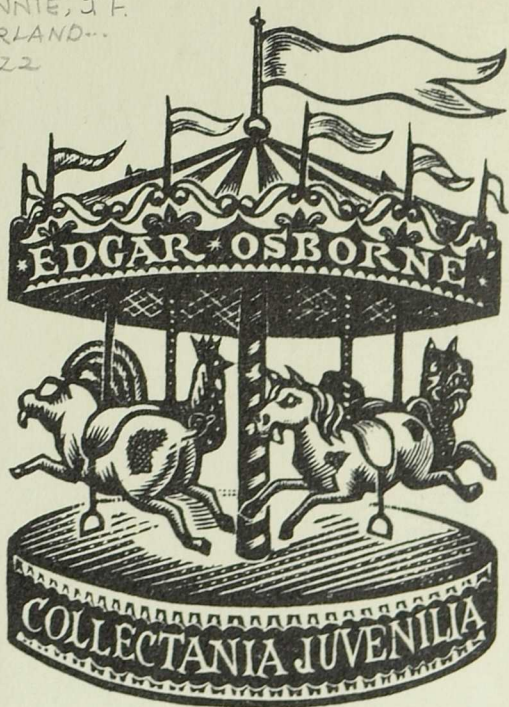




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GARLAND...  
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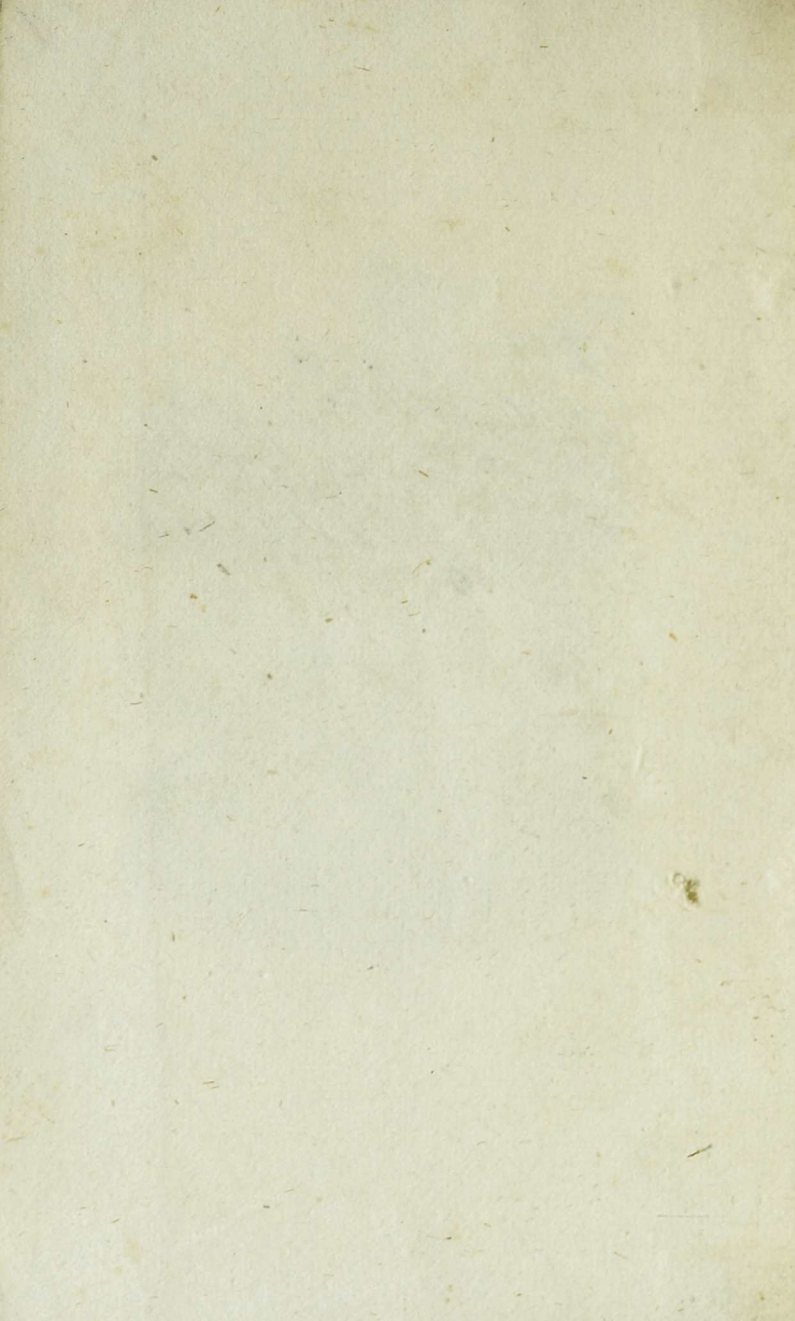


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June Willis

May 26<sup>th</sup> 1926 -



THE  
GARLAND OF WILD ROSES.

THE

GARLAND OF WILD ROSES.





THE SHEPHERD GIRL.



THE  
GARLAND  
OF  
WILD ROSES;

A COLLECTION OF  
ORIGINAL POEMS,

FOR YOUTHFUL MINDS.

---

BY J. F. PENNIE,

*Author of "The Royal Minstrel," an Epic Poem, "Ethelwolf,  
a Tragedy," &c. &c.*

---

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR G. and W. B. WHITTAKER,  
AVE-MARIA LANE.

---

MDCCCXXII.

THE

GARLAND

WILBORSES

A COLLECTION OF

ORIGINAL POEMS

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES,  
Northumberland-court.

BY J. F. PENNIE.

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MDCCLXXII

## PREFACE.

---

As the following Poetical Trifles have been written for the use of young persons, the principal aim of the Author has been simplicity, both in the subjects and language. He hopes, therefore, that his *Wild Roses*, although they boast not of splendid colours, nor bloom so luxuriantly as the well-cultured flowers of the parterre, may not be “doomed to blush unseen.” These little Poems of course pretend not to elegance of versification or brilliant imagery—if they be adapted to the capacities of youth, and tend to their improvement—if they combine entertainment with

instruction, and give currency to no improper thought or sentiment—the Author will have attained his object, especially if it should appear that they do not suffer by a comparison with the generality of effusions of this nature.

To those generous Patrons who have not only extended their fostering hand to the Author's Epic Poem of "*The Royal Minstrel*," but taken an active interest in his personal welfare, he begs to return his heart-felt thanks, assuring them that their kindness will ever live in his memory; while he hopes that those who may peruse his subsequent attempts in the Tragedy of "*Ethelwolf\**," or in the Gothic

\* From the Tragedy of "*Ethelwolf*," the Author had hoped to reap some reward for his labours; but after the MS. had lain a considerable time in the desk of the present manager of Drury Lane Theatre, it was returned, accom-

Romance of "Rogvald," will see that, amid all the disadvantages under which he has laboured, he has sedulously employed himself in endeavouring to cultivate that portion of poetic talent which his friends have flattered him into the belief he in some degree possesses, but which, probably, they have greatly over-rated.

panied by a polite, half-approving, half-condemning, note. "Gorgeous and imposing Spectacles," it seems, are better calculated to enrich the treasury, than the employment of authors to write, or actors to represent, the legitimate Drama.

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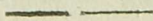
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THE  
GARLAND OF WILD ROSES.

&c.

---

NOTHING SO PLEASANT AS THE SIGHT  
OF GOOD CHILDREN.

O, THE balmy tears, how sweet,  
That the purple violets weep,  
And the blossoms of the thorn  
In the eye of the young morn.

O, how sweet yon bed of roses,  
Which to the fond wind discloses  
Such rich fragrance, that its sigh  
Seems a rose-tree passing by.

O, how sweet the beechen shade,  
 Which the sun cannot pervade\*,  
 When the summer noontide reigns  
 O'er the mountains and the plains.

O, how sweet, when 'neath the sun,  
 As the pilgrim journeys on,  
 Parch'd with thirst, to meet the rill  
 In shady groves and quaff† his fill.

O, how sweet the moon so bright  
 In her plenitude‡ of light,  
 To view uprising from the wave,  
 When the storm hath ceased to rave.

How delightful 'tis to hear,  
 By the violet-border'd mere,  
 The nightingale's melodious tune,  
 Warbled to th' unclouded moon.

But more sweet by far to look  
 On boys and girls that love their book,  
 And for naughty actions grieve,  
 Their pray'rs repeating morn and eve.

\* To pierce through. † To swallow in large draughts.

‡ Fulness.

CHARLOTTE'S ADDRESS TO THE  
ROBIN.

Thou social bird, that cheer'st the ev'ning hours,  
Whom summer tempted to her bloomy bow'rs,  
Thy young to rear in some sweet mossy nook,  
Where babbles ever by the vagrant brook,  
Now winter frowns and the dark snow-storm lowers,  
Return, return, as thou wert wont, again  
To thy fond Charlotte's rural home ;  
There free from sorrow, care, and pain,  
All the dull stormy months remain,  
Nor till the purple violet blossoms, roam.

---

Intruder thou canst never be,  
Who for thy food sing'st merrily ;  
While I, sweet bird, to make thee gay,  
And charm the gloomy hours away,  
Will on my lute soft music play ;  
And thou shalt learn to imitate  
Each warbled note to sooth thy mate,  
When laughing spring show'rs roses on the grove,  
And joyous love invites thee hence to rove.

THE SHEPHERD-GIRL'S SONG.

---

Hail, lovely morn, that decks my path with flow'rs,  
Bids the balm-breathing zephyrs fan my cheek,  
And, roving thro' the blossom-mantled bow'rs,  
With music the repose of nature break.

My pretty flock, come let me lead you where  
Gold-flowers and daisies cover all the vale,  
For chestnut groves, woodbine-embrac'd are there,  
In which the turtle tells her sweet love-tale.

No anxious cares disturb my tranquil breast,  
No fears that haunt the proud ambitious Great,  
At night in lowly cot I sink to rest,  
My faithful dog the guard of my retreat.

Whilst near my bow'r the plaintive nightingale  
Amid the apple blossoms sings till dawn,  
When a full chorus, ringing down the dale,  
Of feather'd songsters, warn me to the lawn,

Or mountain's side t' unpen my bleating flocks,—  
Joyful I rise and to the fields repair,  
There with the hawthorn blooming bind my locks,  
On which the gem-like dew-drop sparkles fair.

At noon I to yon beechen grove retire  
 With my loved flock, where flow cool crystal rills,  
 Where scarce the sun can fling one beam of fire,  
 Or sip the dew from cups of daffodils.

How happy then the shepherd-maiden's lot,  
 Health, innocence, and peace, my steps attend—  
 Treach'ry nor danger haunt our humble cot,  
 In joy begins my day, which pleasures end.

ON THE RUINS OF TINTERN ABBEY,  
 NEAR CHEPSTOW.

In a deep vale where Vaga's\* sweet stream flows  
 In bright meanders†, thro' romantic glades,  
 'Neath hanging woods and bow'rs, where the wild rose  
 In all its blushing fragrance blows,  
 And perfumed woodbine, o'er the nodding shades,  
 Its lovely tints and blooming foliage throws,

\* The ancient name of the Wye, that flows into the Severn below Chepstow.

† Windings, to turn in mazes.

Tintern, thy moss-grown venerable pile,  
 In ruin'd grandeur, strikes th' admiring eye,  
 For noble is thy roofless pillar'd aisle,  
 And temple, canopied \* by the blue sky.

No more is heard the organ's sacred sound,  
 Pealing the midnight hymn along these walls,  
 Nor voice of vesper-chanting monk profound,  
 That the soft murmurings of the Vaga drown'd;  
 Nor in those fall'n deserted halls  
 The harp of wand'ring minstrel rings  
 With valiant deeds of warrior-kings.

While o'er the evening waters stole  
 His wild notes of heroic † fire,  
 Charming the listening fisher's soul,  
 Who to these towers his skiff ‡ row'd nigh'r,  
 In hope to catch each tuneful fall  
 That died ere it escaped the hall.  
 Then on the breeze, down the romantic § dell,  
 The tinkling came of distant hermit's bell.

\* Covered by.

† Warlike.

‡ A little boat.

§ Wild, irregular.



How oft the weary pilgrim from afar  
 Knock'd at yon mould'ring ivy-circled port\*,  
 As o'er the tow'rs of Strongbow† rose eve's star,  
 Outshining the gilt banner of that Saxon fort ;  
 Then crossed himself, as he bow'd faint,  
 Before the threshold of his Saint.

Demolish'd is thy sacred shrine,  
 Thy altar levell'd with the dust,  
 That shone with diamonds of the mine,  
 And fall'n the sainted statue and the bust  
 Of warrior chief, while soil'd with rust,  
 His sword and helmet lie beneath the sod,  
 Scattered without the house of God.

Strongbow ‡! proud chieftain of renown,  
 That on pale Cambria's § bloody plain  
 Hast many a British warrior slain,  
 And, crossing Erin's || azure waves,  
 Didst gain the emerald island crown,—

\* A gate. † Chepstow castle.

‡ Richard, Earl of Strigul, who, assisting Mac Murchad, King of Leinster, was led to the conquest of Ireland by Henry II., and marrying the daughter of Mac Murchad, was crowned King after that Prince's death ; he was a great benefactor to the Abbey of Tintern.

§ Wales, so called. || Ireland, so called.

Where art thou now?—unknown thy grave,  
 Who awed ten thousand vassal slaves!

Exposed to the dissolving air  
 These walls, all desolate and bare,  
 Boast not one trophy of thy might,  
 Nor laurel wreath obtain'd in fight;  
 Nor knightly helm, nor blood-stain'd brand\*,  
 Above thy tombless ashes gleam,  
 None tremble at thy swordless hand,  
 Nor heed thy eye with lightning wont to beam!  
 No prayers are said by stole-clad † priest,  
 No choir, an anthem o'er thee sings,  
 In other worlds for thy soul's rest,  
 Nor minstrel harp at banquet rings,  
 With record of thy martial deeds,  
 Where battle burns, and warrior bleeds.

