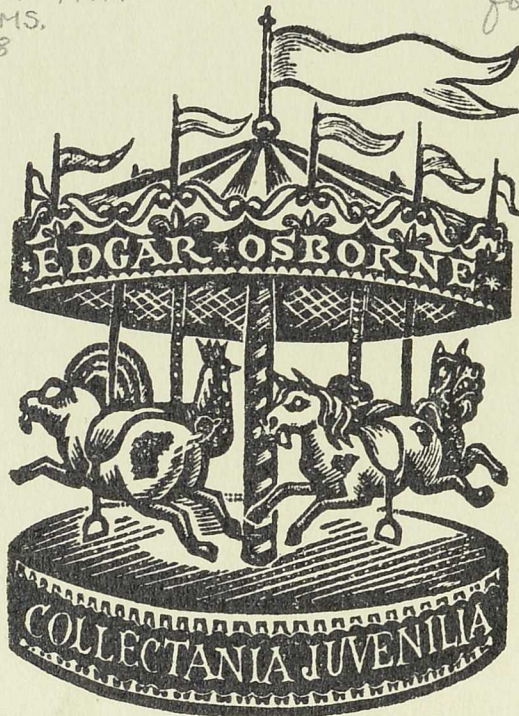




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BY

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE.



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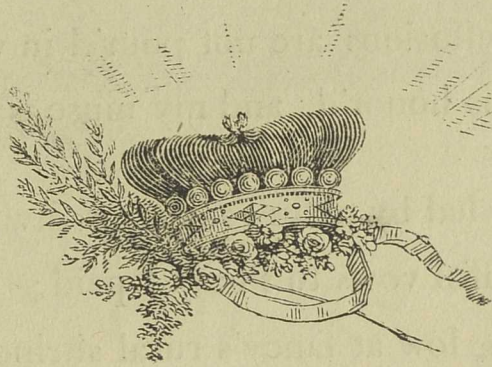
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STANZAS,

ADDRESSED

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY VISCOUNTESS KIRKWALL.

WHAT tho' with feeble hand I strike the lyre,
I will not sigh to gain the poet's bays ;
Or soar with Genius on the wing of fire,
If gentle bosoms prize my artless lays.

For still, inspir'd by soft affection's glow,
Or true to melting gratitude sincere,
“ Warm from the heart,” my native measures flow,
Unknown to fame, yet still to friendship dear.

Fair patroness of my untutor'd strain,
 Oh! if the numbers please thy feeling breast,
 These wild effusions are not pour'd in vain,
 My song is honor'd, and my muse is blest.

When early led by nature's charms divine,
 My youthful vows to Poesy I paid;
 And bending low at fancy's rural shrine,
 Of opening buds a fragrant offering made;

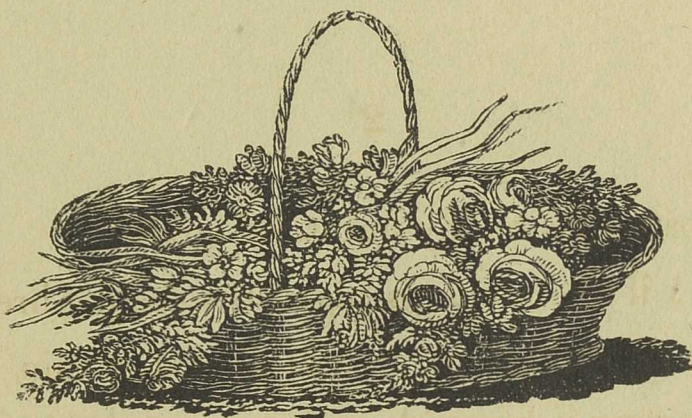
Thy hand with laurel crown'd my infant head,
 Thy cheering kindness fann'd my rising flame,
 And oh! whate'er the future path I tread,
 My grateful heart shall ever love thy name.

May pleasure wing thy lightly fleeting hours,
 And health attend thee on thy smiling way!
 May hope and joy unite, congenial pow'rs,
 To gild thy prospect with propitious ray!

The muse for thee a votive wreath shall twine,
 Sweeter than vernal roses bath'd in dews;
 For there the flowers of gratitude combine,
 Of simple beauty, but of lasting hues.

F. D. B. AGED 13.

GWRYCH, 1st Oct. 1807.



POEMS.

ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY.

CLAD in all their brightest green,
This day the verdant fields are seen ;
The tuneful birds begin their lay,
To celebrate thy natal day.
The breeze is still, the sea is calm,
And the whole scene combines to charm ;
The flowers revive, this charming May,
Because it is thy natal day.
The sky is blue, the day serene,
And only pleasure now is seen ;
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,
Combine to bless thy natal day.

F. D. B. AGED 8.

A PRAYER.

OH ! GOD, my father and my friend,
 Ever thy blessings to me send ;
 Let me have virtue for my guide,
 And wisdom always at my side ;
 Thus cheerfully thro' life I'll go,
 Nor ever feel the sting of woe ;
 Contented with the humblest lot,
 Happy, tho' in the meanest cot.

F. D. B. AGED 9.

ON A ROSE.

How short, sweet flower, have all thy beauties been,
 An hour they bloom'd, and now no more are seen :
 So human grandeur fades, so dies away ;
 Beauty and wealth remain but for a day.
 But virtue lives for ever in the mind,
 In her alone true happiness we find :
 The perfume stays, altho' the rose be dead ;
 So virtue lives, when every grace is fled.

ON HEALTH.

OH! tell me, Cambrians, tell me true,

Does fair Hygeia 'bide with you?

" Yes, she with us for ever dwells,

In groves, in shady woods, or dells.

Oh! stranger, turn and stay—for here

She deigns to give her influence dear.

In yonder vale her temple stands ;

Her brows entwin'd with roseate bands :

In Cambria's land she ever dwells,

In groves, in shady woods, or dells."

WRITTEN IN NORTH WALES.

OH! happy regions of delight and joy,

And much-loved scenes of bliss without alloy ;

Hail! to your mountains, groves, and woodlands dear,

Hail! to your flowery lawns, and streamlets clear ;

Hail! to your lowly cots, and stately parks,

And hail! your meadows green, and soaring larks.

Observe yon verdant fields, and shady bowers,

Wherein I've passed so many happy hours ;

See, too, yon rugged hill, upon whose brow
 Majestic trees and woods aspiring grow.
 There to the right, the vale of Clwyd ends ;
 Here to the left, huge Penman-mawr extends :
 Look to the south, the Cambrian mountains o'er ;
 Hark ! to the north, the ocean's awful roar.
 Remark those lowing herds and sportive sheep,
 And watchful shepherds too, their flocks who keep.
 Behold yon ships, now on the glassy main,
 Which spread the sails, their destin'd port to gain.
 These lovely prospects, how they cheer my soul,
 With what delight and joy I view the whole !
 Accept Great God, thanks for these blessings giv'n,
 And may my gratitude ascend to heav'n.

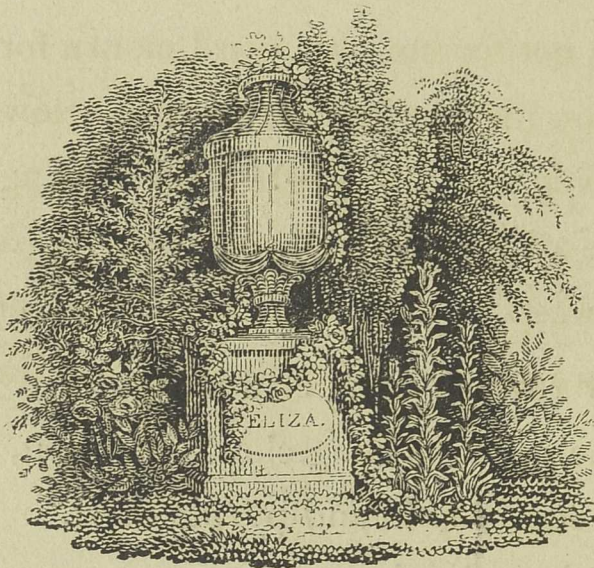
WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

How awful how sublime this view,
 Each day presenting something new.
 Hark ! now the seas majestic roar,
 And now the birds their warblings pour ;
 Now yonder lark's sweet notes resound,
 And now an awful stillness reigns around.

F. D. B. AGED 10

MORNING.

Now rosy morning clad in light,
Dispels the darkling clouds of night,
The sun in gold and purple drest,
Illumines all adown the east;
The sky-lark flies on soaring wings,
And as he mounts to heav'n, thus sings:
" Arise, ye slothful mortals, rise!
See me ascending to the skies:
Ye never taste the joys of dawn,
Ye never roam the dewy lawn,
Ye see not Phœbus rising now,
Tinging with gold the mountain's brow;
Ye ne'er remark the smiling land,
Nor see the early flowers expand.
Then rise ye slothful mortals, rise,
See, I am mounting to the skies."



ON

THE DEATH OF MY DEAR SISTER ELIZA.

INSCRIBED TO MY MOTHER.

If spotless innocence, and truth refin'd,
With every virtue of the feeling mind;
If these can raise to heaven's eternal sphere,
Be comforted—Eliza's surely there.
Oh, hark! I hear the immortal spirit sing:
“ I rise above on light ethereal wing;
“ Then weep no more; ah! cease those flowing tears,
“ No more Eliza death or sickness fears;
“ Earth and its fading pleasures far behind,
“ In heaven a happy, happy seat I find.

“ Mourn not for me—’tis you I mourn for now ;
 “ I soar on high, while you remain below.
 “ In heaven we all at length shall meet again,
 “ Where all is happiness, all free from pain.
 “ Then weep no more ; ah ! cease those flowing tears ;
 “ No more my spirit death or sickness fears.”

PITY ;

AN ALLEGORY, VERSIFIED.

IN that blest age when never care annoy’d,
 Nor mortals’ peace by discord was destroy’d,
 A happy pair descended from above,
 And gods and mortals nam’d them Joy and Love.
 Together had they seen each opening day,
 Together shar’d each sportive infant play ;
 In riper years with glowing warmth they lov’d ;
 Jove saw their passion and his nod approv’d.
 Long happy did they live, when cruel fate
 From bliss to misery chang’d their envied state.
 Mankind grew wicked and the gods severe,
 And Jove’s dread anger shook the trembling sphere.
 To Joy he sent his high behest to fly
 On silken pinions to her native sky.

Reluctant she obeys, but Love remains,
 By Hope his nurse, led to Arcadia's plains :
 When from his starry throne, the mighty Jove
 In thunder spoke: " Let Sorrow wed to Love!"
 The awful stern command Love trembling hears;
 Sorrow was haggard, pale, and worn with tears,
 Her hollow eyes and pallid cheeks confest,
 That hapless misery " knows not where to rest."
 Forc'd to submit, Love's efforts were in vain;
 The thunderer's word must ever firm remain.
 No nymphs and swains to grace the nuptial day
 Approach, no smiling Cupids round them play;
 No festal dance was there, no husband's pride,
 For Love in sadness met his joyless bride.
 One child, one tender girl, to Love she bore,
 Who all her father's pensive beauty wore;
 So soft her aspect, the Arcadian swains
 Had nam'd her Pity—and her name remains.
 In early youth for others' woe she felt;
 Adversity had taught her how to melt.
 Love's myrtle, Sorrow's cypress she combin'd,
 And form'd a wreath which round her forehead twin'd.
 She oft sat musing in Arcadia's shades,
 And play'd her lute to charm the native maids.
 A ring-dove flew for safety to her breast;
 A robin in her cottage built its nest.

Her mother's steps she follows close ; to bind
 Those wounds her mother made : divinely kind,
 Into each troubled heart she pours her balm,
 And brings the mind a transitory calm.
 But both are mortal ; and when fades the earth,
 The nymph shall die, with her who gave her birth ;
 Then, to elysium Love shall wing his flight,
 And he and Joy for ever re-unite.

F. D. B. AGED 11.

ON THE 16TH DECEMBER, BEING AS FINE AS MAY-DAY.

UNLIKE December's frown this gladsome day
 Inspires my bosom, and invites my lay.
 The sun meridian darting from on high,
 Lights the gay scene, and brightens all the sky ;
 Soft rolls the glassy main ; the lightsome breeze
 Brings to my heart serenity and ease.
 Here calmness reigns ; nought but the lowing herds,
 The waters falling, and the twittering birds,
 Invade the ear ; here, in this tranquil scene,
 Far from the notice and the noise of men,
 Here, could I peaceful live, nor breathe a sigh
 For gayer views, and happy could I die.

