POEMS,

BY

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.
M.DCC.XCI.
MADAM,

I am too sensible of the distinguished honour conferred upon me, in your Majesty's gracious protection of these Poems, to abuse it by adopting the common strain of dedication.

That praise corresponds best to your Majesty's generous feelings, which is poured...
DEDICATION.

without restraint from the heart, and is repeated where you cannot hear.

I suppress therefore, in delicacy to those feelings, the warmth of my own; and subscribe myself,

MADAM,

With profound respect,

Your Majesty's

Devoted Servant,

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.
THE apprehension which it becomes me to feel, in submitting these Poems to the judgment of the Public, may perhaps plead my excuse, for detaining the reader to relate, that they were written under the disadvantages of a confined education, and at an age too young for the attainment of an accurate taste.

My first production, the Legendary Tale of Edwin and Eltruda, was composed to amuse some solitary hours, and without any view to publication. Being shewn
PREFACE.

shewn to Dr. Kippis, he declared that it deserved to be committed to the press, and offered to take upon himself the task of introducing it to the world. I could not hesitate to publish a composition which had received the sanction of his approbation. By the favourable reception this little poem met with, I was encouraged still farther to meet the public eye, in the "Ode on the Peace," and the poem which has the title of "Peru." These poems are inserted in the present collection, but not exactly in their original form. I have felt it my duty to exert my endeavours in such a revision and improvement of them, as may render them somewhat more worthy of perusal. It will, I am afraid, still be found, that there are several things
in them which would shrink at the approach of severe criticism.

To the poems, which for the first time appeared in print in this collection, a few which have been since written are added in this second edition. The writer is fully sensible, that for the success of her later as well as earlier productions, she must rely on the indulgence of the public, knowing how small are her pretensions to its favour.
THE CONTENTS
OF THE
FIRST VOLUME.

THE Morai — — — — — Page 1
An American Tale — — — — — 19
An Epistle to Dr. Moore, Author of a View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany — — — — — 33
Sonnet to Mrs. Bates — — — — — 53
Sonnet to Robert Burns, the Scotch Poet — 55
Sonnet to Euphrasie — — — — — 57
To Sensibility — — — — — 59
A Song — — — — — 69
An Ode on the Peace — — — 73
Edwin and Eltruda, a Legendary Tale — — 97
An Address to Poetry — — — 133
Euphelia, an Elegy — — — 155
A Hymn — — — — — 169
Paraphrases from Scripture — — — 175

THE
THE MORAL

Vol. I.
FAIR Otaheite, fondly blest
By him, who long was doom'd to brave
The fury of the polar wave,
That fiercely mounts the frozen rock
Where the harsh sea-bird rears her nest,
And learns the raging surge to mock—

B 2

There,
There, Night, that loves eternal storm,
Deep, and lengthen’d darkness throws,
And untried danger’s doubtful form
Its half-seen horror shews!
While Nature, with a look so wild
Leans on the cliffs in chaos pil’d;
That here, the aw’d, astonish’d mind
Forgets, in that o’erwhelming hour
When her rude hands the storms unbind,
In all the madness of her power,
That she who spreads the savage gloom,
That she can dress in melting grace,
In sportive Summer’s lavish bloom,
The awful terrors of her face;
And wear the sweet perennial smile
That charms in Otaheite’s isle.

Yet,
Yet, amid her fragrant bowers,
Where Spring, whose dewy fingers strew
O'er other lands some fleeting flowers,
Lives, in blossoms ever new;
Whence arose that shriek of pain?
Whence the tear that flows in vain?—
Death! thy unrelenting hand
Tears some transient, human band.—
Eternity! rich plant, that blows
Beneath a brighter, happier sky,
Time is a fading branch, that grows
On thy pure stem, and blooms to die.

What art thou, Death?—terrific shade,
In unpierce'd gloom array'd!—
Oft will daring fancy stray
Far in the central waftes, where Night
Divides no chearing hour with Day,
And unnam'd horrors meet her sight.
There thy form she dimly sees,
And round the shape unfinish'd throws
All her frantic vision shews
When numbing fears her spirit freeze.—
But can mortal voice declare
If Fancy paints thee as thou art?
Thy aspect may a terror wear
Her pencil never shall impart;
The eye that once on thee shall gaze
No more its stiffen'd orb can raise;
The lips that could thy power reveal
Shall lasting silence instant seal.—
In vain the icy hand we fold,
In vain the breast with tears we steep,
The heart that shar'd each pang, is cold,
The vacant eye no more can weep.

Yet from the shore where Ganges rolls
His wave beneath the torrid ray,
To earth's chill verge, where o'er the poles
Fall the last beams of ling'ring day,
For ever sacred are the dead!
Sweet fancy comes in sorrow's aid,
And bids the mourner lightly tread
Where th' insensate clay is laid;
Bids partial gloom the sod invest
By the mould'ring relics preft:
Then lavish strews, with sad delight,

B 4

Whate'er
Whate'er her consecrating power
Reveres, of herb, or fruit, or flower,
And fondly weaves the various rite.

See! o'er Otaheite's plain
Moves the long, funereal train;
Slow the pallid corse they bear,
Oft they breathe the solemn prayer:
Where the ocean bathes the land
Thrice, and thrice, with pious hand,
The priest, when high the billow springs,
From the wave unfallowed, flings
Waters pure, that sprinkled near,
Sanctify the hallow'd bier:
But never may one drop profane
The relics with forbidden stain!

Now
Now around the fun’ral shrine
Led in mystic mazes, twine
Garlands, where the plantain weaves
With the palm’s luxuriant leaves;
And o’er each sacred knot is spread
The plant devoted to the dead.

Five pale moons with trembling light
Shall gaze upon the lengthen’d rite;
Shall see distracted beauty tear
The tresses of her flowing hair;
Those shining locks, no longer dear,
She wildly scatters o’er the bier;
And careless gives the frequent wound
That bathes in precious blood the ground.

B 5

When
When along the western sky
Day's reflected colours die,
And twilight rules the doubtful hour
Ere slow-pac'd night resumes her power
Mark the cloud that lingers still
Darkly, on the hanging hill!
There the disembodied mind
Hears, upon the hollow wind,
In unequal cadence thrown,
Sorrow's oft repeated moan:—
Still some human passions sway
The spirit late immers'd in clay;
Still the faithful sigh is dear,
Still belov'd the fruitless tear!
Five waning moons, with wand’ring light
Have past the shadowy bound of night,
And mingled their departing ray
With the soft fires of early day;
Let the last sad rite be paid
Grateful to the conscious shade:
Let the priest, with pious care,
Now the wasted relics bear
Where the Morai’s awful gloom
Shrouds the venerable tomb;
Let the plantain lift its head,
Cherish’d emblem of the dead;
Slow and solemn, o’er the grave
Let the twisted plumage wave,
Symbol hallow’d and divine,
Of the god who guards the shrine.—

Hark!
Hark!—that shriek of strange despair
Never shall disturb the air,
Never, never shall it rise
But for Nature's broken ties!—

Bright crescent! that with lucid smile
Gild'st the Morai's lofty pile,
Whose broad lines of shadow throw
A gloomy horror far below;

Witness, O recording moon!
All the rites are duly done;
Be the faithful tribute o'er,
The hov'ring Spirit asks no more!

Mortals, cease the pile to tread,
Leave to silence, leave the dead.

But
But where may she who loves to stray
Mid shadows of funereal gloom,
And courts the sadness of the tomb,
Where may she seek that proud Morai
Whose dear memorial points the place
Where fell the Friend of human race?—
Ye lonely isles! on ocean's bound
Ye bloom'd thro' time's long flight unknown,
Till Cook the untrack'd billow past,
Till he along the surges cast
Philanthropy's connecting zone,
And spread her loveliest blessings round.—
Not like that murd'rous band he came
Who stain'd with blood the new-found West;
Nor as, with unrelenting breast,
From Britain's free, enlighten'd land,
Her sons now seek Angola's strand;
Each tie most sacred to unbind,
To load with chains a brother's frame,
And plunge a dagger in the mind;
Mock the sharp anguish bleeding there
Of nature in her last despair!

Great Cook! Ambition's lofty flame,
So oft directed to destroy,
Led Thee to circle with thy name,
The smile of love, and hope, and joy!
Those fires that lend the dang'rous blaze
The devious comet trails afar,
Might form the pure, benignant rays
That gild the morning's gentle star.—

Sure,
Sure, where the Hero's ashes rest,
The nations late emerg'd from night
Still haste—with love's unwearied care:
That spot in lavish flowers is drest,
And fancy's dear, inventive rite
Still paid with fond observance there!

Ah no!—around his fatal grave
No lavish flowers were ever strewn'd,
No votive gifts were ever laid.—
His blood a savage shore bedew'd!
His mangled limbs, one hasty prayer
One pious tear by friendship paid,
Were cast upon the raging wave!
Deep in the wild abyss he lies,
Far from the cherish'd scene of home;

Far,
Far, far from Her whose faithful sighs
A husband's trackless course pursue;
Whose tender fancy loves to roam
With Him o'er lands and oceans new;
And gilds with Hope's deluding form
The gloomy pathway of the storm.