Farewell, famed Abbey, tho' no sound  
 Of organ, harp, or choral train,  
 Thro' thy tall pillar'd fane rebound †;  
 Yet soft is heard the redbreast's strain,

\* A sword. † A temple, or church.

‡ From the Latin *stola*, a priest's robe or vestment.

As on thy ivy-mantled wall  
Of thy deserted pilgrim hall,  
He sits, and in the sun's last ray  
Warbles his melancholy lay ;—  
While, from the yellow mountain-grove,  
Wild music comes of winds that rove  
At eventide, blent \* with the strain  
Of waters rolling to the main.—

Oh, sounds that touch the feeling heart—  
But evening warns me to depart ;  
Tears fill my eyes at the last view  
Of thy lone temple-aisles and hall,  
Thy broken arches and low-mould'ring wall,—  
Shadow of greatness,—noble pile, adieu !

\* Blended, mixed.

---

## MORNING IN SPRING.

Hark ! the glad harbinger \* of morn,  
The sky-lark, from his nest upsprings,  
Where, on the grassy ridge that bounds the corn,  
From the dim shady close of night,  
When rose the lovely eve-star bright,  
Till in the sea down sunk the moon  
And the sad nightingale broke off her tune,  
The little warbler nestled close,  
With head concealed beneath his dewy wings,  
While by him the rude winds swift rushing  
The murmurs bore of fountains gushing.

---

How sweet the thrilling song he pours  
Amid the clouds, above the sight,  
While o'er his rocky bed the river roars,  
Catching the first faint gleams of coming light.

---

On the blue eastern mountain breaks  
The smiling dawn with rosy streaks,

\* One that goes before.

The cock, loud crowing, calls the swain  
Up from his bed to the green daisied plain ;  
Thither he, whistling, drives his plough,  
While the stout thresher with his flail  
Beats out the barley-mow.

Now woodman's axe rings down the vale,  
Where wild doves tell their tender tale.

---

To meet the smiling morning's eye,  
Whence dart soft-living beams of light,  
The modest snowdrop, golden daffodil,  
That blows beside the wand'ring rill,  
The early primrose and the crocus bright,  
Their cups dew-dropping ope, but from the sigh  
Of the cold breeze shrink tremblingly,  
Waiting the kisses of the youthful sun,  
When he begins his daily course to run.

---

From the brown heath and mountain's side  
The dusky shadows flee away,  
And all the varied prospect opens wide  
To the full glance of cheering day.

---

What beauteous tints the east adorn,  
 The broad round sun ascends the sky,  
 Grim night retires,  
 The star of morn  
     With shame expires,  
 And ev'ry bird his voice on high  
 Exalts with joy to hail the Spring's sweet dawn,  
 That sprinkles with a thousand flow'rs each lawn,  
 And bids their leaves put forth the groves,  
 Where feather'd songsters chant their loves.

---

### THE REDBREAST'S LAMENTATION.

Ah, cruel boys, pity my hapless fate!  
 Relieve a little redbreast from his woes—  
 What have I done to merit thus your hate;  
 What crime committed to make you my foes?

Kept in a dreary cage, when brightly shines  
 The morn against your moss-clad cottage-door,  
 My wonted song amid its sweet woodbines,  
 No more must I, a wretched captive pour.

And when in crimson clouds sinks autumn's day,  
And chilling winds sob mournful round your bow'r,  
O'er summer's leafy grave my plaintive lay  
Shall ne'er again be heard at evening hour.

Ah, widow'd mate! I must behold no more  
Thy ruddy breast and sweetly-sparkling eye;  
Nor in thy ear my tender love-song pour,  
Nor with thee thro' the grove and greenwood fly.

In vain against these prison-wires I beat,  
My ruffled plumage tearing from my breast,  
In vain my note of sorrow I repeat,  
Nor light, nor food, can give me joy or rest.

---

### ON AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Oh lovely flow'r, sweet child of Spring,  
That when the bleak winds rudely blow,  
Ere the glad thrush is heard to sing  
Thy modest forehead darest to show,

Emblem of spotless Virtue's form,  
Who rears her sacred head sublime,  
Unshaken braves affliction's storm,  
And scorns the wrecks and wrongs of time.

Bloom on, sweet flow'r, that lov'st the brink  
Of shelter'd pool, wherein to view  
Thy lovely image, thou shalt drink  
Yet brighter sunbeams, richer dew.

Nor lonely shalt thou bloom, fair flow'r,  
A thousand kindred tribes shall spring  
On the green bank around thy bow'r,  
And zephyr\* fan thee with his wing;

And still at sun-rise the young bee  
Kind visitation pay to thee,  
As from thy cup of golden hue  
He sips the fragrant virgin dew.

---

\* The west wind, so called by poets.



THE BLACKBIRD.

---

How gaily in the setting sun,  
On yonder flow'ry spray,  
The blackbird tunes his mellow pipe  
To the departing day.

Beside him in her mossy nest,  
Fann'd by the western gale,  
His patient mate embower'd so close  
Sits listening to his tale.

Ah, may no cruel truant boy  
Their happiness molest,  
No urchin rob them of their eggs  
Nor tear their curious nest.

How sweet to wander by the brook  
His merry lay to hear,  
That echoes thro' the shadowy grove  
So musical and clear.

The ploughman as he homeward plods,  
With shadow stretch'd so long,  
Lingers upon the stile to mock  
His sweetly-whistled song.

## THE POOR SAILOR.

Dost thou, my Henry, view yon wounded tar,  
Who begs so piteously a little bread?—  
For us, amid the rout and din of war,  
He on the wild seas nobly fought and bled.

When, safe in the sweet shelter of your home,  
You smiled to hear the tempest fiercely rave,  
He rode on mountain-billows, dash'd with foam,  
And in each billow view'd a watery grave.

When moon nor stars illumed the dreary sky,  
And on the rocks his bark the tempest dash'd,  
Then in his startled ears rang the death-cry,  
As round the wreck the fearful lightnings flash'd.

In foreign climes beyond the dark blue sea,  
Oft has he sigh'd for his loved native cot,  
When round him strangers sung with happy glee,  
Regardless of the sailor's future lot.

Yet hath his heart ere now been light and gay,  
When, homeward bound, he from the shrouds  
beheld

His native land rise o'er the ocean spray,  
And the bright sun its cliffs with glory gild.

And when the sea-boy touch'd his Island's shore,  
How jovially he, laughing, danced and sung,  
Nor reck'd the seas and storms that late did roar  
Around his bark which on the steep waves hung.

Ah, little thought he in those mirthful hours  
On the sad mis'ries of his present state—  
Where the loud battle its dread thunder showers  
An arm he lost—O, dire \* reverse of fate!

Then pity him who has nor home, nor friend,  
Oh give kind succour to the wounded brave ;  
Soon Heav'n will all his hopeless sorrows end,  
And he shall find sweet peace in the cold grave.

\* Terrible, dismal, dreadful.

## THE COUNTRY WALK.

## SPRING.

---

PART I.

---

The Spring's white clouds soft rain-drops show'r,  
On sunny banks peeps forth the flow'r,  
The wild woods their green buds disclose,  
And 'neath the thorn the violet blows.  
Come, William, down yon green vale stray,  
Where lambs beside the streamlet play,  
And primroses the margin line  
That seem like little stars to shine.

---

Now fondly seek with careful tread  
Where the sweet cowslip lifts its head,  
Where daffodils with golden bloom,  
Which dew-drops gem, hang nodding to the  
breeze,  
That flings around its rich perfume,  
Soft whispering thro' the waving trees.

---

Come, William, and, with laughing eye,  
Be thou the first boy to espy  
The early swallow's dappled wing,  
And hear on yonder cot's low ridge,  
The merry stranger wildly sing  
Glad notes of joy at his return—

And mark how thro' the arched bridge  
He darts in ever playful flight,  
But nor in grove nor bow'r will he alight.

---

Come, my dear William, for awhile  
Sit on the flow'ry meadow's stile,  
And hear how, from her mossy rocks,  
Echo the merry cuckoo mocks,  
While the gay lark, on well-poised wings,  
Amid the blue clouds sweetly sings ;  
Mark how on yonder bough the dove,  
With ruffled plumage coos his love ;  
And bleating troops of snow-white lambs  
Dance on the green around their dams.

## SUMMER.

---

PART II.

---

Now, William, we will sauntering stray,  
Where swains and maidens tend their hay,  
And hear how from yon greenwood shade,  
Soft echoing down the beechen glade,  
The shepherd tunes his simple lay.—  
The jovial grasshopper sings blithe,  
“And the mower whets his scythe.”  
While on the hawthorn blossoming,  
That to the winds doth odours fling,  
The blackbird lifts his voice so clear,  
That all the hamlet round may hear  
His notes more sweet than fountains flowing,  
When winds are hush'd and evening glowing.

---

Haste to yonder bank of thyme,  
Where the honey-gathering bee,  
In the morning's dewy prime,  
Sings at her work right merrily.

There we'll sit, with musing eyes,  
And watch the busy ants and flies—

Those are trudging to and fro,  
Labouring for the public good,  
Each providing winter food ;  
These are dancing in the sun,  
Regardless of the storms that blow  
When the fleeting summer's gone.

---

Did you not soft music hear  
Gently dying on your ear ?  
Did you not rich fragrance smell  
Floating down the flow'ry dell ?  
William, t'was the wild wind's song  
Wandering the beechen groves among ;  
William, 'tis its breath discloses  
Such fragrance when it kisses roses.

---

Beneath th' o'ershadowing elm-trees, haste,  
The pelting rain descends full fast ;  
O'er the blue sky the show'r now trace,  
Mark the dull gloom on nature's face—

Breaks forth the sun from the dark cloud,  
 As of his conq'ring glory proud ;  
 And now the arched rainbow bright,  
 With tints \* of rose, and sapphire light,  
 Paints beauteously upon the storm ;  
 But soon decays the lovely form,  
 No mortal hand can grasp it fast,  
 Or bid the radiant † colours last ;  
 Like a pale ghost it fades away,  
 Or airy dream at early day.

---

But let us, William, homeward turn,  
 The western skies with glory burn,  
 The clouds, in beauteous blushes dight ‡,  
 Shine lovely with departing light ;  
 Th' empurpled mountain now displays  
 Across its brows the golden rays,  
 While the pavilion § of the sun,  
 (That seems to joy his race is run)  
 With richest crimson, and the rose,  
 Upon the northern summit glows.

\* Colours.    † Shining.    ‡ Adorned.    § A fine tent.



How pretty looks the village spire,  
Tipt with the sun's descending fire,  
Forth peeping from the dark green trees,  
Where now is heard the pilgrim breeze,  
    Sweet murmurs making,  
    Kisses taking,  
From each dewy flow'r that blows.—  
    Now the sheep-dog barks from far,  
    As the shepherd pens his flock,  
    By the lovely evening star ;  
While the distant heifer lows,  
    And deep resounds the village clock.

---

William, if that you are good,  
    We'll return thro' yonder wood,  
To hear the charming nightingale  
    Tell to the moon her tuneful tale.

---

See the cottage smoke ascends,  
The ploughboy whistling homeward bends,  
The milkwhite mists now lightly skim  
O'er the blue lake's liliated brim.—

O'er the tall grove, arises bright,  
In all her loveliness of light,  
The radiant planet of the night,  
And from her throne of clouds looks down  
On palace proud, and cot of clown ;  
To all alike dispensing \* smiles,  
While night she of his frowns beguiles.

---

We'll cross the planks that bridge the stream,  
In which is seen the sweet moon-beam,  
Trembling with reflected gleam.  
Hush, William, heard you those wild notes ?  
What music on the still air floats !  
It is the tuneful nightingale,  
Amid the copse in yonder vale.

---

Beside this mossy bank we'll stay  
Awhile to hear her warbled lay ;  
Where the lily of the dale,  
With its silver brow so pale,  
Loves to blossom to the moon,  
And on the night shed rich perfume.

\* To distribute, deal out, or give.

But see, the glow-worm lights his lamp,  
 Where the night-beams cannot steal,  
 Little star of earth, adieu!

We must hence, the fields are damp.

Minstrel of the moon, farewell!

Would that thou with me would'st dwell,  
 And beside my bow'r thy lay  
 Ever tune at close of day.

## AUTUMN.

### PART III.

The groves are mute, soft music fled,  
 And all the blooming flow'rets dead.  
 Cold blows the wind at morn and eve,  
 And the sear \* woodlands seem to grieve;  
 While oft, o'er summer's sallow grave,  
 The midnight storm is heard to rave;  
 The eddyng leaves on the wild blast,  
 Mid forest glades, descending fast

\* Dry, withered.

In heaps, bestrew the dreary ground,  
While nimble squirrels fleetly bound  
From tree to tree, and careful glean  
Each nut by boys and girls unseen.

---

Lightly on the winnowing gale  
The thistle-down floats o'er the vale ;  
Silent upon the hawthorn bush  
Sits the melancholy thrush,  
And the blackbird now no more  
Doth his enliv'ning carol pour,  
Nor the lark on quiv'ring wing  
To the cheery ploughboy sing.

---

'Tis sweetly mournful now to rove,  
At sunset, thro' the willow grove,  
To view the crimson skies, and hear  
The milkmaid's song, the hunter's horn,  
That sounds so sweet o'er rushy mere,  
As homeward he returns, in mirth,  
Across the dark-brown trackless heath ;  
While on the black and leafless thorn,  
All solitary and forlorn,

The friendly robin sits, and sings  
His plaintive ditty to the breeze,  
Which chilling dew shakes from its wings,  
Loud sobbing thro' the waving trees,  
That o'er the grave of summer beauty bend  
Their naked heads in sorrow down,  
By tempests, that on them their fury spend,  
Bereft untimely of their leafy crown.

---

## WINTER.

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### PART IV.

---

How dismally the rude winds howl !  
What torrents fall of hail and rain !  
The dark night wears a tenfold scowl,  
While loud the rushing river roars,  
Swells o'er its banks and widely pours  
Its sea-broad billows o'er the plain !

