The Canterbury Poets.
Edited by William Sharp.

MOORE'S POEMS.
THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE [SELECTED]. EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY JOHN DORRIAN.
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Fire-Worshippers....... 1</td>
<td>The Song of O'Ruark, Prince of Brefnî...... 85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave....... 69</td>
<td>Has Sorrow thy young days shaded .............. 86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erin! the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eyes...... 70</td>
<td>While History's Muse the Memorial was keeping .. 87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Minstrel Boy ........... 70</td>
<td>Oh! where's the Slave ....... 88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Harp that once through Tara's Halls... 71</td>
<td>'Tis gone, and for ever .... 89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! breathe not his Name 72</td>
<td>The Farewell to my Harp. 90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When He who adores Thee 72</td>
<td>As Vanquished Erin ...... 91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sublime was the Warning. 73</td>
<td>From this Hour the Pledge is given.................. 92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erin! Oh Erin!............. 74</td>
<td>The Dream of those Days... 92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! Blame not the Bard.. 74</td>
<td>Song of Innisfall........... 93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Before the Battle ......... 76</td>
<td>Song of the Battle Eve..... 94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After the Battle........... 77</td>
<td>Oh, the sight entrancing... 95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Irish Peasant to His Mistress .................. 77</td>
<td>Fairest! put on awhile.... 96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Prince's Day .......... 78</td>
<td>Shall the Harp then be silent?............... 98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When First I met Thee.... 80</td>
<td>The Parallel ............... 100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Avenging and bright fell the swift Sword of Erin 82</td>
<td>Oh for the Swords of former time.............. 101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weep on, weep on.......... 82</td>
<td>My Gentle Harp............. 102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Dirge.................. 83</td>
<td>Remember Thee! ............ 103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let Erin remember the Days of Old ................ 84</td>
<td>Forget not the field ...... 103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTENTS</td>
<td>PAGE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------</td>
<td>--------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Bull to Erin</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Life without freedom</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where shall we bury our shame?</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peace to the Slumberers</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Rebel's Epistle</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;If&quot; and &quot;Perhaps&quot;</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! think not my spirits are always as light</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, send round the Wine</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drink to Her</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nay, tell me not, Dear</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This life is all chequer'd</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>with pleasures and woes</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Bumper at parting</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Legacy</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We may roam thro' this World</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And doth not a meeting like this</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quick! we have but a second</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ne'er ask the Hour</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drink of this Cup</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fill the Bumper fair</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wreathe the Bowl</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go where glory waits Thee</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though the last glimpse of Erin</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Believe me, if all those endearing young</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>charms...</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While gazing on the moon's light</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ill Omens</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTENTS.</td>
<td>PAGE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I found her not</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Lover's Retrospect</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love and Lying</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Parting</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comparisons</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamia</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Odes to Nea</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At Night</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Day of Love</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smiles and Tears</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black and Blue Eyes</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love and Time</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Castilian Maid</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear Fanny</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Did not</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flow on, thou shining River</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! no—not e'en when first we loved</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then, fare thee well</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go, then—'tis vain</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I can no longer stifle</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Row gently here</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joys that pass away</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Mary's Eye</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How shall I woo?</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When on the lip the sigh delays</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Siren's Song</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Song of Feramortz</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Enchantress's Garland</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lay of the Flower-Spirit</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Georgian's Song</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fly to the Desert</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eveleen's Bower</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rich and rare were the Gems she wore</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As a beam o'er the face of Waters</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Meeting of the Waters</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Song of Fionnula</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Music</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It is not the tear at this moment shed</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The origin of the Harp</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis the last Rose of Summer</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How dear to me the hour</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take back the virgin page</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No, not more welcome the fairy numbers</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I saw from the Beach</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silence is in our festal halls</td>
<td>207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! Arranmore, loved Arranmore</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There are sounds of Mirth</td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Night Dance</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alone in crowds to wander</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wandering Bard</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sing, sweet Harp</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though humble the Banquet</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Desmond's Song</td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sing—sing—Music was given</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I wish I was by that dim Lake</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Innisfallen</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Twas one of those Dreams</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTENTS</td>
<td>PAGE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! Banquet not</td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sail on, sail on</td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fortune-teller</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When cold in the Earth</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whene'er I see those smiling eyes</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Morning of Life</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As slow our Ship</td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O the Shamrock</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By that Lake whose gloomy shore</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Leigh Hunt and his Brother</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magdalen</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aristippus to his Lamp</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aspasia</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Mrs. Bl—h—d.</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Time, who steals</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tell me where the Maid is found</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Ideal Land</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I knew by the smoke</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Washington</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Canadian Boat-Song</td>
<td>238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Impromptu</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Flying Dutchman</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love and the Sun-Dial</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though 'tis all but a dream</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! Days of Youth</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, chase that starting tear away</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peace be around thee</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There comes a time</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark! the Vesper Bell is stealing</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oft in the stilly Night</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All that's bright must fade</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reflections on Young America</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Byron's Memoirs</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines on the Death of Sheridan</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou art, O God</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This World is all a fleeting show</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O thou who dry'st the Mourner's tear</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sound the Loud Timbrel</td>
<td>261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weep not for those</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Orangemen's Petition</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Larry O'Bannigan</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rabbinical origin of Women</td>
<td>271</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lines on Leigh Hunt</td>
<td>272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Love is kind</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Surprise</td>
<td>277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Night Thought</td>
<td>277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Science</td>
<td>277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Cloe</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Reflection at Sea</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What's my thought like</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epigrams</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On a Squinting Poetess</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selections</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corruption and Intolerance</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Odes of Anacreon</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Introduction.

It is said that when Moore, shortly after arriving in London—being then about twenty years of age—was introduced to the Prince of Wales, his Royal Highness asked him if he was the son of Dr. Moore, the then celebrated author of Zeluco. "No, sir," was Moore's reply, "I am the son of a grocer at Dublin." The answer revealed a strong democratic spirit in the young poet, which, however—in an equal degree, at any rate—did not always afterwards characterise him. He was indeed the son of a Dublin tradesman—not a grocer, as we understand the term, but rather a wine merchant. The family, on the father's side, sprang from Kerry, and the mother, who before her marriage bore the not very poetic name of Anastasia Codd, was a Wexford woman. John Moore carried on his business after his marriage at 12 Aungier Street, Dublin, and here, on the 28th of
May 1780, Thomas Moore was born. It has been alleged—though I am not sure about the statement being entirely accurate—that at the time of Moore’s birth the law forbade the registration of the births of Catholic children in Ireland. Perhaps on that account—more probably to gratify maternal pride—the future poet’s mother, to commemorate his coming into the world, got the name and the date of his birth engraved on a large crown-piece, which she preserved.

Moore’s early years in Dublin formed the period of his life most interesting from an Irish point of view, and as I have endeavoured to exhibit him distinctively and peculiarly as an Irish and national poet in the present selection of his works, it is important to dwell at some length on it. Incomparably the best and most enduring of Moore’s poetry is that through which the hot rebellious spirit of Irish Nationalism glows. We find in the circumstances of his youthful days the source and fountain of his patriotic inspiration.

One of Moore’s schoolmasters as a boy was a certain Samuel Whyte. This gentleman, nearly thirty years before, had numbered among his scholars a lad who was described as “an incorrigible dunce,” but who has since been somewhat known to fame as Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Moore, however, was not a dunce. He was a bright little creature, and almost from his babyhood gave promise of the genius which afterwards developed.

Moore’s parents were both warmly patriotic. “About . . . 1792,” he himself says in his auto-
biography, "the political affairs of Ireland began to assume a most animated, or, as to some it appeared, stormy aspect. The cause of the Catholics was becoming every day more national; and in each new step and vicissitude of its course, our whole family, especially my dear mother, took the warmest interest. Besides her feelings as a patriotic and warm-hearted Irishwoman, the ambitious hopes with which she looked forward to my future career all depended, for even the remotest chance of their fulfilment, upon the success of the measures of Catholic enfranchisement then in progress. Some of the most violent of those who early took a part in the proceedings of the United Irishmen were among our most intimate friends; and I remember being taken by my father to a public dinner in honour of Napper Tandy, where one of the toasts, as well from its poetry as its politics, made an indelible impression upon my mind,—'May the breezes of France blow our Irish oak into verdure.' I recollect my pride, too, at the hero of the night, Napper Tandy, taking me for some minutes on his knee." The measure of Catholic Emancipation passed by the Irish Parliament in 1793 sweeping away, among other outrageous wrongs, the edicts which excluded Catholics from the University and the Bar, Moore was prepared for college with a view to his being educated for the law. Moore’s Latin tutor at this time was an old man named Donovan—an ardent lover of his country, a rebel in his soul—and he taught the young poet as much treason as Latin. Moore was
entered at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1794. However, while Catholics were admitted as students they were excluded from all emoluments, such as scholarships, fellowships, etc., no matter how they might distinguish themselves. The disability might have been avoided by a student being entered as a Protestant, but this subterfuge Moore's parents were too honest to resort to, and thus the future minstrel, in his University career, was severely handicapped. Anyhow, he never made much of a figure as a student, although he eventually got his B.A.

Moore, though, as he says himself, "born a rebel," had his patriotic feelings greatly intensified at the University. Here he became associated with Robert Emmett and kindred spirits, who were afterwards the life and soul of the United Irishmen, and who, most of them, met a tragic but glorious end in desperate but futile risings against English misgovernment in Ireland. Moore in his autobiography gives an interesting account of Emmett, but only two or three of the most notable facts need be mentioned. Emmett, it seems, was the most powerful orator in the Historical Society of the University, and his speeches had such an influence over the members, that the University Board at last found it necessary to resort to the expedient of selecting an elderly and able champion of loyalty, and sending him into the society for the express purpose of answering Emmett. It was in the course of a reply to a speech by this person—whose name, by the way, was Geraghty—that
Emmett on one occasion, to the astonishment and horror of his party, completely broke down and had to resume his seat in the middle of his speech. Moore himself never spoke, but he once produced anonymously a burlesque poem, entitled “An Ode upon Nothing, with Notes, by Trismegistus Rustifustius,” which was read before the society, and its political sentiments, when the name of the author became known, brought down on Moore’s head a storm of wrathful denunciation from the ultra-loyal party. Moore tells us that Emmett was distinguished at the University as a student, especially in mathematics.