Yet, Cook! immortal wreaths are thine!—
While Albion's grateful toil shall raise
The marble tomb, the trophied bust,
For ages faithful to its trust;
While, eager to record thy praise,
She bids the Muse of History twine
The chaplet of undying fame,
And tell each polish'd land thy worth;

The
The rudest natives of the earth
Shall oft repeat thy honour'd name;
While infants catch the frequent sound
And learn to lisp the oral tale;
Whose fond remembrance shall prevail
Till time has reach'd his destin'd bound.
AN

AMERICAN TALE.

**********

**********
AN

AMERICAN TALE.

"A H! pity all the pangs I feel,
   "If pity e'er ye knew;-
"An aged father's wounds to heal,
   "Thro' scenes of death I flew.

   "Per-
“Perhaps my hast'ning steps are vain,
“Perhaps the warrior dies!—
“Yet let me soothe each parting pain—
“Yet lead me where he lies.”—

Thus to the lift'ning band she calls,
Nor fruitless her desire,
They lead her, panting, to the walls
That hold her captive fire.

“And is a daughter come to bless
“These aged eyes once more?
“Thy father's pains will now be less—
“His pains will now be o'er!"

“My
AN AMERICAN TALE.

"My father! by this waning lamp

"Thy form I faintly trace:

"Yet sure thy brow is cold, and damp,

"And pale thy honour'd face.

"In vain thy wretched child is come,

"She comes too late to save!

"And only now can share thy doom,

"And share thy peaceful grave!"

Soft, as amid the lunar beams,

The falling shadows bend,

Upon the bosom of the streams,

So soft her tears descend.

"Those
"Those tears a father ill can bear,
"He lives, my child, for thee!
"A gentle youth, with pitying care,
"Has lent his aid to me.

"Born in the western world, his hand
"Maintains its hostile cause,
"And fierce against Britannia's band
"His erring sword he draws;

"Yet feels the captive Briton's woe;
"For his ennobled mind
"Forgets the name of Britain's foe,
"In love of human kind.

"Yet
"Yet know, my child, a dearer tie
"Has link'd his heart to mine;
"He mourns with Friendship's holy sigh,
"The youth belov'd of thine!

"But hark! his welcome feet are near——
"Thy rising grief suppress——
"By darkness veil'd, he hastens here
"To comfort, and to bless.”——

"Stranger! for that dear father's sake,"
She cry'd, in accents mild,
"Who lives by thy kind pity, take
"The blessings of his child!

Vol. I. C
"Oh,
"Oh, if in heaven, my Edward's breast

"This deed of mercy knew,

"That gives my tortur'd bosom rest,

"He sure would bless thee too!

"Oh tell me where my lover fell!

"The fatal scene recall,

"His last, dear accents, stranger, tell,

"Oh haste and tell me all!

"Say, if he gave to love the sigh,

"That set his spirit free;

"Say, did he raise his closing eye,

"As if it sought for me."

"Ask"
"Ask not," her father cry'd, "to know

"What known were added pain;

"Nor think, my child, the tale of woe

"Thy softness can sustain."

"Tho' every joy with Edward fled,

"When Edward's friend is near,

"It soothes my breaking heart," she said,

"To tell those joys were dear.

"The western ocean roll'd in vain

"Its parting waves between,

"My Edward brav'd the dang'rous main,

"And bless'd our native scene.
"Soft Isis heard his artless tale,
"Ah, stream for ever dear!
"Whose waters, as they pass'd the vale,
"Receiv'd a lover's tear.

"How could a heart, that virtue lov'd,
"(And sure that heart is mine)
"Lamented youth! behold unmov'd,
"The virtues that were thine?

"Calm, as the surface of the lake,
"When all the winds are still,
"Mild, as the beams of morning break,
"When first they light the hill;

"So
AN AMERICAN TALE.

"So calm was his unruffled soul,

"Where no rude passion strove;

"So mild his soothing accents stole,

"Upon the ear of love.

"Where are the dear illusions fled

"Which sooth'd my former hours?

"Where is the path that fancy spread,

"Ah, vainly spread with flowers?

"I heard the battle's fearful sounds,

"They seem'd my lover's knell——

"I heard, that pierc'd with ghastly wounds,

"My vent'rous lover fell!——

C 3          " My
"My sorrows shall with life endure,

"For he I lov'd is gone;

"But something tells my heart, that time

"My life will not be long."

"My panting soul can bear no more,

"The youth, impatient cried,

"'Tis Edward bids thy griefs be o'er,

"My love! my destined bride!

"The life which Heav'n preserv'd, how blest,

"How fondly priz'd by me,

"Since dear to my Amelia's breast,

"Since valued still by thee!

"My
"My father saw my constant pain,
    When thee I left behind,
Nor longer will his power restrain
    The ties my soul would bind.

And soon thy honor'd fire shall cease
    The captive's lot to bear,
And we, my love, will soothe to peace
    His griefs, with filial care.

Then come for ever to my soul!
    Amelia come, and prove!
How calm our blissful years will roll,
    Along a life of love!"
AN

EPISTLE

to

DR. MOORE,

AUTHOR OF

A VIEW OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.
AN

EPISTLE

to

DR. MOORE.

WHETHER dispensing hope and ease
To the pale victim of disease,
Or in the social crowd you sit,
And charm the group with sense and wit,
Moore's partial ear will not disdain
Attention to my artless strain.

C 6

I mean
I mean no giddy heights to climb,
And vainly toil to be sublime;
While every line with labour wrought,
Is swell’d with tropes for want of thought:
Nor shall I call the Muse to shed
Castaalian drops upon my head;
Or send me from Parnassian bowers
A chaplet wove of fancy’s flowers.
At present all such aid I flight—
My heart instructs me how to write.

That softer glide my hours along,
That still my griefs are sooth’d by song,
That still my careless numbers flow
To your successful skill I owe;

You,
You, who when sickness o'er me hung,
And languor had my lyre unstrung,
With treasures of the healing art,
With friendship's ardor at your heart,
From sickness snatch'd her early prey,
And bade fair Health—the goddess gay,
With sprightly air, and winning grace,
With laughing eye, and rosy face,
Accustom'd when you call to hear,
On her light pinion hasten near,
And swift restore, with influence kind,
My weaken'd frame, my drooping mind.

With like benignity, and zeal,
The mental malady to heal,
To stop the fruitless, hopeless tear,
The life you lengthen'd, render dear,
To charm by fancy's powerful vein,
“'The written troubles of the brain,'"
From gayer scenes, compassion led
Your frequent footsteps to my shed:
And knowing that the Muses' art
Has power to ease an aching heart,
You sooth'd that heart with partial praise,
And I, before too fond of lays,
While others pant for solid gain,
Grasp at a laurel sprig—in vain—
You could not chill with frown fever
The madness to my soul so dear;
For when Apollo came to store
Your mind with salutary lore,
The god, I ween, was pleas'd to dart
A ray from Pindus on your heart;
Your willing bosom caught the fire,
And still is partial to the lyre.

But now from you at distance plac'd,
Where Epping spreads a woody waste;
Tho' unrestrain'd my fancy flies,
And views in air her fabrics rise,
And paints with brighter bloom the flowers,
Bids Dryads people all the bowers,
And Echoes speak from every hill,
And Naiads pour each little rill,
And bands of Sylphs with pride unfold
Their azure plumage mix'd with gold,

My
My heart remembers with a sigh
That you are now no longer nigh.
The magic scenes no more engage,
I quit them for your various page;
Where with delight I traverse o'er
The foreign paths you trod before:
Ah not in vain those paths you trac'd,
With heart to feel, with powers to taste'

Amid the ever-jocund train
Who sport upon the banks of Seine,
In your light Frenchman pleas'd I see
His nation's gay epitome;
Whose careless hours glide smooth along,
Who charms misfortune with a song.
She comes not as on Albion's plain,
With death, and madness in her train;
For here, her keenest sharpest dart
May raze, but cannot pierce the heart.
Yet he whose spirit light as air
Calls life a jest, and laughs at care,
Feels the strong force of pity's voice,
And bids afflicted love rejoice;
Love, such as fills the poet's page,
Love, such as form'd the golden age—
FANCHON, thy grateful look I see—
I share thy joys—I weep with thee—
What eye has read without a tear
A tale to nature's heart so dear!

There,
There, dress'd in each sublimer grace,
Geneva's happy scene I trace;
Her lake, from whose broad bosom thrown
Rushes the loud impetuous Rhone,
And bears his waves with mazy sweep
In rapid torrents to the deep—
Oh for a Muse less weak of wing,
High on yon Alpine steeps to spring,
And tell in verse what they disclose
As well as you have told in prose!
How wrapt in snows and icy showers,
Eternal winter horrid lowers
Upon the mountain's awful brow,
While purple summer blooms below;
How icy structures rear their forms,
Pale products of ten thousand storms;
Where the full sun-beam powerless falls,
On crystal arches, columns, walls,
Yet paints the proud fantastic height
With all the various hues of light.
Why is no poet call'd to birth
In such a favour'd spot of earth?
How high his vent'rous Muse might rise,
And proudly scorn to ask supplies
From the Parnassian hill! the fire
Of verse, Mont Blanc might well inspire.
O Switzerland! how oft these eyes
Desire to view thy mountains rise;
How fancy loves thy steeps to climb,
So wild, so solemn, so sublime;
And o'er thy happy vales to roam,
Where freedom rears her humble home.