TO FANCY.

Oh! thou visionary Queen,
I love thy wild and fairy scene,
Bid for me thy landscape glow;
To thee my first effusions flow.
I court the dreams that banish care,
And hail thy palace of the air.
Oh! bless thy youthful poet's hours,
And let me cull thy sweetest flowers.
Ever can thy magic please,
And give to care a transient ease.
View the poor man toiling hard,
Of the joys of life debarr'd,
Thy power his lovely dream will bless,
In thy brightest rainbow dress;
With flattering pleasures round him smile,
In soft enchantment for a while.
Thy dear illusions melt away;
Ye heavenly visions, why decay!
Oh! thou visionary maid,
Form'd to brighten life's dark shade,
Let me soar with thee on high,
To realms of immortality!

Hope, thy sister, airy queen,
 Forms with thee her lovely scene.
 " Oh! thou visionary maid,"
 Lend my soul thy magic aid,
 To cheer with rainbows every shade.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER AND HER SON.

MOTHER.

My son, let virtue animate thy breast ;
 Fly to the battle—spurn inglorious rest !
 Take up the spear and lance—with ardour go,
 March proudly forward to repel the foe !
 Let all the spirit of thy noble sire,
 With rising energy thy soul inspire !
 Thy bleeding country calls thee to the fight,
 And duty prompts thee to defend the right.
 Fly swiftly, Isadas, for glory says,
 " Why dost thou waste in peace thy slothful days ?"

SON.

I go my mother, for the deathless crown
 Which fires the youthful hero to renown !
 And if thy soldier shall return to thee,
 And bring the laurel-wreath of victory,

Ah! let the tribute of thy praise impart,
 The dearest pleasure of my glowing heart.
 And should I fall—oh! be my glorious grave
 Crown'd with the patriot-honours of the brave.
 Think that I died in virtue's sacred cause;
 Think that I died to win her bright applause.

MOTHER.

My noble Isadas, to me what pride,
 Wert thou to die—as thy brave father died!
 Go, young enthusiast, to the battle go,
 Repel with native zeal the daring foe.
 Oh! that I were a bird, with thee I'd fly,
 And search the ranks among with piercing eye,
 For thee my son: thy actions brave I'd mark,
 And grave them in my breast.—But hark! oh, hark!
 The martial trumpet sounds to war's alarms;
 Farewel! my hero, haste thee from my arms.

SON.

Adieu! my mother, if with glory crown'd
 Home I return not, scarr'd with many a wound,
 I'll bravely fall in battle's rushing tide;
 Conquer or die—"as my brave father died!"

THE REIGN OF DECEMBER.

IN winter awful, lovely in the spring,
Romantic Cambria hail! to thee I sing.
No longer now I view thy verdant trees,
Thy joyous harvest waving to the breeze;
Thy mountain streams, thy vallies filled with corn,
Thy larks which fly to greet the roseate morn;
Thy summer sun cheering all nature round,
Thy meads with Flora's early primrose crown'd;
The stores Pomona's liberal hand bestows,
And from her lap in rich profusion throws:
Of these no more I sing; those cheerful days
Are fled, and winter claims my pensive lays.
Yet even in winter charms may oft be view'd,
If by the philosophic mind pursu'd:
Yes, even in chilling frost, and blustering wind,
The grandeur of the Almighty Power we find.
Do not the winds aloud his praise declare?
Look at the snowy hills—we view him there!
Whether by cold we're nipp'd, or heat oppress'd,
In either is the Great Supreme confess'd.
But let me now assume the festive song,
And to the lyre let sportive notes belong;
For all th' endearments of the social powers,
Shall bless December's consecrated hours.

Now tho' joyful summer's fled,
 Why regret her garlands dead !
 For in the winter we can see
 The beauties of variety.
 And if 'twere summer all the year,
 Variety would ne'er appear ;
 But in the seasons moving round,
 If sought for, she is always found ;
 Then tho' summer's reign is fled,
 Mourn not if the flowers be dead ;
 Tasteless would she ever be,
 Wanting sweet variety.
 Hail ! then, December's pleasing reign,
 In the wild enraptur'd strain ;
 And let the winter sacred be
 To mirth and hospitality.

TO HOPE.

FAIR enchantress gaily kind,
 Sweet the dream inspir'd by thee ;
 Ever bless thy poet's mind
 With thy heavenly energy !
 Thine, oh ! Hope, the magic art,
 To charm the sorrows of the heart ;
 To chase the fond, the plaintive sigh,
 With visions of felicity !

Ah! when real joys are o'er,
 And love and peace delight no more,
 Then thy melting syren-voice
 Bids the pensive mind rejoice.
 Ah! thy dreams are too beguiling;
 Ah! thy prospect is too smiling.
 Welcome still thy dear illusions;
 Ever sweet thy wild effusions;
 " Fair enchantress, gaily kind,
 Ever bless thy poet's mind!"
 Thine th' inspiring song of peace,
 Soon the plaint of woe shall cease;
 Soon again a brighter guest
 Calm the mourning soul to rest.
 Roses in thy path shall bloom;
 Think, oh! think of joys to come!
 Come Hope, and all my steps attend,
 Oh! ever be my bosom-friend;
 To me thy fairest dreams impart,
 And whisper comfort to my heart.
 Oh! shed thy sweet enchanting ray,
 To bless my wild romantic way.
 In thy magic scene we view
 Gay delusions, seeming true.
 " Sweet musician, gaily kind,
 Ever bless thy poet's mind!"

TO FRIENDSHIP.

OH! Friendship, sweetest, exquisite delight,
 For fine according spirits form'd alone!
 'Tis thine our feeling bosoms to unite,
 And youthful hearts thy melting ardours own.

To give the mind its animated glow,
 Kindle the languid virtues to a flame,
 To bid the genial tear of pity flow,
 To raise the "blushes of ingenuous shame,"

These arts, oh! child of sympathy, are thine;
 And I will bless thy consecrated power;
 Will pour my early offering at thy shrine,
 And oft invoke thee in the pensive hour.

Ah! when our brightest prospects fade away,
 And Hope shall cease her glowing hues to blend:
 Then, when the bright illusive scenes decay,
 'Tis then we prove the blessings of a friend.

Diffuse thy influence o'er my youthful mind,
 The artless song I dedicate to thee;
 What pleasing sorrows oft in thee we find,
 Oh! child of tender sensibility.

With thee in pensive pleasure I would melt ;
 To me thy raptures, thy endearments give :
 Oh ! ye, who these according joys have felt,
 Say, with a generous friend, how sweet to grieve.

Oh ! yes, we love our sorrows to impart,
 And meet our comfort from a kindred heart ;
 The elevated soul, by thee refin'd,
 Once to thy dear enchanting sway resign'd,
 Shall ever pour the genuine vow to thee,
 Oh ! child of tender sensibility.

THE

RETURN OF THE MARINERS.

WHEN the blythe mariners with glowing hearts,
 Guide the proud vessel to their native shore,
 Then Hope the animating lay imparts,
 And whispers of the rapture yet in store.
 Their spreading sails the lingering breezes gain,
 The airy streamers waving o'er the main ;
 That main, which causes many a heart to mourn,
 Now softly rolls to favour their return.

Now, with the balmy summer gale they glide ;
 Ah ! soon the seaman hopes to meet his bride.
 Now, to the coast enraptur'd they advance,
 While o'er the wave the setting sun-beams dance.
 Now shouts of joy, impetuous joy, arise,
 The cliffs of Albion meet their sparkling eyes ;
 With ardent cheers they hail the native shore,
 " Our toil, our care, our dangers, are no more."
 No more from love the mariners will roam,
 But dwell with peace and festive mirth at home.
 And now they spring exulting from the wave,
 To meet the sacred honours of the brave ;
 Their friends, their loves, they welcome on the strand,
 And acclamations greet them as they land.
 Ah ! then the tears of manly transport flow,
 The tears that bid the generous bosom glow.
 He who could stand by battle compass'd round,
 Stand unconcern'd, nor heed the deathful wound ;
 He, who could boldly face the cannon's roar,
 Now melts in tears, to see his native shore.
 Then let my country's lasting honours crown
 The brave defenders of her bright renown ;
 With rapture hail the heroes of the wave,
 Or strew her weeping laurels on their grave.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

THE infant muse, Jehovah! would aspire
 To swell the adoration of the lyre:
 Source of all good, oh! teach my voice to sing,
 Thee, from whom nature's genuine beauties spring;
 Thee, GOD of truth, omnipotent and wise,
 Who saidst to Chaos, "let the earth arise."
 Oh! author of the rich luxuriant year,
 Love, truth, and mercy, in thy works appear:
 Within their orbs the planets dost thou keep,
 And even hast limited the mighty deep.
 Oh! could I number thy inspiring ways,
 And wake the voice of animated praise!
 Ah, no! the theme shall swell a cherub's note;
 To thee celestial hymns of rapture float.
 'Tis not for me, in lowly strains to sing
 Thee, GOD of mercy,—heav'n's immortal king.
 Yet to that happiness I'd fain aspire;
 Oh! fill my heart with elevated fire:
 With angel-songs an artless voice shall blend,
 The grateful offering shall to thee ascend.
 Yes! thou wilt breathe a spirit o'er my lyre,
 And "fill my beating heart with sacred fire!"
 And when to thee my youth, my life, I've giv'n,
 Raise me, to join Eliza, blest in heav'n.

TO INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL! Independence, source of blessings, hail!
Nurse of the towering thought, the gallant deed;
When blest by thee how sweet the simple vale,
How charms with thee the brook, th' enamell'd mead!
And when the lark, the messenger of day,
Proclaims the roseate morn will soon appear;
With thee what melody inspires the lay,
How soft the carol, how distinct, how clear.
With thee how doubly fair by Cynthia's beam,
The starry lamps resplendent in the sky:
How gently flows the chrystal purling stream,
How radiant Phoebus meets the dazzled eye.
With thee how jocund fleets th' ecstatic hour,
How shine the lucid drops which bend the flower;
How gay the sylvan scene, whene'er we rove,
Wandering with thee, and with the maid we love.

TO THE MOON.

CYLLENE rise! yon osier trees,
Waving their branches to the breeze,
Court thee in hollow gentle sighs,
And whisper, "Fair Cyllene rise."

Heaven's canopy is studded bright,
With countless stars, in streams of light;
Yet what avail their beams divine,
If thou fair queen, refuse to shine?

The shepherd's lute with sprightly sound
Awakes the mountain echoes round;
And as the warbling cadence dies,
It murmurs forth, "Cyllene rise."

Down in yon vale the minstrel's hand
Strikes the loud harp to glory's band;
And as the glowing theme's pursu'd,
Feels all his youthful fires renew'd.

And now to thee he tunes the lay,
And courts thy soft and placid ray;
Romantic melody awakes the skies,
To thee he carols, "Fair Cyllene rise."

YOUTH.

Oh! halcyon Youth, delightful hours,
When not a cloud of sorrow lowers;
When every moment wings its flight,
To waft new joy and new delight.
Kind, unsuspecting, and sincere,
Youth knows no pang, no jealous fear;
And sprightly Health, with cherub face,
Enlivens ev'ry opening grace;
And laughing Pleasure hovers near,
And tranquil Peace to youth is dear.
If Sorrow heave the little breast,
There plaintive sorrow cannot rest;
For swiftly flies the transient pain,
And Pleasure re-assumes her reign.
The tale the sons of woe impart,
Vibrates upon the youthful heart;
The soul is open to belief,
And Pity flies to soften grief.
Hope with sweet expressive eye,
Mirth, and gay Felicity,
Fancy in her lively dress,
Pity who delights to bless;
Innocence, and candid Truth,
These and more attend on Youth.

HYMN.

GREAT GOD! at whose "creative word,"
 Arising Nature own'd her Lord;
 At whose behest, from gloomy night
 The earth arose in order bright!
 To whom the poet swells the song,
 And cherub's loftier notes belong:
 To Thee be glory, honour, praise;
 Great GOD! who canst depress or raise.