---

How happy he in cottage warm,  
Who sits, and hears without, the storm,

The pelting rain on casement beat,  
And ruthless winds their howl repeat.

But wretched is the traveller's lot  
To feel the fury of the skies,  
No shelter near of cave or cot,  
He fords the torrent, sinks, and dies!

---

The heav'ns are clear,—the tempest past,  
Speeds from the north the chilling blast,  
Hoar-frosts bespangle all the fields,  
Earth to the plough no longer yields.

---

Woke by the echoes of the flail,  
William, forego bewildering sleep,  
And climb with health yon airy steep,  
Down which the milkmaid with her pail  
Trips, blithely singing to the morn,  
That gems with glittering pearl the thorn.

---

But let not idle truant boys,  
Who spend their time in play and noise,  
Tempt William to the frozen pool,  
When he with satchel runs to school,

For if he steps beyond the brim,  
The ice may crack and let him in,  
And drench him to the very skin ;  
Or he may fall and break his bones,  
And end the day with tears and groans.

---

Cold and still colder blows the wind,  
The cowboy shrinks the hedge behind,  
Along the northern mountain's verge  
Cloud on cloud each other urge,  
(Like armed ranks in war-array,)  
To fill the skies and blot the day.

---

The driving snow falls thick and fast,  
Drifted by the freezing blast,  
Heath and valley, plain and mountain,  
One white-dazzling waste appear,  
And sealed up the silent fountain.

All is desolate and drear.—

Oft is heard upon the gale  
The death-gun ringing down the vale,  
Pity at the sound will sigh  
And a tear-drop gem her eye ;

The redbreast at the window beats,  
 And for William's crumbs entreats.  
 Oh take the little stranger in,  
 For to be cruel is a sin ;  
 Your kindness he 'll repay ere long,  
 At night, and morning, with a song.

---

### THE ORPHAN.

Yonder, where the alder grove  
 O'er the stream waves its green boughs,  
 And beneath the chequer'd shade  
 Ruminat\* the dappled cows,  
 Sits a little ragged boy,  
 Weeping with dejected head,  
 To his mother, who stands by,  
 Begging for a crust of bread.  
 Tho' far hence thy father lies,  
 Cold upon the battle-plain,  
 Where the raven and the wolf  
 Meet to feed upon the slain ;

\* To chew the cud.



Tho' no more thy warrior sire\*

Shall thy pale and tearful cheek  
Pat with fondness, and the kiss  
Of paternal † love repeat ;

Tho' thy father's heart be cold,  
That so fondly beat for thee ;  
Tho' he never more will take  
Little Edward on his knee ;

Yet, poor orphan-boy, forbear  
Thus to weep with piteous eye,  
Wring not thy poor mother's heart  
With that sadly-broken cry.

Orphan boy, if thou art good,  
God himself thy sire will be ;  
Food and raiment here provide,  
And make thee blest eternally.

\* Father.

† Fatherly.

---

## THE REDBREAST.

Sweet Robin, thy melodious lay,  
O, how it charms the pensive ear,  
That listens at the close of day,  
In autumn's bow'rs thy voice to hear.

When songless is the nightingale,  
No music heard, save hunter's horn,  
Thou warblest in the leafless vale,  
To cheer the melancholy morn.

When dark November holds her sway,  
With leaden sceptre, o'er our isle ;  
Amid her storms is heard thy lay,  
From winter winning e'en a smile.

Nor can December's chilling snow  
Silence thy soft harmonious strain,  
Thou heedest not when wild winds blow,  
The rattling hail, and beating rain.

Sweet emblem thou of friendship true,  
When storms of sorrow round us rave ;  
Its cheering voice can hope renew,  
And snatch us from despair's dark grave.

## POOR HENRY.

Upon the wild and lonely beach,  
Where dark-brown rocks the deep o'erhang,  
And where the wave its foam-sheet spreads,  
Resounds the sea-bird's mournful clang.

Old Ocean utters forth his voice,  
The coming tempest to foretel ;  
And now along the steep white cliffs  
Rings out the shipwreck'd sailor's knell.

On a cold rock, with sea-weeds spread,  
The hapless Henry weeping lay ;  
The waves broke at his feet, his hair  
Was sprinkled with the wind-driv'n spray.

His father was a mariner,  
Who did on the wild ocean roam ;  
And five long years had past away  
Since last he saw his dear-lov'd home.

Poor Henry's mother, hopeless grown,  
Fell sick, and broken-hearted died ;  
And oft by moonlight Henry sat  
On her green grave, and wept and sigh'd.

And oft, when in her golden path,  
Along the ocean verge, the morn  
Walk'd, flinging roses on the wave,  
He'd watch beneath the blighted thorn,

That grew on the bleak chalky cliff  
Till darkness hid sea, rocks, and strand,  
In hopes to view the ship that bore  
His father to his native land.

The storm comes on, the sunset-winds,  
With fury, sweep the foamy seas ;  
The thund'ring waves o'erleap the rocks,  
Poor Henry sinks upon his knees.

He pray'd that Heav'n his sire might save,  
If yet his vessel braved the storm—  
A billow that rush'd o'er the beach,  
Retreating left a human form !

Poor Henry gazed in wild dismay  
On the pale corpse—it was his sire's !  
A mountain-wave breaks o'er his head,  
Poor Henry shrieks, sinks, and expires !

## THE MOON.

Sweet Empress of the star-bespangled sky,  
At thy approach, enthroned on clouds of light,  
Darkness her raven-colour'd vest lays by  
Thy livery to wear all silv'ry bright.

The winds that sweep the forest's ample verge  
Its green boughs bend in rev'rence to thy beams,  
That, as they from the passing clouds emerge,  
Gild with rich lustre mountains, tow'rs, and  
streams.

What sweet solemnity the scene pervades,  
Beneath the mild resplendence\* of thy reign  
While thee to hail amid the valley shades  
The nightingale pours her melodious strain.

How like a silver bark, thro' summer seas,  
Thou glid'st in lovely majesty along ;  
While pearly mists, like light foam, on the breeze,  
Thou fling'st aside to list yon warbler's song.

\* Lustre. Brightness.

The glaring sun is sunk the earth below,  
Yet I its absence mourn not since thou shinest,  
And with the stars, that round thee brightly glow,  
To deck the landscape in new charms combinest.  
Sweet planet, thou dost our dark globe attend,  
Of summer eves, gilding the sweet twilight,  
And when grim Winter reigns, like a true friend,  
With thy full brightness cheer the gloomiest  
night.

---

### THE CURFEW-BELL.

Didst thou hear that deep-sounding bell  
From yonder village-tow'r ?  
It rings the heavy passing knell  
Of parting day's last hour.

Ah ! of how many days and years  
Hath it the sad knell knoll'd,  
Since Norman William \*, full of cares,  
Bade it at eve be toll'd !

\* William the Conqueror, who ordered the ringing of a bell at eight o'clock in the evening, to be the signal for putting out all fires and lights.

For our forefathers' happy birth  
That bell has joyful rung,  
When gossips round the bowl and hearth  
Told merry tales and sung.

And for their bridal rites so gay  
It woke the cheering peal,  
When, in the hall to harper's lay,  
They danc'd with love-light heel.

Then for their burial, heavy swung  
That death-bell to and fro,  
As to the churchyard friends, grief-wrung,  
Follow'd their bier in wo.

Sweet girl, when you were born it rang ;  
And, ah ! ere long t'will toll  
To bid kind friends, in your last pang,  
Pray for your parting soul\*.

\* The original design of the knell rung when people were dying.

## THE ANCIENT BRITON'S TOMB.

See, on yon wild dark-brown steep,  
Where the white mist floats on high,  
As morn doth o'er it blushing peep,  
Woke by the wheeling lapwing's shrilly cry,  
Stands the russet heath-clad mound,  
Tomb of British chief who fell,  
As he, dealing deaths around,  
Hurl'd his bright lance amid the conflict's swell.

Warrior, once renown'd and brave,  
Bards \* have sung thy valiant deeds ;  
Where battle roll'd its crimson wave,  
O'er the fall'n riders and their blood-dy'd steeds.

Warrior, thou hast dropp'd the lance,  
By thee lies thy painted shield ;  
Nor trumpet-blast, nor war-steed's prance,  
Shall wake thee to the glory of the field.

\* Minstrels, or poets.



Rest thee, warrior, in thy grave,  
On thy pole-ax, sword, and spears,  
Thy monument doth storms outbrave,  
Nor moulders with the hasty lapse of years.

Rest thee, British chief,—thy tomb  
Ages hast thou slept beneath;  
Still o'er thee blossoms the wild broom,  
And sheds its crimson flow'rs the lowly heath.

---

### VULGAR PRIDE.

Unhappy is the pilgrim's lot,  
Who wanders o'er the desert heath,  
By friends and by the world forgot,  
Whose only hope depends on death!  
Yet may he smile, when memory shows  
The tort'ring stings, the weary woes,  
Which forced his bosom to abide  
The vulgar scorn of vulgar pride.

---

Forlorn is he, who on the sand  
 Of some bleak isle his hovel rears ;  
 Or shipwreck'd on the breezy strand,  
 The billow's deaf'ning murmurs hears ;  
 Yet when his aching eyes survey  
 The white sail gliding far away,  
 He feels he shall no more abide  
 The vulgar scorn of vulgar pride.

---

Of all the ills the feeling mind  
 Is destined in this world to share,  
 Of pain and poverty combined,  
 Of friendship's frown or love's despair,—  
 Still reason arms the conscious soul,  
 And bids it ev'ry pang control,  
 Save when the patient heart is tried  
 By vulgar scorn and vulgar pride.

---

Go, Wealth, and in the hermit's cell,  
 Behold that peace thou canst not have !  
 Go, Rank, and list the passing knell,  
 That warns thee to oblivion's grave !  
 Go, Pow'r, and where the peasant's breast  
 Enjoys the balm of conscious rest ;

Confess that virtue can deride  
The vulgar scorn of vulgar pride !

---

## RICHARD AND THE BUTTERFLY.

---

Uprose the sun in all his might,  
As fled the last shade of the night,  
Beyond the ocean's utmost verge,  
Where stoop'd the sky to kiss the surge ;  
The breeze blew softly and the dew  
Deck'd with its gems the violet blue ;  
The birds on ev'ry flow'ry spray  
Sat welcoming the new-born day,  
While from the sun-enlighten'd cloud  
Was heard the skylark's carol loud.

When from his cot was seen to break,  
With laughing eye, and ruddy cheek,  
Young Richard, who to school now hied  
With well-stored satchel at his side.  
He heeded not the bright-eyed morn,  
The lily, rose, nor blooming thorn ;

Nor mark'd the flocks unpenn'd from fold,  
Nor the pure sun-beams clad in gold,  
Dancing upon the river-wave  
Where willows green their tresses lave :  
He heeded not the voice of dove  
Softly complaining to her love,  
Nor listen'd to the blackbird's song,  
That echo'd the green woods among ;  
Nor to the music of the breeze,  
That died amid the verdant trees,  
Yet died not but to live again  
With sweeter and still sweeter strain.

A butterfly on crimson wing  
Now flutter'd o'er a gushing spring,  
And now upon a blooming brier  
Rests, clad in all its gay attire.  
Young Richard, with admiring eyes,  
Sigh'd to obtain so rich a prize ;  
And onward flew, hoping with ease  
The painted wanderer to seize :  
But, ah, it upward soar'd in light  
Leaving the boy to mourn its flight,

Still he the fugitive pursued  
From flow'r to flow'r, from field to wood,  
And many a scratch and fall he had,  
That made the little urchin sad,  
Ere he the bright-wing'd insect made  
His captive in the primrose glade.

And what, oh ! Richard, is thy joy  
Now thou hast gain'd the flutt'ring toy ?  
For which through brake and brier you flew,  
Whose scratching thorns thou long shalt rue.

Its legs are broken, and its wings,  
Those pretty crimson, spotted things,  
That might a fairy fan have form'd,  
Are injured, crush'd, and disadorn'd  
Of half their beauty !—Silly boy,  
Ah, where is now thy promised joy ?  
The thing you toil'd with sweat and pain,  
Loosing your satchel, to obtain,  
Is now despised and cast aside

To die in torment on that bank  
O'er which it flutter'd in its pride  
From flow'ry rank to rank.

And now the hour of school is past,  
A truant thou—thy books are lost!  
A whip awaits thee—just reward,  
For losing what would make thee wise,  
And evils from thee guard,  
To seek for toys thou should'st despise,  
Which when obtain'd yield no delight  
Or to the mind or to the sight.

---

### CORFE CASTLE.

Behold, dear George, those dark-grey towers  
That lift their battlements so high,  
Whose ivy forms unfading bow'rs,  
That all the wintry blasts defy.

Those rock-like fragments hurl'd around,  
In naked grandeur frown sublime,—  
With lofty crags the hill is crown'd,  
That sink not with the lapse of time.

But faded all thy pomp and pride,  
 Imperial Corfe, of kings the seat,  
 No more within thy gates shall ride  
 The mail-clad knight of martial \* feat †.

No more thy mould'ring walls are hung  
 With tapestry rich, and cloth of gold,  
 No more within thy tow'rs are sung  
 The valiant deeds of warriors old.

Nor sound of harp, nor merry dance,  
 Are heard amid thy dreary halls,  
 Nor at thy gate the war-steed's prance,  
 Nor shout of knight, nor battle calls.

Where royal dames sat high in state,  
 And kings held splendid festival,  
 Where shields gleam'd bright, and swords of fate,  
 Renown'd in many a minstrel's tale ‡,

Where laurell'd heroes round the board,  
 Quaff'd § with proud glee the cheering wine,  
 While bards their warlike music pour'd,  
 And valour bow'd at beauty's shrine.

\* Warlike. † Act, deed, action.

‡ A person that played on the harp at the banquets of the great.

§ Quaff, to drink.