Ah,
Ah, how unlike each social grace
Which binds in love thy manly race,
The Hollanders phlegmatic ease,
Too cold to love, too dull to please;
Who feel no sympathetic woe,
Nor sympathetic joy bestow;
But fancy words are only made
To serve the purposes of trade,
And, when they neither buy nor sell,
Think silence answers quite as well.

Now in his happiest light is seen
Voltaire, when evening chas’d his spleen,
And plac’d at supper with his friends,
The playful flash of wit descends—
Of names renown'd you clearly shew
The finer traits we wish to know—
To Prussia's martial clime I stray
And see how Frederic spends the day;
Behold him rise at dawning light
To form his troops for future fight;
Thro' the firm ranks his glances pierce,
Where discipline, with aspect fierce,
And unrelenting breast, is seen
Degrading man to a machine;
My female heart delights to turn
Where greatness seems not quite so stern:
Mild on th' imperial brow she glows,
And lives to soften human woes.

But
But lo! on ocean's stormy breast
I see majestic Venice rest;
While round her spires the billows rave,
Inverted splendours gild the wave.
Fair liberty has rear'd, with toil,
Her fabric on this marshy soil.
She fled those banks with scornful pride,
Where classic Po devolves her tide:
Yet here her unrelenting laws
Are deaf to nature's, freedom's cause.
Unjust! they seal'd Foscarì's doom,
An exile in his early bloom.
And he, who bore the rack unmov'd,
Divided far from those he lov'd,
From all the social hour can give,
From all that make it bliss to live,
There was the worst of ills refused to bear,
And died, the victim of despair.

An eye of wonder let me raise,
While on imperial Rome I gaze.
But oh! no more in glory bright
She fills with awe th' astonished fight:
Her mould'ring fanes in ruin tract'd,
Lie scatter'd on Campania's waste.
Nor only these—alas! we find
The wreck involves the human mind:
The lords of earth now drag a chain
Beneath a pontiff's feeble reign;
The foil that gave a Cato birth
No longer yields heroic worth,

Whose
Whose image lives but on the bust,
Or consecrates the medal's rust:
Yet if no heart of modern frame
Glows with the antient hero's flame,
The dire Arena's horrid stage
Is banish'd from this milder age;
Those savage virtues too are fled
At which the human feelings bled.

While now at Virgil's tomb you bend,
O let me on your steps attend!
Kneel on the turf that blossoms round,
And kiss, with lips devout, the ground.
I feel how oft his magic powers
Shed pleasure on my lonely hours.
Tho' hid from me the classic tongue,
In which his heav'ny strain was sung,
In Dryden's tuneful lines, I pierce
The shaded beauties of his verse.

Bright be the rip'ning beam, that shines,
Fair Florence, on thy purple vines!
And ever pure the fanning gale
That pants in Arno's myrtle vale!
Here, when the barb'rous northern race,
Dire foes to every Muse and Grace,
Had doom'd the banish'd Arts to roam,
The lovely wand'pers found a home;
And shed round Leo's triple crown
Unfading rays of bright renown.
Who e'er has felt his bosom glow
With knowledge, or the wish to know;
Has e'er from books with transport caught
The rich accession of a thought;
Perceiv'd with conscious pride, he feels
The sentiment which taste reveals;
Let all who joys like these posses,
Thy vale, enchanting Florence! blest.—
O had the Arts' benignant light
No more reviv'd from Gothic night,
Earth had been one vast scene of strife,
Or one drear void had fadden'd life;
Lost had been all the sage has taught,
The painter's sketch, the poet's thought,
The force of sense, the charm of wit,
Nor ever had your page been writ;
DR. MOORE.

That soothing page, which care beguiles,
And dresses truth in fancy's smiles:
For not with hostile step you prest
Each foreign soil, a thankless guest!
While travellers who want the skill
To mark the shapes of good and ill,
With vacant stare thro' Europe range,
And deem all bad, because 'tis strange;
Thro' varying modes of life, you trace
The finer trait, the latent grace,
And where thro' every vain disguise
You view the human follies rise,
The stroke of irony you dart
With force to mend, not wound the heart.
While intellectual objects share
Your mind's extensive view, you bear,
Quite free from spleen's incumbr'ing load,  
The little evils on the road.—
So, while the path of life I tread,
A path to me with briers spread;
Let me its tangled mazes spy,
Like you, with gay, good-humour'd eye;
Nor at those thorny tracts repine,
The treasure of your friendship, mine.

Grange Hill, Essex.
SONNET,

to

MRS. BATES.

O

Oh thou, whose melody the heart obeys,

Thou, who canst all its subject passions move,

Whose notes to heav'n the lift'ning soul can raise,

Can thrill with pity, or can melt with love!

Happy! whom nature lent this native charm;

Whose melting tones can shed with magic power,

A sweeter pleasure o'er the social hour,

The breast to softness loth, to virtue warm—

D 3

But
SONNET.

But yet more happy! that thy life as clear
From discord, as thy perfect cadence flows;
That, tun'd to sympathy, thy faithful tear
In mild accordance falls for others woes;
That all the tender, pure affections bind,
In chains of harmony, thy willing mind!
SONNET,

On reading the Poem upon the

MOUNTAIN DAISY,

BY MR. BURNS.

WHILE soon the "Garden's flaunting
"flowers" decay,
And, scatter'd on the earth, neglected lie,
The "Mountain Daisy," cherish'd by the ray
A Poet drew from heav'n, shall never die.—

D 4

Ah!
Ah! like that lonely flower the Poet rose ' 
'Mid Penury's bare soil, and bitter gale;
He felt each storm that on the mountain blows,
Nor ever knew the shelter of the vale.—
By Genius in her native vigor nurst,
On Nature with impassion'd look he gaz'd,
Then thro' the cloud of adverse fortune burst
Indignant, and in light unborrow'd blaz'd.
Scotia! from rude affliction shield thy Bard;
His heav'n-taught numbers Fame herself will guard.
SONNET,

to

EXPRESSiON.

EXPRESSION, child of soul! I fondly trace
Thy strong enchantments, when the poet's lyre,
The painter's pencil catch thy sacred fire,
And beauty wakes for thee her touching grace,—
But from this frighted glance thy form avert
When horrors check thy tear, thy struggling sigh,
When frenzy rolls in thy impassion'd eye,
Or guilt sits heavy on thy lab'ring heart.—

D 5

Nor
SONNET.

Nor ever let my shudd’ring fancy hear

The wafting groan, or view the pallid look

Of him * the Muses lov’d—when hope forsook

His spirit, vainly to the Muses dear!

For, charm’d with heav’nly song, this bleeding breast

Mourns the blest power of verse could give despair

no rest.

* Chatterton,
to

SENSIBILITY.
SENsIBILITY.

IN Sensibility's lov'd praise
I tune my trembling reed;
And seek to deck her shrine with bays,
On which my heart must bleed!

No cold exemption from her pain
I ever wish'd to know;
Cheer'd with her transport, I sustain
Without complaint her woe.

Above
Above whate'er content can give,
Above the charm of ease,
The restless hopes and fears, that live
With her, have power to please.

Where, but for her, were Friendship's power
To heal the wounded heart,
To shorten sorrow's lingering hour,
And bid its gloom depart?

'Tis she that lights the melting eye
With looks to anguish dear;
She knows the price of ev'ry sigh,
The value of a tear.
She prompts the tender marks of love,
Which words can scarce express;
The heart alone their force can prove,
And feel how much they bless.

Of every finer bliss the source!
'Tis she on love bestows
The softer grace, the boundless force
Confiding passion knows;

When to another, the fond breast
Each thought for ever gives;
When on another, leans for rest,
And in another lives!

Quick,
Quick, as the trembling metal flies,

When heat or cold impels,

Her anxious heart to joy can rise,

Or sink where anguish dwells!

Yet tho' her soul must griefs sustain

Which she alone can know;

And feel that keener sense of pain

Which sharpens every woe;

Tho' she, the mourners' grief to calm,

Still shares each pang they feel,

And, like the tree distilling balm,

Bleeds, others wounds to heal;


While
TO SENSIBILITY.

While she, whose bosom fondly true,

Has never wish'd to range;

One alter'd look will trembling view,

And scarce can bear the change;

Tho' she, if death the bands should tear,

She vainly thought secure;

Thro' life must languish in despair

That never hopes a cure;

Tho' wounded by some vulgar mind,

Unconscious of the deed,

Who never seeks those wounds to bind,

But wonders why they bleed;——

She
She oft will heave a secret sigh,
Will shed a lonely tear,
O'er feelings nature wrought so high,
And gave on terms so dear.

Yet who would hard INDIFFERENCE choose,
Whose breast no tears can steep?
Who, for her apathy, would lose
The sacred power to weep?

'Tho' in a thousand objects, pain
And pleasure tremble nigh,
Those objects strive to reach, in vain,
The circle of her eye.
Cold, as the fabled god appears

To the poor suppliant's grief,

Who bathes the marble form in tears,

And vainly hopes relief.