When The Press—a newspaper which was the organ of the United Irishmen—was started by Arthur O’Connor and Thomas Addis Emmett, Moore contributed a letter to it anonymously. It is a proof of the ardour and advanced character of his political views at the time that portions of this very letter were preserved by the Government as showing the treasonable character of the paper, and the dangerous tendency (from a “Castle” point of view, of course) of the political opinions then prevalent among the students of the University. After speaking of this letter, Moore makes the following interesting reference to Emmett:—

“A few days after, in the course of one of those strolls into the country which Emmett and I used often to take together, our conversation turned upon this letter, and I gave him to understand that it was mine; when with that almost feminine gentleness of manner which he possessed, and which is so
often found in such determined spirits, he owned to me that on reading the letter, though pleased with its contents, he could not help regretting that the public attention had been thus drawn to the politics of the University, as it might have the effect of awakening the vigilance of the college authorities, and frustrate the progress of the good work (as we both considered it) which was going on there so quietly. Even then, boyish as my own mind was, I could not help being struck with the manliness of the view which I saw he took of what men ought to do in such times and circumstances—namely, not to talk or write about their intentions, but to act. He had never before, I think, in conversation with me, alluded to the existence of the United Irish Societies in college, nor did he now, or at any subsequent time, make any proposition to me to join them, a forbearance which I attribute a good deal to his knowledge of the watchful anxiety about me which prevailed at home, and his foreseeing the difficulty I should experience—from being, as the phrase is, constantly ‘tied to my mother’s apron strings’—in attending the meetings of the society without being discovered.”

“He was altogether,” continues Moore, “a noble fellow, and as full of imagination and tenderness of heart as of manly daring. He used frequently to sit by me at the pianoforte, while I played over the airs from Bunting’s Irish collection; and I remember one day when we were thus employed, his starting up as if from a reverie while I was playing the spirited air, ‘Let Erin remember the
days of old,' and exclaiming passionately, 'Oh, that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air!'

In view of this tender and affectionate reference to one of the noblest patriots that the world has ever produced, we can appreciate the vehement warmth of heart with which Moore afterwards wrote that beautiful song to the memory of Emmett:

"Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

"But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

I have not the least doubt that had Moore in those early years felt at liberty to give effect to his own desires he would have gone as far as Emmett in practical devotion to his country, and he would probably have shared the fate that befell most of the United Irishmen. But his attachment to his mother, who, woman-like, was always jealous of his personal safety, held him back. And we cannot blame him for this, for no man ever had a mother worthy of deeper love. And through all vicissitudes of his life—in the zenith of success as well as in the gloom of misfortune—his affection for her never diminished. Throughout her life, when absent from her, he wrote to her twice every
week, and I have never read anything sweeter or
more touching than these letters. But strong as
was his mother’s objection to his exposing himself
to any personal danger in connection with the
United Irishmen, she was too genuine an Irish-
woman to allow him to act meanly towards them,
even when vital interests were at stake. When
Moore was called before the Inquisition held at
Trinity College, to inquire into the political aims
and actions of Emmett and the other United Irish-
men, he, with his mother’s and his father’s approval,
distinctly refused to utter one word which would
injure any of his companions, even though he had
to face the (to him) terrible alternative of being
expelled from the college. However, as it hap-
pened, he passed through the ordeal without hurt.
There is nothing more that need be noted in
regard to Moore’s career in Dublin, and little with
respect to his life afterwards. He left his native
city and came to London when he was nine-
teen, and with the publication of the “Odes of
Anacreon” commenced that career of prosperous
authorship which marked the remainder of his
days. He died at Sloperton Cottage, near
Devizes, on the 26th of February 1852. For
several years before his death he was the
victim of a mental collapse. His memory deserted
him, and his once brilliant and rich intellect
turned to that of a child. This it seems was in
great part due to the deaths of his two sons and of
his sister Ellen.
What is Moore’s present position in the scale of
English poets? Judged by the circulation of his works he must be reckoned among the half-dozen writers of verse who enjoy the chief hold on popular favour. Judged by the “taste” of the day, he is under a cloud. In fact, there are critics who deny him the attribute of genius. However, there are few things more fickle and fluctuating than taste. Of course, I am not speaking of the taste exhibited in the readiness with which a poet's works are bought and read. That is mere popularity—the uncultured bias of the mob, which, it is well known, has no taste. Taste in literature, and more especially in poetry, is a thing of which in every generation a select and eclectic few have the monopoly. But it is absurd to condemn Moore because he is unlike Tennyson or Browning. Where radical differences of metrical methods as well as of quality of genius exist, it is worse than useless to institute comparisons on any common basis of criticism. To say that this or that writer is lesser or greater because he excels or falls short of another, is to altogether mistake the function of the literary critic. A poet who has any claims on immortality must not be judged comparatively. A writer whose merits are simply those of imitation or similitude can have no abiding place in literature. It is only the unique that lives. Posterity will perceive only the master-type; his imitators are literary ephemera. Judge Moore by this standard. It will be found that he moves in an orbit of his own. He is a “bright particular star” without a rival. It has been said that he possesses
fancy, but no imagination. It is a supercilious untruth, built on the fact that in his poetry fancy predominates and superabounds. But Moore has enough imagination to make the reputation of an ordinary poet. It cannot be denied that, compared with the greatest of our writers, he is deficient in the imaginative quality. But even if it were true that he possessed only fancy, where else do you find a fancy so felicitous, so original, so spontaneous, so luxuriant, so coruscant? Here, at all events, he "holds the field." On the general average of Moore's poetry I claim for him one of the highest places in our poetical literature, and such is the quality of his muse that it will be popular when poets more profoundly gifted are disregarded by all but the bookworm.

Whatever doubts may exist as to Moore's relative position in English literature, there can be none regarding his pre-eminence as an Irish bard. Of all the poets that have lived, few in an equal degree, none in a greater, typified their nationality. The race to which Moore belongs has very decided and well-defined idiosyncracies, and he embodies them all. The Irish Celt is not profoundly speculative nor morbidly imaginative. He is emotional, and as diversely as he is intensely so. In his sympathies he is more catholic than constant. His heart is stronger than his judgment. He hates reservations and disdains middle courses. When he takes up an opinion, or a man, or a cause, he goes for it, or him, blindly, unreservedly, and absolutely. Like all who indulge in this luxury, he
has sometimes to submit to the humiliation of retreating his steps. What he worshipped yesterday he may destroy to-day; not so much because he has changed as because he has unduly confided in, or expected what was impossible from, the object of his worship. He is ardent in all things. He will give as much gratitude for a kindly word as a more circumspect man would return for a substantial gift. He seldom inquires into motives. He is content to judge men by their acts—and sometimes by their professions—alone. He wears his own heart on his sleeve, and is unsuspicuous of guile in others. As a lover he is versatile, but as a husband, devoted, loyal, and affectionate, without being uxorious. He is the beau-ideal of a soldier; as has been shown repeatedly on the battle-fields of Europe and America. His laugh may be heard ringing as merrily amid the roar of conflict as amid the jollity of the festive board. He is hopeful and sanguine to a fault. Nothing depresses him long. His periods of gloom, like clouds on an April day, are quickly chased away by the restrainable sunshine of his nature. He may be easily conquered by kindness and confidence; against tyrannical force he is as adamant. Persecution simply acts as fuel and cement to his opinions. The ceaseless and unscrupulous attempts of England to uproot his religion and nullify his liberties have made him the most fervent Catholic and most passionate Nationalist in Europe. Mr. Joseph Cowen, who has made a deeper and more statesmanlike study
of Irish history and character than any other living Englishman, has described the nature of the national sentiment in words whose truth and eloquence have never been equalled. "Behind Emancipation, Tithe Reform, Disestablishment, and Land Acts, and deeper than them all," he said at Manchester in June 1886, "there is the intensified yearning of the Irish Celt for a national existence; for a free growth for his peculiarities of character; for the right to determine the methods and apply the power of his own life. This sentiment furrows and permeates Irish soil. It embraces and directs all branches of activity. Agitations apostolate and evangelise it. United Irishmen, Young Irelanders, and Fenians; Repealers, Home Rulers, and Nationalists—what are they all but the collective intuition of a people under emotion—the effort of a nation to live the life fermenting within it? From Wolfe Tone to Smith O'Brien, and from Smith O'Brien to Michael Davitt; from Grattan to O'Connell, and from O'Connell to Mr. Parnell—these active forces have been grouped and organised. Generation transmits to generation the common inspiration. Successive bands of patriotic Irishmen have consecrated themselves to its realisation. Dozens have died for it, scores have been transported, hundreds gone to prison, and thousands to exile. But neither terror, nor proscription, nor martyrdom has been able to weaken the deliberate and inexorable determination—often baffled but never conquered—of Ireland to recover her right to distinctive existence, and to assure a due
recognition of her part and mission in the destinies of the Empire." Nowhere so beautifully and so intensely as in Moore do we find this national feeling uttered. Thomas Davis, the laureate of the Young Irelanders, has more force, but nothing like the same felicity either of sentiment or expression. It is singular that although Moore spent nearly the whole of his life in England and in English aristocratic society, the spirit of the Irish rebel never left him. In fact, the last of his Irish Melodies—which were among the latest of his writings—breathe a sterner and more uncompromising spirit than those written in earlier years. It is still more singular that by his songs he made the sentiments of the Irish rebel popular in English drawing-rooms, where, presented in any other guise, they would have been scouted and condemned. His treason was trilled at every fashionable assembly. Is it extravagant to think that by these beautiful and touching lyrics many a heart was inspired with kindness towards Erin, even in the stronghold of her enemies? In that exquisite song, "Oh, Blame not the Bard," which Moore seems to have written in a fit of dissatisfaction with his own position, he describes his mission:—

"But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!"
INTRODUCTION.

Wherever Moore writes of patriotic effort, or the tyranny of usurpation, Ireland is in his thoughts. "The Fire Worshippers" in "Lalla Rookh" is an Irish poem in Eastern raiment. Change Iran to Erin, and Hafed to Emmett, and you have a picture of Moore's native country and her ideal patriot as the poet conceived them.

But Moore's claims as an Irish national poet rest less upon his own sentiments and inclinations than upon the influence of his writings. His poetry has supplied his countrymen with a text and an inspiration in all their recent struggles for national liberty. No one more frequently or effectively than an Irish orator embellishes his speeches with a telling verse from the poets, and no Irish writer is so fertile as Moore in quotations calculated to stir and interest an assembly. I have seen his poems, when delivered with power and feeling, alternately melt an Irish audience to tears and rouse them to a frenzy of patriotic enthusiasm. The poetry of Moore has made as many rebels against the English Government as any literature that has moulded Irish opinion.

Moore is a national poet, apart from his patriotic writings. Unlike any other bard that Ireland has produced, he sums up and typifies in his writings all the distinctive qualities of the race, the regrettable as well as the admirable. His amorous, convivial, and humorous poetry reveals those sides of the Irish character as vividly and accurately as his patriotic poetry depicts the national sentiment.
INTRODUCTION.

