive,
As we to others must,
Who in base wickedness do live,
And trespass hard on us.

From temptations set us free ;
From evil deeds defend ;
Prepare our souls to dwell with Thee
When this sad life shall end.

That heav'nly kingdom, Lord, is thine,
 And all that is therein ;
 Where Thy high pow'r and glory shine
 For evermore ! Amen !

THE 35TH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH,
 IN VERSE.

1ST—THE JOYFUL FLOURISHING OF CHRIST'S
 KINGDOM.

4TH—THE WEAK ARE ENCOURAGED BY THE
 VIRTUES AND PRIVILEGES OF THE GOSPEL.

The wilderness shall then rejoice,
 The lonely place in peace repose ;
 The desert lift aloft her voice,
 And blossom as the fragrant rose.

Then shall she blossom and rejoice,
 And fruit in abundance shall bring ;
 Lebanon, too, shall join her voice,
 And their new songs together sing.

And Carmel's voice shall then be heard,
 No more beneath oppression's rod ;
 And Sharon see Thy glories, Lord,
 And bless the ex'lency of God.

No weakness to your hands belong,
 Nor trembling to the feeble knee ;
 The fearful heart shall be made strong ;
 Your God shall come and set you free.

Then shall the blind eye beam with light,
 And the deaf ear with echo ring,
 The lame man's wounds be healed 'quite,
 And the dumb tongue with praises sing.

In the wilderness streams break out,
 And through the thirsty desert roll ;
 The peaceful tongues with joy shall shout,
 The parched ground shall be a pool.

Where thirsty lands were seen before,
 Rich streams of water shall supply ;
 And lurking dragons on the shore
 Amidst the reeds and rushes lie.

A way of holiness be there,
 No unclean feet therein shall stir ;
 The Lord shall that safe path prepare,
 Where men, through fools, shall never err.

No carniv'rous lion be there,
 Nor any rav'nous beast be found,
 But the redeem'd its joys shall share,
 And ever tread on holy ground.

Thy ransom'd, Lord, shall then return,
 Zion with songs proclaim the day;
 With peace and joy their heads adorn,
 And discord all shall flee away.

RICHMOND HILL AT DAY-BREAK.

While vernal airs were soft and still,
 And gloomy darkness strew'd my way,
 I trode thy walks, sweet Richmond Hill,
 To wait the rising orb of day.

Soon morning sun cut short the night,
 And dart'd through heav'n an early ray—
 Ting'd eastern clouds with golden light,
 And roll'd o'er earth a flood of day.

When saffron morn her blushes spread,
 Yon stars were fading in the sky;
 The light unfold sweet nature's bed,
 And shew'd me where her beauties lay.

The twilight from the vale had fled—
 The silver Thames again was bright—
 The sun in glory rear'd his head,
 And gild yon heav'ns with golden light.

'Midst solemn grandeur all around,
 The hills, the dales, the woods along,
 Egan to echo their sweet sound,
 And ev'ry grove burst into song.

I stood on Richmond's rising hill,
 Where parks and groves around me lay ;
 And view'd young nature calm and still,
 Beneath the beams of infant day.

What noble sights around were seen,
 When Richmond's vale appear'd to view ;
 The meadows rob'd in velvet green—
 The trees dart'd rays from globes of dew.

Here nature's landscapes widely spread,
 Along the winding banks of Thames—
 Where many a turret rais'd its head,
 And glitter'd in the golden beams.

And all the distant country round
 Unfold a rich and noble scene,
 Where shrubs, and groves, and woods abound,
 And glades of pasture spread between.

In vain we tread a foreign-coast,
 Or seek on earth a happier scene,
 Than Richmond's flow'ry hill can boast,
 When spring unfolds her mantles green.

Sweet Richmond Hill, my native land,
 Oh, let me pen this truth of thee,
 While here in morning airs I stand
 Beneath this shelt'ring chestnut tree.

Ye foreign poets hither come,
 While Britain's Isles are bless'd with spring,
 And let sweet Richmond be your home,
 While you her native beauties sing.

Where'er I turn my wandering eye,
 Sweet nature starts in ev'ry view ;
 The sun in glory fires the sky,
 And airs absorb the reeking dew.

All Richmond's vast surrounding land
 In hills and dales sublimely lie,
 Extending wide on either hand,
 And blending with the distant sky.

No richer sight can earth now yield,
 To feed the stranger's gazing eye—
 No beauties of the grove or field
 In more luxur'ant order lie.