Ah Greville! why the gifts refuse

To souls like thine allied?

No more thy nature seem to lose

No more thy softness hide.

No more invoke the playful sprite

To chill, with magic spell,

The tender feelings of delight,

And anguish sung so well;

That
TO SENSIBILITY.

That envied ease thy heart would prove
Were sure too dearly bought
With friendship, sympathy, and love,
And every finer thought.
I.
No riches from his scanty store
My lover could impart;
He gave a boon I valued more—
He gave me all his heart!

II.
His soul sincere, his gen’rous worth,
Might well this bosom move;
And when I ask’d for bliss on earth,
I only meant his love.

III. But
A S O N G.

III.

But now for me, in search of gain,

From shore to shore he flies:

Why wander riches to obtain,

When love is all I prize?

IV.

The frugal meal, the lowly cot,

If blest, my love, with thee!

That simple fare, that humble lot,

Were more than wealth to me.

V.

While he the dang'rous ocean braves,

My tears but vainly flow:

Is pity in the faithless waves

To which I pour my woe?
A S O N G.

VI.

The night is dark, the waters deep,
Yet soft the billows roll;
Alas! at every breeze I weep——
The storm is in my soul.
AN ODE ON THE PEACE.
AN ODE ON THE PEACE.

1.

As wand'ring late on Albion's shore,
That chains the rude tempestuous deep,
I heard the hollow surges roar,
And vainly beat her guardian steep;

I heard
I heard the rising sounds of woe
Loud on the storm's wild pinion flow;
And still they vibrate on the mournful lyre,
That tunes to grief its sympathetic wire.

II.

From shores the wide Atlantic laves,
The spirit of the ocean bears
In moans, along his western waves,
Afflicted nature's hopeless cares:
Enchanting scenes of young delight,
How chang'd since first ye rose to fight;
Since first ye rose in infant glories drest
Fresh from the wave, and rear'd your ample breast.

III. Her
III.

Her crested serpents, Discord throws
O'er scenes which Love with roses grac'd;
The flow'ry chain his hands compose,
She wildly scatters o'er the waste:
Her glance his playful smile deforms,
Her frantic voice awakes the storm,
From land to land, her torches spread their fires,
While Love's pure flame in streams of blood expires.

IV.

Now burns the savage soul of War,
While terror flashes from his eyes,
Lo! waving o'er his fiery car
Aloft his bloody banner flies:

E 3

The
The battle wakes—with awful sound
He thunders o'er the echoing ground,
He grasps his reeking blade, while streams of blood
Tinge the vast plain, and swell the purple flood.

V.

But softer sounds of sorrow flow;
On drooping wing the murm'ring gales
Have borne the deep complaints of woe
That rose along the lonely vales—
Those breezes waft the orphan's cries,
They tremble to parental sighs,
And drink a tear for keener anguish shed,
The tear of faithful love when hope is fled.

VI. The
ON THE PEACE.

VI.
The object of her anxious fear
Lies pale on earth, expiring, cold,
Ere, wing'd by happy love, one year
Too rapid in its course, has roll'd:
In vain the dying hand the grasps,
Hangs on the quiv'ring lip, and clasps
The fainting form, that slowly sinks in death,
To catch the parting glance, the fleeting breath.

VII.
Pale as the livid corse her cheek,
Her tresses torn, her glances wild—
How fearful was her frantic shriek!
She wept—and then in horrors smil'd:

E 4

She
She gazes now with wild affright,

Lo! bleeding phantoms rush in sight—

Hark! on yon mangled form the mourner calls,

Then on the earth a senseless weight she falls.

VIII.

And see! o'er gentle André's tomb,

The victim of his own despair,

Who fell in life's exulting bloom,

Nor deem'd that life deserv'd a care;

O'er the cold earth his relics rest,

Lo! Britain's drooping legions rest;

For him the swords they sternly grasp, appear

Dim with a sigh, and fullied with a tear.

IX. While
ON THE PEACE.

IX.

While Seward sweeps her plaintive strings,
While pensive round his sable shrine,
A radiant zone the graceful wings,
Where full emblaz'd his virtues shine;
The mournful Loves that tremble nigh
Shall catch her warm melodious sigh;
The mournful Loves shall drink the tears that flow
From Pity's hov'ring soul, dissolv'd in woe.

X.

And hark, in Albion's flow'ry vale
A parent's deep complaint I hear!
A sister calls the western gale
To waft her soul-expressive tear;

E 5
'Tis
'Tis Afgill claims that piercing sigh,
That drop which dims the beauteous eye,
While on the rack of Doubt Affection proves
How strong the force which binds the ties she loves.

XI.

How oft in every dawning grace,
That blossom'd in his early hours,
Her soul some comfort lov'd to trace,
And deck'd futurity in flowers!
But lo! in Fancy's troubled sight
The dear illusions sink in night;
She views the murder'd form—the quiv'ring breath,
The rising virtues chill'd in shades of death.

8

XII. Cease,
ON THE PEACE.

XII.

Cease, cease ye throbs of hopeless woe;
He lives the future hours to bless,
He lives, the purest joy to know,
Parental transports' fond excess;
His sight a father's eye shall cheer,
A sister's drooping charms endear:—
The private pang was Albion's gen'rous care,
For him she breath'd a warm accepted prayer.

XIII.

And lo! a radiant stream of light,
Descending, gilds the murky cloud,
Where Desolation's gloomy night
Retiring, folds her fable shroud;—
It flashes o'er the bright'ning deep,
It softens Britain's frowning steep—
'Tis mild benignant Peace, enchanting form!
That gilds the black abyss, that lulls the storm.

XIV.

So thro' the dark, impending sky,
Where clouds and sullen vapours roll'd,
Their curling wreaths dissolving fly
As the faint hues of light unfold—
The air with spreading azure streams,
The sun now darts his orient beams—
And now the mountains glow—the woods are bright—
While nature hails the season of delight.
ON THE PEACE.

XV.

Mild Peace! from Albion's fairest bowers,
Pure spirit! cull with snowy hands
The buds that drink the morning showers,
And bind the realms in flow'ry bands:
Thy smiles the angry passions chase,
Thy glance is pleasure's native grace;
Around thy form th' exulting virtues move,
And thy soft call awakes the strain of love.

XVI.

Bless, all ye powers! the patriot name
That courts, fair Peace, thy gentle stay;
Ah! gild with glory's light his fame,
And glad his life with pleasure's ray!

While,
While, like th' affrighted dove, thy form
Still shrinks, and fears some latent storm,
His cares shall soothe thy panting soul to rest,
And spread thy vernal couch on Albion's breast.

XVII.

Ye, who have mourn'd the parting hour,
Which love in darker horrors drew,
Ye, who have vainly tried to pour
With faltering voice the last adieu!
When the pale cheek, the bursting sigh,
The soul that hover'd in the eye,
Express'd the pains it felt, the pains it fear'd—
Ah! paint the youth's return, by grief endear'd.

XVIII. Yon
ON THE PEACE.

XVIII.

Yon hoary form, with aspect mild,
Deserted kneels, by anguish prest,
And seeks from Heav'n his long-lost child,
To smooth the path that leads to rest!—
He comes!—to close the sinking eye,
To catch the faint, expiring sigh;
A moment's transport stays the fleeting breath,
And soothes the soul on the pale verge of death.

XIX.

No more the fanguine wreath shall twine
On the loft hero's early tomb;
But hung around thy simple shrine,
Fair Peace! shall milder glories bloom.

Lo!
Lo! Commerce lifts her drooping head
Triumphant, Thames! from thy deep bed;
And bears to Albion, on her sail sublime,
The riches Nature gives each happier clime.

XX.

She fearless prints the polar snows,
Mid' horrors that reject the day;
Along the burning line she glows,
Nor shrinks beneath the torrid ray:
She opens India's glittering mine,
Where streams of light reflected shine;
Wafts the bright gems to Britain's temperate vale,
And breathes her odours on the northern gale.

XXI. While
XXI.

While from the far-divided shore

Where Liberty unconquer'd roves,

Her ardent glance shall oft explore

The parent isle her spirit loves;

Shall spread upon the western main

Harmonious Concord's golden chain,

While stern on Gallia's ever hostile strand

From Albion's cliff she pours her daring band.

XXII.

Yet hide the fabre's hideous glare,

Whose edge is bath'd in streams of blood,

The lance that quivers high in air,

And falling drinks a purple flood;

For,
AN ODE

For, Britain! fear shall seize thy foes,
While freedom in thy senate glows,
While peace shall smile upon thy cultur'd plain,
With grace and beauty her attendant train.

XXIII.

Enchanting visions sooth my sight—
The finer arts no more oppress'd,
Benignant source of pure delight!
On her soft bosom love to rest.
While each discordant sound expires,
Strike, Harmony! strike all thy wires;
The fine vibrations of the spirit move,
And touch the springs of rapture and of love.

XXIV. Bright
ON THE PEACE.

XXIV.