Say all ye learned, all ye wise,
 What towering pillars prop the skies?
 What massy chain suspends the earth?
 'Tis His high power who gave it birth.
 'Tis He who sends the grateful shower;
 'Tis He who paints the glowing flower.
 Let the loud anthem raise the strain,
 While echo murmurs it again.

And ye who wander o'er the sheaf-crown'd fields,
 Praise Him for all the plenty harvest yields;
 Let harp and voice their swelling notes combine,
 To praise all nature's GOD, the architect divine

THE EXILE.

WHY memory recal the chearful hours,
The tranquil time that never can return;
When gaily wandering in my native bowers,
I once was smiling as the summer morn.

And why recal my early friendships dear,
Why lead my thoughts to fond illusions past :
They claim the plaintive tribute of a tear ;
I weep for dreams of joy that fled so fast.

Ah ! still will Fancy all the scenes revive,
The favorite scenes that charm'd my youthful breast ;
She bids them now in softer colours live,
And paints the cottage of domestic rest.

When pleasure lighted up my sparkling eye,
And on swift pinions flew the social day ;
Ah ! then I pour'd the simple melody,
To hail the brilliance of the matin ray.

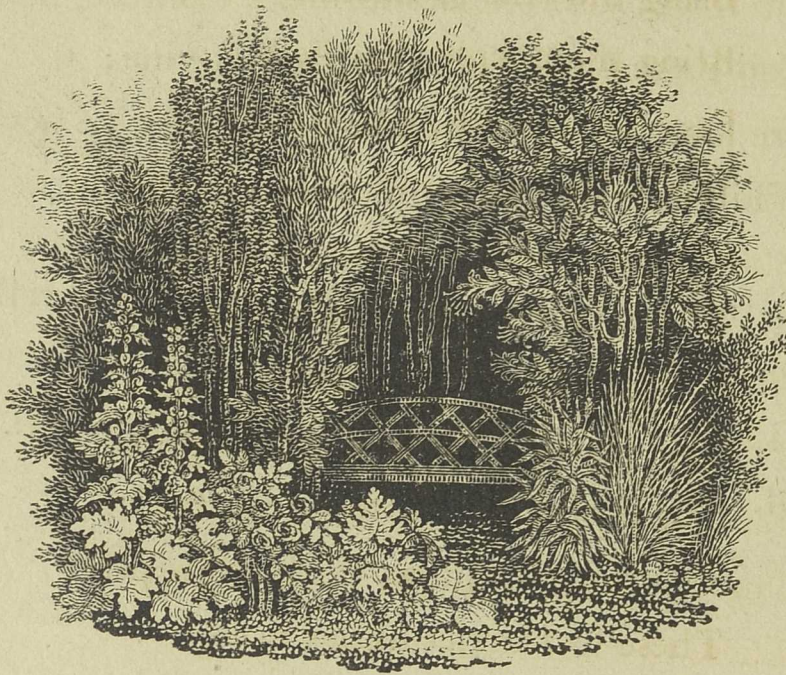
Ah ! still retentive only to my woe,
Will memory trace the picture of my cot ;
And while in vain the tears of sorrow flow,
I rove in fancy to the sacred spot :

There fragrant woodbines form'd a mantling bower ;
 And there I planted the luxuriant vine ;
 There love and friendship bless'd the festive hour,
 While every rural happiness was mine.

Ah! thus will "sadly-pleasing" memory dwell
 On all the hopes, the fond illusions o'er ;
 And still with touching power she loves to tell,
 Of happy moments to return no more.

THE LILY OF THE VALE.

SEE bending to the gentle gale,
 The modest lily of the vale ;
 Hid in its leaf of tender green,
 Mark its soft and simple mien.
 Thus sometimes Merit blooms retir'd,
 By genius, taste, and fancy fir'd ;
 And thus 'tis oft the wanderer's lot,
 To rove to Merit's peaceful cot,
 As I have found the lily sweet,
 That blossoms in this wild retreat.



INVOCATION TO THE FAIRIES.

FOR MY SISTER'S GROTTO.

FAYS and Fairies haste away !
This is Harriet's holiday :
Bring the lyre, and bring the lute,
Bring the sweetly-breathing flute ;
Wreaths of cowslips hither bring,
All the honours of the spring ;
Adorn the grot with all that's gay,
Fays and Fairies haste away.

Bring the vine to Bacchus dear,
Bring the purple lilac here,
Festoons of roses, sweetest flower,
The yellow primrose of the bower,
Blue-ey'd violets wet with dew,
Bring the clustering woodbine too.
Bring in baskets made of rush,
The cherry with its ripen'd blush,
The downy peach, so soft so fair,
The luscious grape, the mellow pear :
These to Harriet hither bring,
And sweetly in return she'll sing.
Be the brilliant grotto scene
The palace of the Fairy Queen.
Form the sprightly circling dance,
Fairies here your steps advance ;
To the harp's soft dulcet sound,
Let your footsteps lightly bound.
Unveil your forms to mortal eye ;
Let Harriet view your revelry.

LIBERTY.

AN ODE.

WHERE the bold rock majestic towers on high,
Projecting to the sky;
Where the impetuous torrent's rapid course
Dashes with headlong force;
Where scenes less wild less awful meet the eye,
And cultur'd vales and cottages appear;
Where softer tints the mellow landscape dye,
More simply beautiful, more fondly dear;
There sportive Liberty delights to rove,
To rove unseen,
In the dell, or in the grove,
Midst woodlands green.

And when placid eve advancing,
Faintly shadows all the ground;
Liberty with Hebe dancing,
Wanders through the meads around.

Fair wreaths of brightest flowers she loves to twine,
Moss-rose, and blue-bell wild;
The pink, the hyacinth with these combine,
And azure violet, nature's sweetest child!

When the moon beam silvery streaming,
Pierces through the myrtle shade ;
Then her eye with pleasure beaming,
She trips along the sylvan glade.

She loves to sing in accents soft,
When the wood-lark soars aloft ;
She loves to wake the sprightly horn,
And swell the joyful note to celebrate the morn !

In the dell, or in the grove,
Liberty delights to rove ;
By the ruin'd moss-grown tower,
By the wood-land, or the bower ;
On the summit thence to view,
The landscape clad in varied hue.
By the hedge-row on the lawn,
Sporting with the playful fawn ;
Where the winding river flows,
And the pensile osier grows,
In the cool impervious grove,
Liberty delights to rove.

HYMN.

OH! thou Creator, Father, Friend,
 Source of all blessings mortals prize,
 Let nature's praise to thee ascend,
 In swelling chorus to the skies.

Most high, ineffable, supreme,
 Celestial, awful, brightest bright;
 The cherubim's inspiring theme,
 Enrob'd in glory, crown'd with light!

When solemn thunders distant roll,
 And when the vivid lightnings dart,
 They strike upon th' astonish'd soul,
 And speak thy pow'r to ev'ry heart,

TO A BEAUTIFUL VINE AND A ROSE-BUSH.

THOU fair expanding mossy-rose,
 Long may thy opening foliage twine
 With this luxuriant cluster'd vine;
 Which round thee wreathes its tender boughs.

Fair vine, long may thy leaves extend,
 While gentle showers refresh thy root;
 Long may thy graceful branches bend,
 Enrich'd with purpling luscious fruit.

Sweet rose, long may thy flow'rs receive
 The lucid tears of morn and eve;
 Long mayst thou in profusion spread,
 Thy straying buds of brightest red.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

LOVELY Hesperus arise,
 Why so tardy, glittering star?
 See already in the skies,
 Cynthia guides her beaming car.
 The night is placid, sweet, and clear,
 Hesperus, appear, appear.

Deign this festive eve to bless,
 Thou, than glowing gems more bright!
 Beaming in thy fairest dress,
 Shed thy lustre on the night.
 Auspicious Hesperus, appear,
 In thy radiance, soft and clear.

From the busy world retiring,
 Now the pensive eve we hail;
 Let thy ray so calm inspiring,
 Cheer us in this happy vale:
 Hesperus, arise, arise,
 Shine amid the azure skies.

Light as gossamer that's borne
 Floating on the breath of morn;
 Light as fays that haunt the shade,
 We lead the dance along the glade:
 Hesper with thy light serene,
 Gild the merry merry scene.

TO

MY BROTHER AND SISTER, IN THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN IN LONDON.

HAPPY soon we'll meet again,
 Free from sorrow, care, and pain;
 Soon again we'll rise with dawn,
 To roam the verdant dewy lawn.
 Soon the budding leaves we'll hail,
 Or wander through the well-known vale;

Or weave the smiling wreath of flowers,
And sport away the light-wing'd hours.
Soon we'll run the agile race,
Soon, dear play-mates, we'll embrace ;
Through the wheat-field or the grove,
We'll hand in hand delighted rove ;
Or, beneath some spreading oak,
Ponder the instructive book ;
Or view the ships that swiftly glide,
Floating on the peaceful tide :
Or raise again the caroll'd lay ;
Or join again in mirthful play ;
Or listen to the humming bees,
As their murmurs swell the breeze ;
Or seek the primrose where it springs ;
Or chase the fly with painted wings :
Or talk amidst the arbour's shade ;
Or mark the tender shooting blade ;
Or stray beside the babbling stream,
When Luna sheds her placid beam ;
Or gaze upon the glassy sea ;
Happy, happy, shall we be.

ASTRE DE LA NUIT.

(Par ANNA COXE, âgée de douze ans et demi.)

BELLE astre de la nuit charmante,
Aimable et clairvoyante ;
Que je t'aime, que je t'adore,
Quand tu disparais avant l'aurore.

Rivale timide de la lune modeste,
Encore plus belle, et plus celeste ;
Brillante avec éclat dans l'air,
Parmi le doux atmosphere.

Continue oh ! belle astre luisante,
De guider mes pas errants ;
Et de soirée en soirée,
Eclairer mes promenades égarées.

TRANSLATION.

HEAVENLY star of lovely night,
Glittering in the azure sky,
How I love thy halo bright,
When stealing from Aurora's eye.

Rival of Phœbe's placid gleam,
 Still more celestial is thy beam ;
 How brilliant is thy lustre clear,
 Amidst the balmy atmosphere.

Continue lucent shining star,
 To guide my wandering steps afar ;
 And still each evening as I stray,
 Shed o'er my walk thy silver ray.

F. D. B.

CHANSON.

(WRITTEN IN LONDON.)

QUAND j'étois en Galles, ce pays charmant,
 Avec mes oiseaux,
 Pres de mes ruisseaux ;
 Mes ruisseaux si transparens ;
 Parmi les vallées
 Humides de rosée ;
 De doux eglantiers,
 Je fus couronnée :
 Oh ! que je me trouvois toujours gaie.

F. D. B.

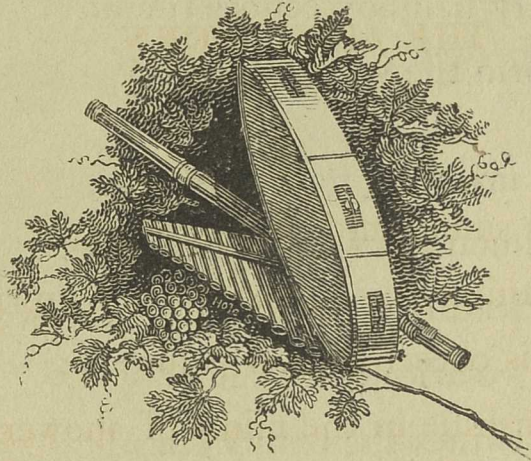
THE APRIL MORN.

Now a smile, and now a frown ;
Brightening now, and now cast down ;
Now 'tis cheerful, now it lowers ;
Yet sunshine in the midst of showers.

Now the sky is calm and clear ;
Now the frowning clouds appear :
Evanescent soon they fly ;
Calm and clear again the sky.

Such the face which April wears,
Now in smiles, and now in tears ;
Like the life we lead below,
Full of joy, and full of woe.

Lovely prospects now arise ;
Vanish now before our eyes :
Yet, amid the clouds of grief,
Still a sun-beam sheds relief.
Like the face which April wears,
Now in smiles, and now in tears.



ODE TO MIRTH.

THOU, oh! Mirth, with laughing eye,
Spread thy empire o'er my soul ;
No cares obtrude when thou art by,
To crown the bright nectareous bowl.