There is something grimly humorous in the reflection that if there is a great poet who by the whole bent and quality of his genius belongs exclusively to Ireland, it is to England more than to Ireland that his existence is due. If Moore had not migrated to London the probabilities are that he would have been martyred like Emmett, or starved like Mangan, or, like Davis, have died young under a load of worries and disappointments after revealing only one side of his genius. Since the Norman invasion the state of Ireland has been repellant to the development of a great national poet. Poetry may find its grandest inspiration in war, and in the struggles of a race for freedom, but it is only amid peaceful surroundings, and in a society which has taste to enjoy and the means to encourage the Arts—which are the children of Peace—that it can find adequate expression. Moore obtained in England quietude and leisure, applause and substantial encouragement, which he could never have hoped for in Ireland. Moreover, his Irish extraction and sympathies never did him hurt as a poet. As the "Bard of Erin" he was chiefly known and most admired. He was personally by far the most popular, and for his writings the best paid, poet of his time. In some happier day to come these facts in the minds of Irishmen may operate to the advantage of England; at present they operate to the disadvantage of Moore. Ireland will yet, no doubt, bring forth a great poet who will be her protégé as well as her product. The people of the country are naturally
poetic and artistic. Prior to the Danish incursions Ireland was—to use a phrase of Mr. Cowen's—the "Christian Greece." Alfred the Great was educated there. The Venerable Bede bears testimony to the scholastic eminence of the isle. But the Danes came, and after them the Normans, and rapine, war, poverty, and national degradation drove learning from her shrines. Ireland's political struggles, there is reason to believe, are nearly over. With contentment, and tranquillity, and prosperity restored, she may see a revival of her halcyon days, when the air rang with melody and monuments of art beautified the land. But however brilliant may be the future of Ireland, it may safely be predicted that no poet will ever arise who will eclipse Moore in the affections of the people.

JOHN DORRIAN.
The Fire-Worshippers.
'Tis moonlight over Oman's sea;*
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's walls,
And through her Emir's porphyry halls,
Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel,
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell;—
The peaceful sun, whom better suits
The music of the buibul's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest!
All hush'd—there's not a breeze in motion;
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven:—
The wind-tower on the Emir's dome
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

* The Persian Gulf, between Persia and Arabia.

350
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Even he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And falchions from unnumber’d sheaths
Are starting to avenge the shame
His race hath brought on Iran’s* name.
Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike
’Mid eyes that weep and swords that strike;—
One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers’ blood
Lies their directest path to heaven.
One who will pause and kneel unshod
In the warm blood his hand hath pour’d,
To mutter o’er some text of God
Engraven on his reeking sword;—
Nay, who can coolly note the line,
The letter of those words divine,
To which his blade, with searching art,
Had sunk into his victim’s heart!

Just Alla! what must be Thy look,
When such a wretch before Thee stands
Unblushing, with Thy sacred book,—
Turning the leaves with blood-stain’d hands,
And wresting from its page sublime
His creed of lust and hate and crime?
Even as those bees of Trebizond,—
Which from the sunniest flowers that glad
With their pure smile the gardens round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad!

Never did fierce Arabia send
A satrap forth more direly great;

* Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia.
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Never was Iran doom’d to bend
   Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fallen—her pride was crush’d—
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush’d
In their own land,—no more their own,—
To crouch beneath a stranger’s throne.
Her towers, where Mithra once had burn’d,
To Moslem shrines—O shame!—were turn’d,
Where slaves, converted by the sword,
Their mean, apostate worship pour’d,
And cursed the faith their sires adored.
Yet has she hearts, ’mid all this ill,
O’er all this wreck high, buoyant still
With hope and vengeance; hearts that yet,
   Like gems, in darkness issuing rays
They’ve treasured from the sun that’s set,
   Beam all the light of long-lost days!
And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
   To second all such hearts can dare;
As he shall know, well, dearly know,
   Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
Tranquil as if his spirit lay
Becalm’d in heaven’s approving ray!
Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine
Those waves are hush’d, those planets shine.
Sleep on, and be thy rest unmoved
   By the white moonbeam’s dazzling power;—
None but the loving and the loved
   Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see—where, high above those rocks
   That o’er the deep their shadows fling,
Yon turret stands; where ebon locks,
   As glossy as a heron’s wing
Upon the turban of a king,
Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—
'Tis she, that Emir's blooming child,  
All truth and tenderness and grace,  
Though born of such ungentle race;—  
An image of youth's radiant fountain  
Springing in a desolate mountain!

Oh, what a pure and sacred thing  
Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight  
Of the gross world, illumining  
One only mansion with her light!  
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—  
The flower that blooms beneath the sea  
Too deep for sunbeams doth not lie  
Hid in more chaste obscurity;  
So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,  
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrined.  
And oh, what transport for a lover  
To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—  
Like those who all at once discover  
In the lone deep some fairy shore,  
Where mortal never trod before,  
And sleep and wake in scented airs  
No lip had ever breathed but theirs!

Beautiful are the maids that glide  
On summer-eves through Yemen's dales,  
And bright the glancing looks they hide  
Behind their litters' roseate veils;—  
And brides, as delicate and fair  
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,  
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,  
Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,  
Before their mirrors count the time,  
And grow still lovelier every hour.  
But never yet hath bride or maid  
In Araby's gay Harams smiled,
Whose boasted brightness would not fade
Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness:—
With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze!
Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this!
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's soften'd glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere!

Such is the maid, who, at this hour,
Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high bower,
Watching the still and shining deep.
Ah! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes
And beating heart,—she used to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies,
In her own land, in happier days.
Why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
Blackens the mirror of the deep?
Whom waits she all this lonely night?
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPIERS.

Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,  
For man to scale that turret's height!

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,  
When high, to catch the cool night-air,  
After the day-beam's withering fire,  
He built her bower of freshness there,  
And had it deck'd with costliest skill,  
And fondly thought it safe as fair;—  
Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,  
Nor wake to learn what love can dare—

Love, all-defying Love, who sees  
No charm in trophies won with ease;—  
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss  
Are pluck'd on danger's precipice!  
Bolder than they, who dare not dive  
For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,  
Love, in the tempest most alive,  
Hath ever held that pearl the best  
He finds beneath the stormiest water!  
Yes—Araby's unrivall'd daughter,  
Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,  
There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,  
Would climb th' untrodden solitude  
Of Ararat's tremendous peak,  
And think its steeps, though dark and dread,  
Heaven's pathways, if to thee they led!  
Even now thou seest the flashing spray,  
That lights his oar's impatient way;—  
Even now thou hearest the sudden shock  
Of his swift bark against the rock,  
And stretchest down thy arms of snow,  
As if to lift him from below!  
Like her to whom, at dead of night,  
The bridegroom, with his locks of light,
Came, in the flush of love and pride,  
And scaled the terrace of his bride;—  
When, as she saw him rashly spring,  
And mid-way up in danger cling,  
She flung him down her long black hair,  
Exclaiming, breathless, “There, love, there!”  
And scarce did manlier nerve uphold  
The hero Zal in that fond hour,*  
Than wings the youth who fleet and bold  
Now climbs the rocks to Hinda’s bower.  

See—light as up their granite steeps  
The rock-goats of Arabia clamber,  
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,  
And now is at the maiden’s chamber.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,  
Nor what his race, nor whence he came;—  
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,  
Some beauteous bird without a name,  
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,  
From isles in th’ undiscover’d seas,  
To show his plumage for a day  
To wondering eyes, and wing away!  
Will he thus fly—her nameless lover?  
Alla forbid! ’twas by a moon  
As fair as this, while singing over  
Some ditty to her soft kanoon,  
Alone, at this same witching hour,  
She first beheld his radiant eyes  
Gleam through the lattice of the bower,  
Where nightly now they mix their sighs;  
And thought some spirit of the air  
(For what could waft a mortal there?)

* Zal, a Persian hero, used to ascend by night to his mistress’s chamber, being assisted in his ascent by her long hair.
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Was pausing on his moonlight way
To listen to her lonely lay!
This fancy ne'er hath left her mind;
   And—though, when terror's swoon had past,
She saw a youth of mortal kind
   Before her in obeisance cast,—
Yet often since, when he has spoken
Strange, awful words,—and gleams have broken
From his dark eyes, too bright to hear,
   Oh! she hath fear'd her soul was given
To some unhallow'd child of air,
   Some erring spirit, cast from heaven,
Like those angelic youths of old,
Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,
Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes!
Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he,
Who woos thy young simplicity;
But one of earth's impassion'd sons,
   As warm in love, as fierce in ire
As the best heart whose current runs
   Full of the Day-God's living fire!

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,
   And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow;—
Never before, but in her dreams,
   Had she beheld him pale as now:
And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
From which 'twas joy to wake and weep;
Visions that will not be forgot,
   But sadden every waking scene,
Like warning ghosts that leave the spot
   All wither'd where they once have been!

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,—
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that moonlight flood—
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle!
Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live, love, die alone!
Far from the cruel and the cold—
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us, to behold
A Paradise so pure and lonely!
Would this be world enough for thee?"—
Playful she turn'd, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And, bursting into heart-felt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams have boded all too right—
We part—for ever part—to-night!
I knew, I knew it could not last—
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!
Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now too—the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine—
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

O misery! must I lose that too?
Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—
Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—
No, never come again—though sweet,
Though heaven, it may be death to thee.
Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger!
Better to sit and watch that ray,
And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me, and in danger!"

"Danger!—oh, tempt me not to boast—"
The youth exclaim'd—"thou little know'st
What he can brave, who, born and nurst
In danger's paths, has dared her worst!
Upon whose ear the signal-word
Of strife and death is hourly breaking;
Who sleeps with head upon the sword
His fever'd hand must grasp in waking!
Danger!"

"Say on—thou fear'st not, then,
And we may meet—oft meet again?"
"Oh! look not so,—beneath the skies
I now fear nothing but those eyes.
If aught on earth could charm or force
My spirit from its destined course,—
If aught could make this soul forget
The bond to which its seal is set,
'Twould be those eyes;—they, only they,
Could melt that sacred seal away!
But no—'tis fix'd—my awful doom
Is fix'd—on this side of the tomb
We meet no more—why, why did Heaven
Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
Has rent asunder wide as ours?
Oh, Arab maid! as soon the powers
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Of light and darkness may combine,
As I be link’d with thee or thine!
Thy Father—"

"' Holy Alla save

His grey head from that lightning glance!
Thou knowst him not—he loves the brave;
Nor lives there under heaven’s expanse
One who would prize, would worship thee,
And thy bold spirit, more than he.
Oft when, in childhood, I have play’d
With the bright falchion by his side,
I’ve heard him swear his lisping maid
In time should be a warrior’s bride.
And still, whene’er, at Haram hours,
I take him cool sherbets and flowers,
He tells me, when in playful mood,
A hero shall my bridegroom be,
Since maids are best in battle woo’d,
And won with shouts of victory!
Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
Art form’d to make both hearts thy own.
Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know’st
Th’ unholy strife these Persians wage:
Good Heaven, that frown!—even now thou glow’st
With more than mortal warrior’s rage.
Haste to the camp by morning’s light,
And, when that sword is raised in fight,
Oh, still remember love and I
Beneath its shadow trembling lie!
One victory o’er those Slaves of Fire,
Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
Abhors—"