The winged bat and screeching owl,  
 The chough \* and rav'n make their abode,  
 And for the harp the night-winds howl  
 To the dull croaking of the toad.

Thro' yonder shatter'd arch streams bright  
 The setting sun's last golden ray ;  
 Thro' yonder window, now bedight †  
 With wreaths of brier and flow'rs of May.

Thence some fair maid of old hath leant,  
 Pensive, yon sinking orb to view,  
 And, tho' in prison-turret pent,  
 Her blue eye, swimming in love's dew,  
 Rivall'd the sunbeam there that fell  
 On her white hand with kiss farewell ‡.  
 Loud screams, of night, the lonely bird,—  
 A melancholy sound is heard,  
 Thro' the dim hall, and hollow tow'r,  
 The crumbling arch and ivy bow'r,—  
 It is the ev'ning wind's deep sigh,  
 As grandeur's tomb it passes by,

\* A bird that haunts ruined edifices.

† Adorned, decorated.

‡ The betrothed bride of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, was confined a prisoner in Corfe Castle.



And hoarsely in my startled ear,  
An awful voice I seem to hear  
Pronounce—"Such is the doom of earthly pride!"  
Deeper and deeper still the wind thro' every hollow  
sigh'd.

---

### LULWORTH CASTLE.

Come, sweet Maria, let us rove  
Thro' yonder park so green ;  
Where, o'er the dark and tall elm-grove,  
Lulworth's fair tow'rs are seen.

What music warbles thro' the trees,  
How sweet the sun-beams play  
On the bright leaves, that in the breeze  
Dance to the god of day.

Those goodly, round, and marble tow'rs,  
In noble grandeur, stand  
Mid woods and ever-verdant bow'rs,  
Beauteous as fairy land.

A grove of sycamore rears high  
Its shadowy foliage near,  
Where still is heard the zephyr's sigh,  
And flow'rs spring all the year.

O'erarched gravel walks are 'neath,  
And lawns with cowslips shower'd,  
Where you may play till out of breath,  
Then sink on beds of flow'rs.

The castle gates are open wide,  
Thence flagelet and flute  
Pour music forth in a full tide,  
With virgin voice and lute.

And, hark! afar the merry horn  
Comes ringing down the glade;  
The timid hare springs thro' the corn  
To some deep woodland shade.

Those sloping headlands, crown'd with pine,  
Lead to the ocean-strand,  
Where the blue waves, gilt with sunshine,  
Kiss, sparkling bright, the sand.

There to the gale, white as the clouds,  
The fleet bark spreads its wings,  
While blithly from the stiff'ning shrouds  
The fearless sea-boy sings.

The sun, behind the churchyard elms,  
Declining, seeks the west,  
To rise on distant Indian realms,  
In brighter glory dress'd.

Farewell to Lulworth's halls and tow'rs !  
Wild screams the white sea-bird,  
The rook flies to her airy bow'rs,  
Deep lows the distant herd.

The ploughboy whistling homeward tends,  
Beneath the rising moon,  
Softly the balmy dew descends,  
The cricket sings its tune.

## CHARLES AND THE BEE.

Ah, cruel Charles, how could'st thou take  
Captive that bee, amid the flow'r,  
Which gaily left its home to make  
Sweet honey at the morning hour.

Dost thou not hear the little thing,  
Amid its flow'r-bell prison cry,  
That on the thyme-bank still did sing,  
In the young day-beam, merrily—

Its cell to store with honey sweet,  
How joyous at each sunshine hour ;  
It haunted ev'ry green retreat  
Of forest, garden, heath, and bow'r,

Were some fierce lion to his lair  
To drag thee as thou roam'st the wood,  
Or eagle bear thee thro' the air  
To make thee for her young ones food.

How would'st thou scream, and call for help,  
To save thee from the lion's paw !  
How tremble when some growling whelp  
Fasten'd on thee his rav'nous jaw !

Then give the winged innocent  
Again to light and liberty,  
Its mournful wail to be so pent  
Will surely make thee set it free.

O, thou hast crushed, hard-hearted boy,  
The little weak industrious thing;  
How could'st thou wantonly destroy—  
Ha! dost thou feel its venom'd sting?

Well may'st thou shriek, weep, pout, and low'r,  
That hadst no pity on the bee—  
Tho' but an insect it had pow'r  
To make thee rue thy cruelty.

---

### ANNA AND HER DOG CÆSAR.

Beside the primrose margin of a brook  
Fair Anna, silly girl, would stray;  
And often in the amber waters look,  
To watch the fishes at their play.

Old venerable oak-trees widely spread  
 Their giant arms across the calm blue stream ;  
 While rippling, murmuring, o'er its pebbly bed,  
 It wander'd, gemm'd with many a sunbeam.

Beside a willow, leaning o'er the bank,  
 A beauteous flow'r its head uprear'd,  
 To view its image mid the sedges dank\*,  
 That in the brook below appear'd.

Says Anna, " Could I pluck that lovely flow'r,  
 Proud should I be to wear it glowing  
 Here on my breast ;—I'm sure 'tis in my pow'r  
 To reach it where 'tis sweetly blowing."

Now by a slender willow-twigg she held,  
 Low-stooping down, to gain the prize ;  
 The twig gave way—alas ! she headlong fell  
 Amid the azure † waves that closed her eyes.

Her favourite dog, brought from a western isle,  
 Who loved to gaze upon her artless smile,  
 Had follow'd Anna to the streamlet's brink,  
 And saw her mid the flashing waters sink.

\* Moist, wet,            † Blue,

Parting the light flood down he sank

Deep to the bottom, and his mistress caught  
Fast in his mouth, then to the mossy bank

The little, silly, half-drown'd creature brought.

On the green grass he, howling, Anna laid,

And lick'd her cheek, then homeward hieing,  
Brought all her friends full quickly to her aid,

Who call'd her back to life with sobs and  
crying.

Remember Cæsar, then, and pat him kindly,

Who Anna saved, nor wander blindly

The margin of the stream too near,

Nor gather flow'rs that fringe the mere\*.

\* A lake of water.

## THE BUTTERFLY.

Where didst thou, my boy, that fine butterfly find,  
 With colours that rival the sunbow on high ;

O, use not the sweet little creature unkind,  
 But instantly let it, my Constantine, fly.

It flies not, it moves not its crimson bright wings ;  
 Well-a-day! for the sweet little pilgrim seems  
 dead ;

Sure 'twill wander no more, when the summer-morn  
 springs,

From forest to field with wild flow'rs spread.

A sunbeam now fell on its fair-painted form,  
 When upward all sprightful \* it suddenly soar'd,  
 And bask'd in the ray that shot out thro' the storm  
 As tho' the bright god of the day it adored.

So, if thou art good, when ages are past,  
 Thy form, tho' commingled † so long with the dust,  
 Shall, when loud is heard the last trumpet's dread  
 blast,

From the dreary dark tomb in resplendency ‡  
 burst :

\* Merry, gay, lively.      † Mixt, blended.      ‡ Brightness.



And, upward high soaring with angels of light,  
Above the grim blaze of this dark burning world,  
Dwell for ever in realms of eternal delight,  
While the wicked to endless perdition are hurl'd.

---

## STANZAS TO THE RIVER FROME,

## ANCIENTLY THE VAR.

Still, ancient Var, thy course dost thou pursue,  
And still thy meads in flow'rs of every hue  
Are clad, e'en fair as those that the first morn  
In which thou sought'st the deep did thy green  
banks adorn.

The rude and barbarous British tribes who fed  
Their flocks and herds along thy pleasant vales,  
Are passed away and number'd with the dead  
Of other ages, as thy summer flow'rs all shed  
Their beauties on thy verdant shore,  
And are, alas! beheld no more.

The warlike Romans, who thy strand beside,  
Rear'd tow'rs, and temples, in triumphal pride,  
Bulwarks, and theatres, and streets \* ;  
Are past away as night's last shadow fleets  
Across thy wave at early day,  
Warn'd by the skylark's blithsome lay.

---

The hardy Saxons from far-distant shores,  
Athwart the dark-blue waters of the main,  
Steering with wind-bulged sail, and prow, and oars,  
Fought on thy borders, wealth and fame to gain—  
But like the image of a passing cloud,  
That skims thy azure bosom, winding Var,  
Are vanish'd, with their chiefs and warriors proud,  
And all their glory faded like a shooting star.

---

The cruel Dane, that like a lion wroth,  
Rush'd, dark in blood-stain'd mail from the wild  
north,

\* Dorchester, a celebrated station of the Romans when in Britain, situated on the Frome near which are the fine remains of a Roman Amphitheatre.

On thy affrighted hoof-ploughed banks,  
Muster'd his fell \* and warlike ranks :  
But he, with all his fierce and murd'rous train,  
Are, like thy blue waves, past away,  
That, flowing onward, yesterday  
Were lost, and swallow'd in the mighty main.

---

Yet, as of old, thou ever glid'st along,  
Sweet Var, from age to age, and still the song  
Of nightingale is heard amid thy groves,  
And cooings soft of tender amorous doves—  
While man with all his boasted works of fame,  
Temples and tow'rs and battlements decay,—  
Thou, never fixt, dost still remain the same,  
For ever passing, yet ne'er pass'd away.

\* Barbarous, cruel.

## THE SHEPHERD-BOY.

Far from th' abode of royal pride,  
And dazzling grandeur's gay resort,  
At sunrise on the mountain's side,  
Is seen the sheep-boy's flocks disport.

On the green brow of some proud steep,  
Where daisies blossom wash'd in dew,  
And violets to the young sun weep,  
Than the morn's eyes of sweeter blue,

Lies at his length the shepherd-boy,  
Listlessly watching Phœbus' \* beam,  
That, brighter than the eye of joy,  
Gilds rock, and heath, wood, vale, and  
stream.

How fine the landscape that now meets  
Of hill and plain the sheep-boy's eye,  
To the blue mountain that retreats  
Into the azure of the sky.

\* The sun.

And when the fervid noontide reigns,  
His flocks he from the mountain leads,  
Down to the wood-o'ershadow'd plains,  
Where streamlets flow thro' flow'ry meads.

There, at the roots of some old oak,  
That o'er the brook its branches throws,  
Scorning the blasts and thunderstroke,  
His rustic pipe the sheep-boy blows.

And when the eve-star in the west  
Shines out he pens his flocks with joy,  
And homeward trudging to his rest,  
Light-hearted sings the shepherd-boy.

---

## THE SAILOR-BOY.

From kindred far and native home,  
The youthful sea-boy learns to roam,  
Heedless of winds, rocks, tides, and waves,  
Or tempest, that at midnight raves.

High on the main-mast oft he stands,  
To spy or distant ship or lands ;  
And when that main-mast bores the clouds,  
He fearless sings amid the shrouds.

Soundly he sleeps by wild waves rock'd,  
Tho' by those waves his bark is shock'd ;  
Nor hears the storm-foretelling gales,  
That whistle thro' the tatter'd sails.

On sunken rocks, where breakers roar  
Around some wild and stranger shore,  
The tempests wreck his shiver'd bark,  
Where all is desolately dark,

Save when, the thunder-flash with night,  
For mast'ry strives—a horrid sight!—  
And, as the storm despitful raves,  
Lights drowning wretches to their graves!

Yet he, surviving seas and storms,  
Despises dangers and alarms,  
On shore sings cheerly, deeply drinks,  
Nor on the future tempest thinks.

When homeward bound from distant lands,  
His native cliffs and island strands  
O'er the dark ocean's utmost verge  
Rise slowly, bord'ring the green surge,

How leaps his heart with joy to see  
His own home, isle of liberty!  
Dear seems to him each rock, and cape,  
Each tree, and tow'r, of lofty shape,  
Bright sun-ting'd shore, and cavern dim,  
That frowns upon the ocean's brim.

---

## THE SWEEP-BOY.

How different is the sweep-boy's lot,  
Oppress'd with hunger, wet, and cold,  
Nor mountain brow, nor woodbine cot,  
Nor grove, nor stream, nor healthful fold,

Nor pleasant sight, of cliff, and shore,  
Of sun-enlighten'd isle, and wave,  
Of forest green, and steep-rock hoar,  
Of passing sail, and dark-brown cave,

Is his ; the little hapless wretch,  
Doom'd to a life of misery—  
Of comfort far beyond the reach,  
Sad is the sooty sweep-boy's cry.

But happy days of love and joy,  
Ere his fond parents timeless died,  
Were his, the little orphan-boy,  
Who o'er their graves still wept and sighed ;



Till an unfeeling kinsman bound  
The pretty Henry to a sweep ;—  
Now in a dungeon under ground  
On straw he sinks at night to sleep,

But never close his soft blue eyes  
Without a tear for his loved mother,  
Nor wakes he but with heartfelt sighs  
For his departed sire and brother.

When the cold north winds keenly blow—  
“ Sweep! sweep!” the shiv’ring wand’rer  
cries

Along the streets, thro’ storm and snow,  
None heeding his sad tears and sighs.

That face, once ruddy, round, and fair,  
Is like a negro’s grimed with black ;  
That cheek hath lost its rose so rare,  
That eye doth its sweet brightness lack.

For the green bow’r and balmy air  
A sooty tunnel meets his sight ;  
And for the sunny landscape fair,  
Thick darkness deep as tenfold night.

In the still grave he prays to rest,  
Beyond his cruel master's pow'r,  
Upon his mother's clay-cold breast,  
Who kiss'd him in her dying hour.

---

THE ANCIENT ROMAN ENCAMPMENT  
AT LULWORTH IN DORSETSHIRE.,

Round the tall summit of those cliffs that bind,  
As with a girdle ocean's foamy wave,  
The venerable Roman ramparts wind,  
Unmov'd by storms that oft around them rave.  
Sublimely they o'erlook heath, hill, and plain,  
And the dark waters of the rolling main.

O Rome, where now are all thy warlike ranks,  
Thy mail-clad chiefs and captains of renown,  
That gleaming dreadful lined these grassy banks,  
And on the Britons with disdain look'd down,  
Thy battle-steeds, thy shields, and eagles proud,  
That here were kiss'd by the low-bending cloud?