Leave the rich to pomp and splendour ;
Happiness they cannot render.
Let the miser heap his hoard ;
Mirth shall bless the festive board.
Friendship and the smiling muse
Their influence all around diffuse.

Now the flute with mellow sound
 Invites thee to the feast ;
 The lively hautboy echoes round,
 We form the sprightly jest.

O'er the mantling generous wine,
 Good humour and delight combine :
 Genial Pleasure for a while,
 Bids her votaries gaily smile.
 Pleasure twines the rosy wreath,
 And bids inspiring music breathe,
 While we lead the circling dance ;
 Oh ! Mirth, to join the airy maze, advance.

Mirth has heard the festive measure,
 We devote the day to pleasure ;
 Let the miser heap his hoard,
 Mirth shall crown the social board.

CEBA.

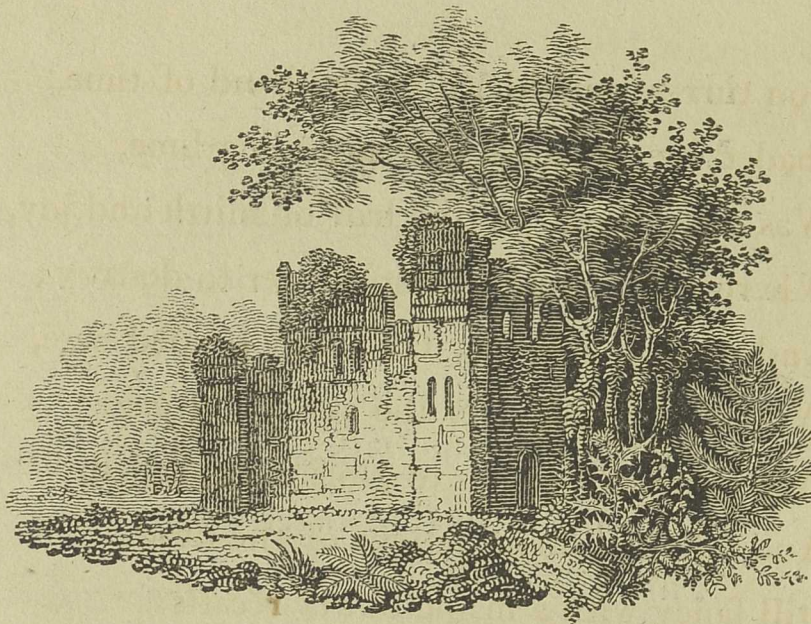
AN INDIAN LOVE SONG.

SMOOTH the ocean's glassy breast,
 The winds and waves are lull'd to rest ;
 Zephyr, breathing soft and calm,
 Whispers through the grove of palm :

Haste, my Ceba to the bower,
 Love demands one social hour ;
 Here the tamarind waves its head,
 And weeping gums their spicy riches shed.

Come listen to the pleasing sound
 Of all the dashing falls around ;
 Of all the birds that sweetly sing,
 While the mountain-echoes ring :
 To me their carols seem to say,
 " Lovely Ceba, haste away."
 Here the tamarind waves its head,
 And weeping gums their amber riches shed.

Come, repose my lovely maid,
 Beneath the arching plaintain's shade ;
 Hasten Ceba, hasten here,
 Fragrant lemons blossom near ;
 Long lianas, blue and red,
 Fringing o'er the rocks are spread ;
 Here the tamarind waves its head,
 And weeping gums their balmy riches shed.
 Hasten, hasten, then my love,
 To the harbour, to the grove.



THE RUINED CASTLE.

Oh ! let me sigh to think this ruin'd pile
Was favour'd once with fortune's radiant smile ;
These moss-grown battlements, these ivy'd towers,
Have seen prosperity's uncertain hours ;
Their heroes triumph'd in the scenes of war,
While victory follow'd in her trophied car.
Here, where I muse in meditation's arms,
Perhaps the battle raged with loud alarms ;
Here glory's crimson banner waving spread,
While laurel crowns entwin'd the victor's head ;
And here, perhaps, with many a plaintive tear,
The mourner has bedew'd the soldier's bier.
The scene of conquest pensive fancy draws,
Where thousands fell, enthusiasts in their cause.

Yon turret, moulder'd by the hand of time,
Shaded by silver ash and spreading lime,
Was once, perhaps, the hall of mirth and joy,
Where warriors sought no longer to destroy;
And where, perhaps, the hoary-headed sage,
Would lead them o'er the animating page;
Where history points to glorious ages fled,
And tells the noble actions of the dead.
Still fancy with a magic power recalls
The time when trophies grac'd the lofty walls:
When with enchanting spells the minstrel's art,
Could soften and inspire the melting heart;
Could raise the glowing elevated flame,
And bid the youthful soldier pant for fame:
While deeds of glory were the themes he sung,
The pleasant harp in wild accordance rung.
Ah! where is now the warrior's ardent fire?
Where now the tuneful spirit of the lyre?
The warrior sleeps; the minstrel's lay is still;
No songs of triumph echo from the hill.
Ah! yet the weeping muse shall love to sigh,
And trace again thy fallen majesty;
And still shall Fancy linger on the theme,
While forms of heroes animate her dream.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

FANCY lend thy magic aid,
Let me draw a heavenly maid.
Bring the azure of the sky,
For the fair one's lovely eye;
Join the rose-bud's damask glow
To the lustre of the snow;
Juno's dignity of mien,
Venus' smile and look serene;
Taste and genius to excel;
All that fabling poets tell
Of the Goddesses divine,
The Graces, or the Sister Nine;
Native elegance refin'd,
Lovely person, lovely mind:
To these add candour, pity, truth,
All that can embellish youth.
Now the finished picture see,
Sportive Fancy's jeu d'esprit.

TO MY BROTHER.

MUSE of friendship wake the lyre,
Strike it with unwonted fire ;
Now my brother asks the lay,
The pleasing tribute let me pay.
Let the measure softly flow,
To give him all the thanks I owe ;
To wish him all my heart would say,
All that's happy, all that's gay.
Cherub health with beaming eye,
Well-deserv'd prosperity,
Joy and honour, fortune, fame,
All that merit e'er can claim ;
Inward peace with placid mien,
And domestic joy serene.
May Heaven propitious deign to hear,
This a sister's genuine prayer.

MELANCHOLY.

WHEN autumn shadows tint the waving trees,
When fading foliage flies upon the breeze ;
When evening mellows all the glowing scene,
And the mild dew descends in drops of balm ;
When the sweet landscape placid and serene,
Inspires the bosom with a pensive calm ;
Ah ! then I love to linger in the vale,
And hear the bird of eve's romantic tale ;
I love the rocky sea-beach to explore,
Where the clear wave flows murmuring to the shore ;
To hear the shepherd's plaintive music sound,
While Echo answers from the woods around ;
To watch the twilight spread a gentle veil
Of melting shadows o'er the grassy dale,
To view the smile of evening on the sea ;
Ah ! these are pleasures ever dear to me.
To wander with the melancholy muse,
Where waving trees their pensive shade diffuse.
Then by some secret charm the soften'd mind
Soars high in contemplation unconfin'd,
To melancholy and the muse resign'd.

FAIRY SONG.

ALL my life is joy and pleasure,
Sportive as my tuneful measure ;
In the rose's cup I dwell,
Balmy sweets perfume my cell ;
My food the crimson luscious cherry,
And the vine's luxurious berry ;
The nectar of the dew is mine ;
Nectar from the flowers divine.
And when I join the fairy band,
Lightly tripping hand in hand,
By the moonlight's quivering beam,
In concert with the dashing stream ;
Then my music leads the dance,
When the gentle fays advance ;
And oft my numbers on the green,
Lull to rest the fairy queen.
" All my life is joy and pleasure,
" Sportive as my airy measure."

SHAKSPEARE.

I LOVE to rove o'er history's page,
Recal the hero, and the sage ;
Revive the actions of the dead,
And memory of ages fled :
Yet it yields me greater pleasure,
To read the poet's pleasing measure.
L
Led by Shakspeare, bard inspir'd,
The bosom's energies are fir'd ;
We learn to shed the generous tear,
O'er poor Ophelia's sacred bier ;
To love the merry moonlight scene,
With fairy elves in vallies green ;
Or borne on Fancy's heavenly wings,
To listen while sweet Ariel sings.
How sweet the " native wood-notes wild"
Of him, the Muse's favorite child ;
Of him whose magic lays impart,
Each various feeling to the heart.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

LITTLE fluttering beauteous fly,
With azure wing of softest dye,
Hither fairy wanton hie,
Nor fear to lose thy liberty:
For I would view, thou silly thing,
The colours of thy velvet wing.
Its lovely melting tints outvie
The glories of the summer sky.
Can pencil imitate the hue,
So soft, so delicate a blue?
Well I know thy life is short,
One transient hour of idle sport:
Enjoy that little halcyon hour,
And kiss each fair and fragrant flower;
No more I'll stay thy mazy flight,
For short thy moments of delight.

WISDOM.

ALL Wisdom's ways are smooth and fair,
No treasures can with hers compare ;
More precious than the ruby bright,
She leads to honour and delight.
Seek her, and she is quickly found,
With never-fading olives crown'd.
Riches may fly within an hour,
Pale sickness wither beauty's flower,
Death may our dearest friendships sever,
And rend the social tie for ever ;
Ah ! what but Wisdom then remains,
To cheer the heart beneath its pains !
To bid each murmuring thought arise,
And soar with rapture to the skies.
She calms the passions of the breast,
With soothing hopes of future rest ;
And like a minister of heaven,
She tells us " mortals are forgiven."
Then Ophir's gold to her is nought,
Nor polished silver finely wrought ;
Nor all the jewels of the mine,
Compar'd with Wisdom's gem divine.

FLORA TO CLAUDE, ON HIS PLUCKING A ROSE.

AH! you thoughtless cruel boy,
 'Tis all your pleasure to destroy;
 Fairer was my blushing rose,
 Than any fragrant flower that blows.
 Already, lo! it droops and dies,
 And all its lovely crimson flies.
 'Twas I who breath'd the sweet perfume,
 I shed the rich luxuriant bloom;
 And when the bud in embryo lay,
 I chased the nipping blight away.
 'Twas I the silken texture spun:
 Now my work is all undone;
 And now I mourn my fairest flower,
 The glory of my summer bower.

THE DREAM OF JOY.

IN life's young morn, with fairy wiles,
 Hope cheats the soul, and Fancy smiles;
 They lull with flattering dreams of joy,
 Ah! why must truth the dreams destroy?

Those halcyon days too soon are past,
 The lovely visions will not last ;
 The golden dream of frolic joy,
 Alas ! ere long will truth destroy.

The glowing scene by fancy spread,
 Gay hope by youthful ardour led,
 The flattering dream of frolic joy,
 Ah ! soon, too soon will truth destroy.

SONG.

WHY should we with fancied cares,
 Shade the sun-shine hope bestows ;
 When, alas ! our being bears
 But too many real woes ?

Time is cheating, life is fleeting,
 Why then half its bliss destroy !
 Friendship blessing, hope caressing,
 Let us quaff the cup of joy.

THE BEE.

INSCRIBED TO MY SISTER.

MARK how the neat assiduous bee,
 Pattern of frugal industry,
 Pursues her earnest toil ;
 All day the pleasing task she plies,
 And to her cell at evening hies,
 Enrich'd with golden spoil.

She warns us to employ the hours,
 In gathering stores from learning's flowers ;
 For these will ever last :
 These mental charms will fill the place
 Of every beauty, every grace,
 When smiling youth is past.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COTTAGE.

OH ! give me, Heaven, whate'er my lot,
 Or in the palace, or the cot,
 A noble generous mind ;
 Exalted in a lowly state,
 At fortune's favours not elate,
 To all her frowns resign'd.

SONG.

SAY, does calm Contentment dwell,
 In palace rich, or lowly cell?
 Fix'd to no peculiar spot,
 Gilded rooms, or simple cot,
 She will grace the courtly scene,
 Or love to haunt the village green:
 Where Virtue dwells, Content must be.
 And with her Felicity.

HYMN.

OH! God of mercy, let my lyre
 Speak with energetic fire;
 And teach my infant tongue to raise,
 The grateful animated lays.
 While musing at thy hallow'd shrine,
 I listen to thy word divine;
 I bless the page of genuine truth;
 Oh! may its precepts guide my youth.
 To Thee, thou Good Supreme! I bend,
 Do thou the humble prayer attend.