The breathing sweets the morn renew,
 To scent sweet Richmond's happy grove ;
 And lustre bright spreads o'er the view,
 Where'er my dazzl'd eye can rove.

There Twit'nam's lonely site I see,
 Where yonder Thames so gently glide ;
 That sacred spot is dear to me,
 Where once a British poet died.

When Pope, of great and classic fame,
 Dwelt here in Twit'nam's ancient bow'r,
 And nations hail'd that noble name,
 And call'd him Britain's sweetest flow'r.

When anguish drove him from his home,
 He came to breathe sweet Richmond's air ;
 But health had fled and sickness come,
 Beyond what nature could repair.

And Thomson's favourite home was here,
 When he the blooming Seasons sung ;
 And thy rich scenes in praise we hear,
 From that immortal classic's tongue.

Here he resign'd his mortal breath—
 Amidst thy beauties droop'd his head ;
 When yielding to the hand of death,
 'Twas here he chose an earthly bed.

The groves with sweetest music ring,
 Where lies our long departed brave ;
 The birds in heav'nly choirs sing,
 Around our classic poet's grave.

Yes, fame and beauty both lie here,
 At once, beneath my wandering eye ;
 And yonder spot now claims a tear,
 Where Kean's dramatic ashes lie.

Since ancient poets hither came,
 And labour'd to describe thy scene,
 'Tis vain for me to speak thy fame,
 Or sing thy groves and meadows green.

TRUE RELIGION AND TRUE MORALITY.

Do justice to God and add comforts to man ;
 Prevent all the mis'ry we possibly can ;
 With our hearts the God of Creation adore ;
 And the voice of Religion can ask for no more.

Was it intended, when Creation began,
 That priestcraft should fetter the freedom of man ?
 Let our actions be just, and language be kind—
 'Tis these that can give us the freedom of mind.

Not in false show does religion abound,
 But in the just deeds of pure conscience is found.
 The prayers of others we now set apart,
 For the spring of Religion must flow from each
 heart.

A LANDSCAPE ON THE ALPS.

The following Stanzas were written at the sight of a Landscape, taken from an Alpine scene, in the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland, while in the act of painting.

The morn is fair, the air serene,
 The sun is rising high ;
 No low'ring cloud is to be seen
 Through all the Alpine sky.

Yon mountain in the distant view
 Lets loose the orb of day ;
 The trees are clad in golden hue,
 And all the vale is gay.

Yon tow'ry rocks first caught the light
 Of Phœbus' rising beam ;
 Next, trees below are render'd bright,
 And then the purple stream.

When all the vale is fill'd with light
 What heav'nly views abound ;
 New beauties open to the sight
 In every scene around.

See, where yon boat it's station fills,
 The lake runs deep and wide ;
 And there the solid rock distils
 Pure waters from its side.

Behold yon Alpine's lofty tops,
 Crown'd with perpetual snow ;
 While summer's rich luxuriant crops
 Wave in the vales below.

The richest scenes of foreign lands
 Unknown to us would lie,
 Could not the skilful painter's hands
 Transmit them to our eye.

Those noble sights which heaven strew,
 And happier lands afford,
 The mimic painter brings to view,
 On canvas or on board.

Here nature's noble copy lies,
 Borne from an Alpine view !
 See mountains on the canvas rise
 Above the waters blue !

Now swell, my heart, with noble song,
 And sing in genius' praise,
 May every artist's life be long,
 And happy be his days.

LINES TO THE LATE MR. HAYDON,
 WHO, THROUGH NEGLECT AND POVERTY,
 CUT HIS THROAT.

While sorrow saddens many a heart,
 It claims a gen'rous tear from me ;
 And Britain's noble school of art,
 Poor Haydon ! owes a tear to thee.

Oh, think what troubles oft surround
 The heart where brightest genius shines ;
 'Tis there true sorrows oft are found—
 'Tis there the sinking soul repines.

But thou, dear Haydon, should'st have stood
 Behind a gen'rous nation's shield,
 And sav'd that stream of precious blood
 Which thy own trembling hands have spill'd.

Had that same sum been spar'd on thee
 Which now is given to thy wife,
 Thy hands would not have made so free
 With that weak slender thread of life.

Oh, Haydon, we must weep for thee,
 Who could'st such noble beauties raise ;
 Thy canvas, with sublimity,
 Will speak thy everlasting praise.