Bright Painting's living forms shall rise;
And wrapt in Ugolino's woe,*
Shall Reynolds wake unbidden sighs;
And Romney's graceful pencil flow,
That Nature's look benign pourtrays†,
When to her infant Shakspeare's gaze
The partial nymph "unveil'd her awful face,"
And bade his "colours clear" her features trace.

XXV.

And, Poesy! thy deep-ton'd shell
The heart shall sooth, the spirit fire,
And all the passions sink, or swell,
In true accordance to the lyre.

* "Ugolino's woe"—a celebrated picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, taken from Dante.
† "Nature's look benign pourtrays"—a subject Mr. Romney is taken from Gray's Progress of Poesy.

Oh!
Oh! ever wake its heav'ly sound,
Oh! call thy lovely visions round;
Strew the soft path of peace with fancy's flowers,
With raptures bless the soul that feels thy powers.

XXVI.

While Hayley wakes thy magic string,
His shades shall no rude sound profane,
But stillness on her folded wing,
Enamour'd catch his soothing strain:
Tho' genius breathe its purest flame
Around his lyre's enchanting frame;
Tho' music there in every period roll,
More warm his friendship, and more pure his soul.

XXVII. While
ON THE PEACE.

XXVII.

While taste refines a polish'd age,
While her own Hurd shall bid us trace
The lustre of the finish'd page
Where symmetry sheds perfect grace;
With sober and collected ray
To fancy, judgment shall display
The faultless model, where accomplish'd art
From nature draws a charm that leads the heart.

XXVIII.

Th' historic Muse illumes the maze
For ages veil'd in gloomy night,
Where empire with meridian blaze
Once trod ambition's giddy height:

Tho'
Tho' headlong from the dang'rous steep
Its pageants roll'd with wasteful sweep,
Her tablet still records the deeds of fame,
And wakes the patriot's and the hero's flame.

XXIX.

While meek Philosophy explores
Creation's vast stupendous round;
Sublime her piercing vision soars,
And bursts the system's distant bound.
Lo! mid' the dark deep void of space
A rushing world * her eye can trace!—

* Alluding to Mr. Herschel's wonderful discoveries, and partic-
  ularly to his discovery of a new planet called the Georgium Sidus.
ON THE PEACE.

It moves majestic in its ample sphere,
Sheds its long light, and rolls its ling'ring year.

XXX.

Enlight'ning Peace! for thine the hours
That wisdom decks in moral grace,
And thine invention's fairy powers,
The charm improv'd of nature's face;
Propitious come! in silence laid
Beneath thy olive's grateful shade,
Pour the mild blits that sooths the tuneful mind,
And in thy zone the hostile spirit bind.

XXXI. While
While Albion on her parent deep
    Shall rest, may glory light her shore,
May honour there his vigils keep
    Till time shall wing its course no more;
    Till angels wrap the spheres in fire,
    Till earth and yon fair orbs expire,
While chaos mounted on the waiting flame,
    Shall spread eternal shade o’er nature’s frame.
EDWIN AND ELTRUDA,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the fair,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it. It is silly, foolish,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.

Vol. I.
EDWIN AND ELTRUDA,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

WHERE the pure Derwent's waters glide
Along their mossy bed,
Close by the river's verdant side,
A castle rear'd its head.

F

The
The ancient pile by time is raz'd,

Where Gothic trophies frown'd;

Where once the gilded armour blaz'd,

And banners wav'd around.

There liv'd a chief, well known to fame,

A bold advent'rous knight;

Renown'd for victory; his name

In glory's annals bright.

What time in martial pomp he led

His gallant, chosen train;

The foe, who oft had conquer'd, fled,

Indignant fled, the plain.
Yet milder virtues he possesseth,
And gentler passions felt;
For in his calm and yielding breast
The soft affections dwelt.

No rugged toils the heart could steel,
By nature form'd to prove
Whate'er the tender mind can feel,
In friendship, or in love.

He lost the partner of his breast,
Who sooth'd each rising care;
And ever charm'd the pains to rest
She ever lov'd to share.
EDWIN AND ELTRUDA,

From solitude he hop'd relief,
    And this lone mansion sought,
'To cherish there his faithful grief,
    'To nurse the tender thought.

There, to his bosom fondly dear,
    An infant daughter smil'd,
And oft the mourner's falling tear
    Bedew'd his Emma's child.

The tear, as o'er the babe he hung,
    Would tremble in his eye;
While blessings, salt'ring on his tongue,
    Were breath'd but in a sigh.
A LEGENDARY TALE.

Tho' time could never heal the wound,
It soothe'd the hopeless pain;
And in his child he thought he found
His Emma liv'd again.

Soft, as the dews of morn arise,
And on the pale flower gleam;
So soft Eltruda's melting eyes
With love and pity beam.

As dreft in charms, the lonely flower
Smiles in the desert vale;
With beauty gilds the morning hour,
And scents the evening gale;
So liv'd in solitude, unseen,
    This lovely, peerless maid;
So grac'd the wild, sequester'd scene,
    And blossom'd in the shade.

Yet love could pierce the lone recess,
    For there he likes to dwell;
To leave the noisy crowd, and bless
    With happiness the cell.

To wing his sure restlessly dart,
    Where all its force is known;
And rule the undivided heart
    Despotic, and alone.
Young Edwin charm'd her gentle breast,
Tho' scanty all his store;
No hoarded treasures he possess,
Yet he could boast of more.

For he could boast the lib'ral heart;
And honour, sense, and truth,
Unwarp'd by vanity or art,
Adorn'd the gen'rous youth.

The maxims of a servile age,
The mean, the selfish care,
The fordid views, that now engage
The mercenary pair;
Whom riches can unite, or part,
To them were still unknown;
For then the sympathetic heart
Was join'd by love alone.

They little knew that wealth had power
To make the constant rove;
They little knew the weighty dower
Could add one bliss to love.

Her virtues every charm improv'd,
Or made those charms more dear;
For surely virtue to be lov'd
Has only to appear.
Domestic bliss, unvex'd by strife,
Beguil'd the circling hours;
She, who on every path of life
Can shed perennial flowers.

Eltruda, o'er the distant mead,
Would haste, at closing day,
And to the bleating mother lead
The lamb, that chanc'd to stray.

For the bruised insect on the waste,
A sigh would heave her breast;
And oft her careful hand replaced
The linnet's falling nest.
To her, sensations calm as these

Could sweet delight impart;

These simple pleasures most can please

The uncorrupted heart.

Full oft with eager step she flies

To cheer the roofless cot,

Where the lone widow breathes her sighs,

And wails her des'rate lot.

Their weeping mother's trembling knees

Her lisping infants clasp;

Their meek, imploring look she sees,

She feels their tender grasp.
A LEGENDARY TALE.

Wild throbs her aching bosom swell —

They mark the burting sigh,

(Nature has form’d the soul to feel)

They weep, unknowing why.

Her hands the lib’ral boon impart,

And much her tear avails

To raise the mourner’s drooping heart,

Where feeble utterance fails.

On the pale cheek, where hung the tear

Of agonizing woe,

She bids the cheerful bloom appear,

The tear of rapture flow.

Thus
Thus on soft wing the moments flew,
(Tho' love implor'd their stay)
While some new virtue rose to view,
And mark'd each fleeting day.

The youthful poet's soothing dream
Of golden ages past;
The muse's fond, ideal theme,
Was realiz'd at last.

But vainly here we hope, that bliss
Unchanging will endure;
Ah, in a world so vain as this,
What heart can rest secure!
For now arose the fatal day
For civil discord fam’d;
When York, from Lancaster’s proud sway,
The regal sceptre claim’d.

Each moment now the horrors brought
Of defolating rage;
The fam’d achievements now were wrought,
That swell th’ historic page.

The good old Albert pants, again
To dare the hostile field,
The cause of Henry to maintain,
For him the lance to wield.
But oh, a thousand gen’rous ties,
    That bind the hero’s soul;
A thousand tender claims arise,
    And Edwin’s breast controul.

Tho’ passion pleads in Henry’s cause,
    And Edwin’s heart would sway;
Yet honour’s stern, imperious laws,
    The brave will still obey.

Oppress’d with many an anxious care,
    Full oft Eltruda sigh’d;
Complaining that relentless war
    Should those she lov’d divide.
At length the parting morn arose,
In gloomy vapours dreft;
The pensive maiden's sorrow flows,
And terror heaves her breast.

A thousand pangs the father feels,
A thousand rising fears,
While clinging at his feet she kneels,
And bathes them with her tears.

A pitying tear bedew'd his cheek,—
From his lov'd child he flew;
O'erwhelm'd, the father could not speak,
He could not say——"adieu!"

Arm'd
Arm'd for the field, her lover came,
He saw her pallid look,
And trembling seize her drooping frame,
While faltering, thus he spoke:

"This cruel tenderness but wounds
The heart it means to bless;
Those falling tears, those mournful sounds
Increase the vain distress."

"If fate," she answer'd, "has decreed
That on the hostile plain
My Edwin's faithful heart must bleed,
And swell the heap of slain;

"Trust
A LEGENDARY TALE.

"Trust me, my love, I'll not complain,
"I'll shed no fruitless tear;
"Not one weak drop my cheek shall stain,
"Or tell what passes here!