F. D. B. AGED 12.

SONG OF ZEPHYRUS.

WHEN sportive hours lead on the rosy spring,
 Then in the frolic smiling train I come ;
 And wander with the bee on sylphid wing,
 To kiss each floweret in its tender bloom.
 And at the fragrant time, the close of day,
 Or at the sweet and pensive moonlight hour,
 Then in the summer air I love to play,
 And sport with Flora in the dewy bower.
 Oft o'er the harp of winds with gentle sigh,
 I breathe a mellow note, a mournful lay ;
 And then enraptur'd with the melody,
 I list with pleasure till the sounds decay.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF LORD NELSON.

WHILE British hearts with noble ardour glow,
 Warm with the genuine spirit of the brave ;
 Ah ! still a grateful tear of joy must flow,
 The sacred tribute o'er a hero's grave.

Oh ! yes, a sweet enthusiastic tear
 Shall tremble in the generous Briton's eye ;
 And own with melting energy sincere,
 A Nelson's worth, a country's liberty,

The mournful muse shall consecrate his name
 With all the inspiration of the lyre ;
 And loyal bosoms kindling at his fame,
 Shall glory in the patriotic fire.

And o'er the tomb that holds his sacred dust
 Shall glory weave the brightest laurel crown ;
 While in the noble records of the just,
 His name shall live in virtue's fair renown.

HOLIDAY HOURS.

INSCRIBED TO MY BROTHER CLAUDE.

DEAR boy, let us think of the pleasures in spring,
 When the season is welcom'd with garlands of flowers ;
 How thy moments will fly with delight on the wing,
 How thy fancy will dwell on the holiday hours.
 And sweet are those moments the young bosom knows,
 Preceding the social endearments of home ;
 Where maternal affection so tenderly glows,
 And invokes the gay holiday pleasures to come.
 And oh ! my sweet boy, when our years shall expand,
 When we wander no more thro' our favorite bowers ;
 Perhaps we may sigh for the pleasures so bland,
 The sportive delights of the holiday hours.

SONNET TO THE MUSE OF PITY.

Oh! mistress of the melancholy song,
 I love to bend before thy sacred shrine;
 To thee my fondest early vows belong,
 For pity's melting tenderness is thine.
 Thine is the harp of wild expressive tone,
 'Tis thine to touch it with entrancing art;
 Till all thy numbers vibrate on the heart,
 And sympathy delights thy powers to own.
 Oh! sweetest muse of pity and of love,
 In artless song thy plaintive lyre I hail;
 Be mine to weep with thee o'er sorrow's tale,
 And oft thy pleasing visions may I prove.
 "Thou mistress of the melancholy song,
 "To thee my fondest early vows belong."

THE SONG OF A SERAPH.

"*Hark! they whisper, angels say,*
 "*Sister spirit! come away!*" POPE.

Lo! the dream of life is o'er;
 Pain the christian's lot no more!
 Kindred spirit! rise with me,
 Thine the meed of victory.

Now the angel-songs I hear,
 Dying softly on the ear ;
 Spirit, rise ! to thee is given,
 The light ethereal wing of heaven.

Now no more shall virtue faint,
 Happy spirit of the saint ;
 Thine the halo of the skies,
 Thine the seraph's paradise.

SONNET, TO MY MOTHER.

To thee, maternal guardian of my youth,
 I pour the genuine numbers free from art ;
 The lays inspir'd by gratitude and truth,
 For thou wilt prize th' effusion of the heart.
 Oh ! be it mine, with sweet and pious care,
 To calm thy bosom in the hour of grief ;
 With soothing tenderness to chase the tear,
 With fond endearments to impart relief.
 Be mine thy warm affection to repay
 With duteous love in thy declining hours ;
 My filial hand shall strew unfading flowers,
 Perennial roses to adorn thy way :
 Still may thy grateful children round thee smile,
 Their pleasing care affliction shall beguile.

THE MINSTREL TO HIS HARP.

WHEN youthful transport led the hours,
And all my way was bright with flowers,
Ah! then my harp, thy dulcet note,
To songs of joy would lightly float;
To thee I sung in numbers wild,
Of hope and love who gaily smil'd.

And now tho' young delight is o'er,
And golden visions charm no more;
Tho' now my harp, thy mellow tone,
I wake to mournful strains alone;
Ah! yet the pleasing lays impart
A pensive rapture to my heart.

I sung to thee of early pleasures,
In sweet and animated measures;
And I have wept o'er griefs and cares,
And still have lov'd thy magic airs:
To me thy sound recalls the hours,
When all my way was bright with flowers.

ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY.

IN AFFLICTION.

AH! withering sorrow wilt thou come,
 And steal the roses of to-day,
 Nor leave one lonely sweet to bloom,
 And cheer us in this mournful May.

Oh! yes, one blossom yet shall smile,
 And filial childhood shall expand,
 Maternal anguish to beguile,
 And crown the wish affection plann'd.

Then ah! tho' withering sorrow come,
 And steal the early birth-day rose;
 Let hope reserve one sweet to bloom,
 "Tho' thorns its dewy leaves enclose."

TO E. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

To thee, sweet girl, these lays impart,
 The genuine friendship of my heart.
 Oh! be this day for ever blest;
 I hail it with my gayest measure;
 And may thy sympathetic breast
 Enjoy affection, love, and pleasure.

And if thy heart should ever mourn,
 May friendship soothe the anxious sorrow ;
 Till hope with lovely smile return,
 To promise thee a brighter morrow.

And ah ! may health benignly shed
 Her blessings o'er thy sister's head ;
 And nurse the charge with influence bland,
 Till on her cheek the rose expand.

TO MY AUNT, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

THE muse shall breathe a native lay,
 And sweetly consecrate the day ;
 While Anna by the power of truth
 Leads on our emulative youth ;
 While each young virtue of the heart,
 To her a rapture can impart.
 The genuine thoughts her soul may prize,
 Endear'd by fond affection's ties ;
 Warm from the bosom's ardent glow,
 The wild effusions gaily flow.
 " The muse shall breathe a native lay,
 " And sweetly consecrate the day :"
 While love and friendship's pure delight,
 To bless our little band unite.

TO THE MOONLIGHT HOUR.

SWEETEST of the pensive hours,
Welcome to our Cambrian bowers ;
While the harp with plaintive close,
Bids us love the song of woes ;
Or the lute so gaily sweet,
Echoes thro' this wild retreat ;
While our hearts with frolic pleasure,
Vibrate to the dulcet measure ;
We will bless thy soothing power,
Sweet and pensive moonlight hour.

By the soft expressive sigh
We breathe to mournful melody ;
By the poet's melting trance,
And by his visions of romance ;
By the lover's trembling tear,
To sorrow and to rapture dear ;
Ever be thy shadowy beam
Sacred as the minstrel's theme.
Sweetest of the pensive hours,
Welcome to our Cambrian bowers.

TO MY ELDEST BROTHER,

*LIEUTENANT IN THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT OF FOOT;
OR, ROYAL WELCH FUZILEERS.*

ON HIS COMPLETING HIS TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

WHILE Hope, the syren fair and gay,
Tells of some future happy day,
Let Pleasure with benignant power,
The empress of the social hour,
Smile on the day to love so dear,
And smile more softly thro' a tear.

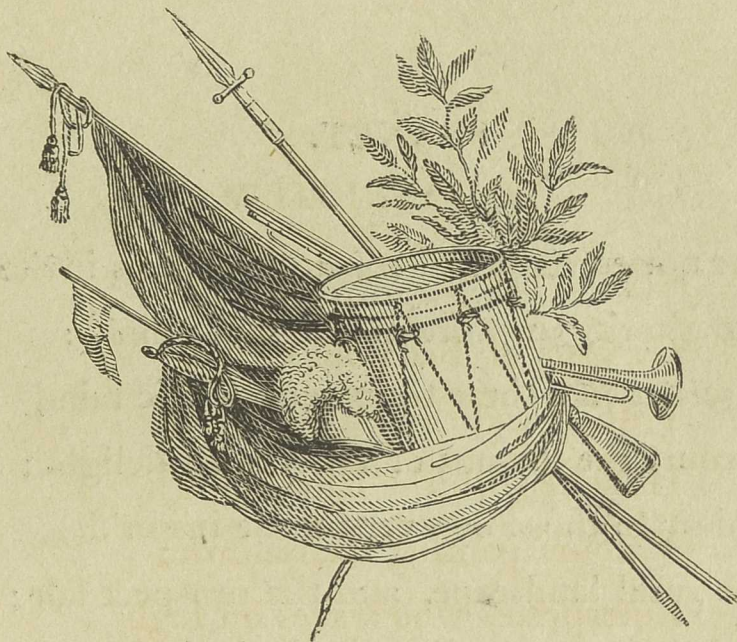
Yet, while on fancy's raptur'd sight,
Beam the sweet visions of delight,
For thee affection fondly sighs,
And fears, and doubtful wishes rise:
Yet lovely Hope again appears,
And lifts the veil of distant years.

“For thee,” she sings, “shall fancy bloom,
“And love the path of life illumine;
“For thee shall health her roses shed,
“And glory's laurels twine thy head.
“Then joy shall drop a precious tear,
“To hail the gallant fuzileer.”

TO PATRIOTISM.

GENIUS of Britannia's land,
Hither lead thy chosen band :
Honour with the laurel crown,
Valour, panting for renown ;
Enterprize, who waves on high
The British flag of victory ;
And Fortitude, with awful state,
Who soars above the storm of fate.

Oh ! by the spirits of the brave,
The heroes of Trafalgar's wave ;
And by our Nelson's sacred name,
And by our Abercromby's fame,
Do thou Britannia's sons inspire
With all thy energy and fire :
Teach them to conquer or to die
With firm unshaken loyalty.
Then may some bard record their praise
In sweet enthusiastic lays ;
And hail the patriotic band,
The guardians of their native land ;
Whose names shall live in warlike story,
Consigned to everlasting glory.



TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER,

ON HIS ENTERING THE ARMY.

HAIL! thou dear thou gallant boy,
Oh! be our hero, be our joy;
May "love and glory" fire thy soul,
Inspir'd by virtue's pure controul;
And then our hearts with joy sincere,
Would bless our noble fuzileer.

Tho' we are now resign'd to grief,
It may be thine to bring relief;
Oh! let us see thy patriot name
Recorded in the lists of fame;
And then our hearts with joy sincere,
Will bless our noble fuzileer.

SONNET.

WHERE nature's grand romantic charms invite
 The glowing rapture of the soul refin'd ;
 In scenes like these the young poetic mind
 May court the dreams of fancy with delight ;
 And dear to those by every muse inspir'd,
 The rural landscape, and the prospect fair ;
 They love in mountain solitudes retir'd,
 To own illusions that may banish care.
 These gentle visions ever shall remain,
 To soothe the poet in his pensive hours ;
 For him shall Fancy cull Piërian flowers,
 And strew her garlands o'er the path of pain :
 For him shall Memory shed her pensive ray,
 O'er the soft hours of life's enchanting May.

TO AUTUMN.

No more the glowing flowers of spring,
 Enrich the sweet romantic dell ;
 Yet ah ! the tints of Autumn bring,
 A fading charm, a soft farewell.
 Dear Autumn ! as thy sober hues
 Adorn the scene with shadowy grace ;

A mellow beauty they diffuse,
 Which pensive pleasure loves to trace.
 And dearer is thy transient calm,
 That wakes the mild and soothing tear,
 Than summer air of fragrant balm,
 Than all the treasures of the year.
 And sweeter is thy partial ray,
 For ah! too soon it melts away.

F. D. B. AGED 13.

SONNET.

'Tis sweet to think the spirits of the blest,
 May hover round the virtuous man's repose;
 And oft in visions animate his breast,
 And scenes of bright beatitude disclose.
 The ministers of Heaven with pure controul,
 May bid his sorrow and emotion cease;
 Inspire the pious fervour of his soul,
 And whisper to his bosom hallow'd peace.
 Ah! tender thought, that oft with sweet relief,
 May charm the bosom of a weeping friend;
 Beguile with magic power the tear of grief,
 And pensive pleasure with devotion blend;
 While oft he fancies music sweetly faint,
 The airy lay of some departed saint.

THE PETITION OF THE REDBREAST.