"' Hold, hold—thy words are death!"
The stranger cried, as wild he flung
His mantle back, and shew’d beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung.—
"Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see
All that thy sire abhors in me!
Yes—I am of that impious race,
   Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
   Among the living lights of heaven!
Yes—I am of that outcast few,
To Iran and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs came
To desolate our shrines of flame,
And swear, before God's burning eye,
To break our country's chains, or die!
Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—
   He who gave birth to those dear eyes
With me is sacred as the spot
   From which our fires of worship rise!
But know—'twas he I sought that night,
   When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
I caught this turret's glimmering light,
   And up the rude rocks desperately
Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—
I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
And found a trembling dove within;—
Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
If Love has made one thought his own,
That Vengeance claims first—last—alone!
Oh! had we never, never met,
Or could this heart even now forget
How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,
Had fate not frown'd so dark between!
Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
   In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
Through the same fields in childhood play'd,
   At the same kindling altar knelt,—
Then, then, while all those nameless ties,
In which the charm of country lies,
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
Till Iran’s cause and thine were one;—
While in thy lute’s awakening sigh
I heard the voice of days gone by,
And saw in every smile of thine
Returning hours of glory shine!—
While the wrong’d spirit of our land [thee—
Lived, look’d, and spoke her wrongs through
God! who could then this sword withstand?
Its very flash were victory!
But now—estranged, divorced for ever,
Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;
Our only ties what love has wove,—
Faith, friends, and country, sunder’d wide;—
And then, then only true to love,
When false to all that’s dear beside!
Thy father Iran’s deadliest foe—
Thyself, perhaps, even now—but no—
Hate never look’d so lovely yet!
No—sacred to thy soul will be
The land of him who could forget
All but that bleeding land for thee!
When other eyes shall see, unmoved,
Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
Thou’lt think how well one Gheber loved,
And for his sake thou’lt weep for all!
But look——"

With sudden start he turn’d
And pointed to the distant wave,
Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn’d
Bluely, as o’er some seaman’s grave;
And fiery darts, at intervals,
Flew up all sparkling from the main,
As if each star that nightly falls,
Were shooting back to heaven again.
"'My signal lights!—I must away,
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.
Farewell—sweet life! thou clingst in vain—
Now—vengeance!—I am thine again."
Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,
Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd
Down mid the pointed crags beneath,
As if he fled from love to death,
While pale and mute young Hinda stood,
Nor moved, till in the silent flood
A momentary plunge below
Startled her from her trance of woe;
Shrieking she to the lattice flew,
"I come—I come—if in that tide
Thou sleepst to-night—I'll sleep there too,
In death's cold wedlock by thy side.
Oh, I would ask no happier bed
Than the chill wave my love lies under;—
Sweeter to rest together dead,
Far sweeter, than to live asunder!"
But no—their hour is not yet come—
Again she sees his pinnace fly,
Wafting him fleetly to his home,
Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie;
And calm and smooth it seem'd to win
Its moonlight way before the wind,
As if it bore all peace within,
Nor left one breaking heart behind!

The morn has risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea* palely shines,
Revealing Bahrein's groves of palm,
And lighting Kishma's amber vines.
Fresh smell the shores of Araby,
While breezes from the Indian Sea

* The Persian Gulf.—Sir W. Jones.
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPIERS.

Blow round Selama's sainted cape,
   And curl the shining flood beneath,—
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
   And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,
Have toward that holy headland cast—
Oblations to the genii there
For gentle skies and breezes fair!
The nightingale now bends her flight
From the high trees, where all the night
   She sung so sweet, with none to listen;
And hides her from the morning star
   Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
   With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
The best and brightest scimitar
That ever youthful sultan wore
   On the first morning of his reign!
And see—the sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the east he springs.
Angel of light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Has first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!
   Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When Iran, like a sun-flower, turn'd
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd?—
   When, from the banks of Bendemeer
To the nut-groves of Samarcand,
Thy temples flamed o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them
   Who, on Cadessia's* bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem

* The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.
From Iran's broken diadem,
    And bind her ancient faith in chains:—
Ask the poor exile, cast alone
On foreign shores, unloved, unknown,
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,*
    Or on the snowy Mossian Mountains,
Far from his beauteous land of dates,
    Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains!
Yet happier so than if he trod
His own beloved but blighted sod,
Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—
Oh! he would rather houseless roam,
    Where Freedom and his God may lead,
Than be the sleekest slave at home
    That crouches to the conqueror's creed!
Is Iran's pride then gone for ever,
    Quench'd with the flame in Mithra's caves?
No—she has sons that never—never
    Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
While heaven has light or earth has graves.
Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
    But flash resentment back for wrong;
And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds
Of vengeance ripen into deeds,
Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
They burst, like Zeilan's giant palm,
    Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pigmy forests round!

Yes, Emir! he who scaled that tower—
    And, had he reached thy slumbering breast,
Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power
    How safe even tyrant heads may rest—
Is one of many, brave as he,

* Derbend. The Turks call the city the Iron Gate.
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Who loathe thy haughty race and thee;
Who, though they know the strife is vain,
Who, though they know the riven chain
Snaps but to enter in the heart
Of him who rends its links apart,
Yet dare the issue,—blest to be
Even for one bleeding moment free,
And die in pangs of liberty!
Thou know'st them well—'tis some moons since
Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,
Thou satrap of a bigot prince!
Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags;
Yet here, even here, a sacred band,
Ay, in the portal of that land
Thou, Arab, darest to call thy own,
Their spears across thy path have thrown;
Here—ere the winds half-wing'd thee o'er,
Rebellion braved thee from the shore.

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Has sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame!
As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs, and sink again;
But if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enthroned in upper air.
And turn to sun-bright glories there!

351
And who is he that wields the might
Of freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light
The eyes of Yemen's warriors wink?
Who comes embower'd in the spears
Of Kerman's hardy mountaineers?
Those mountaineers that truest, last,
Cling to their country's ancient rites,
As if that God, whose eyelids cast
Their closing gleam on Iran's heights,
Among her snowy mountains threw
The last light of His worship too!

'Tis Hafed—name of fear, whose sound
Chills like the muttering of a charm:—
Shout but that awful name around,
And palsy shakes the manliest arm.

'Tis Hafed, most accurst and dire
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire!
Of whose malign, tremendous power
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
That each affrighted sentinel
Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
Lest Hafed in the midst should rise!
A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
A mingled race of flame and earth,
Sprung from those old, enchanted kings,
Who in their fairy helms, of yore,
A feather from the mystic wings
Of the Simoorgh resistless wore;
And gifted by the fiends of fire,
Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,
With charms that, all in vain withstood,
Would drown the Koran's light in blood!
Such were the tales that won belief,
   And such the colouring fancy gave
To a young, warm and dauntless Chief,—
   One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul adored,
   For happy homes and altars free,—
His only talisman the sword,
   His only spell-word, Liberty!
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names that have sanctified their blood;
As Lebanon’s small mountain-flood
Is rendered holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks!
’Twas not for him to crouch the knee
 Tamely to Moslem tyranny:—
’Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit, fed
With all the glories of the dead,
Though framed for Iran’s happiest years,
Was born among her chains and tears!—
’Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow’d
Before the Moslem as he pass’d,
Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—
No—far he fled—indignant fled
The pageant of his country’s shame;
While every tear her children shed
Fell on his soul like drops of flame;
And as a lover hails the dawn
Of a first smile, so welcomed he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
For vengeance and for liberty!
But vain was valour—vain the flower
Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,
Against Al Hassan's whelming power,
In vain they met him, helm to helm,
Upon the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway,
And with their corpses block'd his way—
In vain—for every lance they raised
Thousands around the conqueror blazed;
For every arm that lined their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd
As dates beneath the locust-cloud!

There stood—but one short league away
From old Harmozia's sultry bay—
A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
Of Oman beetling awfully,
A last and solitary link
Of those stupendous chains that reach
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink
Down winding to the Green Sea beach.
Around its base the bare rocks stood,
Like naked giants in the flood,
As if to guard the gulf across;
While, on its peak, that braved the sky,
A ruin'd temple tower'd so high
That oft the sleeping albatross
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
Started—to find man's dwelling there
In her own silent fields of air!
Beneath, terrific caverns gave
Dark welcome to each stormy wave
That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in;—
And such the strange, mysterious din
At times throughout those caverns roll'd,—
And such the fearful wonders told
Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
That bold were Moslem who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those towers sublime,
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,
Were sever'd from the haunts of men
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
So fathomless, so full of gloom,
No eye could pierce the void between;
It seem'd a place where ghules might come
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
And in its caverns feed unseen.
Like distant thunder, from below,
The sound of many torrents came;
Too deep for eye or ear to know
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
Or floods of ever-restless flame.
For each ravine, each rocky spire
Of that vast mountain stood on fire;
And though for ever past the days
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
That from its lofty altar shone,—
Though fled the priests, the votaries gone—
Still did the mighty flame burn on
Through chance and change, through good and ill,
Like its own God's eternal will,
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!

Thither the vanquish'd Hafed led
His little army's last remains;—
"Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
"Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
Is heaven to him who flies from chains:
O'er a dark narrow bridge-way, known
To him and to his chiefs alone,
They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers;—
"This home," he cried, "at least is ours—
Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;
Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks
Are wetted on our yet warm cheeks,
Here,—happy that no tyrant's eye
Gloats on our torments—we may die!"
'Twas night when to those towers they came,
And gloomily the fitful flame,
That from the ruin'd altar broke,
Glared on his features as he spoke:—
"'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done—
If Iran will look tamely on,
And see her priests, her warriors driven
Before a sensual bigot's nod,
A wretch who takes his lusts to heaven,
And makes a pander of his God!
If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
Men in whose veins—oh, last disgrace!
The blood of Zal and Rustam* rolls,—
If they will court this upstart race,
And turn from Mithra's ancient ray,
To kneel at shrines of yesterday;
If they will crouch to Iran's foes,
Why, let them—till the land's despair
Cries out to heaven, and bondage grows

* Ancient heroes of Persia.
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Too vile for even the vile to bear!
Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
Their inmost core, and conscience turns
Each coward tear the slave lets fall
Back on his heart in drops of gall!
But here, at least, are arms unchain'd,
And souls that thraldom never stain'd;—
This spot, at least, no foot of slave
Or satrap ever yet profaned;
And though but few—though fast the wave
Of life is ebbing from our veins,
Enough for vengeance still remains.
As panthers, after set of sun,
Rush from the roots of Lebanon
Across the dark sea-robber's way,
We'll bound upon our startled prey;—
And when some hearts that proudest swell
Have felt our falchion's last farewell;
When Hope's expiring throb is o'er,
And even Despair can prompt no more,
This spot shall be the sacred grave
Of the last few who, vainly brave,
Die for the land they cannot save!"