All past away!—thy warrior host is dust,  
Thy wide dominion faded like a dream;  
Thy banner lost, thy shield devour'd with rust,  
And all thy glory but a meteor's gleam,  
That shoots across the stormy midnight sky,  
Fading in darkness on the wand'ring eye.

From kingdoms far remote thy legions came,  
Toiling o'er deserts, Alps\*, sand-plains, and  
seas,  
On this fair isle to spread war's dreadful flame,  
And fetter Britons, free as the wild breeze;  
But they are gone!—ended their battle-race,  
And dropped for ever the red shield and lance!  
Briton and Roman mingle in one grave,  
Reckless when suns shine bright, or tempests rave.

The setting sun from yonder island blue †,  
Flings its last yellow beam athwart the mound,  
Where oft on helm and mail of azure hue  
Hath it fell sparkling brightly all around;

\* Lofty mountains.

† The Island of Portland seen from the camp.

While eagle, halberd, shield, and spear outglanced  
The rays that on the distant billows danced.

How silent all things—save the seamew's cry,  
And the low murmurs of the passing breeze,  
Where trump and drum have echo'd to the sky,  
And battle yells rung o'er the affrighted seas!  
There now young daisies and blue harebells bloom  
On many a Roman giant's unknown tomb\*.

My Edward, we will now descend the steep,  
That with its foot doth the white surges spurn;  
The ocean mist rolls on as if to weep  
O'er the cold ashes of some warrior's urn †—

\* July 11, 1816, a boy that kept sheep on the mountain discovered a perfect skeleton 7 feet 9 inches in length.—It lay near the surface on the summit of the inner rampart the head to the west and the feet to the east. The skull, not lying in a line with the rest of the skeleton but placed upright, led to a supposition that the person had been decapitated; the skull was very perfect, and, with the teeth, beautifully white.

† An urn, containing 6 gallons, in the clift, a little south of the camp, was some time since discovered nearly filled

Weep thou, sweet mist, for man's departed glory  
Where many a chieftain lies unknown in story.—

Thou art thyself an emblem of his pride,  
Fading amid succeeding ages' brightness,  
As thy dissolving form of lightness

Cannot the rising day-star's beams abide.

with ashes, in which were the jaw-bones, of two different sheep which had been offered in sacrifice, or rather burnt on the funeral pyre; one of which I have now in my possession.—Near the camp was found, 1817, a small neat urn considered by antiquarians to be Roman, nearly half full of fine ashes—It was covered with a flat thin stone of the Isle of Purbeck. On the ashes lay two small bones across each other, forming the Roman X.—In one of its divisions was placed a piece of the ancient British coal money, on the top of which was a Roman penny.

---

## THE TEMPEST.

Th' unruly winds now howl, now out of breath  
Pause to renew their clamour—fearful rings  
The thunder-peal—across the desert heath,  
The lightnings rush on palely purple wings,  
Splitting the oak that for an hundred years  
Has braved th' outrageous storms.—The woodman  
fears

The cloud-bolt and for speedy shelter hies  
To its thick shades, meets the blue flash and dies !

His waves to the dark firmament uplifts  
The troubled ocean!—on the mountain surge  
Rolls, covering the wild shore, and 'gainst the cliffs  
Doth its white-foaming fury fiercely urge.  
Mid the black clouds the billows lift the bark,  
And now down hurl it to the caverns dark  
Of ocean's deepest bed ! while roars aloud  
The frothy seas, blent with the thunder-cloud.

By the resounding breakers on some rock,  
The while relentless winds rush o'er the deep;  
The vessel dash'd, yields to the dreadful shock!  
Wide spread the fragments—'neath the waters  
sleep,  
Reckless of storm and wreck, the drowned brave,  
Ere morn awakes to still the noisy wave,  
And fling her tear-wash'd roses on the tomb  
Of youth and strength, gone down to that cold gloom  
Which dwelleth in the ocean's unknown womb.

---

## LITTLE NANCY.

Bright shine the sunbeams, all the fields are gay,  
With merry rustics reaping golden grain;  
Loud rings the voice of mirth thro' the glad day,  
And sheaves are heap'd upon the loaded wain.

His ample crops the joyous farmer eyes,  
And bids delicious draughts of nutbrown ale,  
As high the yellow shocks around him rise—  
Each rosy maid and jolly youth regale

Now scatter'd throngs, from age to infancy,  
Of village gleaners o'er the stubble stray—  
Scandal and laugh, and song, and jesting glee,  
That late prevail'd, to industry give way.

Sweet little Nancy of the woodland cot,  
Dwelt with her mother in sad poverty,  
It was alas, the lovely maiden's lot,  
At life's young morning fatherless to be.

Her lowly bow'r she left at early dawn,  
Ere yet the sun peep'd o'er the mountains blue,  
With gladsome heart, fleet-skipping like the fawn,  
The golden ears to pick begemm'd with dew.

Still would she toil thro' all the sultry day,  
Bread for herself and mother to obtain;  
And when the moon led on the evening gray,  
She homeward, singing, bore her hard-earn'd  
grain.

When shouts of harvest-home ring down the dale,  
Sweet Nancy joins the merry-hearted throng;  
The farmer smiles as round he hands the ale,  
And bids each maid chant ballad wild and song,



While to the little Nancy mid the train,  
He throws some loose-bound sheaf of golden grain.

---

### THE BIRD'S NEST.

The hawthorn blossom'd sweet and fair,  
The fleecy lambs were sporting round,  
When James, to taste the evening air,  
Forth wander'd and a treasure found.

It was the warbling throstle's nest,  
A curious thing of moss and clay,  
Moulded by her soft speckled breast,  
Wherein her spotted eggs to lay.

James, do not tear it down I pray,  
She on five blue-green eggs doth brood,  
While blithly sings on yon ash spray,  
Her mate, or flies to bring her food.

O, listen to the warbler's song,  
Rich as the nightingale's full tune,  
That echoes the green groves among,  
When o'er the hill-top peeps the moon.

Spare then the throstle's pretty nest,  
And he thy kindness will repay  
With songs that break the sluggard's rest  
At dawn, and at the close of day.

Spare it, and from those eggs shall spring  
The callow young that, ere the rude  
Cold winter comes, to you shall sing  
A soft, sweet hymn of gratitude.

---

### THE SWALLOW.

See, on the clay-built cot's low ridge,  
The pensive swallows throng ;  
Some thread the arch of yonder bridge,  
Some skim the flood with dappled wing ;  
While others on the chimney sing  
Their wildly sweet and farewell song.

Ah, happy bird, to what fair climes  
Wing'st thou thy airy way?

Where summer in full radiance shines;

Where woodland music ceaseless reigns,

And flow'rs eternal deck the plains;

Where orange-groves perpetual blow,

And everlasting roses glow;

While winds breathe balm, as thro' the woods they  
stray,

Where still is heard the turtle's amorous lay.

Thou leav'st stern winter far behind,

Sweet pilgrim of the air,

Snow-storm and cold tempestuous wind;

And mounting on thy pinion light,

Amid the clouds though takest thy flight,

Devoid of ev'ry anxious care.

O winged wand'rer of the sky,

Would I could thy companion be,

And o'er the ocean-billows fly,

For summer ever dwells with thee.

Thy farewell-hymn with quiv'ring wing,  
And lightsome heart of joy,  
Thou in the sunshine well mayst sing,  
Whom cares nor fears annoy :

For thine are ever happy hours,  
And verdant groves and summer bow'rs,  
Dress'd in immortal roses ;  
And stormless skies, whereon the cloud  
That caps the purple mountain proud,  
The sunbeam bright reposes.

---

### THE EVENING STAR.

As day its soft eye closes in the west,  
And the o'erlabour'd hind retires to rest,  
Ere yet the nightingale  
Amid the mist-encircled vale,  
Begins her lay—o'er the blue hill appears  
The dewy star of pensive eve,  
Like eye of maid that shines thro' tears,  
When beauty for her love doth grieve.

In radiant circle round the central sun,  
 Sweet star, dost thou thy annual progress run\*,  
 And brighter fields than earth's are thine,  
 And more refulgent suns, that shine  
 Upon thy sparking seas of pearl,  
 Whose waves ambrosial † breezes curl  
 Upon thy sands of gold and gems,  
 And beach of d'amonds that behems ‡  
 Thy ocean of bright crystalline ;  
 On mountain, plain, and wood, and field,  
 That all the flowers of Eden yield,  
 On grove, and bow'r, in roses dress'd,  
 Such roses as did ne'er the breast  
 Of earthly summer yet adorn,  
 When she arose to wake the July morn.

O happy orb of peace and joy,  
 That thro' the blue sky sails along,  
 That war nor misery annoy,  
 But all is love and bliss thy groves among ;

\* Venus, at the distance of sixty-eight millions of miles, completes her revolution round the sun, betwixt the planet Mercury and the Earth, in 224 days.

† Delicious, grateful to the smell.

‡ To surround or border anything.

Where spirits blest for higher heav'ns prepare,  
And angel shapes of brightness oft repair.

---

### THE EXILE.

From the chill regions of the frozen north,  
Where the storm-troubled billows, rudely wroth,  
    Threaten to wreck the bark  
Upon some horrid wild ice-field,  
That nought but desolation yields,  
    Or coast forlorn and dark,

The exile, doom'd by poverty to roam  
Far from his native land and dear-lov'd home,  
    Returning, O, what joy  
Fills his glad heart at his escape  
From all his perils and mishap,  
    The hardy sailor-boy!

Or from the sunny India's spicy isles,  
Where everlasting summer brightly smiles,  
    And gems and gold abound ;

Or from beneath the burning line,  
Where lightnings with unequall'd splendours  
shine,  
And winged fish are found.

And oh, when from the dark-green billows clearly  
Appears that far-off land he loves so dearly,  
As on the mast he stands ;  
Slow rising where the sea and sky  
Each other kiss right lovingly,  
O how he clasps his hands ;

Forgets his dangers past, and wildly sings,  
Wishing he had the ocean-eagle's wings,  
Which high above him soars,  
That he the bark might leave behind,  
And e'en outspeed the nimble wind,  
To kiss his native shores.

## THE IDLE BOY.

## PART FIRST.

The morn was bright, the woodlark sung,  
The mountain shepherd tun'd his pipe ;  
The reaper's rustic lay loud rung  
O'er yellow fields for harvest ripe.

When Frank a little idle boy,  
That lov'd his book far less than play,  
Who would his dinner for a toy  
With heart-felt pleasure give away,

Beheld a bee on a fair flow'r—  
An opening rose of crimson hue,  
Which, at the early twilight hour,  
The morn had wash'd in fragrant dew.

“Come hither, pretty bee,” he cried,  
“Leave thou thy work, and with me play.”  
“Indeed I can't” the bee reply'd,  
“For I must labour all the day.”



“ From sun-rise to the evening hour  
I visit the wild heath and mountain ;  
Haunt every honeysuckle bow’r,  
Forest, and glen, and mossy fountain.

“ Therefore I’m ever on the wing  
The while the summer suns shine bright,  
Sweet honey to our hive to bring  
Where all in industry unite.

“ Then, little idle boy, farewell,”  
Said the fleet-wing’d laborious bee,  
And onward to his waxen cell  
His flight took singing merrily.

---

PART SECOND.

The mountain shepherd’s dog, call’d Tray,  
Came by, when cry’d the idle boy ;  
“ O, pretty dog, with me come play  
And you shall have my newest toy.”

“ No”, said the dog, “ I cannot stay,  
Francis, with you, for I must keep,  
Lest they should wander far away,  
My master’s little lambs and sheep.

“ And still at night, beside the fold,  
When moonlight-dews upon me weep,  
I watch to guard from foxes bold,  
My master’s flocks the while you sleep.”

---

## PART THIRD.

The field young Francis saunter’d o’er,  
Till he a gentle dove beheld,  
That in her mouth dead branches bore,  
Wherewith her simple nest to build.

“ O, come, my pretty dove,” said he,  
Delighted with her lovely form,—

“ O, tarry now, and play with me,  
For I will do thee, sweet, no harm.”

“ I cannot tarry, boy, with thee  
My nest I must complete to-day”—

The dove outspread her wings to flee  
With her dry branches far away.

“ O, stay and let me stroke thy wing,  
That wing which in the sunbeam shines so,  
And kiss that lovely purple ring,  
That round thy neck gleams like the rainbow.’

“Away, away, you idle thing,  
And learn your book ;” reply’d the dove,  
Then mounting on her glossy wing,  
Sought in the woods her feather’d love.

---

PART FOURTH.

The idle boy now met an ant,  
Home trudging with his load right weary,  
Whom, as he now with toil did pant,  
Francis entreated much to tarry.

“Hinder me not,” the aunt reply’d,  
“For I must labour all the day—  
I dare not now with you abide,  
Then, little boy, don’t me delay :

“While summer-suns arise and set,  
We must store up our winter food,  
And each one labours still to get  
Some portion for the public good.

“ O, should we idle time away,  
The wintry storms would find us all  
Pining with hunger night and day,  
Amid our earth-built empty hall.

“ Tempests will rage and fierce winds blow,  
And rain in torrents wild descend ;  
But we amid our garners \* low  
Shall smile at storms that proud oaks bend.

“ For we have toil'd from morning dawn,  
Till rose the broad and lovely moon,  
And as we trudg'd late o'er the lawn,  
The nightingale began her tune.

“ And as our hill we labour'd up,  
'Neath shades that hid the moon's soft ray,  
The glow-worm in a flow'ret's cup  
Hung out his lamp to light our way.

“ Then, little boy, pray learn your book,  
And do not longer me delay ;  
On idleness I hate to look,  
So let me hasten on my way.”

\* A place to lay provisions in.

“What! is there idle none but me,”  
Cry’d Frank, then I will quit my play,  
And indolent again ne’er be,  
But love my books, and learn all day.”