No sculptur'd stone there need to be
 To tell thy great and glorious name,
 While works so nobly wrought by thee
 Hang up in Britain's school of fame.

SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-DAY.

Tho' time, immortal bard, has roll'd away,
 And lost in gloom is that eventful day ;
 But every year, on this auspicious morn,
 Reminds us of the day when thou wast born.

From humble streams thy infant veins were fill'd,
 Which throbb'd to manhood and such glory yield.
 On Avon's rural banks, in early days,
 This noble light shot forth it's infant rays,
 And, like the morning's sun, still brighter grew,
 So shone his soul in beauties rich and new.
 Earth receiv'd from nature more than king could
 give

On that bright morn she bade her Shakspeare live.
 And, as the rolling years shall pass away,
 Ye Britons hail your Shakspeare's natal day.
 The stage of his bright glories e'er shall boast,
 And acclamations shout from coast to coast.
 No nation now beneath the mid-day's sun
 Can boast of brighter works by mortals done.
 No critic dares thy noble deeds to scorn ;
 With one great shout we hail this happy morn,
 In Stratford thy great name shall ne'er be lost
 While Avon's flow'ry hanks thy birth-place boast,
 And, as the rolling globe revolves, each year,
 In thy rich works new beauties fresh appear.
 And Britain, ever mindful of thy fame,
 Reserves one relic to thy ancient name ;
 And with ambitious hearts we join to adorn
 Once more those mould'ring walls where thou
 wast born.

Oft as thy vast immortal works we view,

Beauties rise and feed our fancies fresh and new ;
 Drawn by rich thoughts from fountains of sub-
 lime,

Shine through every age and brighten every clime.
 Of many an ancient bard our nation boast,
 Whose feeble rays in Avon's light were lost :
 Since that bright sun of Shakspeare's ancient line
 On Avon's rural banks began to shine,
 All former beauties which our stage could boast
 Neglected lie and in oblivion lost.

Tho' England boast her Shakspeare's birth and
 fame,

All nations gather rays from his bright flame ;
 Oft from our pulpits sounds a quoted line,
 And at the bar our Shakspeare's glories shine ;
 The senate on thy bright ideas call,
 And the stage these beauties high extol,
 Of parents born who rank'd in low degree,
 No costly learning could provide for thee :
 'Twas nature in her simplest laws, we find,
 That gave invention to thy noble mind.
 Of all the mental glories man can boast,
 In absence of invention all are lost.

Where this great quality by nature giv'n,
 The soul breathes pure poetic fire from heaven.
 Genius is the ruling power of man ;
 Invention is creative of each scheme and plan ;

And where those gifts of nature do combine,
 The soul's pure thoughts in brightest lustre shine.
 Oh, Shakspeare, every eye can plainly see,
 That genius and invention once belong to thee.
 The nobles in their paltry titles boast,
 And glory in the deeds their honours cost.
 The miser pleasures in his glitt'ring gold,
 Nor cares what deeds of blood be bought or sold.
 All these I'd value as th' unheeded wind
 Could I obtain from heav'n a noble mind.
 In richest scenes our Shakspeare's thoughts
 abound,
 Incircled by the graces, and with honours crown'd,
 Avon beheld her son to glory rise,
 And nations crown'd him with eternal praise.
 We rise this morn to celebrate the day,
 When Avon's banks first saw this bright'ning ray.
 Since first that great eventful day begun
 What clouds have rose to obscure our Shakspeare's
 sun!
 But he, refulgent as the god of day,
 Dispers'd the gloom and drove each cloud away.
 As meridian sun in summer skies,
 So shines this light and every cloud defies;
 And ever will those noble works sublime,
 Beam through distant ages and still brighter shine,
 As yonder feeble moon so oft has done,
 And try'd her efforts to eclipse the sun,

So have thy rivals, Shakspeare, ever rose,
 The glories of thy genius to oppose.
 Surpris'd we read those noble deeds of thee,
 And offer homage on our bending knee.
 By our rising youths thy works are understood—
 Their words so nat'ral, and their sense so good!
 Read him, the pattern of our nature, well—
 In whose bright thoughts the soul's perfections
 dwell!

Sparks of genius in every word we find,
 That spread their joys and circumfuse the mind.
 Bright as the cloudless beams of summer day
 True nature's beauties to our minds convey;
 And in the calm and peaceful genius of his soul
 Behold what streams of fluent matters roll;
 Unfolding to our eye each secret plan,
 The laws of nature, and the deeds of man;
 Diving through ages back to former things,
 Brings forth the deeds of nations and expose their
 kings.