His chiefs stood round—each shining blade
Upon the broken altar laid—
And though so wild and desolate
Those courts, where once the mighty sate!
Nor longer on those mouldering towers
Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
With which of old the Magi fed
The wandering spirits of their dead;
Though neither priest nor rites were there,
Nor charm'd leaf of pure pomegranate;
Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet;
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Yet the same God that heard their sires
Heard them, while on that altar’s fires
They swore the latest, holiest deed
Of the few hearts still left to bleed,
Should be, in Iran’s injured name,
To die upon that mount of flame—
The last of all her patriot line,
Before her last untrampled shrine!
Brave, suffering souls! they little knew
How many a tear their injuries drew
From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
Whom Love first touch’d with others’ woe—
Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
Slept like a lake, till Love threw in
His talisman, and woke the tide,
And spread its trembling circles wide.
Once, Emir! thy unheeding child,
Mid all this havoc, bloom’d and smiled—
Tranquil as on some battle-plain
The Persian lily shines and towers,
Before the combat’s reddening stain
Hath fallen upon her golden flowers.
Light-hearted maid, unawed, unmoved,
While Heaven but spared the sire she loved,
Once at thy evening tales of blood
Unlistening and aloof she stood—
And oft, when thou hast paced along
Thy Haram halls with furious heat,
Hast thou not cursed her cheerful song,
That came across thee, calm and sweet,
Like lutes of angels, touch’d so near
Hell’s confines, that the damn’d can hear!
Far other feelings love has brought—
Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,
She now has but the one dear thought,
And thinks that o’er, almost to madness!
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Oft doth her sinking heart recall
His words—"For my sake weep for all;"
And bitterly, as day on day
Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
She weeps a lover snatch'd away
In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
There's not a sabre meets her eye,
But with his life-blood seems to swim;
There's not an arrow wings the sky
But fancy turns its point to him.
No more she brings with footstep light
Al Hassan's falchion for the fight;
And—had he look'd with clearer sight,
Had not the mists, that ever rise
From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes—
He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,
When from the field of blood he came,
The faltering speech—the look estranged—
Voice, step, and life, and beauty changed—
He would have mark'd all this and known
Such change is wrought by love alone!

Ah! not the love that should have bless'd
So young, so innocent a breast:
Not the pure, open, prosperous love
That, pledged on earth and seal'd above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes,
In friendship's smile and home's caress,
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness!
No, Hinda, no—thy fatal flame
Is nursed in silence, sorrow, shame.
A passion, without hope or pleasure,
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—
Some idol, without shrine or name,
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

O'er which its pale-eyed votaries keep
Unholy watch, while others sleep!

Seven nights have darken'd Oman's Sea,
Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
She saw his light oar rapidly
Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—
And still she goes, at midnight hour,
To weep alone in that high bower,
And watch, and look along the deep
For him whose smiles first made her weep;
But watching, weeping, all was vain,
She never saw that bark again.
The owlet's solitary cry,
The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
And oft the hateful carrion-bird,
Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,
Which reek'd with that day's banqueting—
Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—Al Hassan's brow
Is brighten'd with unusual joy—
What mighty mischief glads him now,
Who never smiles but to destroy?
The sparkle upon Herkend's Sea,
When tost at midnight furiously,
Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,
More surely than that smiling eye!
'' Up, daughter, up—the Kerna's breath
Has blown a blast would waken Death,
And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see
This blessed day for Heaven and me,
A day more rich in Pagan blood
Than ever flash'd o'er Oman's flood.
Before another dawn shall shine,
His head—heart—limbs—will all be mine;
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

This very night his blood shall steep
These hands all over ere I sleep!"—
"His blood!" she faintly scream'd—her mind
Still singling one from all mankind.

"Yes, spite of his ravines and towers,
Hafed, my child, this night is ours.
Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
Without whose aid the links accurst,
That bind these impious slaves, would be
Too strong for Alla's self to burst!

That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
My path with piles of Moslem dead,
Whose baffling spells had almost driven
Back from their course the swords of Heaven,
This night, with all his band, shall know
How deep an Arab's steel can go,
When God and vengeance speed the blow.
And—Prophet!—by that holy wreath
Thou warest on Ohod's field of death,
I swear, for every sob that parts
In anguish from these heathen hearts,
A gem from Persia's plunder'd mines
Shall glitter on thy shrine of shrines.
But, ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
Those livid lips—my child, my child,
This life of blood befits not thee,
And thou must back to Araby.

Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
In scenes that man himself might dread,
Had I not hoped our every tread
Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
Curst race, they offer swords instead!
But cheer thee, maid,—the wind that now
Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow
To-day shall waft thee from the shore;
And, ere a drop of this night's gore
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPEWS.

Hath time to chill in yonder towers,
Thou’lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers!"

His bloody boast was all too true—
There lurk’d one wretch among the few
Whom Hafed’s eagle eye could count
Around him on that fiery mount—
One miscreant, who for gold betray’d
The pathway through the valley’s shade
To those high towers where Freedom stood
In her last hold of flame and blood.
Left on the field last dreadful night,
When sallying from their sacred height,
The Ghebers fought hope’s farewell fight,
He lay—but died not with the brave:
That sun, which should have gilt his grave,
Saw him a traitor and a slave;—
And, while the few, who thence return’d
To their high rocky fortress, mourn’d
For him among the matchless dead
They left behind on glory’s bed,
He lived, and, in the face of morn,
Laugh’d them and Faith and Heaven to scorn!

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o’er the counsels of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life’s unblessed cup for him
Be drugg’d with treacheries to the brim,—
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country’s curse, his children’s shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame,
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh
Are fading oft, untouch'd, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

The day is lowering—stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
Dispersioned and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shatter'd canopy!
There's not a cloud in that blue plain
But tells of storm to come or past;—
Here, flying loosely as the mane
Of a young war-horse in the blast;
There roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!
While some, already burst and riven,
Seem melting down the verge of heaven;
As though the infant storm had rent
The mighty womb that gave him birth,
And, having swept the firmament,
Was now in fierce career for earth.
On earth 'twas yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound.
The diver steer'd for Ormus' bowers,
And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours;
The sea birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land;—upon the beach
The pilot oft had paused, with glance
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse:
And all was boding, drear, and dark
As her own soul, when Hinda's bark
Went slowly from the Persian shore—
No music timed her parting oar,
Nor friends upon the lessening strand
Linger'd to wave the unseen hand,
Or speak the farewell, heard no more;
But lone, unheeded, from the bay
The vessel takes its mournful way,
Like some ill-destined bark that steers
In silence through the Gate of Tears.*

And where was stern Al Hassan then?
Could not that saintly scourge of men
From bloodshed and devotion spare
One minute for a farewell there?
No—close within, in changeful fits
Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
In savage loneliness to brood
Upon the coming night of blood
With that keen, second-scent of death,
By which the vulture snuffs his food
In the still warm and living breath!
While o'er the wave his weeping daughter
Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter,
As a young bird of Babylon,
Let loose to tell of victory won,
Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstain'd
By the red hands that held her chain'd.
And does the long-left home she seeks
Light up no gladness on her cheeks?

* The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, called Babelmandeb. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopian ocean.
The flowers she nursed—the well-known groves,
Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—
Once more to see her dear gazelles
Come bounding with their silver bells;
Her birds' new plumage to behold,
And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
She left, all filleted with gold,
Shooting around their jasper fount.
Her little garden mosque to see,
And once again, at evening hour,
To tell her ruby rosary
In her own sweet acacia bower—
Can these delights, that wait her now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow?
No—silent, from her train apart,—
As if even now she felt at heart
The chill of her approaching doom,—
She sits, all lovely in her gloom
As a pale angel of the grave;
And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,
Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,
Where, in a few short awful hours,
Blood, blood, in steaming tides shall run,
Foul incense for to-morrow’s sun!
"Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,
So loved, so lost, where art thou now?
Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate’er
Th’ unhallow’d name thou’rt doom’d to bear,
Still glorious—still to this fond heart
Dear as its blood, whate’er thou art!
Yes—Alia, dreadful Alia! yes—
If there be wrong, be crime in this,
Let the black waves, that round us roll,
Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
Forgetting faith,—home,—father,—all,
Before its earthly idol fall,
Nor worship even thyself above him. 
For oh! so wildly do I love him, 
Thy Paradise itself were dim 
And joyless, if not shared with him!"

Her hands were clasp’d—her eyes upturn’d, 
Dropping their tears like moonlight rain; 
And though her lip, fond raver, burn’d 
With words of passion, bold, profane, 
Yet was there light around her brow, 
A holiness in those dark eyes, 
Which shew’d—though wandering earthward now, 
Her spirit’s home was in the skies. 
Yes,—for a spirit pure as hers 
Is always pure, even while it errs; 
As sunshine, broken in the rill, 
Though turn’d astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot 
All thoughts but one, she heeded not 
The rising storm—the wave that cast 
A moment’s midnight, as it pass’d— 
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread 
Of gathering tumult o’er her head— 
Clash’d swords, and tongues that seem’d to vie 
With the rude riot of the sky. 
But hark!—that war-whoop on the deck, 
That crash, as if each engine there, 
Masts, sails, and all were gone to wreck, 
Mid yells and stampings of despair! 
Merciful Heaven! what can it be? 
’Tis not the storm, though fearfully 
The ship has shudder’d as she rode 
O’er mountain waves, “Forgive me, God!
Forgive me"—shriek'd the maid, and knelt,  
Trembling all over, for she felt  
As if her judgment-hour was near;  
While crouching round, half dead with fear,  
Her handmaids clung, nor breathed, nor stirr'd—  
When, hark!—a second crash—a third—  
And now, as if a bolt of thunder  
Had riven the labouring planks asunder,  
The deck falls in—what horrors then!  
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men  
Come mix'd together through the chasm;—  
Some wretches in their dying spasm  
Still fighting on—and some that call  
"For God and Iran!" as they fall.

Whose was the hand that turn'd away  
The perils of th' infuriate fray.  
And snatch'd her breathless from beneath  
This wilderment of wreck and death?  
She knew not—for a faintness came  
Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame  
Amid the ruins of that hour  
Lay like a pale and scorched flower,  
Beneath the red volcano's shower!  
But oh! the sights and sounds of dread  
That shock'd her, ere her senses fled!  
The yawning deck—the crowd that strove  
Upon the tottering planks above—  
The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er  
The strugglers' heads, all dashed with gore.  
Flutter'd like bloody flags—the crash  
Of sabres, and the lightning's flash  
Upon their blades, high toss'd about  
Like meteor brands—as if throughout  
The elements one fury ran,—
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

One general rage, that left a doubt
Which was the fiercer, Heaven or man!

Once, too—but no—it could not be—
'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,
While yet her fading eyes could see
High on the ruin'd deck she caught
A glimpse of that unearthly form,
That glory of her soul,—even, then.
Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
Shining above his fellow-men,
As, on some black and troublous night,
The star of Egypt,* whose proud light
Never has beam'd on those who rest
In the White Islands of the West,
Burns through the storm with looks of flame
That put heaven's cloudier eyes to shame!
But no—'twas but the minute's dream—
A fantasy—and ere the scream
Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
Of soul and sense its darkness spread
Around her, and she sunk, as dead!

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,

* The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates.
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
And every drop the thunder showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them!

When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest!
Such was the golden hour that broke
Upon the world, when Hinda woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.

But where is she? her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,
The same, that from Harmozia's bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog tracks?—no—strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.

Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering she look'd around—there lay
A group of warriors in the sun
Resting their limbs, as for that day
Their ministry of death were done—
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious reverie;
And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
That sluggish calm, with many a look
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest Alla! who shall save her now?
There's not in all that warrior-band
One Arab sword, one turban'd brow
From her own faithful Moslem land.
Their garb—the leathern belt that wraps
Each yellow vest—that rebel hue—
The Tartar fleece upon their caps—
Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
And Heaven hath, in this dreadful hour.
Abandon'd her to Hafed's power;—
Hafed, the Gheber!—at the thought
Her very heart's-blood chills within;
He, whom her soul was hourly taught
To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
Some minister, whom hell had sent
To spread its blast where'er he went,
And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
His shadow betwixt man and God!
And she is now his captive, thrown
In his fierce hands, alive, alone;
His the infuriate band she sees,
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS. 37

All infidels—all enemies!
What was the daring hope that then
Cross’d her like lightning, as again,
With boldness that despair had lent,
She darted through that armed crowd
A look so searching, so intent,
That even the sternest warrior bow’d
Abash’d, when he her glances caught,
As if he guess’d whose form they sought.
But no—she sees him not—’tis gone,
The vision, that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and storm,
Is fled—’twas but a phantom form—
One of those passing rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which Fancy’s beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul!

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave—the crew’s in motion—
The oars are out, and with light sound
Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
And now she sees—with horror sees
Their course is toward that mountain hold,—
Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,
Where Mecca’s godless enemies
Lie, like beleaguer’d scorpions, roll’d
In their last deadly, venomous fold!
Amid th’ illumin’d land and flood
Sunless that mighty mountain stood;
Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red
As ’twere the flag of destiny
Hung out to mark where death would be!
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man’s foot could scale that mountain’s brow;
Since ne’er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone.—
But every thought is lost in fear,
When, as their bounding bark drew near
The craggy base, she felt the waves
Hurry them toward those dismal caves
That from the deep in windings pass
Beneath that mount’s volcanic mass—
And loud a voice on deck commands
To lower the masts and light the brands!
Instantly o’er the dashing tide
Within a cavern’s mouth they glide,
Gloomy as that eternal porch
Through which departed spirits go;
Not even the flare of brand and torch
Its flickering light could further throw
Than the thick flood that boil’d below.
Silent they floated—as if each
Sat breathless, and too awed for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seem’d dark,—so sullenly around
The goblin echoes of the cave,
Mutter’d it o’er the long black wave
As ’twere some secret of the grave!
But soft—they pause—the current turns
   Beneath them from its onward track;—
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
   The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oar’s redoubled force
Can stem the eddy’s whirling force:
When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung
Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

The oars are up—the grapple clings,
And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.
Just then, a day-beam through the shade
Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid
Can see from whence the brightness steals,
Upon her brow she shuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties
A bandage round her burning eyes;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine! genial Day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb!
Even Hinda, though she saw not where
Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awakening air,
Which suddenly around her glow'd,
That they had risen from darkness then,
And breathed the sunny world again!
But soon this balmy freshness fled—
For now the steepy labyrinth led
Through damp and gloom—'mid crash of boughs,
And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,
Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
And long is heard from steep to steep,
Chasing them down their thundering way!
The jackal's cry—the distant moan
Of the hyæna, fierce and lone:
And that eternal, saddening sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath,
As ’twere the ever-dark profound
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!
All, all is fearful—even to see,
To gaze on those terrific things
She now but blindly hears, would be
Relief to her imaginings!
Since never yet was shape so dread,
But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
And by such sounds of horror fed,
Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has fear again
Perplex’d the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice, all music, then
Come from the gloom, low whispering near—
"Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here?"
She does not dream—all sense, all ear,
She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."
'Twas his own voice—she could not err—
Throughout the breathing world's extent,
There was but one such voice for her,
So kind, so soft, so eloquent!
Oh! sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some meaner minstrel's lay
Open her bosom's glowing veil,
Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,
A breath of the beloved one!
Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
She has that one beloved near,
Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,
Has power to make even ruin dear,—
Yet soon this gleam of rapture, cross'd
By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.
How shall the ruthless Hafed brook
That one of Gheber blood should look,
With aught but curses in his eye,
On her—a maid of Araby—
A Moslem maid—the child of him
Whose bloody banner’s dire success
Has left their altars cold and dim,
And their fair land a wilderness!
And, worse than all, that night of blood
Which comes so fast—oh! who shall stay
The sword that once has tasted food
Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?
What arm shall then the victim cov
Or from her father shield her lover?

"Save him, my God!" she inly cries—
"Save him this night—and if thine eyes
Have ever welcomed with delight
The sinners’ tears, the sacrifice
Of sinners’ tears—guard him this night,
And here, before Thy throne, I swear
From my heart’s inmost core to tear
Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
Link’d with each quivering life-string there,
And give it bleeding all to Thee!
Let him but live, the burning tear,
The sighs, so sinful yet so dear,
Which have been all too much his own,
Shall from this hour be Heaven’s alone.
Youth pass’d in penitence, and age
In long and painful pilgrimage,
Shall leave no traces of the flame
That wastes me now—nor shall his name
E’er bless my lips, but when I pray
For his dear spirit, that away
Casting from its angelic ray
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Th’ eclipse of earth, he too may shine
Redeem’d, all glorious and all Thine!
Think—think what victory to win
One radiant soul like his from sin;—
One wandering star of virtue back
To its own native, heavenward track!
Let them but live, and both are Thine,
Together Thine—for, blest or cross’d,
Living or dead, his doom is mine,
And if he perish, both are lost!”

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
The leafy shores and sun-bright seas
That lay beneath that mountain’s height
Had been a fair, enchanting sight.
’Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm setting—when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last,
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
And whose sweet tears, o’er wrong forgiven,
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven;
’Twas stillness all—the winds that late
Had rush’d through Kerman’s almond groves,
And shaken from her bowers of date
That cooling feast the traveller loves,
Now, lull’d to languor, scarcely curl
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam,
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
Were melted all to form the stream.
And her fair islets, small and bright,
With their green shores reflected there,
Look like those Peri isles of light,
    That hang by spell-work in the air.
But vainly did those glories burst
On Hinda's dazzled eyes, when first
The bandage from her brow was taken,
And pale and awed as those who waken
In their dark tombs—when scowling near,
The Searchers of the Grave* appear,—
She, shuddering, turn'd to read her fate
    In the fierce eyes that flash'd around;
And saw those towers all desolate,
    That o'er her head terrific frown'd,
As if defying even the smile
Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.
In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
She looks for him whose voice so dear
Had come, like music, to her ear—
Strange, mocking dream! again 'tis fled.
And oh! the shoots, the pangs of dread
That through her inmost bosom run,
    When voices from without proclaim,
"Hafed, the Chief"—and, one by one,
The warriors shout that fearful name!
He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
How shall she dare to lift her head,
Or meet those eyes, whose scorching glare
Not Yemen's boldest sons can bear?
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night!
How shall she bear that voice's tone,
At whose loud battle-cry alone

* The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called "The Searchers of the Grave" in the creed of orthodox Mussulmans.
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
Scatter'd, like some vast caravan,
When, stretch'd at evening round the well,
They hear the thirsting tiger's yell?
Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now;
And shuddering, as she hears the tread
Of his retiring warrior band.
Never was pause so full of dread;
Till Hafed, with a trembling hand,
Took hers, and leaning o'er her, said,
"Hinda!"—that word was all he spoke,
And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke
From her full bosom told the rest—
Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
The maid but lifts her wondering eyes
To hide them on her Gheber's breast!
'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,
The fellest of the Fire-Fiend's brood,
Hafed, the demon of the fight,
Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight—
Is her own loved Gheber, mild
And glorious as when first he smiled
In her lone tower, and left such beams
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
That she believed her bower had given
Rest to some habitant of heaven!

Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
Amid the black Simoom's eclipse—
Or like those verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,
Sweetening the very edge of doom!
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

The past—the future—all that fate
Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last!
Even he, this youth—though dimm’d and gone
Each star of hope that cheer’d him on—
His glories lost—his cause betray’d,
Iran, his dear-lov’d country made
A land of carcases and slaves,
One dreary waste of chains and graves!
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,
To see the last, long-struggling breath
Of liberty’s great soul depart,
Then lay him down, and share her death—
Even he, so sunk in wretchedness,
With doom still darker gathering o’er him,
Yet in this moment’s pure caress,
In the mild eyes that shone before him,
Beaming that blest assurance, worth
All other transports known on earth,
That he was loved—well, warmly loved—
Oh! in this precious hour he proved
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe;—
How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of misery’s cup—how keenly quaff’d,
Though death must follow on the draught!

She too, while gazing on those eyes
That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,
Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPIERS.

The mighty ruins where they stood,
   Upon the mount's high rocky verge,
Lay open towards the ocean's flood,
   Where lightly o'er the illumin'd surge
Many a fair bark that all the day
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay
Now bounded on and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales;
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
The beauteous clouds, though daylight's star
Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,
Were still with lingering glories bright,—
As if to grace the gorgeous west,
   The Spirit of departing Light
That eve had left his sunny vest
   Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
Never was scene so form'd for love!
Beneath them, waves of crystal move
   Heaven glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like heaven!
But ah! too soon that dream is past—
   Again, again her fear returns;—
Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,
   More faintly the horizon burns,
And every rosy tint that lay
On the smooth sea has died away.
Hastily to the darkening skies
A glance she casts—then wildly cries,
"At night, he said—and, look, 'tis near—
   Fly, fly—if yet thou lov'est me, fly—
Soon will his murderous band be here,
   And I shall see thee bleed and die.—
Hush!—heardst thou not the tramp of men
Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—
Perhaps even now they climb the wood—
Fly, fly—though still the west is bright,
He'll come—oh! yes—he wants thy blood—
I know him—he'll not wait for night!"
In terrors even to agony
She clings around the wondering Chief;—
"Alas, poor wilder'd maid! to me
Thou owest this raving trance of grief.
Lost as I am, nought ever grew
Beneath my shade but perish'd too—
My doom is like the Dead Sea air,
And nothing lives that enters there!
Why were our barks together driven
Beneath this morning's furious heaven?
Why, when I saw the prize that chance
Had thrown into my desperate arms,—
When casting but a single glance
Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er
Thy safety through that hour's alarms)
To meet th' unmanning sight no more—
Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow?
Why weakly, madly meet thee now?—
Start not—that noise is but the shock
Of torrents through yon valley hurl'd—
Dread nothing here—upon this rock
We stand above the jarring world,
Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
In gloomy safety, like the dead!
Or, could even earth and hell unite
In league to storm this sacred height,
Fear nothing thou—myself, to-night,
And each o'erlooking star that dwells
Near God, will be thy sentinels;—
And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
Back to thy sire——"
"To-morrow!—no—"
The maiden scream'd—'thou'llt never see
To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
The night-cry through each reeking tower,
Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour!
Thou art betray'd—some wretch who knew
That dreadful glen's mysterious clue—
Nay, doubt not—by yon stars, 'tis true—
Hath sold thee to my vengeance sire;
This morning, with that smile so dire
He wears in joy, he told me all,
And stamp'd in triumph through our hall,
As though thy heart already beat
Its last life-throb beneath his feet!
Good heaven, how little dream'd I then
His victim was my own loved youth!—
Fly—send—let some one watch the glen—
By all my hopes of heaven 'tis truth!"
Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom when betray'd.
He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
As if the tale had frozen his blood,
So mazed and motionless was he;
Like one whom sudden spells enchant
Or some mute marble habitant
Of the still Halls of Ishmonie!