---

### THE PLOUGH-BOY.

The ploughboy drives his team afield  
What time the warbling thrush awakes,  
And woodbines their fresh fragrance yield,  
That mantle o’er the thorny brakes.  
He whistles o’er the daisied lea,  
Ah, who so happy then as he.

With richest tints the skies are hung,  
The ground with glitt’ring gems bestrew’d,  
A woodland chorus sweet is sung,  
T’adorn and cheer his solitude;  
While health bepaints his check, that glows  
With the vermilion\* of the rose.

\* A beautiful red colour.

His is the pleasure to behold  
The morn first ope her dewy eye  
As in her path of radiant gold  
She takes her journey round the sky.  
Ah, who so happy then as he,  
To hear the morning's minstrelsy\*.

And his the happiness to view,  
As, from a sea, the crimson sun  
Emerging o'er the mountains blue,  
In flaming pride, his course to run ;  
While in his beam the dew-drops shine,  
Like the rich diamonds of the mine.

The lark is his companion gay,  
Who, mid the clouds rich with the sunbeam,  
Outpours his sweetly varied lay,  
Nor ceases till the latest eve-gleam.  
Ah, who so happy then as he,  
With whom the lark keeps company.

\* Music.

His harness'd team is homeward drove,  
When evening comes, and the low sun  
Sinks in bright pomp behind the grove,  
The signal that his work is done.  
The landscape laughs, and a last lay  
The blackbird sings to parting day.

The robin from the woodbine thatch  
Him welcomes to his lowly bow'r,  
With his sweet ditty, as the latch  
He smiling lifts at twilight hour.  
How happy then the ploughboy's lot,  
At supper seated in his cot.

And now in peace he lieth down,  
While thro' the casement flings the moon  
Her yellow ray upon the clown,  
Who slumbers lull'd by the full tune  
Of nightingale, that, from afar,  
Sings to the earth's attendant star.  
How happy then the ploughboy's lot,  
Who peaceful sleeps in mossy cot.

---

## THE BLIND-BOY.

Ah, pity him, the poor blind-boy,  
A wanderer wretched and forlorn,  
Who never knew one heartfelt joy,  
Since that sad hour when he was born.

By him are seen no azure skies,  
All beautifully hung round  
With clouds of richly-varied dyes,  
Whose light skirts sweep the lofty mound.

His is not the bright beam of morning,  
That o'er the blue hills sweetly breaks,  
The lovely eastern skies adorning,  
With orange hues and rosy streaks.

Nor his the radiance of the sun,  
When o'er the clear blue firmament  
His golden rays are burning flung,  
And to earth's utmost borders sent.

His is not the delightful scene  
Of ocean, plain, and flow'ry grove ;  
Nor waving wood, nor mountain green,  
Nor violet lawn, nor close alcove.



Nor can his darken'd eyes behold  
That lovely sight the orb of day,  
Painting the western skies with gold  
As sinks its last slow ling'ring ray.

Nor his that calm delightful scene,  
When twilight kiss'd by the fond moon,  
Fades like a ghost in the full sheen \*  
Of her sweet beams, more soft than noon,

By him been witness'd, at the side  
Of some old oak-embower'd brook,  
The night-star in whose rippling tide  
On her pale image loves to look !

Nor from the brow of some high hill  
Whence vale, and tow'r, and forest green,  
White spire, and clift, and ocean still,  
In grand and shadowy pride are seen.

For ah, the vision of his eye  
Is veil'd in everlasting night !  
A rayless blank obscurity,  
For prospects ever fair and bright,

\* Lustre, brightness.

Alas, is his, the poor blind boy,  
A wand'rer wretched, and forlorn,  
Who never knew one heartfelt joy  
Since that sad hour when he was born.

---

### TWILIGHT.

Sweet is that pensive hour which steals between  
The last faint sunbeam and the shades of night,  
When the loud blackbird in his hawthorn bow'r  
Of mingled blooms and leaves so green,  
Hath sung himself to sleep, and every flow'r  
Weeps liquid pearls by the pale glowworm's light.

Fades in the west the last rich tint of gold,  
And dimness veils the mountain,  
No sounds are heard save of the distant fold,  
The torrents flow and gush of crystal fountain ;  
With ever and anon that dying strain  
Which meets the ear when winds complain  
In such sweet strains of witchery,  
As seem not of earth's minstrelsy.

How sweetly mournful then to wander,  
 And on our friends, far distant, ponder,  
 To think upon the farewell sigh  
 —Soft as the breeze that passes by—  
 Of those we love right tenderly,  
 When from their arms we tearful parted  
 Reluctantly and broken hearted.

---

### THE CRUCIFIXION.

See on the cross, extended, bleeding, pale,  
 The Lord of Life, the Saviour of the world,  
 Yields up the ghost to ransom man from sin!  
 Nature herself doth loudly sob and wail,  
 The globe with earthquakes trembles!—down are  
 hurl'd

Mountain and splitting rock on rock, with din  
 Terrific!—Tempests blot the sky,  
 Man weeps, earth groans, and angels deeply sigh!  
 The sun himself with grief puts out his fire  
 To see a God in agonies expire!

*O, consummatum est* \*, a voice now sighs,  
The voice of Christ!—he bows his head and dies!

That voice was heard to nature's inmost womb,  
Her dark recesses shook with fear's chill agony,  
And mingled crash, roar, shriek, and groan, and cry,  
Resounded to the black and troubled sky!—

The temple's veil, that hid the mercy-seat,  
Was rent asunder by no mortal hand!

The Priests aghast † before the altar stand!

The solitary yawning tomb

Cast forth the sheeted dead!—so deep the gloom,  
That night usurpt th' effulgent throne of day,  
Without one intervening ray,

Save what from Seraph-brightness gleam'd,  
That thro' the storm like blazing meteor stream'd!

Man's heart with fearfulness did beat,  
And many thought that nature nigh'd her end!

The beasts of prey did to their dens retreat;  
And howl affrighted—oaks and cedars bend  
Their heads to earth before the tempest's breath,  
That tells in thunder of a Saviour's death!

\* “It is finished.”

† Terrified, alarmed.

## ON A CLIFF NEAR THE SEA.

Proud cliff, that seems to prop the bending sky,  
At whose dark feet the foam-capt billows die ;  
Despite of time it still sublimely stands  
High tow'ring o'er the smooth and level sands.

Fronting the buffets of the ocean tide,  
And pelting tempests still unmov'd art thou,  
While age on age, with all its gaudy pride,  
Have past away since first thy lofty brow  
Stay'd the light sea cloud passing by,  
Borne on the summer breeze's sigh,  
Or the hot bolt of flame outbrav'd,  
When the red thunder round thee rav'd.

Here thou of old didst boldy stand,  
When the first Celtic \* o'er the waters roaming,  
With his rude bark † amid the billows foaming,  
Upon this island shore did land—

\* The Celts are supposed by many to be the first settlers  
in Britain.

† Ship.

Where all was desolate and ne'er had been  
The print of human footstep seen ;—  
Yet all was fair as on the morn,  
In Eden's bow'rs, when man was born.

The groves, the woods, in verdure clad  
And vales of flow'rets, smil'd, as glad  
A mortal had the island gain'd  
Where solitude with beauty reign'd.  
When that bold Roman, who subdued  
The world in arms, and eager view'd  
From yonder far-off shore this isle of pearls \*,  
Ambition fired his soul t' enslave  
The freeborn British warrior brave,  
And he his galley's sail unfurls—  
Thou stood'st sublime with cloud-veil'd head,  
Where now thou stand'st, as Cæsar dread,  
His battle legions hither led.  
When he departed from this land,  
And called his captains to the strand,  
Their farewell shouts rung o'er the deep,  
As British chieftains on thy steep

\* Britain was anciently famous for its pearls.

Stood watching them, and wish'd the waves  
Might be the plund'ring Romans' graves.

Yes, thou, O cliff, in height sublime,  
Hast thro' the lapse of ages stood,  
Thy hoary caves, kiss'd by the flood,  
Have echo'd to the mellow chime  
Of Druid harp, and Saxon lyre,  
To conflict-shout and battle-yell,  
As warring hosts around thee fell.

And many a blazing beacon fire  
Hath gilt thy summit, that on night  
Flung the blood-red presageful light  
Of plunder, massacre, and fright!  
When Danish bands with shield and spear  
Came o'er the flashing waters near,

And thro' the island havoc spread,  
Our Saxon heroes laying low,  
(For dreadful was the conq'ring foe)

In honour's gory bed!  
And thou shalt stand, O cliff sublime,  
To the last gasp of dying time!

E'en when my harp hath stringless lain  
A thousand years, no more again  
To breathe one wild melodious strain,  
Shalt thou the wint'ry tempest brave,  
And fury of the sounding wave;  
The earthquake shock, the light'ning bolt defy,  
And lift thy tow'ring head amid the sky.

---

### THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE.

The setting sun with parting smiles  
Has reach'd yon western steep,  
The black-bird in his hawthorn bow'r  
Sings his lov'd mate to sleep.  
But hark! the village death-bell tolls  
With dreary pause between,  
Its tones a melancholy flings  
O'er the soft twilight scene.  
And lo, along the church-way path  
Beneath those waving groves,  
With simple trail of mourners pale,  
A funeral slowly moves.



And who is he that now is borne  
To his last narrow home,  
Whose bier the priest meets at the gate  
Of God's own sacred dome ?

A minstrel 'twas, of skilful hand,  
Whose numbers sweetly flow'd,  
Whose soul was honour's bright abode,  
Whose heart with kindness glow'd.

Goodness and love to all mankind  
Dwelt in his gentle breast,—  
Peace to his ashes, dear-loved youth,  
Who now with God doth rest.

Like an expiring swan forlorn,  
In some lone desert isle\*,  
Thy strains, sweet bard, the world ne'er heard  
That did thy pangs beguile.

Neglected, broken-hearted, thou  
Lamented bard, didst die,  
Nor friends, nor help, couldst thou obtain,  
Sunk in obscurity.

\* The Swan is fabled by poets to sing melodiously as it is expiring.

Hark! they have laid him in his grave,—  
Peace to his cold remains—  
“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,”  
The sacred priest exclaims.

But hark! a plaintive strain is heard,  
Slow breathing through the trees,  
O, 'tis the sad, soft, funeral hymn\*,  
Borne on the sobbing breeze.

Yes, round thy lowly earth-heap'd tomb  
The village choir now throng,  
And tearful o'er thy bier chant forth  
A solemn burial song.

Dumb is thy harp, but sure 'twould soothe  
Thy spirit, happy saint,  
Couldst thou but hear thy simple dirge,  
Steal on the winds so faint.

Thy worth and unknown merits pined  
Misfortune's frowns beneath—  
So beauteous roses bloom and fade  
On some wild desert heath.

\* In some villages, on particular occasions, the choir still sing over the grave of the deceased before the sexton covers the body with earth.

But oft at evening shall be heard  
Thy own harp's sweetest tones,  
Struck by no earthly hand, and blent  
With the wind's tuneful moans.

And primroses thy grave shall deck,  
And violet blossomings,  
Where seraph-strains shall oft be heard  
With pipes and golden strings.

What time the nightingale outpours  
Her anthem to the night,  
There round thy moonlight grave shall glide  
Sweet heav'nly shapes of light.

---

## THE PRODIGAL SON.

### PART FIRST.

Henry the youngest of his father's line\*  
Thoughtless and gay in foreign climes would roam,  
He long'd to mingle with the great, and shine  
In splendid circles far from his lone native home.

\* Race, progeny.

At his request, Henry's fond aged sire  
 His patrimony\* freely to him gave ;  
 The youth then cry'd "farewell" with soul of fire,  
 Joyous as the young sun just rising from the wave.

To a far-distant country now he hied†,  
 Join'd dissipation's ‡ wild and giddy throng,  
 Swiftly with him the hours right-merry glide,  
 Devoted all to love, feast, laughter, dance and song.

To guilty love in bowers of fatal bliss  
 Were sacrific'd his wealth and peace of mind ;  
 Yet heeded he not conscience' snaky hiss,  
 That deathless worm, nor thought on those he left  
 behind.

But ah, ere long, his riches squander'd all,  
 Changed to derision was the harlot's smile,  
 For him, nor harp, nor song, rings thro' the hall ;  
 Banquet, nor friendship, now his dreary hours beguile.

A dreadful famine in that land arose,  
 Faded upon his cheek morn's rosy hue ;  
 His wasted form no more with vigour glows,  
 And a wan skeleton of ghastliness he grew.

\* Inheritance, fortune.

† Hasted.

‡ Extravagance, waste.

## PART SECOND.

Ha ! now behold young Henry once so proud  
 Shining amid the pomp of festival,  
 Paler than corse enwrapp'd in its death-shroud,  
 A swineherd shivering in the cold and piercing gale.

His gaunt\* limbs, famine-clung, at noon-tide hour  
 'Neath tow'ring oaks in sorrow down he throws,  
 And fain would taste those husks his swine devour'd  
 While from his eye contrition's ample†tear drop flows.

“ Ah me !” he cried, “ would I had ne'er forsook  
 My father's arms, my now dear native home ;  
 Where on the green banks of its neighbouring  
 brook,  
 I, wand'ring, sigh'd so oft in distant lands to roam.

Yes, I its limpid‡ course at evening hour,  
 Would follow on thro' woodland glade and vale,  
 What time the warbling bird of night did pour,  
 To the full rising moon her wild melodious tale.

\* Lean, meagre.

† Large, big.

‡ Clear, transparent.

Like that clear stream forth wandering from its  
 source,  
 To mingle with the distant ocean-tides,  
 Like the bright meteor in its rapid course,  
 That o'er nocturnal\* skies in transient† lustre glides.

I sigh'd to quit my home and lone woods green,  
 To mix with the gay world unknown, untried,  
 Amid the throng to shine in grandeur's scene,  
 And dance along the painted dome of glitt'ring pride.

For love with its sweet dreams of fleeting joy,  
 For friendship too my ardent bosom beat—  
 Ah, beauty's self is but a gilded toy,  
 And friendship, O! I found it all a pleasing cheat!