His great dramatic glories claim our praise,
 Since no past ages have obscur'd their beaming
 rays,
 Where'er invention fills the noble mind,
 It brings to birth new thoughts of every kind.
 Our Shakspeare's name let every heart extol,
 And bless the genius of his noble soul;

Where this great power rules the human heart
 It brightens nature and defies all art.
 Pure as the sun on yon meridian line,
 So was his genius, and his thoughts sublime.
 Surrounding nations his great name obey,
 And Avon's banks still sing his natal day.

THE ORPHAN CHILD.

Hark, while an orphan's lips impart,
 A tale of grief and woe ;
 If pity dwells within your heart,
 I'm sure a tear must flow.

My father, pierc'd by death's cold dart—
 No aid his life could save ;
 Sad troubles rent my mother's heart,
 And both have fill'd one grave.

And I am left to strangers' care,
 Who feel no love for me ;
 A mother's kiss I never share,
 Nor climb a father's knee.

When sobs and sorrow bring a tear
 Within my infant eye,
No soothing word my heart to cheer —
 I sit alone and cry.

When other children are at play,
 And I by chance the same,
I am the first they call away
 By some fictitious name.

And if, by chance, that I should cry,
 They'll smite my little head ;
And perhaps, quite hungry and dry,
 Will send me off to bed.

And there alone all night I lie,
 No other children near ;
And sob the fearful night away
 In many a bitter tear.

When other children in the morn
 Are clad and sent to school,
They dress me in a frock all torn,
 And call me orphan fool.

While in these tatter'd rags I'm dress'd,
 Small is my share of bread ;
When I attempt to take my rest
 Sad dreams disturb my head.

While on this world's wide stage
No friendly hand I see
That will protect my tender age,
Or spare one tear for me.

Hard is the cruel stranger's heart,
To treat an orphan so ;
I've scars and wounds in ev'ry part,
And sores from head to toe.

While other children oft I see,
With hearts of love and bliss,
Joyfully climb their parents' knee
And snatch a welcome kiss ;

While I at some great distance stand,
With them can share no part ;
Without a friend to raise my hand,
Or soothe my aching heart.

You that have children of your own,
Oh, think on my sad fate ;
And let some mercy now be shown
Before it is too late.

I feel my little heart beat high ;
My doom, no doubt, is near ;
And never will this cheek be dry
'Till death wipes off the tear.

THE GRAVE.

As I pass'd through yon burial ground,
A grave stood open deep;
And there, beneath the bell's loud sound,
A mourner came to weep.

Tears in copious streams did flow,
And bursting sighs were giv'n,
As she view'd the graves below,
Or turn'd her eyes to heav'n.

I hasted to the mourner fair,
While sorrow droop'd her head;
And wip'd from her bright eye the tear
That started for the dead.

At length her gloomy silence broke,
And scrow seem'd to fly;
With mingl'd words and sighs she spoke,
And wip'd her tear-worn eye.

Why mournest thou, my youthful maid?
Those tears can ne'er recall;—
Thy lover sleeps in that cold bed,
Where soon must thou and all.

'Tis vain, my youthful maid, to weep ;
 Our hearts should now be brave,
 And think how soon we all shall sleep
 The slumber of the grave.

It is the common law of all,
 When death extends his hand,
 Great kings and queens alike must fall,
 And nobles of the land.

Then cease thy lover now to mourn,
 Since tears can never save :
 He's gone where none can e'er return
 With secrets from the grave.

When we an ancient church-yard pass,
 Where stands an aged yew,
 A thousand hillocks heave the grass—
 What need to weep have you ?

The yeoman, never free from strife,
 Has hither made his way ;
 And, with the partner of his life,
 Is mould'ring into clay.

Oh, now forbear to sigh and mourn
 Thy lover's parting breath ;
 'Tis vain to wait for his return
 Back from the cell of death.

Then, youthful mourner, dry thy tear,
 Since all for good is giv'n,
 Would'st thou that he had sojourn'd here,
 And miss'd the call of heav'n?

Full oft the yawning grave, we know,
 Has snatch'd our dearest friend ;
 But since we thither all must go,
 Then let thy sorrows end.

When angry swords withdraw our breath,
 And thousands meet their doom—
 Their path leads through the gates of death
 Down to the silent tomb.