AH! why did thy rude hand molest
 The sacred quiet of my nest?
 No more I rise on rapture's wing,
 The ditties of my love to sing.
 Restore me to the peaceful vale,
 To wander with the southern gale;
 Restore me to the woodland scene,
 Romantic glen, or forest green;
 To hail the Heaven's ethereal blue,
 To drink the freshness of the dew;
 Now, while my artless carols flow,
 Let pity in thy bosom glow.
 For this, at morn's inspiring hour,
 I'll sing in thy luxuriant bow'r:
 To thee the breeze of airy sigh
 Shall waft my thrilling melody;
 Thy soul the cadence wild shall meet,
 The song of gratitude is sweet.
 And at the pensive close of day,
 When landscape-colours fade away,
 Ah! then the robin's mellow note,
 To thee in dying tone shall float;—

" Now, while my plaintive carols flow,
 " Let pity in thy bosom glow ;"
 And I will consecrate to thee,
 The wildest note of liberty.

INSCRIPTION FOR A HERMITAGE.

PILGRIM, view this mossy dell,
 View the woodland hermit's cell ;
 And if thou love the rustic scene,
 And love to court the muse serene ;
 If virtue to thy soul be dear,
 And sometimes melancholy's tear ;
 Oh ! thou wilt view the vale around,
 As if 'twere consecrated ground.
 The pious hermit here retir'd,
 With love of solitude inspir'd ;
 He lov'd the scene of this retreat,
 This smiling dell to him was sweet ;
 And here he sought for hallow'd rest,
 To calm the sorrows of his breast ;
 And resignation with a smile,
 His tear of grief would oft beguile ;
 Would soothe to peace his tranquil age,
 In this romantic hermitage.

THE MINSTREL BARD.

WHERE awful summits rise around,
 With wild and straggling flowerets crown'd ;
 'Tis there the poet loves to sigh,
 And touch the harp of melody :
 And wake the measure of delight,
 Or melt in fairy visions bright :
 And sometimes will his soul aspire,
 And feel almost ethereal fire.
 Ah ! then the fond enthusiast dreams,
 (Enraptur'd with celestial themes,)

That happy spirits round him play,
 And animate the magic lay :
 Their floating forms his fancy sees,
 And hears their music in the breeze.
 Then, while the airy numbers die,
 He wakes his sweetest harmony ;
 To imitate the heavenly strain,
 Which memory fondly calls again.
 To Fancy then he pours his song,
 To her his wildest notes belong.
 Oh ! spirit of the lyre divine,
 I deck with flowers thy sacred shrine ;
 Thus let me ever melt with thee,
 In the soft dreams of poesy.

TO THE MUSE.

GODDESS of the magic lay,
Ever let me own thy sway ;
Thine the sweet enchanting art,
To charm and to correct the heart ;
To bid the tear of pity flow,
Sacred to thy tale of woe ;
Or raise the lovely smile of pleasure,
With sportive animated measure.

“ Oh ! Goddess of the magic lay,”
To thee my early vows I pay ;
Still let me wander in thy train,
And pour the wild romantic strain.
Be mine to rove by thee inspir'd,
In peaceful vales, and scenes retir'd ;
For in thy path, oh ! heavenly maid,
The roses smile that never fade.



GENIUS.

Now evening steals upon the glowing scene,
Her colours tremble on the wave serene ;
The dews of balm on languid flowers descend,
The mellow tinges of the landscape blend ;
Hail ! placid eve, thy lingering smiles diffuse
A pensive pleasure to the lonely muse.

I love to wander by the ocean side,
And hear the soothing murmurs of the tide ;
To muse upon the poet's fairy-tale,
In fancy wafted to the moonlight vale :
Sometimes I think that Ariel's playful bands
Are lightly hovering o'er " these yellow sands."

'Tis thus that Shakspeare with inspiring song,
 Can lead the visionary train along ;
 Then by his magic spell the scene around,
 The "yellow sands" become enchanted ground.

But when the lingering smile of even dies,
 And when the mild and silvery moonbeams rise,
 Then sweeter is the favourite rustic seat,
 Where pensile ash trees form the green retreat,
 And mingle with the richer foliage round,
 To cast a trembling shadow on the ground ;
 'Tis there retir'd I pour the artless rhyme,
 And court the muses at this tranquil time.

Oh ! Genius, lead me to Piërian bowers,
 And let me cull a few neglected flowers :
 By all the poets, fanciful and wild,
 Whose tales my hours of infancy beguil'd,
 Oh ! let thy spirit animate my lyre,
 And all the numbers of my youth inspire.

Perhaps, where now I pour the simple lays,
 Thy bards have wak'd the song of other days ;
 Some Cambrian Ossian may have wander'd near,
 While airy music murmur'd in his ear :
 Perhaps, even here, beneath the moonlight beam,
 He lov'd to ponder some entrancing theme ;

And here, while heavenly visions fill'd his eye,
 He rais'd the strain of plaintive melody;
 This fond idea consecrates the hour,
 And more endears the calm secluded bower.

Sweet was the Cambrian harp in ancient time,
 When tuneful bards awak'd the song sublime;
 And minstrels caroll'd in the banner'd hall,
 Where warlike trophies grac'd the lofty wall;
 They sang the legends and traditions old,
 The deeds of chivalry, and heroes bold.
 Oh! Cambria, tho' thy sweetest bards are dead,
 And fairies from thy lovely vales are fled;
 Still in thy sons the musing mind may trace
 The vestige of thy former simple race:
 Some pious customs yet preserv'd with care,
 Their humble village piety declare;
 Ah! still they strew the fairest flowers and weep,
 Where buried friends of sacred memory sleep.
 The wandering harper, too, in plaintive lays,
 Declares the glory of departed days;
 And, Cambria, still upon thy fertile plains,
 The power of hospitality remains.

Yet shall my muse the pleasing task resign,
 Till riper judgement all her songs refine;

But let my sportive lyre resume again
 The purpos'd theme, to hail another's strain.
 Yes, heavenly Genius, I have heard thee raise
 The note of truth, of gratitude, and praise.
 'Twas thine with modest indigence to dwell,
 And warble sweetly in the lowly cell;
 To rove with Bloomfield thro' the woodland shade,
 And hail the calm seclusion of the glade:
 Beneath the greenwood canopy reclin'd,
 'Twas thine to elevate his artless mind.
 While in the lovely scene "to him so dear,"
 He trac'd the varied beauties of the year;
 And fondly loiter'd in the summer bower,
 To hail the incense of the morning hour;
 Or thro' the rich autumnal landscape rov'd,
 And rais'd a grateful hymn for all he lov'd.

Oh! Genius, ever with thy favour'd band
 May Piety be seen with aspect bland;
 And conscious Honour with an eye serene,
 And Independence with exalted mein.
 Ah! may'st thou never to Ambition bend,
 Nor at the shrine of Luxury attend;
 But rather consecrate some tranquil home,
 And in the vale of peace and pleasure bloom.
 There may'st thou wander from the world retir'd,
 And court the dreams by poesy inspir'd;

And sometimes all thy pleasing spells employ,
 To bid affliction own a transient joy :
 For oft 'tis thine to chase the tear away
 With soothing harp and melancholy lay ;
 And sorrow feels the magic for a while,
 And then, with sad expression, learns to smile.
 Oh ! teach me all the soft bewitching art,
 The music that may cheer a wounded heart :
 For I would love to bid emotion cease,
 With sweetest melodies that whisper peace ;
 And all the visions of delight restore,
 The soften'd memory of hours no more.

Ah ! Genius, when thy dulcet measures flow,
 Then pleasure animates the cheek of woe ;
 And sheds a sad and transitory grace,
 O'er the pale beauty of the languid face.

But when 'tis thine to feel the pang of grief,
 Without one melting friend to bring relief ;
 Then, who thy pain shall soften and beguile,
 What gentle spirit cheer thee with a smile ;
 And bid thy last departing hopes revive,
 And all thy flattering dreams of rapture live ?
 Oh ! turn to Him thy supplicating eye,
 The God of peace and tenderest charity ;

And He will bless thee with consoling power,
 And elevate thy soul in sorrow's hour.
 Ah! then a pensive beam of joy shall play,
 To cheer thee, weeping Genius, on thy way:
 A lovely rainbow then for thee shall rise,
 And shed a lustre o'er the cloudy skies.
 Tho' all thy fairy prospects are no more,
 And tho' the visions of thy youth are o'er;
 Yet Sorrow shall assume a softer mein,
 Like Melancholy, mournful yet serene:
 The placid Muse to thee her flowers shall bring,
 And Hope shall "wave her golden hair," and sing;
 With magic power dispel the clouds on high,
 And raise the veil of bright eternity.

RURAL WALKS.

OH! may I ever pass my happy hours
 In Cambrian vallies and romantic bow'rs;
 For every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
 And every landscape charms my youthful breast.
 And much I love to hail the vernal morn,
 When flowers of spring the mossy seat adorn:
 And sometimes thro' the lonely wood I stray,
 To cull the tender rosebuds in my way;

And seek in every wild secluded dell,
 The weeping cowslip, and the azure bell;
 With all the blossoms, fairer in the dew,
 To form the gay festoon of varied hue.
 And oft I seek the cultivated green,
 The fertile meadow, and the village scene;
 Where rosy children sport around the cot,
 Or gather woodbine from the garden spot.
 And there I wander by the cheerful rill,
 That murmurs near the osiers and the mill;
 To view the smiling peasants turn the hay,
 And listen to their pleasing festive lay.
 I love to loiter in the spreading grove,
 Or in the mountain scenery to rove;
 Where summits rise in awful grace around,
 With hoary moss and tufted verdure crown'd;
 Where cliffs in solemn majesty are pil'd,
 "And frown upon the vale" with grandeur wild:
 And there I view the mouldering tower sublime,
 Array'd in all the blending shades of time.

The airy upland and the woodland green,
 The valley, and romantic mountain scene;
 The lowly hermitage, or fair domain,
 The dell retir'd, or willow-shaded lane;
 "And every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
 And every landscape charms my youthful breast."

THE ALPINE SHEPHERD.

IN scenery sublime and rude,
In wild romantic solitude,
Where awful summits crown'd with snow,
In soft and varied colours glow ;
There, in some grassy shelter'd spot,
The Alpine shepherd forms his cot ;
And there, beside his peaceful home,
The fairest mountain-flowerets bloom ;
There oft his playful children climb
The rock fantastic and sublime,
And cull the mantling shrubs that creep,
And sweetly blossom o'er the steep.
'Tis his to mark the morning ray,
Upon the glittering scenery play ;
To watch the purple evening shade,
In sweet and mellow tinges fade ;
And hail the sun's departing smile,
That beams upon the hills a while :
And oft, at moonlight hour serene,
He wanders thro' the shadowy scene :
And then his pipe with plaintive sound
Awakes the mountain-echoes round.

How dear to him the shelter'd spot,
 The waving pines that shade his cot;
 His pastoral music wild and gay,
 May charm his simple cares away;
 And never will he sigh to roam,
 Far from his native mountain-home.

SONNET, TO AGNES.

AH! could my Agnes rove these favourite shades,
 With mirth and friendship in the Cambrian vale,
 In mossy dells, or wild romantic glades,
 Where flowers uncultur'd scent the sportive gale;
 And could she wander at the morning hour,
 To hail with me, the blest return of May;
 Or linger sweetly in the woodbine bower,
 When early dews begem the weeping spray;
 Ah! soon her cheek the lovely mantling bloom
 Of sprightly youth, and pleasure, would disclose;
 Her lip the smile of Hebe would resume,
 And wear the blushes of the vernal rose;
 And soon would cherub health with lively grace,
 Beam in her eye, and animate her face.

CHRISTMAS.

THE sunbeams glitter on the mountain snow,
 And o'er the summit cast a transient glow ;
 Now silver frost adorns the drooping bower,
 My favourite seat in summer's happy hour.
 'Twas there, when spring the mantling blossoms shed,
 The sweet liburnum cluster'd o'er my head ;
 And there the robin form'd a mossy nest,
 And gaily caroll'd in retirement blest ;
 Still memory loves to paint the glowing scene,
 When autumn tints enrich'd the foliage green.