False world, I hate thee!—O, that I again  
 Could to my native vales and woods return.  
 Nought then should tempt me from that flow'ry plain  
 Where dwells my sire, who for my absence once did  
 mourn.

How many of his hired slaves have bread  
 Enough to spare, while I with hunger die,  
 Nought but a stone whereon to lay my head,  
 No canopy to shield me but the stormy sky.

\* Nightly.

† Speedy, quick.

O, I will rise and to my father go,  
 Say I have sinn'd against both thee and Heav'n,  
 Bid from my eyes repentant torrents flow,  
 And humbly pray on bended knees to be forgiv'n.

Yes, I will say, so manifold my sin,  
 I am not worthy thou me son shouldst call,  
 Make me thy hired slave, O, take me in,  
 Low at thy feet for mercy thus I prostrate fall."

---

PART THIRD.

Up rose the youth and fled the desert land,  
 Already leaps his heart with wild delight,  
 For now his native vale, and river strand,  
 And broomy woods, his former haunts burst on his  
 sight.

But O, still greater joy awaits the youth,  
 Tho' clad in rags, and pale with want and grief,  
 His father, full of love and melting ruth\*,  
 Beheld him yet far off, and flew to his relief.

\* Pity, tenderness, sadness.

Embracing Henry, his low neck upon,  
The father weeps a flood of joyous tears,  
And on the forehead of his trembling son  
Prints a paternal kiss, and hushes all his fears.

“ O, father, I have sinn'd 'gainst Heav'n and thee,  
Nor worthy to be call'd thy son am I,”  
Young Henry cry'd, and sunk upon his knee,  
His contrite breast then smote, and wept right bitterly.

“ O welcome to my arms, repentant boy,  
Returning prodigal, thrice welcome home,  
Sure I before ne'er view'd thee with such joy,  
And thou again shalt from me never, never roam.

Tear off these sordid\* rags, for thou shalt be  
In costly vests, adorn'd with jewels, clad;  
Prepare the feast, strike up the minstrelsey,  
Awake the dance, and bid my household all be glad.

For this my best-loved son, long dead to me,  
Is risen to life again! and he is found,  
Whom I so long have lost; then merry be,  
And shout the prodigal's return to all around.”

\* Dirty, vile.



## THE MOTH.

The stars shone clear, the silver cloud,  
Flitted across the moon, as proud  
Her splendid beams t' embosom all,  
And cast a shade on earth's low ball.

When Charles with his loved parents sat  
In social and amusing chat,  
Candles shone bright, bright glow'd the fire,  
And Lydia touch'd the tuneful lyre.

And now as loud the sweet harp rung,  
And Charles with his fond sister sung,  
A sprightly moth its wings outspread,  
And humm'd and buzz'd around each head.

The little insect all so gay,  
Delighted with her evening play,  
Now to the enlivening music danc'd,  
Now o'er the ceiling stately pranc'd.

But soon amid her airy flight,  
She eyed the taper's brilliant light—  
Not lovelier to the nightingale,  
Looks the full moon from her lone vale.

Not lovelier to the skylark gleams  
The opening morning's roseate\* beams,  
Not richer to the poet's eye  
The glowing of a sun-set sky,

Than to the moth the taper's blaze,  
On which she fix'd her steadfast gaze ;  
And now all curious nearer flew,  
And nearer still its tints to view.

The quiv'ring flame, in gold array'd,  
She with increasing joy survey'd,  
And now was fill'd with keen desire,  
To revel in the radiant fire.

She hovers round and round the light,  
Nor dreams its glare is deadly bright,  
Then darts amid the flame, most blest,  
To bask in such a Phoenix' nest †.

\* Rosy.

† The Phoenix, an imaginary bird of Arabia the Blest, who

Poor moth, that earthly star will singe—  
Thy little dark-brown, quiv'ring wings—  
Deluded, silly moth, beware!  
Nor tempt again the golden snare.

Enticing lustre, yet again,  
In spite of all her late-felt pain,  
She still approaches, round it flies,  
Enters its burning orb, and dies!

Lydia and Charles, O, be aware,  
That pleasure often proves a gilded snare:  
The flames of vice, tho' clad in lovely tints  
most bright,  
Are but the guide to realms of everlasting night.

having lived singly an hundred years, was said to build herself a nest of the richest spices, in which she basked till it caught fire by the rays of the sun, and was consumed to ashes, which produced a worm, from which sprung in time another Phoenix.

---

## THE DEATH OF BONAPARTE.

Autocrat\* of all the west,  
 Save Freedom's sea-encircl'd land †,  
 Proud tyrant, art thou laid at rest,  
 No more the nations to command!  
 Sheath'd is thy sword of blood, to rust,  
 And all that now remains of thee is dust.

Like the angel whom the saint  
 In th' Apocalypse ‡ doth paint  
 To hell's vast gulf dragging in chains,  
 Th' arch-fiend t' endure eternal pains:  
 Till the great day, so Britain's genius bound  
 Thee to thy rock § that wild Atlantic waves  
 surround.

Bosom'd in that ocean vast,  
 For freedom thou in vain didst sigh,  
 Again to lay whole empires waste,  
 And raise the wonted battle cry  
 Of thy ferocious armed bands,  
 Throughout pale Europe's bleeding lands.

\* A supreme sovereign.

† Britain.

‡ The Revelation of St. John.

§ The small island St. Helena, situated alone in the Atlantic Ocean, which parts Europe from the continent of America.

Like the storm-uplifted surge  
That raves around thy prison's verge,  
When the fierce winds are all gone by,  
Tamely doth kiss the shore and die ;  
So in the grave thy martial fire,  
And quenchless thirst of blood expire.

Humble is thy resting-place,  
By the clear rippling island-stream,  
Its swiftness images thy race  
Of fleeting glory, as it wanders,  
Sparkling along its margin in the beam  
Of day's full orb, to him who ponders  
On mortal pomp, in sadness, o'er thy tomb,  
Where drooping willows cast a mournful gloom.

Round thy brows, O man of might,  
Has shone the sparkling diadem,  
Of diamond hues and sapphire light,  
And through the long cathedral aisles,  
Hath peal'd the coronation hymn,  
When on thy consecrated head,  
The holy balm by Rome's high priest was shed,  
And bending kings hung on thy worshipp'd smiles.

How changed the scene of temple-festival,  
Resplendent train, proud palace, gorgeous throne,  
To a dark grave, deep sunk in rocky dale,  
Where with grim silence and the worm thou  
dwell'st alone!

Rest, proud warrior, rest in peace,  
All enmity at death should cease ;  
Tho' lowly is the turf that hides  
Thy last remains—soft music glides  
In plaintive warblings ever by,  
And through the willow boughs that bend,  
Like mourners o'er the grave of friend,  
The evening winds are heard to sigh,  
And sob aloud,  
That one so great and proud,  
Who late subdued the warring world,  
In grave so rude and simple should be hurl'd.

Rest, O mighty warrior, rest,  
Bloody tho' thy race hath been ;  
Renown shall fling her radiant vest  
Upon thy grave-turf green ;  
Time thy dust shall consecrate,  
And future ages thy great deeds relate,

In song that shall eclipse the fame  
Of Alexander's gloried name.

While pilgrims from remotest lands  
Shall visit thy lone island strands,  
And kneel beside thy grass-clad urn,  
Where waters wail and willows ever mourn.

---

### THE ABSENT FRIEND.

Frank, my youthful brother dear,  
Thou lonely left'st me all forlorn,  
On that melancholy morn,  
When for Gallia thou didst steer.

When thou walk'st o'er sunny field,  
Or vineyard of that beauteous land,  
Or by Sequana's busy strand\*  
Or those orange groves which yield  
In the gardens of the king†  
Delicious sweets on zephyr's wing,  
There when music breathes around,  
With full martial pomp of sound,

\* The Seine, which flows through Paris, is the Sequana of  
Cæsar.

† The Thuilleries.

Or, in soft and dying notes  
On the listening ether\* floats,  
When the cooling fountains play,  
And youth and beauty round thee stray,  
Love on each lip, laughter in every eye,  
And all is joy, and song, and revelry.

In those hours of high delight,  
On thy lonely brother think,  
How his heart with grief did sink,  
When his friend was lost to sight.

When thy soul is light and gay,  
Forget not him, who far away,  
Wastes his lamp at midnight hour,  
Mid his solitary bow'r,  
O'er his studies and his book ;  
Sooth'd by song of passing brook,  
Or the plaintive bird of night,  
Till the lovely morning bright  
O'er the eastern summit breaks  
With a thousand rosy streaks,  
And the white mist, widely spread,  
Hovers round the mountain's head.

\* The pure air.



Sometimes think, when other friends  
Follow thee for selfish ends,  
How we have wandered on the shore,  
When the surge hath ceased to roar,  
When the sunbeam kiss'd the sail  
Outspread to catch the lazy gale,  
And mourn'd that we should sunder'd be,  
Ere long, by the wide billowy sea  
That lay expanded to the sky,  
Which stoop'd to kiss it lovingly.  
Ah, think on those blest hours gone by,  
And let thy heart heave one kind sigh.

---

## THE ROSE.

In Emma's bow'r an opening rose  
Was bright and blooming to the view,  
Nor could fair Emma's cheek disclose,  
When spread with blushes such a lovely hue.  
But soon she mourn'd its early doom,  
By rush of tempest winds laid low,  
No more to outvie full beauty's bloom,  
Or in sad Emma's bow'ret sweetly glow.

No more shall now the winds so free,  
Enamour'd on its bosom sigh,  
Nor, with her honeyed freight, the bee  
Luxurious in its balmy bosom lie.

Thus shall the fairest form decay,  
Thus every grace, ye maidens, die.  
O then improve life's fleeting day,  
That ye may bloom eternal in the sky.

---

#### ABSENCE FROM HOME.

For fields of ice, or Afric's scorching sand  
Or some far distant isle's wave-compassed strand,  
Pleasure, or fame, or profit to pursue,  
Or with far nobler end in view,  
To teach stern savages the way  
That leads to everlasting day,  
The weary pilgrim quits his native land,  
Sighs forth a last farewell and weeps adieu;  
Yet oft a lingering look he casts behind,  
And breathes a blessing on the passing wind,  
For friends beloved left on his native shore,  
Whom distance from him parts to meet no more.

On the blue waters of the rolling deep  
When storms and darkness cover sea and sky,  
The ship-boy mid the shrouds sings jovially,  
Or, rock'd by the rude surges sinks to sleep,  
Yet oft, when visions of past joys arise,  
Rous'd by the thunder's voice and billow's roar,  
He, from his hammock\* starting deeply sighs,  
For distant friends and his own native shore;  
Ah, in that hour of elemental strife,  
How dear his peaceful cot, how lov'd his absent wife.

---

### TO HOPE.

Oh! ever skill'd to wear the form we love,  
To bid the shapes of fear and guilt depart,  
Come, gentle Hope, with one gay smile remove  
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.

Thy voice, benign enchantress, let me hear,  
Say that for me some pleasure yet shall bloom  
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear  
Shall soften or dispel misfortune's gloom.

\* A swinging bed used in a ship.

But come not glowing in the splendid ray  
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye ;  
Oh, strew no more, sweet flatt'rer, in my way  
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die.  
Visions less fair would soothe my pensive breast,  
That asks not happiness—but longs for rest.

---

### THE BARD AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

The evening wears a splendid vest,  
In richest gold and crimson drest,  
But o'er yonder woody glade,  
Hangs a brown and deepening shade.

There is a fairy-haunted bow'r,  
Within that deep recess so green,  
Where at evening's twilight hour,  
A moody minstrel oft is seen.

On a bank with daisies cover'd,  
O'er which the lark at morning hover'd,  
Carolling to the young sun,  
That joy'd his early race to run,

He his listless length has thrown,  
Where the violets freshly blown  
To the loving winds impart  
A fragraney that cheers the heart.

O, what strains are stealing thence?  
Strains that charm the listening sense.  
'Tis the bard's enchanted wire,  
Breathing notes of heav'nly fire.

Born in deep obscurity  
Wealth nor patronage hath he ;  
Yet a poet's soul is his  
Fill'd with intellectual \* bliss.

From the world's betraying smiles,  
From its bitter scorns and wiles,  
From its noise and vulgar strife,  
Its pomp that cheats with care man's life,  
Far withdrawn to solitude,  
Where nor supercilious † pride,  
Nor envy sneering at her side,  
Its quiet to molest intrude.

\* Relating to the understanding.

† Haughty, arbitrary.

He dwells unknowing and unknown,  
Yet one kind friend he hath, and one alone.

He woos not fame to list his string,  
Or hear his tones of witchery ring,  
Thro' the green wood and the glade  
As the last soft day-beams fade.

He on bank of thyme, where throws  
Its velvet leaves the pale wild rose,  
Gazes on the eve-star's gleams,  
While o'er him come bright heav'nly dreams  
Filling him with wild delight—  
Then visions on his raptur'd sight  
Of other worlds and shapes divine,  
That in o'erpowering brightness shine,  
Burst in pomp, reveal'd to none  
But the muse's darling son.

Then is heard from out that bow'r,  
Where enchantment seems to dwell,  
At that still and solemn hour,  
Such a rich melodious swell!—  
For in concert with his strings  
The nightingale so sweetly sings,

As if some cherub tuned his lyre,  
And echo mock'd its notes of fire.

Nature's minstrels, blest your lot,  
The world forgetting, by the world forgot  
With you is known no rivalry—  
Pleased with each other's minstrelsy ;  
Ye chant responses, or combine  
In one wild hymn melodiously divine.

Such tones amid cathedral aisles  
When vespers western eve-star smiles,  
And organ pipes the anthem swell  
In thrillings loud and musical,  
And the stain'd windows saint-bedight  
With evening's glowing tints are bright.  
Were never heard by pilgrim faint,  
As at the shrine of his blest saint,  
After long travel low he knelt,  
And high enthusiasm\* felt,  
While thro' the soft religious gloom  
Round altar, pillar, shrine, and tomb,  
Were flung those strains of sacred love,  
That raised his soul to God's bright throne above.