"Oh, let thy fate of others claim
"A tear, a mournful sigh;
"I'll only murmur thy dear name—
"Call on my love—and die!"

But ah! how vain for words to tell
The pang their bosoms prov'd;
They only will conceive it well,
They only, who have lov'd.

The
EDWIN AND ELTRUDA,

The timid muse forbears to say

What laurels Edwin gain'd;
How Albert, long renown'd, that day

His ancient fame maintain'd.

The bard, who feels congenial fire,

May sing of martial strife;
And with heroic sounds inspire

The gen'rous scorn of life;

But ill the theme would suit her reed,

Who, wand'ring thro' the grove,
Forgets the conqu'ring hero's meed,

And gives a tear to love.
A LEGENDARY TALE.

Tho' long the closing day was fled,
The fight they still maintain;
While night a deeper horror shed
Along the darken'd plain.

To Albert's breast an arrow flew,
He felt a mortal wound;
The drops that warm'd his heart, bedew
The cold and flinty ground.

The foe, who aim'd the fatal dart,
Now heard his dying sighs;
Compassion touch'd his yielding heart,
To Albert's aid he flies.

While
While round the chief his arms he cast,
Though oft he deeply sigh'd,
And seem'd, as if he mourn'd the past,
Old Albert faintly cried;

"Tho' nature heaves these parting groans,
"Without complaint I die;
"Yet one dear care my heart still owns,
"Still feels one tender tie,

"For York, a warrior known to fame,
"Uplifts the hostile spear;
"Edwin the blooming hero's name,
"To Albert's bosom dear.

"Oh,
“Oh, tell him my expiring sigh,

“Say my last words implor’d.

“To my despairing child to fly,

“To her he once ador’d.” —

He spoke! but oh, what mournful strain,

Whose force the soul can melt,

What moving numbers shall explain

The pang that Edwin felt?

The pang that Edwin now reveal’d—

For he the warrior prest,

(Whom the dark shades of night conceal’d)

Close to his throbbing breast.

“Fly,
"Fly, fly," he cried "my touch profane—
"Oh, how the rest impart?
"Rever'd old man!—could Edwin stain
"With Albert's blood the dart!"

His languid eyes he meekly rais'd,
Which seem'd for ever clos'd;
On the pale youth with pity gaz'd,
And then in death repos'd.

"I'll go," the hapless Edwin said,
"And breathe a last adieu!
"And with the drops despair will shed,
"My mournful love bedew."
A LEGENDARY TALE.

"I'll go to her for ever dear,

"To catch her melting sigh,

"To wipe from her pale cheek the tear,

"And at her feet to die."

And as to her for ever dear

The frantic mourner flew,

To wipe from her pale cheek the tear,

And breathe a last adieu;

Appall'd his troubled fancy sees

Eltruda's anguish flow;

And hears, in every passing breeze,

The plaintive sound of woe.

Vol. I.

G

Mean-
Meanwhile the anxious maid, whose tears

In vain would Heav'n implore;

Of Albert's fate despairing hears,

But yet had heard no more.

She saw her much-lov'd Edwin near,

She saw, and deeply sigh'd;

Her cheek was bath'd in many a tear;

At length she faintly cried;

"Unceasing grief this heart must prove,

"Its dearest ties are broke;——

"Oh, say, what ruthless arm, my love,

"Could aim the fatal stroke?

"Could
"Could not thy hand, my Edwin, thine,
"Have warded off the blow?
"For oh, he was not only mine,
"He was thy father too!"

No more the youth could pangs endure
His lips could never tell;
From death he vainly hop’d a cure,
As cold on earth he fell.

She flew, she gave her sorrows vent,
A thousand tears she pour’d;
Her mournful voice, her moving plaint,
The youth to life restor’d.

G 2
" Why
"Why does thy bosom throb with pain,"

She cried, "my Edwin, speak;

"Or sure, unable to sustain

"This grief, my heart will break."

"Yes, it will break"—he faltering cried,

"For me will life resign—

"Then trembling know thy father died—

"And know the guilt was mine!"

"It is enough," with short, quick breath,

Exclaim'd the fainting maid;

She spoke no more, but seem'd from death

To look for instant aid.
In plaintive accents, Edwin cries,

"And have I murder'd thee?

"To other worlds thy spirit flies,

"And mine this stroke shall free."

His hand the lifted weapon grasp'd,

The steel he firmly prest:

When wildly she arose, and clasp'd

Her lover to her breast.

"'Tis thought," she cried, with panting breath,

"My Edwin talk'd of peace;

I knew 'twas only found in death,

"And fear'd that had release.

G 3"
"I clasp him still! 'twas but a dream——

"Help yon wide wound to close,

"From which a father's spirits stream,

"A father's life-blood flows.

"But see! from thee he shrinks, nor would

"Be blasted by thy touch;——

"Ah, tho' my Edwin spilt thy blood,

"Yet once he lov'd thee much.

"My father, yet in pity stay!——

"I see his white beard wave;

"A spirit beckons him away,

"And points to yonder grave.

"A"
"Alas, my love, I trembling hear

"A father's last adieu;

"I see, I see, the failing tear

"His wrinkled cheek bedew.

"He's gone, and here his ashes sleep——

"I do not heave a sigh,

"His child a father does not weep——

"For, ah, my brain is dry!

"But come, together let us rove,

"At the pale hour of night;

"When the moon wand'ring thro' the grove,

"Shall pour her faintest light.

G 4

"We'll
"We'll gather from the rosy bow'r
"The fairest wreaths that bloom:
"We'll cull, my love, each op'ning flower,
"To deck his hallow'd tomb.

"We'll thither, from the distant dale,
"A weeping willow bear;
"And plant a lily of the vale,
"A drooping lily there.

"We'll shun the face of glaring day,
"Eternal silence keep;
"Thro' the dark wood together stray,
"And only live to weep.

"But
"But hark, 'tis come—the fatal time

"When, Edwin, we must part;

"Some angel tells me 'tis a crime

"To hold thee to my heart.

"My father's spirit hovers near——

"Alas, he comes to chide;

"Is there no means, my Edwin dear,

"The fatal deed to hide?

"Yet, Edwin, if th' offence be thine,

"Too soon I can forgive;

"But, oh, the guilt would all be mine,

"Could I endure to live.

G 5

"Fare-
"Farewel, my love, for, oh, I faint,

"Of pale despair I die;

"And see! that hoary, murder'd faint

"Descends from yon blue sky.

"Poor, weak old man! he comes, my love,

"To lead to heav'n the way;

"He knows not heaven will joyless prove,

"If Edwin here must stay!"

"Oh, who can bear this pang!" he cry'd,

Then to his bosom press'd

The dying maid, who piteous sigh'd,

And sunk to endless rest.
He saw her eyes for ever close,
He heard her latest sigh,
And yet no tear of anguish flows
From his distracted eye.

He feels within his shivering veins
A mortal chillness rise;
Her pallid corpse he feebly strains——
And on her bosom dies.

* * * * *

No longer may their hapless lot
The mournful muse engage;
She wipes away the tears, that blot
The melancholy page.
For Heav'n, in love, dissolves the ties
That chain the spirit here;
And distant far for ever flies
The blessing held most dear;

To bid the suff'ring soul aspire
A higher bliss to prove;
To wake the pure, refin'd desire,
The hope that rests above!
AN ADDRESS TO POETRY.
AN ADDRESS TO POETRY.

WHILE envious crowds the summit view,
    Where Danger with Ambition strays;
Or far, with anxious step, pursue
Pale Av'rice, thro' his winding ways;

The
The selfish passions in their train,
Whose force the social ties unbind,
And chill the love of human kind,
And make fond Nature's best emotions vain;

Oh Poesy! oh nymph most dear,
To whom I early gave my heart,
Whose voice is sweetest to my ear
Of aught in nature or in art;
Thou, who canst all my breast controul,
Come, and thy harp of various cadence bring,
And long with melting music swell the string
That suits the present temper of my soul.

Oh!
Oh! ever gild my path of woe,
And I the ills of life can bear;
Let but thy lovely visions glow,
And chase the forms of real care;
Oh still, when tempted to repine
At partial fortune's frown severe,
Wipe from my eyes the anxious tear,
And whisper, that thy soothing joys are mine!

When did my fancy ever frame
A dream of joy by thee unblest?
When first my lips pronounce'd thy name,
New pleasure warm'd my infant breast.

I lov'd
I lov'd to form the jingling rhyme,
The meafur'd sounds, tho' rude, my ear could please,
Could give the little pains of childhood ease,
And long have sooth'd the keener pains of time.

The idle crowd in fashion's train,
Their trifling comment, pert reply,
Who talk so much, yet talk in vain,
How pleas'd for thee, oh nymph, I fly!
For thine is all the wealth of mind,
Thine the unborrow'd gems of thought,
The flash of light, by souls refin'd,
From heav'n's empyreal source exulting caught.
TO POETRY.

And ah! when destin'd to forego
The social hour with those I love,
That charm which brightens all below,
That joy all other joys above,
And dearer to this breast of mine,
Oh Muse! than aught thy magic power can give;
Then on the gloom of lonely sadness shine,
And bid thy airy forms around me live.