Even yet the bower is lovely in decay,
 Gilt by the " sunbeam of a winter's day ;"
 For now the frost befringes every thorn,
 And sparkles to the radiant smile of morn :
 The lucid ice has bound the mountain rill,
 No more it murmurs by the cheerful mill.
 I hear the village bells upon the gale ;
 And merry peasants wander thro' the vale ;
 In gay convivial bands they rove along,
 With genuine pleasure and inspiring song ;
 I meet the rustic troop, and love to trace
 The smile of health in every rosy face.

Oh! Christmas, welcome to thy happy reign,
 And all the social virtues in thy train;
 The Cambrian harper hails thy festal time,
 With sportive melody and artless rhyme:
 Unlike the bards who sung in days of old,
 And all the legends of tradition told;
 In gothic castles deck'd with banners gay,
 At solemn festivals they pour'd the lay:
 Their poor descendant wanders thro' the vales,
 And gains a welcome by his artless tales;
 He finds a seat in every humble cot,
 And hospitality in every spot;
 'Tis now he bids the sprightly harp resound,
 To bless the hours with genial plenty crown'd.
 And now the gay domestic joys we prove,
 The smiles of peace, festivity, and love.
 " Oh! Christmas, welcome to thy hallow'd reign,
 And all the social virtues in thy train;"
 Compassion listening to the tale of grief,
 Who seeks the child of sorrow with relief;
 And every muse with animating glee,
 Congenial mirth and cordial sympathy.

THE WREATH OF SPRING.

I ROV'D in the meadows, the vales, and the bowers,
While the leaves were bespangled with dew ;
And I cull'd in profusion the blossoms and flowers,
Excelling in fragrance and hue.

The primrose of spring in the wreath I combin'd,
And the violet modest and pale ;
And there the wild roses and myrtles entwin'd,
With the lily which droops in the vale.

The harebell that smiles in the dingle I sought,
Of the softest ethereal blue ;
And then to Celinda the garland I brought,
While the buds were all shining in dew.

“ Oh ! take the sweet flowers in their beauty,” I said,
“ While yet they are lovely and gay ;
“ For soon, my Celinda, their bloom will be fled,
“ Too early they wither away.

“ This lily so gracefully languid and fair,
“ Might have faded unseen in the grove ;
“ Yet the balm of its odour was borne on the air,
“ And it weeps in the wreath of my love.

" To you, my Celinda, the rose-bud I bring,
 " While its leaves are begemm'd with the dew,
 " 'Tis the darling of Flora, the treasure of spring ;
 " How lovely an emblem of you.

" But oh ! when the roses of beauty and youth,
 " Like the bloom of the flower shall decay ;
 " The myrtle of love and perennial truth,
 " Shall be smiling and fresh as in May."

SONNET TO A DYING EXOTIC

AH ! lovely faded plant, the blight I mourn,
 That withered all thy blossoms fair and gay ;
 I saw thee blushing to the genial May,
 And now thy leaves are drooping and forlorn.
 I mark'd thy early beauty with a smile,
 And saw with pride the crimson buds expand ;
 They open'd to the sunbeam for a while,
 By all the flattering gales of summer fann'd.
 Ah ! faded plant, I raise thy languid head,
 And moisten every leaf with balmy dew ;
 But now thy rich luxuriant bloom is fled,
 Thy foliage wears a pale autumnal hue ;
 Too soon thy glowing colours have decay'd,
 Like thee the flowers of pleasure smile and fade.

THE VALE OF CLWYD.

INSCRIBED TO MISS FOULKES, OF ERIVIATT.

THE lovely vale is Cambria's pride,
Luxuriant garden of the land ;
There plenty smiles on every side,
There bright and fertile meads expand.

Array'd in every glowing hue,
How varied all the sylvan view,
With tufted woods, romantic glades,
And spires embosom'd in the shades.

There cultivation decks the scene,
The happy prospect all around ;
There pastures bloom for ever green,
The plains with golden sheaves are crown'd.

There cheerful cottages appear,
Beside the river calm and clear ;
And fields that wave with bending corn,
The fair extensive vale adorn.

And there the castle still sublime,
With turrets falling fast away,
Remains the monument of time,
The awful emblem of decay.

'Twas near that pile in ages fled,
 That warrior's fought, and heroes bled;
 While crimson banners wav'd on high,
 In all the pomp of victory.

Alas! the lone deserted wall,
 A mournful ruin now appears;
 Yet still majestic in its fall,
 Tho' mouldered by consuming years.

Beside the long-forsaken towers,
 O'ergrown with ivy and with flowers,
 There at the close of evening gray,
 The wandering moralist might stray;

With pensive pleasure there to gaze,
 On all the grandeur of the pile;
 To meditate on former days,
 And muse on fortune's transient smile.

And by those arches long decay'd,
 In faded beauty still display'd,
 There might the lonely poet hail,
 The rural prospect of the vale,

And those by charms of nature fir'd,
 May rove amidst this Cambrian scene;
 In mossy dells, or groves retir'd,
 Beside the lawns of brightest green.

And there by Cynthia's placid beam,
 May wander near the winding stream ;
 To view the fair arcadian vale,
 More pleasing in the lustre pale.

Tho' lovely is the dawn of day,
 When morning sheds reviving dew ;
 Yet sweeter is the silver ray,
 And dearer to the plaintive muse.

For by the soft and mellow light,
 That trembles thro' the clouds of night,
 Then all the landscape is array'd,
 In pensive grace and blending shade.

The smiling vale is Cambria's pride,
 There hospitality remains ;
 There peace and elegance reside,
 And seek the mansions of the plains.

Oh ! still may cultivation's hand
 Enrich the garden of the land ;
 May Ceres there her treasures yield,
 And ever crown the fertile field.

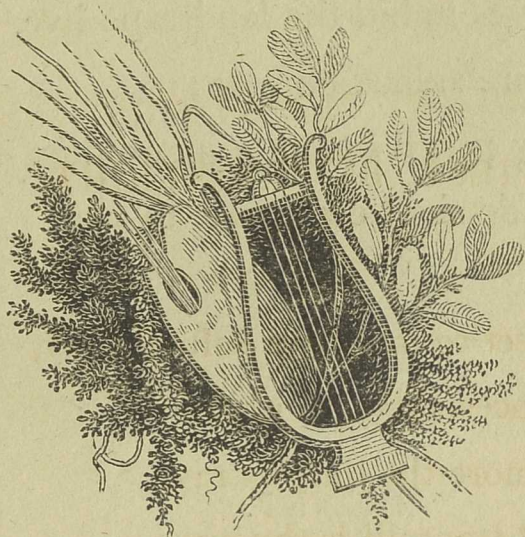
And there may peace for ever reign ;
 Ne'er may the cheering harvest fail ;
 May plenty lead her sportive train,
 And with profusion bless the vale.

SEA PIECE, BY MOONLIGHT.

How sweet to mark the soften'd ray,
O'er the ocean lightly play ;
Now no more the billows rave,
Clear and tranquil is the wave ;
While I view the vessel glide,
O'er the calm cerulean tide.

Now might fays, and fairy bands,
Assemble on these "yellow sands ;"
For this the hour, as poets tell,
That oft they leave the flowery cell,
And lead the sportive dance along,
While spirits pour the choral song.

The moonbeam sheds a lustre pale,
And trembles on the distant sail ;
And now the silvery clouds arise,
To veil the radiance of the skies ;
But soon I view the light serene,
Gild again the lovely scene.



LINES TO MAJOR COX,

ON RECEIVING FROM HIM AN ELEGANT BOX OF COLOURS.

THO' youthful ardour fires my glowing heart,
To copy Nature with enchanting Art ;
Ah! still I fondly strive with effort vain,
The pencil's flowing graces to attain.
But when Instruction guides my roving feet,
To reach the Muse of Painting's lofty seat ;
Where Genius learns in magic colours warm,
To join Expression's fire, and Beauty's form ;
If *then* 'tis mine with energy to trace
The varied charms of Nature's blooming face ;
To dress the mimic flowers in rainbow dyes,
Bright as the blushes of the orient skies ;

In glowing hues to bid the landscape live,
 Or to the figure animation give;
 Oh! *then*, my pencil's tribute justly due,
 Sweet Gratitude shall consecrate to you.

SONNET.

AH! now farewell, thou sweet and gentle maid,
 Beside thy simple grave we oft shall mourn;
 And plant a willow where thy form is laid,
 And then with flowers the weeping tree adorn.
 Oft shall we sing thy melancholy tale,
 When all the shades of evening steal around;
 And oft assemble by the moonlight pale,
 To linger near the consecrated ground.
 And oh! if spirits e'er on earth descend,
 To hover o'er some chosen hallow'd spot;
 Around thy tomb shall airy bands attend,
 And humble villagers shall weep thy lot.
 Ah! fair departed maid, thy placid mind
 Was calm in sorrow, and to Heaven resign'd.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

INSCRIBED TO MISS C——.

WHEN first to youth's enchanted eyes
The flattering world discloses ;
Oh ! then unclouded are the skies,
The lovely scenes of hope arise,
The path is deck'd with roses.

Like summer clouds or April showers,
Our sorrows pass away ;
In smiling Fancy's fairy bowers,
We sport the gay delightful hours,
Of life's propitious May.

But ah ! how short our festal morn,
How soon our spring is fled ;
Those golden days no more return ;
The fairest flowers conceal a thorn ;
The path of life we tread.

Some wander thro' a rugged way,
Forsaken and opprest ;
While others cheer'd by Fortune's ray,
Thro' Pleasure's laughing region stray,
In rainbow colours drest.

The early votaries of the muse,
 Too fondly hope to rove,
 Thro' blissful meads, where flowers diffuse
 Their balmy sweets and glowing hues,
 Around the bower of love.

How fair to youth's enchanted eyes,
 The flattering world discloses ;
 But soon the dear illusion flies,
 And weeds and pointed thorns arise,
 To blend with fragrant roses.

Oh! may the path of life for thee,
 Still wear a vernal smile ;
 May Hope thy sweet companion be,
 And Friendship, Love, and Sympathy,
 Thy happy hours beguile.

Be thine with airy steps to trace,
 Some bright and sunny way ;
 Oh! still may Health with sportive grace,
 And mantling bloom adorn thy face,
 And bid thy heart be gay.

THE MORNING WALK.

COME, let us wander thro' the woodland bowers,
Or seek the primrose in the lonely dale;
For now the tears of April gem the flowers,
That shed their balmy incense on the gale.

Beside the margin of the winding stream
The shepherd leads his sportive flock along;
The woodlark soars to hail the morning beam,
And tunes the music of his matin song.

In dewy meads with flowers and verdure drest,
The blooming children of the cottage play;
With soft compassion spare the downy nest,
And gaily carol as they rove away.

Now fairy spring adorns the lovely scene,
In mossy dells the fragrant violets blow;
And veil'd in opening leaves of tender green,
Uncultur'd roses in profusion glow.

Come, let us hail the vernal smile of morn,
Delightful hour, inspiring to the muse;
The redbreast warbles on the budding thorn,
And every blossom shines in pearly dew.

With mantling woodbine every hedge is crown'd ;
 In airy grace the sweet liburnums bend ;
 And o'er the lawns and grassy meads around,
 The April showers in genial balm descend.

Ethereal spring ! I love thy gentle air ;
 I love thy garlands breathing soft perfume,
 Entwin'd with azure bells and lilies fair,
 And early roses in luxuriant bloom.

Again I rove the woodland and the glade,
 Again the linnet's mellow note I hear ;
 With artless pleasure wandering in the shade,
 To cull the treasures of the infant year.

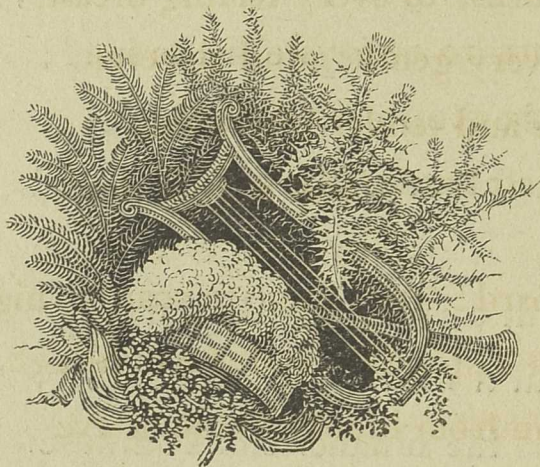
HARVEST HYMN.