But soon the painful chill was o'er,
And his great soul, herself once more,
Look'd from his brow in all the rays
Of her best, happiest, grandest days;
Never, in a moment most elate,
Did that high spirit loftier rise;
While bright, serene, determinate,
His looks are lifted to the skies,
As if the signal-lights of Fate
Were shining in those awful eyes!
'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
In Iran's sacred cause is come;
And though his life has pass'd away
Like lightning on a stormy day,
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
Of glory, permanent and bright,
To which the brave of after-times,
The suffering brave, shall long look back
With proud regret,—and by its light
Watch through the hours of slavery's night
For vengeance on the oppressor's crimes!
This rock, his monument aloft,
Shall speak the tale to many an age;
And hither bards and heroes oft
Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
And bring their warrior sons, and tell
The wondering boys where Hafed fell,
And swear them on those lone remains
Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
Never—while breath of life shall live
Within them—never to forgive
Th' accursed race, whose ruthless chain
Has left on Iran's neck a stain
Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
Enthrone themselves on Hafed's brow;
And ne'er did saint of Issa* gaze
On the red wreath, for martyrs twined,
More proudly than the youth surveys

* Jesus.
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

That pile, which through the gloom behind,
Half lighted by the altar's fire,
Glimmers,—his destined funeral pyre!
Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,
Of every wood of odorous breath,
There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
Ready to fold in radiant death.
The few still left of those who swore
To perish there, when hope was o'er—
The few to whom that couch of flame,
Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
Is sweet and welcome as the bed
For their own infant Prophet spread,
When pitying Heaven to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd!*

With watchfulness the maid attends
His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?
What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?
Alas! why stands he musing here,
When every moment teems with fear?
"Hafed, my own beloved lord,"
She kneeling cries—"first, last adored!
If in that soul thou'st ever felt
Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
Here, on my knees that never knelt
To any but their God before,
I pray thee, as thou lovest me, fly—
Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.
Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither
Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea

* The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great prophet,
was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned
instantly into "a bed of roses, where the child sweetly
reposed."
Wildly these passionate words she spoke—
Then hung her head, and wept for shame;
Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
With every deep-heaved sob that came,
While he, young, warm—oh! wonder not
If, for a moment, pride and fame,
His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,
And Iran's self are all forgot
For her whom at his feet he sees
Kneeling in speechless agonies.
No, blame him not, if Hope a while
Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile
O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights
Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
Which she, who bends all beauteous there,
Was born to kindle and to share!
A tear or two, which, as he bow'd
To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Of softness passing o'er his soul.
Starting, he brush'd the drops away,
Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray;—
Like one who, on the morn of flight,
Shakes from his sword the dew of night,
That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light,
Yet though subdued th' unnerving thrill,
Its warmth, its weakness linger'd still
So touching in each look and tone,
That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
Half counted on the flight she pray'd,
Half thought the hero's soul was grown
As soft, as yielding as her own,
And smiled and bless'd him while he said,—
"Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
Where fadeless truth like ours is dear;—
If there be any land of rest
For those who love and ne'er forget,
Oh! comfort thee—for safe and blest
We'll meet in that calm region yet;"
Scarce had she time to ask ber heart
If good or ill these words impart,
When the roused youth impatient flew
To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
A ponderous sea-horn hung, and blew
A signal, deep and dread as those
The Storm-Fiend at his rising blows.—
Full well his chieftains, sworn and true
Through life and death, that signal knew;
For 'twas th' appointed warning-blast,
Th' alarm to tell when hope was past,
And the tremendous death-die cast!
And there, upon the mouldering tower,
Has hung his sea-horn many an hour,
Ready to sound o'er land and sea
That dirge-note of the brave and free.
They came—his chieftains at the call
Came slowly round, and with them all—
Alas, how few!—the worn remains
Of those who late o'er Kerman's plains
Went gaily prancing to the clash
Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
Catching new hope from every flash
Of their long lances in the sun—
And as their coursers charged the wind,
And the white oxtails stream'd behind;
Looking as if the steeds they rode
Were wing'd, and every chief a god!
How fallen, how alter'd now! how wan
Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,
As round the burning shrine they came;
How deadly was the glare it cast,
As mute they paused before the flame
To light their torches as they pass'd!
'Twas silence all—the youth had plann'd
The duties of his soldier-band;
And each determined brow declares
His faithful chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies,
And oh how soon, ye blessed eyes,
That look from heaven, ye may behold
Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
The maiden sees the veteran group
Her litter silently prepare,
And lay it at her trembling feet;
And now the youth, with gentle care,
Has placed her in the sheltered seat,
And press'd her hand—that lingering press
Of hands, that for the last time sever;
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.
And yet to her this sad caress
Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!
'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—
Their happy flight's dear harbinger;
'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—
'Twas anything but leaving her.

"Haste, haste!" she cried, "the clouds grow dark,
But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark:
And by to-morrow's dawn—oh, bliss!
With thee upon the sunbright deep,
Far off, I'll but remember this
As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep!
And thou——" But ha!—he answers not—
Good Heaven!—and does she go alone?
She now has reach'd that dismal spot
Where, some hours since, his voice's tone
Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
Sweet as the angel Israfil's
When every leaf on Eden's tree
Is trembling to his minstrelsy—
Yet now—oh now, he is not nigh—
"Hafed! my Hafed!—if it be
Thy will, thy doom this night to die,
Let me but stay to die with thee,
And I will bless thy loved name,
Till the last life-breath leaves this frame.
Oh! let our lips, our cheeks be laid
But near each other while they fade;
Let us but mix our parting breaths,
And I can die ten thousand deaths!
You too, who hurry me away
So cruelly, one moment stay—
Oh! stay—one moment is not much—
The Fire-Worshippers.

He yet may come—for him I pray—
Hafed! hear Hafed!—” All the way
In wild lamentings that would touch
A heart of stone she shriek’d his name
To the dark woods—no Hafed came:—
No—hapless pair—you’ve looked your last;
Your hearts should both have broken then:
The dream is o’er—your doom is cast—
You’ll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!—
Still half-way down the steep he stands,
Watching with fix’d and feverish eyes
The glimmer of those burning brands
That down the rocks, with mournful ray,
Light all he loves on earth away!
Hopeless as they who, far at sea,
By the cold moon have just consign’d
The corse of one, loved tenderly,
To the bleak flood they leave behind;
And on the deck still lingering stay,
And long look back, with sad delay,
To watch the moonlight on the wave,
That ripples o’er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then?
That dreadful shout!—across the glen
From the land side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
Of fearful things that haunt that dell,
Its Gholes and Dives, and shapes of hell,
Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible that shout!
“ They come—the Moslems come!”—he cries,
His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—
“ Now, spirits of the brave, who roam
Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
Are on the wing to join your choir!"
He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound
To their young loves, re-climb'd the steep
And gain'd the shrine—his chiefs stood round—
Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
Together, at that cry accurst,
Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.
And hark!—again—again it rings;
Near and more near its echoings
Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then
Had seen those listening warrior-men,
With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame
Turn'd on their chief—could doubt the shame,
Th' indignant shame with which they thrill
To hear those shouts and yet stand still!

He read their thoughts—they were his own—
"What! while our arms can wield these blades,
Shall we die tamely? die alone?
Without one victim to our shades,
One Moslem heart where, buried deep,
The sabre from its toil may sleep?
No—God of Iran's burning skies!
Thou scorst th' inglorious sacrifice.
No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
Till tyrants shudder when their slaves
Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.
Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains;
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!"
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,
While vigour more than human strung
Each arm and heart.—Th’ exulting foe
Still through the dark defiles below,
Track’d by his torches’ lurid fire,
   Wound slow, as through Golconda’s vale,
The mighty serpent, in his ire,
   Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.
No torch the Ghebers need—so well
They know each mystery of the dell,
So oft have, in their wanderings,
Cross’d the wild race that round them dwell,
   The very tigers from their delves
Look out, and let them pass, as things
   Untamed and fearless like themselves!

There was a deep ravine that lay
Yet darkling in the Moslem’s way;—
Fit spot to make invaders rue
The many fallen before the few.
The torrents from that morning’s sky
Had fill’d the narrow chasm breast-high,
And, on each side, aloft and wild,
Huge cliffs and toppling crags were piled,
The guards with which young Freedom lines
The pathways to her mountain shrines.
Here, at this pass, the scanty band
Of Iran’s last avengers stand;—
Here wait, in silence like the dead,
And listen for the Moslem’s tread,
So anxiously the carrion bird
Above them flaps his wing unheard!
They come—that plunge into the water
Gives signal for the work of slaughter.
Now, Ghebers, now—if e’er your blades
   Had point or prowess, prove them now—
Woe to the file that foremost wades!
They come—a falchion greets each brow,
And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,
Beneath the gory waters sunk,
Still o’er their drowning bodies press
New victims quick and numberless;
Till scarce an arm in Hafed’s band,
So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
But listless from each crimson hand
The sword hangs, clogg’d with massacre.
Never was horde of tyrants met
With bloodier welcome—never yet
To patriot vengeance hath the sword
More terrible libations pour’d!
All up the dreary, long ravine,
By the red, murky glimmer seen
Of half-quench’d brands, that o’er the flood
Lie scatter’d round and burn in blood,
What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
Lost swords that, dropp’d from many a hand,
In that thick pool of slaughter stand;—
Wretches who wading, half on fire
From the toss’d brands that round them fly,
’Twixt flood and flame, in shrieks expire;—
And some who, grasp’d by those that die,
Sink woundless with them, smother’d o’er
In their dead brethren’s gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed!—
Countless as towards some flame at night
The North’s dark insects wing their flight,
And quench or perish in its light,
To this terrific spot they pour—
Till, bridged with Moslem bodies o’er,
The Fire-Worshippers

It bears aloft their slippery tread,
And o'er the dying and the dead,
Tremendous causeway! on they pass.—
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
What hope was left for you? for you,
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
Is smoking in their vengeful eyes—
Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew,
And burn with shame to find how few.
Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
Some found their graves where first they stood;
While some with harder struggle died,
And still fought on by Hafed's side,
Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
Towards the high towers his gory track;
And, as a lion, swept away
By sudden swell of Jordan's pride
From the wild covert where he lay,
Long battles with th' o'erwhelming tide,
So fought he back with fierce delay,
And kept both foes and fate at bay!