Where'er we fly, on earth's wide face,
 Our feeble lives to save,
 Death soon will find our hiding place,
 And call us to the grave.

Then, youthful mourner, dry thy tear,
 While life is in full bloom ;
 A thousand joys may yet appear
 Before thou meet'st thy doom.

Perhaps that mound of earth we see
 Dug from this new-made grave,
 Some noble hero's dust might be,
 Who died our lives to save.

Soon will the fleeting hour of time
 Demand of us our breath,
 And we must, if in age or prime,
 March through the gates of death.

Oft as we hear that mournful bell
 Sound in the ivy tow'r,
 It's solemn voice, we know full well,
 Bespeaks some parting hour.

When in the prime of life we rove,
 And tread the morning dew ;
 Or wait our lovers in the grove,
 The grave is still in view.

There is a part in man, we know,
 While in the womb is giv'n—
 That never moulders here below,
 But wings it's way to heav'n.

Why do'st thou mourn thy lover so ?
 Since his bright soul has fled,
 And left that earthly part below
 Which moulders with the dead.

Just heavn's command thou must obey,
 Or soon will be thy doom ;
 For death will wipe that tear away
 Which now bedews his tomb.

Then begins that model of fair clay,
 Which holds thy troubl'd soul,
 To sleep eternity away
 Beneath some funeral pall.

The man whose living soul is brave,
 And knows our nature well,
 Must own there is beyond the grave
 Such dismal place as hell.

Just heav'n has still ordain'd it so,
 That each our soul may save ;
 But to what place soe'er we go
 Our path leads through the grave.

This tomb, of purest marble fair,
 That rears it's gaudy head,
 Can many truths of death declare
 To all who wish to read.

And since our bodies, form'd of clay,
 Are but to nurse the soul,
 Should we not hope for that bright day
 When death will make his call.

One law we know, at every birth,
 Since 'twas to Adam giv'n,
 That earth should ever cleave to earth,
 And souls ascend to heav'n.

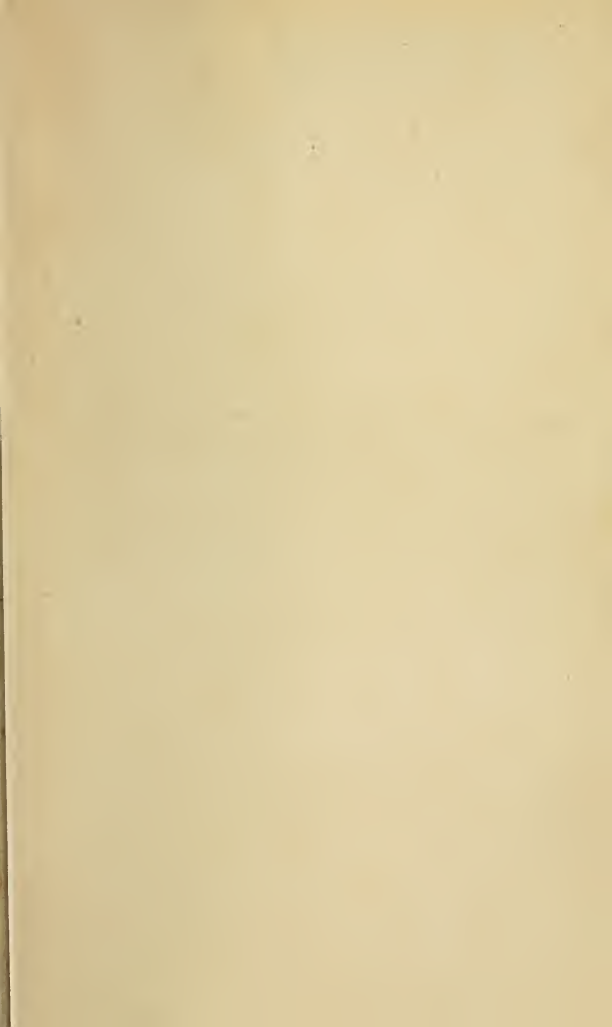
And whensoever may come that day
We should rejoice to meet ;
When we shall drop this load of clay
Once more at death's cold feet.

Now, hopeless mourner, dry thy tear,
And let our souls be brave,
And not, like cowards, quake with fear,
To march into the grave.

But think what joys we shall behold—
To us by angels given,
Richer than thrones of earthly gold—
When we arrive in heav'n.

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