Now Autumn strews on every plain
 His mellow fruits and fertile grain ;
 And laughing Plenty crown'd with sheaves,
 With purple grapes, and spreading leaves,
 In rich profusion pours around,
 Her flowing treasures on the ground.

Oh! mark the great, the liberal hand,
 That scatters blessings o'er the land;
 And to the God of Nature raise
 The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The infant corn in vernal hours,
 He nurtur'd with his gentle showers,
 And bade the summer clouds diffuse
 Their balmy store of genial dews.
 He mark'd the tender stem arise,
 Till ripen'd by the glowing skies;
 And now matur'd, his work behold,
 The cheering harvest waves in gold.
 To nature's God with joy we raise
 The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The vallies echo to the strains
 Of blooming maids, and village swains;
 To Him they tune the lay sincere,
 Whose bounty crowns the smiling year.
 The sounds from every woodland borne,
 The sighing winds that bend the corn,
 The yellow fields around proclaim
 His mighty everlasting name.
 To nature's God united raise
 The grateful song, the hymn of praise.



A TRIBUTE
TO THE GENIUS OF ROBERT BURNS.

As in the lone sequester'd grove,
The woodlark on the bending spray,
Attunes to liberty and love
The sportive lay:

'Twas thus in mountain scenes retir'd,
That Scotia's minstrel, nature's child,
Would sing, by ardent genius fir'd,
His carol wild.

In poverty his generous heart,
With freedom and with fancy glow'd;
And native strains untaught by art,
Spontaneous flow'd.

Oh! Burns, to every feeling breast,
 To every gentle mind sincere,
 By love and tender pity blest,
 Thy song is dear.

Sweet bard! 'twas thine to soar on high,
 With inspiration and the muse;
 To claim from beauty's radiant eye
 Compassion's dew;

To raise the smile of social glee,
 The patriot's manly heart to fire;
 Or wake the tear of sympathy,
 With plaintive lyre.

Sweet bard! for thee the muses mourn,
 In melting lays they sing thy name;
 And twine, to deck thy sacred urn,
 The wreath of fame.

THE VERNAL SHOWER.

Now the lucid tears of May
 Gem the blossoms of the spray;
 Every leaf and bending flower
 Glitters in the vernal shower.

Lovely in the clouded sky,
See the rainbow shines on high;
Mark the heavenly colours bright,
Ere they vanish from the sight.

Hark! the warblers gaily sing;
Sweet the melodies of spring;
When the youthful heart at ease,
Bids the native music please.

Fairer now the view around,
Brighter verdure decks the ground;
Flora, smiling in the bower,
Hails the tender vernal shower.

See! again the skies appear,
Clad in blue serenely clear;
Now the sun with placid ray
Gilds the scene, and all is gay.

Cool and fragrant is the gale,
Breathing sweets from yonder vale,
Where the flowers in blooming pride,
Smile upon the fountain side.

Now the linnets in the grove,
Tune the mellow song of love;
Mild and genial is the hour,
Sweet the balmy vernal shower.

EVENING, ON THE SEA SHORE.

SWEET evening hour! thy gale is balm,
And fragrant are thy pearly dew ;
Thine is the mild and genial calm,
Belov'd by zephyr and the muse.

With fading smile the rosy day,
Now lingers in the radiant west ;
The breezes o'er the water play,
The summer waves are lull'd to rest.

I love to mark the glowing skies,
Reflected in the glassy deep ;
To watch the star of evening rise,
When all the ocean seems to sleep.

But see! the twilight mantle gray,
O'er all the fading view is spread ;
The glowing skies are pass'd away,
The bright and purple clouds are fled.

While memory loves unseen to mourn,
Alone to shed the sacred tear ;
Still to the muse thy blest return,
Oh! pensive twilight, shall be dear.

Now let me pour the soothing lay,
 And hear the waves that murmuring glide;
 And wander till the moonlight ray,
 Serenely trembles on the tide.

Come, gentle Fancy, rove with me,
 At this thy favourite shadowy hour;
 Awake soft music, from the sea,
 And call the fairies by thy power.

SONNET.

I LOVE to hail the mild the balmy hour,
 When evening spreads around her twilight veil;
 When dew's descend on every languid flower,
 And sweet and tranquil is the summer gale.
 Then let me wander by the peaceful tide,
 While o'er the wave the breezes lightly play;
 To hear the waters murmur as they glide,
 To mark the fading smile of closing day.
 There let me linger, blest in visions dear,
 Till the soft moonbeams tremble on the seas;
 While melting sounds decay on fancy's ear,
 Of airy music floating on the breeze.
 For still when evening sheds the genial dew,
 That pensive hour is sacred to the muse.

SONG OF A WOOD NYMPH.

IN peaceful dells and woodland glades,
In sweet romantic scenes I stray ;
And wander thro' the sylvan shades,
Where summer breezes lightly play ;
There at fervid noon I lave,
In the calm pellucid wave.

And oft the fairest flowers I bring,
To deck my grotto's mossy seat,
Cull'd from the margin of the spring,
That flows amidst the green retreat ;
The violet, and the primrose pale,
That smile uncultur'd in the vale.

Reclin'd beneath some hoary tree,
With tufted moss and ivy drest,
I listen to the humming bee,
Whose plaintive tune invites to rest ;
While the fountain calm and clear,
Softly murmurs playing near.

And oft in solitude I rove,
 To hear the bird of eve complain;
 When seated in the hallow'd grove,
 She pours her melancholy strain,
 In soothing tones that wake the tear,
 To sorrow and to fancy dear.

I love the placid moonlight hour,
 The lustre of the shadowy ray;
 'Tis then I seek the dewy bower,
 And tune the wild expressive lay;
 While echo from the woods around,
 Prolongs the softly dying sound.

And oft, in some arcadian vale,
 I touch my harp of mellow note;
 Then sweetly rising on the gale,
 I hear celestial music float;
 And dulcet measures faintly close,
 Till all is silence and repose.

Then fays and fairy elves advance,
 To hear the magic of my song;
 And mingle in the sportive dance,
 And trip with sylphid grace along;
 While the pensive ray serene,
 Trembles thro' the foliage green.

In peaceful dells and woodland shades,
 In wild romantic scenes I stray;
 And wander thro' the sylvan glades,
 With airy footstep light and gay:
 Yet still my favourite lonely spot,
 The sweet retirement of the grot.

THE SCENES OF CONWAY.

ON the banks of the Conway with rapture I stray'd,
 While the sunbeam was bright on the flood;
 And charm'd by the prospect around, I survey'd
 The water, the hills, and the wood.

When the curtain of evening was spread o'er the scene,
 And sweet was the mild summer gale;
 I rov'd by the side of the river serene,
 And gaz'd on the fisherman's sail.

'Twas thus that I mus'd, while I wander'd away,
 Thro' the towers of the castle sublime;
 Where the boughs of the ivy conceal the decay,
 Which is made by the ravage of time:

Now the sun is departing with lingering smile,
 He sinks in the billows to rest ;
 How soft are the colours which glow on the pile,
 How bright are the clouds of the west.

I could fancy that here to the melody sweet,
 Of the tabor, the pipe, and the song,
 By moonlight the fairies of Oberon meet,
 And trip in the dances along.

In these mouldering towers by the mild placid beam
 That silvers the high waving trees,
 The poet might listen in fanciful dream,
 To the sighs of the murmuring breeze.

'Tis mournful to view these deserted old halls,
 Where the harp of the minstrel has rung ;
 Where the banners of chivalry wav'd on the walls,
 And the bards at the festival sung.

But the turrets o'ermantl'd with ivy around,
 Shall echo to music no more ;
 No longer the chords of the harp shall resound,
 And the carol of gladness is o'er.

These walls have been deck'd with the trophies of state,
 This building was noble and proud ;
 But short is the sunbeam of fortune and fate,
 Like the rainbow which shines in a cloud.

'Twas thus that I mus'd while I wander'd away,
 Thro' the towers of the castle sublime ;
 Which still are majestic and frown in decay,
 Array'd in the mantle of time.

The woods and the ruins I left with regret,
 And bade them with sorrow adieu ;
 But the scenes of fair Conway I ne'er can forget,
 For memory their charms will renew.

LINES, FOR MY MOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY.

THIS day let pleasure smile on every face,
 And beam in every eye with sprightly grace ;
 Let artless joy the flowing lay inspire,
 And sweet affection consecrate the lyre.

And see ! all nature smiles around ;
 And hark ! the " wood notes wild " resound ;
 In sunny robe the May appears,
 The presage fair of golden years.

Let Hope with soft propitious ray,
 Our bosoms fondly cheer ;
 Ne'er may the sunshine of this day
 Be clouded with a tear.

LINES, INSCRIBED TO MRS. WYNNE,

ON THE BIRTH OF HER SON AND HEIR.

OH! let me wake the carol gay,
And strike the lyre of pleasure;
For mirth inspires the genuine lay,
And animates the measure.

Blest was the hour, sweet infant boy,
That gave thee to maternal arms;
Propitious hope and smiling joy,
With rapture view'd thy blooming charms.

For thee, sweet babe, the artless muse,
A simple wreath composes;
And see, a genial tear bedews
Her garland form'd of roses.

And oh! in all thy future days,
May virtue o'er thy breast preside;
Illume thy mind with sacred rays,
And ever be thy heavenly guide.

For thee I breathe an artless prayer,
To Heaven that prayer addressing,
May all thy life be free from care,
Enrich'd with every blessing.



SONG,

THE RETURN OF MAY.

HAIL! fairy queen, adorn'd with flowers,
Attended by the smiling hours,
'Tis thine to dress the rosy bowers
In colours gay;
We love to wander in thy train,
To meet thee on the fertile plain,
To bless thy soft propitious reign,
Oh! lovely May.

'Tis thine to dress the vale anew,
 In fairest verdure bright with dew ;
 And harebells of the mildest blue,
 Smile in thy way ;
 Then let us welcome pleasant spring,
 And still the flowery tribute bring,
 And still to thee our carol sing,
 Oh ! lovely May.

Now by the genial zephyr fann'd,
 The blossoms of the rose expand ;
 And rear'd by thee with gentle hand,
 Their charms display ;
 The air is balmy and serene,
 And all the sweet luxuriant scene
 By thee is clad in tender green,
 Oh ! lovely May.

THE FAREWELL.

WHEN sad the parting word we hear,
 That seems of past delights to tell ;
 Who then, without a sacred tear,
 Can say farewell ?

And are we ever doom'd to mourn,
That e'en our joys may lead to pain?
Alas! the rose without a thorn
We seek in vain.

When friends endear'd by absence meet,
Their hours are crown'd with every treasure;
Too soon the happy moments fleet
On wings of pleasure.

But when the parting hour is nigh,
What feeling breast their woes can tell?
With many a prayer and tender sigh
They bid farewell.

Yet Hope may charm their grief away,
And pour her sweet enchanting strain,
That friends belov'd—some future day,
Shall meet again.

Her aid the fair deceiver lends,
To dry the tears which sadly fell;
And calm the sorrow which attends
The last farewell.

PART OF

THE 104TH PSALM, PARAPHRASED.

My fervent soul shall bless the Lord,
And sing Jehovah's name ador'd.
Oh God! how great are all thy ways,
Demanding gratitude and praise;
Honour and majesty are thine,
And beams of light around thee shine:
Thy hand extends the arch on high,
The azure curtain of the sky;
The clouds thy regal chariot form;
Thou ridest on the rushing storm;
Amidst the regions of the air,
The winds thy car triumphal bear:
To thee enraptur'd spirits bend,
And angels round thy throne attend;
While lightnings in thy presence beam,
The ministers of power supreme.
At thy behest the earth appear'd,
On firm eternal basis rear'd:
The floods arose at thy command,
And spread their mantle o'er the land:

Thy word rebuk'd the swelling deep ;
The waters rush'd from every steep ;
The thunders echoed, and they fled,
And sought their peaceful destin'd bed ;
Jehovah's power restrain'd their force,
And limited their whelming course :
He bade the lucid fountains flow,
Meandering thro' the vales below ;
They fertilize the plains and fields,
And nature all her treasure yields.

Beside their banks with verdure drest,
The woodland songsters form their nest ;
Amidst the shade of waving trees,
They pour the sweetest melodies ;
The wild spontaneous hymn they raise,
And sing their great Creator's praise.