Thy page, oh SHAKESPEARE! let me view,
Thine! at whose name my bosom glows;
Proud that my earliest breath I drew
In that blest isle where Shakespeare rose!—
Where shall my dazzled glances roll?
Shall I pursue gay Ariel's flight,
Or wander where those hags of night
With deeds unnam'd shall freeze my trembling soul?

Plunge me, soul sisters! in the gloom
Ye wrap around yon blasted heath,
To hear the harrowing rite I come,
That calls the angry shades from death!—
Away—my frightened bosom spare!
Let true Cordelia pour her filial sigh,
Let Desdemona lift her pleading eye,
And poor Ophelia sing in wild despair!
When the bright noon of summer streams
In one wide flash of lavish day,
As soon shall mortal count the beams,
As tell the powers of Shakespeare's lay;
Oh Nature's Poet! the untaught
The simple mind thy tale pursues,
And wonders by what art it views
The perfect image of each native thought.

In those still moments when the breast,
Expanded, leaves its cares behind,
Glows by some higher thought possest,
And feels the energies of mind;

Then,
Then, awful Milton, raise the veil
That hides from human eye the heav’ly throng!
Immortal sons of light! I hear your song,
I hear your high-tun’d harps creation hail!

Well might creation claim your care,
And well the string of rapture move,
When all was perfect, good, and fair,
When all was music, joy, and love!
Ere Evil’s inauspicious birth
Chang’d Nature’s harmony to strife;
And wild Remorse, abhorring life,
And deep Affliction, spread their shade on earth.
Blest Poesy! oh sent to calm
The human pains which all must feel;
Still shed on life thy precious balm,
And every wound of nature heal!
Is there a heart of human frame
Along the burning track of torrid light,
Or 'mid the fearful waste of polar night,
That never glow'd at thy inspiring name?

Ye southern isles, emerg'd so late *
Where the pacific billow rolls,
Witness, tho' rude your simple state,
How heav'n-taught verse can melt your souls:

* "The king of the bards or minstrels of Otaheite was unpre-
mediated, and accompanied with music. They were continually
strolling from place to place; and they were rewarded by the
natives of the house with such things as the one wanted, and the
other could spare." —Cook's Voyage.

Say,
Say, when you hear the wand’ring bard,
How thrill’d ye listen to his lay,
By what kind arts ye court his lay,
All savage life affords, his sure reward.

So, when great Homer’s chiefs prepare,
A while from War’s rude toils releas’d,
The pious hecatomb, and share
The flowing bowl, and genial feast;
Some heav’nly minstrel sweeps the lyre,
While all applaud the poet’s native art,
For him they heap the viands choicest part,
And copious goblets crown the muses’ fire.

Ev’n
Ev'n here, in scenes of pride and gain,
Where faint each genuine feeling glows;
Here, Nature asks, in want and pain,
The dear illusions verse bestows;
The poor, from hunger, and from cold,
Spare one small coin, the ballad's price;
Admire their poet's quaint device,
And marvel much at all his rhymes unfold.

Ye children, lost in forests drear,
Still o'er your wrongs each bosom grieves,
And long the red-breast shall be dear
Who strew'd each little corpse with leaves;

Vol. I. H For
For you, my earliest tears were shed,
For you, the gaudy doll I pleas'd forlook,
And heard, with hands uprais'd, and eager look,
The cruel tale, and wish'd ye were not dead!

And still on Scotia's northern shore,
"At times, between the rushing blast,"
Recording mem'ry loves to pour
The mournful song of ages past;
Come, lonely bard "of other years!"
While dim the half-seen moon of varying skies,
While fad the wind along the grey moss fighs,
And give my pensive heart "the joy of tears!"

The
The various tropes that splendour dart
Around the modern poet's line,
Where, borrow'd from the sphere of art,
Unnumber'd gay allusions shine,
Have not a charm my breast to please
Like the blue mist, the meteor's beam,
The dark-brow'd rock, the mountain stream,
And the light thistle waving in the breeze.

Wild Poetry, in haunts sublime,
Delights her lofty note to pour;
She loves the hanging rock to climb,
And hear the sweeping torrent roar:
The little scene of cultur'd grace
But faintly her expanded bosom warms;
She seeks the daring stroke, the awful charms,
Which Nature's pencil throws on Nature's face.

Oh Nature! thou whose works divine
Such rapture in this breast inspire,
As makes me dream one spark is mine
Of Poesy's celestial fire;
When doom'd for London smoke to leave
The kindling morn's unfolding view,
Which ever wears some aspect new,
And all the shadowy forms of soothing eve.

Then,
Then, Thomson, then be ever near,
And paint whatever season reigns;
Still let me see the varying year,
And worship Nature in thy strains;
Now, when the wintry tempepts roll,
Unfold their dark and desolating form,
Rush in the savage madness of the storm,
And spread those horrors that exalt my soul.

And, Pope, the music of thy verse
Shall winter's dreary gloom dispel,
And fond remembrance oft rehearse
The moral song she knows so well;

H 3
The sportive sylphs shall flutter here,
There Eloise, in anguish pale,

"Kiss with cold lips the sacred veil,
And drop with every bead too soft a tear!"

When disappointment's sick'ning pain,
With chilling sadness numbs my breast,
That feels its dearest hope was vain,
And bids its fruitless struggles rest;

When those for whom I wish to live,
With cold suspicion wrong my aching heart;

Or, doom'd from those for ever lov'd to part,
And feel a sharper pang than death can give;

Then
Then with the mournful bard I go,
Whom "melancholy mark'd her own,"
While tolls the curfew, solemn, slow,
And wander amid' graves unknown;
With yon pale orb, lov'd poet, come!
While from those elms long shadows spread,
And where the lines of light are shed,
Read the fond record of the rustic tomb!

Or let me o'er old Conway's flood
Hang on the frowning rock, and trace
The characters, that wove in blood,
Stamp'd the dire fate of Edward's race;

H 4

Proud
Proud tyrant, tear thy laurel'd plume;
How poor thy vain pretence to deathless fame!
The injur'd muse records thy lasting shame,
And she has power to "ratify thy doom."

Nature, when first she smiling came,
To wake within the human breast
The sacred muses hallow'd flame,
And earth, with heav'n's rich spirit blest!
Nature in that auspicious hour,
With aweful mandate, bade the bard
The register of glory guard,
And gave him o'er all mortal honours power.
Can fame on painting's aid rely,
Or lean on sculpture's trophy'd bust?
The faithless colours bloom to die,
The crumbling pillar mocks its trust;
But thou, oh muse, immortal maid!
Canst paint the godlike deeds that praise inspire,
Or worth that lives but in the mind's desire,
In tints that only shall with Nature fade!

Oh tell me, partial nymph! what rite
What incense sweet, what homage true,
Draws from thy fount of purest light
The flame it lends a chosen few?

Alas!
Alas! these lips can never frame
The mystic vow that moves thy breast;
Yet by thy joys my life is blest,
And my fond soul shall consecrate thy name.
EUPHELIA,

AN

ELEGY.
EUPHELIA,

AND

ELEGY.

As roam'd a pilgrim o'er the mountain drear,
On whose lone verge the foaming billows roar,
The wail of hopeless sorrow pierc'd his ear,
And swell'd at distance on the sounding shore.

The
The mourner breath’d her deep complaint to night,
Her moan she mingled with the rapid blast;
That bar’d her bosom in its wafting flight,
And o’er the earth her scatter’d tresses cast!

"Ye winds," she cried, "still heave the lab’ring deep,
"The mountain shake, the howling forest rend;
"Still dash the shiv’ring fragment from the steep,
"Nor for a wretch like me the storm suspend.

"Ah, wherefore with the rising storm to spare?
"Ah, why implore the raging winds to save?
"What refuge can the breast where lives despair?
"Desire but death: what shelter but the grave?"
"To me congenial is the gloom of night,
"The savage howlings that infest the air;
"I unappall'd can view the fatal light,
"That flashes from the pointed lightning's glare.

"And yet erewhile, if night her shadows threw
"O'er the known woodlands of my native vale;
"Fancy in visions wild the landscape drew,
"And swell'd with boding sounds the whisp'ring gale.

"But deep despair has arm'd my timid soul,
"And agony has numb'd the throb of fear;
"Taught a weak heart its terrors to controul,
"And more to court than shun the danger near.

"Yet
Yet could I welcome the return of light,
Its glim'ring beam might guide my searching eye,
The sacred spot might then emerge from night,
On which a lover's bleeding relics lie!

For sure 'twas here, as late a shepherd stray'd
Bewilder'd, o'er the mountain's dreary bound,
Close to the pointed cliff he saw him laid,
Where heav'd the waters of the deep around.

Alas, no longer could his heart endure
The woes that heart was doom'd for me to prove:
He sought for death—for death, the only cure
That fate can give to vain and hopeless love.

My
"My fire, unjust, while passion swell'd his breast,
"From the lov'd Alfred his Euphelia tore;
"Mock'd the keen sorrows that my soul opprest,
"And bade me, vainly bade me love no more!

"He told me, love was like yon troubled deep,
"Whose restless billows never know repose;
"Are wildly dash'd upon the rocky steep,
"And tremble to the lightest breeze that blows!"