\* A heat of the imagination.

Delightful bard, thy favourite bird  
When to thy twilight glen and bow'r,  
Thou com'st not at the wonted hour,  
To sing is never heard.  
Then is there flung o'er that green dell,  
Of musing silence the deep spell,  
Unbroken, save by winds, that plain,  
And the blue fountain's melancholy strain,  
That for their absent minstrel grieve,  
While fond the flowers weep to the star of eve.

---

### THE GRAVE OF THE SUICIDE.

O'er the wild, dark, and dreary heath,  
The tempest raves till out of breath,  
It for a moment seems to pause,  
Then from the black clouds sulphury jaws  
Rush forth the dreadful flash of death,  
Followed by such loud din on high,  
As if were rent in twain the sky!  
What ghastly form by the pale light  
Glides o'er the heath in such a night?



'Tis gone—and total darkness reigns,  
Deep as o'erwhelm'd Egyptian plains !  
Again the flash so blueely bright,  
Struggles with the devouring gloom,  
And streams across an unblest tomb.

'Tis there again ! that hideous form,  
Shivering amid the heedless storm !  
Beside that stoneless grave 'tis there,  
The grisly\* image of despair !  
And stretches forth its shadowy arm,  
Loud rush the winds, the thunders roar !  
It grasps a dagger smear'd with gore !

O, 'tis a self-destroyer's grave,  
Round which the midnight tempests rave,  
And 'tis his fearful spectre there,  
Shrieking amid the lightning's glare !  
He had not fortitude to brave  
The stings of scorn and penury,  
And rush'd unbid into eternity.

Spectre of ghastliness and wo !  
Dim o'er thy tomb, the fatal blow

\* Horrible, dreadful.

That from thy earth-cares set thee free,  
Thou seem'st to mourn full bitterly!  
Why didst thou listen to man's foe  
Who tempted thee against thy life,  
And nerv'd thy arm to lift the knife?

Poor wretch!—the grass that in the blast  
Wav'd on thy tomb, as the storm past  
The flamy lightning hath consum'd,  
And the low thorn, that o'er thee bloom'd  
Has all its leaves and pale flowers cast  
On the lone turf, no more to bear  
Or leaf or blossom all the year!

The villager at even-tide,  
Seeking his cottage, turns aside  
T' avoid the place where thou art laid—  
Unvisited by swain or maid,  
For then 'tis said thy ghost doth glide,  
And shriek around that desolate spot  
Where thy remains unhallowed rot.

---

## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Sweet, native spot, do I again

After long absence thee behold ?

With wild flowers still is spread thy plain,

Thy evening mountains tipt with gold.

With what wild joy my glad heart beats,

Once more my father's cot to view,

As o'er its woods and green retreats

The low sun flings its yellow hue.

There is the beechen grove, where I,

With my lov'd schoolmates, used to play ;

And its clear river wanders by,

Sparkling in the last beams of day.

As it was ever wont to gleam,

When on its banks I musing stood,

And threw my rod across the stream,

To tempt the fishes from the flood.

There is the village church and tow'r,

Forth peeping from the neighbouring trees,

And still the boughs at evening hour,

Wave to and fro upon the breeze.

There is the clay-built hamlet too,  
Scatter'd upon the daisied green,  
And Dorset's distant mountains blue  
With heath, and forest, dark between.

With well-known sound, the village clock,  
The weary labourer calls to rest,  
The mountain shepherd folds his flock,  
And Venus brightly gilds the west.

Since last I heard that solemn bell  
O, I have view'd strange scenes of life,  
Mingled with warring hosts, where fell  
Rider and steed in bloody strife.

Have rode the north sea's stormy wave,  
And visited far western isles,  
Beheld the cape \* where tempests rave,  
And shores where endless summer smiles.

O, how each sound and well-known scene  
Recall to mind my early days,  
Grove, river, mountain, cot, and green,  
The school-boy's shout, the blackbird's lays.

\* The Cape of Good Hope, which was considered impassable on account of the terrible tempests in those seas that surrounded it, till the year 1497, when Vasco de Gama, a Portuguese, after encountering dreadful storms, passed the Cape, and found a passage to the East Indies.

But ah, since from yon breezy hill  
This prospect faded on my sight,  
When in the morning grey, so still,  
The landscape stretch'd itself to light.

And I to this my native spot  
Bade a farewell with tearful eye,  
Envyng the sheep-boy's happier lot,  
Who on that hill did whistling lie.

How many of my youthful friends  
Are laid on yonder church-yard green ;  
O'er whom the verdant yew-tree bends  
Their lowly graves from blasts to screen.

While I in safety am return'd  
To view my dear-loved home once more,  
Who fields have seen where battle burn'd,  
And oceans cross'd where tempests roar.

---

## LIFE COMPARED TO A DAY.

### PART FIRST.

In beamy pomp is set the glowing sun,  
The labourer seeks his cot from toil to rest,  
Steals o'er the landscape dimness, day is done,  
And the last radiant tint dies in the west.

Bright was the morn, the cheerful birds sung sweet,  
Laugh'd the young rising sun as full of blisses,  
The roses blush'd his amorous beams to meet,  
And slily oped their bosoms to his kisses.

One universal hymn from earth arose  
And all was vigour, smiling joy, and love,  
How chang'd the scene ! creation seems to doze,  
And not a song is heard in the dark grove,

Save the lament of yon sad nightingale,  
Who sings a dirge o'er nature's death-like sleep,  
Blent with the streamlet's melancholy wail,  
That for departed day aloud doth weep.

The rosy morn of youth with joys is rife,  
And manhood's vigorous sun full fervid shines,  
Then seek we the soft bowers of ease as life  
With its oft storm-beclouded beam declines.

Then comes the eve of age, and sunset hour,  
Dimness the prospect veils from mortal sight,  
Death, that grim monarch of resistless pow'r,  
Spreads his dark wing o'er all, that shade of  
endless night !

## PART SECOND.

But oh! there is a morn divinely bright,  
Ye youthful readers of this minstrelsy,  
Dawns on the good who pass thro' that black night,  
Which hangs on death's chill port so gloomily.

Yes, that fair morn of Heav'n without an eve,  
Where age, nor care, nor pain, nor grief are  
known,  
Where such delights as man can ne'er conceive,  
Ever abound before the Eternal Throne.

There shines immortal, undeclining light,  
Such splendours flinging o'er hill, dale, and plain,  
As mortals would deprive at once of sight,  
Could they a glimpse of those blest regions gain.

There roses of celestial colours grow,  
And golden fruits immortal deck the trees;  
The purple fields with thousand flow'rets glow,  
Loading with richest odours the soft breeze.

Waters of life down emerald cascades  
Harmonious flow, while flute and chiming string,  
Resound from bloomy bow'rs and verdant glades,  
Where plants, unknown to earth, are ever blos-  
soming.

There angel shapes of pomp and brightness move,  
With starry crowns and wings of radiant dyes ;  
There nought is heard but strains of praise and love,  
Where man, transform'd to angel, never dies !

THE END.

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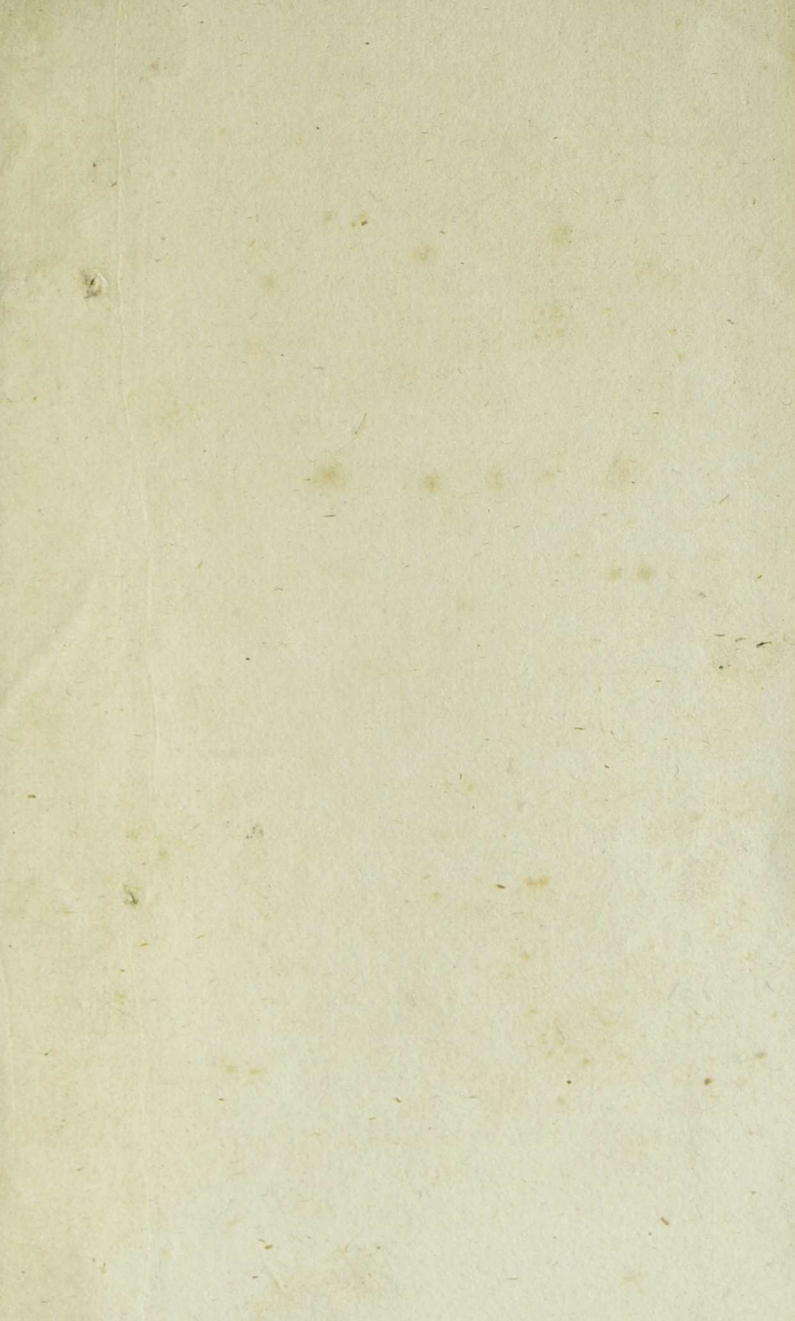
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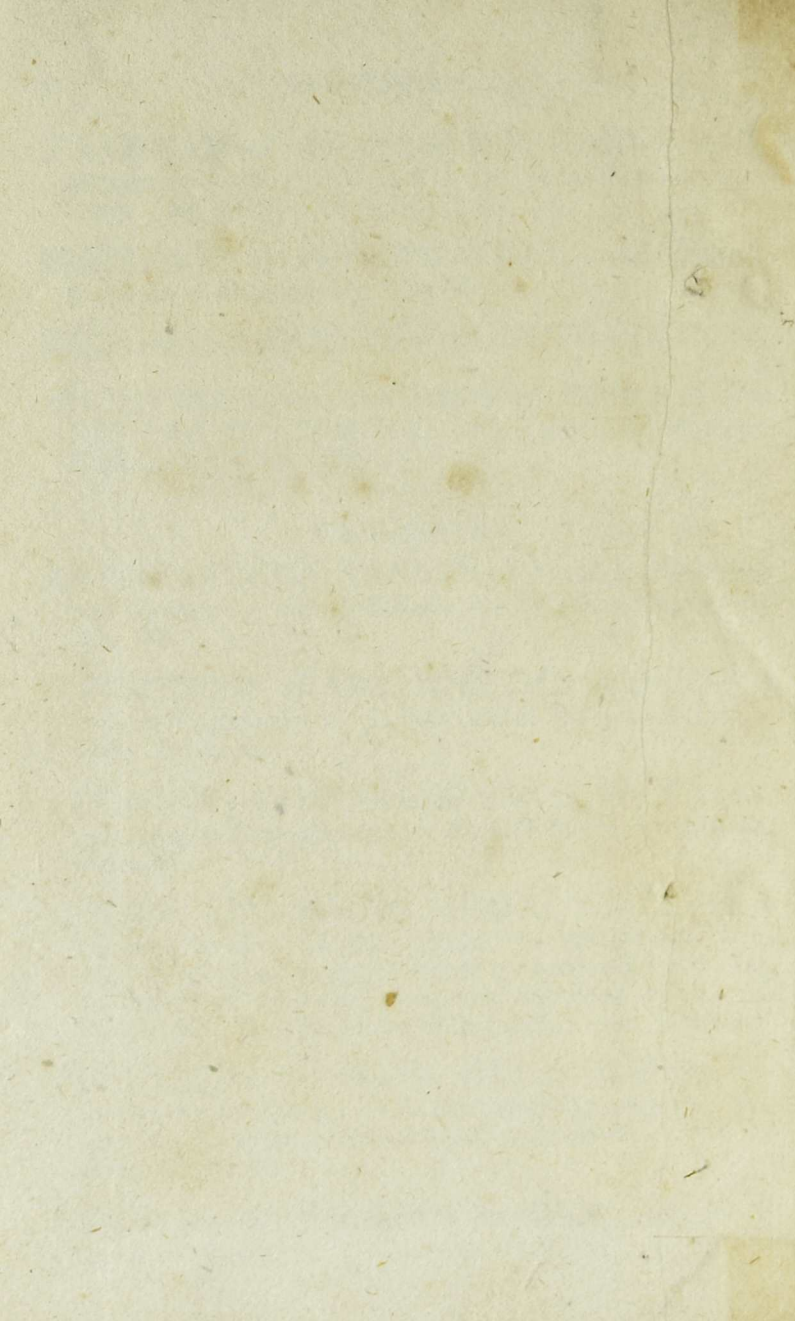
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