"From these rude storms remote, her gentle balm,
"Dear to the suff'ring spirit, peace applies"—
Peace! 'tis th' oblivious lake's detested calm,
Whose dull, slow waters never fall or rise.

"Ah,
"Ah, what avails a parent's stern command,

"The force of conqu'ring passion to subdue?

"And wherefore seek to rend, with cruel hand,

"The ties enchanted love so fondly drew!

"Yet I could see my Alfred's fix'd despair,

"And aw'd by filial fear conceal my woes;

"My coward heart cou'd separation bear,

"And check the struggling anguish as it rose!

"'Twas guilt the barbarous mandate to obey,

"Which bade no parting sigh my bosom move,

"Victim of duty's unrelenting sway,

"I seem'd a traitor, while a slave to love!

"Let
"Let her, who seal'd a lover's fate, endure
"The sharpest pressure of deserv'd distress;
"'Twere added perfidy to seek a cure,
"And stain'd with falsity, wish to suffer less.

"For wretches doom'd in other griefs to pine,
"Oft will benignant Hope her ray impart;
"And Pity oft, from her celestial shrine,
"Drop a warm tear upon the fainting heart.

"But o'er the lasting gloom of Love's despair,
"Can Hope's bright ray its cheering visions shed?
"Can Pity soothe the woes that breast must bear,
"Which vainly loves, and vainly mourns the dead?

No!
"No! lingering still, and still prolong'd, the moan
    Shall never pause, till heaves my latest breath,
"Till memory's distracting pang is flown,
    And all my sorrows shall be hush'd in death.

"And death is pitying come, whose hand shall tear
    From this afflicted heart the sense of pain;
"My fainting limbs refuse their load to bear,
    And life no longer will my form sustain.

"Yet once did Health's enliv'ning glow adorn,
    And Pleasure shed for me her loveliest ray,
"Pure as the gentle star that gilds the morn,
    And constant as the equal light of day!

"Now
Now those lost pleasures trac'd by memory, seem
Like yon illusive meteor's glancing light;
That o'er the darkness threw its instant gleam,
Then sunk, and vanish'd in the depth of night.

My native vale! and thou delightful bower!
Scenes to my hopeless love for ever dear;
Sweet vale, for whom the morning wak'd her flow'r,
Gay bower, for whom the evening pour'd her tear.

I ask no more to see your beauties rise—
Ye rocks and mountains, on whose rugged breast
My Alfred, murder'd by Euphelia, lies,
In your deep solitudes oh let me rest!

And
"And sure the dawning ray that lights the steep,
"And slowly wanders o'er the purple wave,
"Will shew me where his sacred relics sleep,
"Will lead his mourner to her destin'd grave."

O'er the high precipice unmov'd she bent,
A fearful path the beams of morning shew,
The pilgrim reach'd with toil the rude ascent,
And saw her brooding o'er the deep below.

"Euphelia, stay!" he cried, "thy Alfred calls—
"Oh stay, my love! in sorrow yet more dear,
"I come!"—In vain the soothing accent falls,
Alas, it reach'd not her distracted ear.
"Ah, what avails," she said, "that morning rose?

"With fruitless pain I seek his mould'ring clay;

"Vain search! to fill the measure of my woes,

"The foaming surge has wash'd his corse away.

"This cruel agony why longer bear?

"Death, death alone can all my pangs remove;

"Kind death will banish from my heart despair,

"And when I live again—I live to love!"

She said, and plung'd into the awful deep—
He saw her meet the fury of the wave;
He frantic saw! and darting to the sleep
With desp'rate anguish, fought her wat'ry grave.
He clasp'd her dying form, he shar'd her sighs,
He check'd the billow rushing on her breast;
She felt his dear embrace—her closing eyes
Were fix'd on Alfred, and her death was blest.—
WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd——
That mercy I adore.
In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Religious, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye without a tear
The lowring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart will rest on Thee!
PARAPHRASES FROM SCRIPTURE.
The day is thine, the night also is thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter.

Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.

My God! all nature owns thy sway,
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day!
When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
When morning, rich in luftre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the op'ning flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong!

15 Or
Or when, in paler tints array’d,
The evening slowly spreads her shade;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day’s enliv’ning bloom,
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer, thoughts inspire;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the soften’d heart to Thee.

In every scene thy hands have drest,
In every form by thee impress’d,
Upon the mountain’s awful head,
Or where the shelt’ring woods are spread;
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern’s depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise and love.
FROM SCRIPTURE.

As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe with change of bliss the soul,
Oh never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human scene in vain!
But oft as on the charm we gaze,
Attune the wond'ring soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favour rise!
Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.

Isaiah xlix. 15.

HEAVEN speaks! Oh Nature, listen and rejoice!

Oh spread from pole to pole this gracious voice!

"Say, every breast of human frame, that proves

"The boundless force with which a parent loves;

"Say, can a mother from her yearning heart

"Bid the soft image of her child depart?

"She! whom strong instinct arms with strength to

"bear

"All forms of ill, to shield that dearest care;

"She!
"She! who with anguish stung, with madness wild,
"Will rush on death to save her threaten'd child;
"All selfish feelings banish'd from her breast,
"Her life one aim to make another's blest.
"When her vex'd infant to her bosom clings,
"When round her neck his eager arms he flings;
"Breathes to her lift'ning soul his melting sigh,
"And lifts, suffus'd with tears, his asking eye!
"Will she, for all ambition can attain,
"The charms of pleasure, or the lures of gain,
"Betray strong Nature's feelings, will she prove
"Cold to the claims of duty, and of love?
"But should the mother from her yearning heart
"Bid the soft image of her child depart;
"When the vex'd infant to her bosom clings,
"When round her neck his eager arms he flings;
"Should
"Should he unpitying hear his melting sigh,
"And view unmoved the tear that fills his eye;
"Should he, for all ambition can attain,
"The charms of pleasure, or the lures of gain,
"Betray strong Nature's feelings—should he
"prove
"Cold to the claims of duty, and of love!
"Yet never will the God, whose word gave birth
"To yon illumin'd orbs, and this fair earth;
"Who thro' the boundless depths of trackless space
"Bade new-wak'd beauty spread each perfect grace;
"Yet when he form'd the vast stupendous whole,
"Shed his best bounties on the human soul;
"Which reason's light illumines, which friendship
"warms,
"Which pity softens, and which virtue charms;
"Which
"Which feels the pure affections gen’rous glow,
Shares others joy, and bleeds for others woe—
Oh never will the gen’ral Father prove
Of man forgetful, man the child of love!"

When all those planets in their ample spheres
Have wing’d their course, and roll’d their destin’d years;
When the vast sun shall veil his golden light
Deep in the gloom of everlasting night;
When wild, destructive flames shall wrap the skies,
When Chaos triumphs, and when Nature dies;
Man shall alone the wreck of worlds survive,
Midst falling spheres, immortal man shall live!
The voice which bade the last dread thunders roll,
Shall whisper to the good, and cheer their soul.

6

God
God shall himself his favour'd creature guide
Where living waters pour their blissful tide,
Where the enlarg'd, exulting, wond'ring mind
Shall soar, from weakness and from guilt refin'd;
Where perfect knowledge, bright with cloudless rays,
Shall gild eternity's unmeasur'd days;
Where friendship, unembitter'd by distrust,
Shall in immortal bands unite the just;
Devotion rais'd to rapture breathe her strain,
And love in his eternal triumph reign!
Whate’er ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Matt. vii. 12.

PRECEPT divine! to earth in mercy given,
O sacred rule of action, worthy Heaven!
Whose pitying love ordain’d the blest’d command
To bind our nature in a firmer band;
Enforce each human sufferer’s strong appeal,
And teach the selfish breast what others feel;
Wert thou the guide of life, mankind might know
A just exemption from the worst of woe;
No more the powerful would the weak oppress,
But tyrants learn the luxury to blest;
No more would slav’ry bind a hopeless train
Of human victims, in her galling chain;
Mercy the hard, the cruel heart would move
To soften mis’ry by the deeds of love;
And Av’rice from his hoarded treasures give
Unask’d, the liberal boon, that Want might live!
The impious tongue of falsehood then would cease
To blast, with dark suggestions, Virtue’s peace;
No more would spleen or passion banish rest,
And plant a pang in fond Affection’s breast;
By one harsh word, one alter’d look, destroy
Her peace, and wither every op’ning joy;
Scarce can her tongue the captious wrong explain,
The slight offence which gives so deep a pain!
’Tis affected ease that flights her starting tear,
The words whose coldness kills from lips so dear;—
The hand she loves, alone can point the dart,
Whose hidden sting could wound no other heart—
These, of all pains the sharpest we endure,
The breast which now inflicts, would spring to cure.—

No more deserted Genius, then, would fly
To breathe in solitude his hopeless sigh;
No more would Fortune's partial smile debase
The spirit, rich in intellectual grace;
Who views unmoved, from scenes where pleasures bloom,
The flame of genius sunk in misery's gloom;
The soul Heav'n lovd m'd to soar, by want depred,
Nor heeds the wrongs that pierce a kindred breast.

Thou