But whither now? their track is lost,
Their prey escaped—guide, torches gone—
By torrent-beds and labyrinths cross'd,
The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—
"Curse on those tardy lights that wind,"
They panting cry, "so far behind—
Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,
To track the way the Gheber went!"
Vain wish—confusedly along
They rush, more desperate as more wrong:
Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,
Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,
Their footing, mazed and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling precipice
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Are dash'd into the deep abyss;—
Or midway hang, impaled on rocks,
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of ravening vultures,—while the dell
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,
That e'er shall ring in Hafed's ear,—
Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,
Upon the steep way breathless thrown,
He lay beside his reeking blade,
Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,
Its last blood-offering amply paid,
And Iran's self could claim no more.
One only thought, one lingering beam
Now broke across his dizzy dream
Of pain and weariness—'twas she,
His heart's pure planet, shining yet
Above the waste of memory,
When all life's other lights were set;
And never to his mind before
Her image such enchantment wore.
It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,
And not one cloud of earth remain'd
Between him and her glory cast;
As if to charms, before so bright,
New grace from other worlds was given,
And his soul saw her by the light
Now breaking o'er itself from heaven!
A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone
Of a loved friend, the only one
Of all his warriors left with life
From that short night's tremendous strife.—
"And must we then, my Chief, die here?—
Foes round us, and the shrine so near!"
These words have roused the last remains
Of life within him—"What! not yet
Beyond the reach of Moslem chains!"
The thought could make even Death forget
His icy bondage—with a bound
He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,
And grasps his comrade’s arm, now grown
Even feebler, heavier than his own,
And up the painful pathway leads,
Death gaining on each step he treads.
Speed them, thou God, who hearest their vow!
They mount—they bleed—oh! save them now,
The crags are red they’ve clamber’d o’er,
The rock-weed’s dripping with their gore—
Thy blade too, Hafed, false at length,
Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength.
Haste, haste, the voices of the foe
Come near and nearer from below.
One effort more, thank Heaven! ’tis past,
They’ve gain’d the topmost steep at last.
And now they touch the temple’s walls,
Now Hafed sees the Fire Divine,
When lo!—his weak, worn comrade falls
Dead on the threshold of the shrine.
"Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!
And must I leave thee withering here,
The sport of every ruffian’s tread,
The mark for every coward’s spear?
No, by yon altar’s sacred beams!"
He cries, and, with a strength that seems
Not of this world, uplifts the frame
Of the fallen chief, and towards the flame
Bears him along;—with death-damp hand
The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
Then lights the consecrated brand,
And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Like lightning bursts o’er Oman’s Sea.—
“Now, Freedom’s God! I come to Thee,”
The youth exclaims, and with a smile
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
In that last effort, ere the fires
Have harm’d one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on Oman’s tide?
   It came from yonder drifting bark,
That just has caught upon her side
   The death-light, and again is dark.
It is the boat—ah, why delay’d?
   That bears the wretched Moslem maid;
Confided to the watchful care
   Of a small veteran band, with whom
Their generous Chieftain would not share
   The secret of his final doom;
But hoped when Hinda, safe and free,
   Was render’d to her father’s eyes,
Their pardon, full and prompt, would be
   The ransom of so dear a prize.
Unconscious, thus, of Hafed’s fate,
And proud to guard their beauteous freight,
Scarce had they clear’d the surfy waves
That foam around those frightful caves,
When the curst war-whoops, known so well,
Came echoing from the distant dell—
Sudden each oar, upheld and still,
   Hung dripping o’er the vessel’s side,
And, driving at the current’s will,
   They rock’d along the whispering tide,
While every eye, in mute dismay,
   Was toward that fatal mountain turn’d,
Where the dim altar’s quivering ray
   As yet all lone and tranquil burn’d.
Oh! ’tis not, Hinda, in the power
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Of fancy's most terrific touch
To paint thy pangs in that dread hour —
Thy silent agony—'twas such
As those who feel could paint too well,
But none e'er felt and lived to tell!
'Twas not alone the dreary state
Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,
When, though no more remains to dread,
The panic chill will not depart; —
When, though the inmate Hope be dead,
Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart.
No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and yet live on,
Like things within the cold rock found
Alive when all's congeal'd around.
But there's a blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation that were bliss
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain
Now felt through all thy breast and brain—
That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
That breathless, agonised suspense,
From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching
The heart hath no relief but breaking!

Calm is the wave—heaven's brilliant lights,
   Reflected, dance beneath the prow; —
Time was when, on such lovely nights,
   She who is there so desolate now,
Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
   And ask no happier joy than seeing
That star-light o'er the waters thrown—
   No joy but that to make her blest,
And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being
   That bounds in youth's yet careless breast,—
Itself a star, not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright.
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

How different now! but, hark, again
The yell of havoc rings—brave men!
In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
On the bark’s edge—in vain each hand
Half draws the falchion from its sheath;
   All’s o’er—in rust your blades may lie;
He, at whose word they’ve scatter’d death,
   Even now, this night, himself must die!
Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
   And ask, and wondering guess what means
The battle-cry at this dead hour—
   Ah! she could tell you—she, who leans
Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
   With brow against the dew-cold mast—
   Too well she knows—her more than life,
Her soul’s first idol and its last,
   Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height!
Some signal!—’tis a torch’s light.
   What bodes its solitary glare?
In gasping silence toward the shrine
All eyes are turn’d—thine, Hinda, thine
   Fix their last failing life-beams there.
’Twas but a moment—fierce and high
The death-pile blazed into the sky,
   And far away o’er rock and flood
   Its melancholy radiance sent;
While Hafed, like a vision, stood
Reveal’d before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
   Shrined in its own grand element!
   “’Tis he!”—the shuddering maid exclaims,—
   But, while she speaks, he’s seen no more;
High burst in air the funeral flames,
   And Iran’s hopes and hers are o’er!
One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—
Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,
Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again!

Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea:)
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there from their pastime returning
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark-flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero! forget thee,—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Farewell!—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept:
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber,
We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We’ll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We’ll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell!—farewell!—until pity’s sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They’ll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
They’ll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.
Patriotic.
Patriotic.

Remember the glories of Brien the Brave.*

Remember the glories of Brien the Brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia,† and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora‡ no more!
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet!

Mononia! when nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No, Freedom! whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
'Tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

* Brien Boromhe, or Boru, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.
† Munster.
‡ The palace of Brien.
Forget not our wounded companions who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!
That sun which now blesses our arms with his light
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain!
Oh, let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!

* *

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy sons, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

* *

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

* *

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives!
WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.*

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

* Written to commemorate the historic utterance of the great Irish patriot, Robert Emmet, who in the course of his famous speech on his trial for high treason in 1803 demanded that his epitaph should not be written until his country had taken her place among the nations of the earth.—EDITOR.
**SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.**

**SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.**

Sublime was the warning which Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
   Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, 'o'er the waves of the west!
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
   While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
   If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same.
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
   For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
   That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright,
And forgive ev'n Albion while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
   Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
   Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

ERIN! OH ERIN!
Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare’s holy fane,
And burn’d through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that afflictions have frown’d on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin! oh Erin! thus bright thro’ the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young;
Thy sun is but rising when others are set:
And tho’ slavery’s cloud o’er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet,
Erin! oh Erin! tho’ long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade!

Unchill’d by the rain, and unwak’d by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter’s cold hour,
Till spring’s light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Thus Erin! oh Erin! thy winter is past,
And the hope that liv’d thro’ it shall blossom at last.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.
Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame,
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burn’d with a holier flame;
The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
    Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
    Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country!—her pride has gone by,
    And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
    For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
    Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires:
And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,
    Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream,
    He should try to forget what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope, let a vista but gleam
    Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
    Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd,
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
    Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
    Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs,
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
    Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
    The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
    Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!
BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
   Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun whose light is bringing
   Chains or freedom, death or life—
O! remember, life can be
No charm for him who lives not free!
   Like the day-star in the wave,
   Sinks a hero in his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!
   Happy is he o'er whose decline
   The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years—
   But oh! how blest they sink to rest,
   Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
   Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
   Where we tam'd his tyrant might!
Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then.
   Hark! the horn of combat calls—
   Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round!
   Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound—
   But oh! how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!
IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS. 77

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Night clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, mov'd slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

* * *

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.*

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay:
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd.

* Allegorical—the poem is really addressed by the peasant to the persecuted Church of his fathers. Those who object to the lyric being placed among the patriotic pieces may be reminded that for generations Catholicism and patriotism were equally proscribed in Ireland, and thus they became, and thus, to a remarkable extent, they still are, identical.—EDITOR.
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless’d even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour’d, whilst thou wert wrong’d and scorn’d,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn’d;
She woo’d me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves:
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look’d less pale;
They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
Oh! foul is the slander—no chain could that soul subdue—
Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too!

* 

**THE PRINCE’S DAY.**

Tho’ dark are our sorrows, to-day we’ll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in show’rs;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form’d to be grateful and blest than ours!

* This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales’s birthday, given by my friend, Major Bryan, last year (1810), at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.*
THE PRINCE'S DAY.

But just when the chain
Has ceas'd to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flow'rs,
There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink—
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay:
But though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array:
The standard of green
In front would be seen—
Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When roused by the foe, on her Prince's day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay Jubilee shine out yet!
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last;
WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

And thus Erin, my country! though broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit that beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's day.

* 

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.*

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou could'st not wander.
But go, deceiver! go,—
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou should'st break it!

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled the unwelcome story;
Or found, in even the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.

* These lines are supposed to be addressed by Erin to the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.), who in his earlier days professed liberal sentiments with regard to Ireland, but afterwards associated himself with the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic party.—EDITOR.
But go, deceiver! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties unwreath it,
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!
Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine,
For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever;
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee.
Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame hath made thee.
AVENGING AND BRIGHT FELL THE SWIFT SWORD OF ERIN.

Avenging and bright fell the swift sword of Erin,
On him who the sons of Usna betray'd;
For ev'ry fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.
By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore;
By the pillows of war which, so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!—

We swear to avenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our hall shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!
Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall!
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

* *

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past,
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more!
In vain the Hero's heart hath bled;
The Sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!
THE DIRGE.

Weep on—Perhaps, in after-days,
    They'll learn to love your name;
And many a deed may wake in praise,
    That long hath slept in blame!
And when they tread the ruin'd isle,
    Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask how hands so vile
    Could conquer hearts so brave?

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
    You never join'd in love;
But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
    And man profan'd what God hath given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
    Where others knelt to heaven!

* 

THE DIRGE.

How oft has the Banshee cried!
How oft has death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
    Sweet bonds, entwin'd by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth;
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth;
    Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave!

We're fallen upon gloomy days!
Star after star decays,
Every bright name that shed
    Light o'er the land is fled.
LET ERIN REMEMBER.

Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth;
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights—
Thou, of the Hundred Fights!
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung!
Both mute,—but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they liv'd and died.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore a collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.
THE SONG OF O'RUARK.

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.*

The valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp which she told me
Should shine when her pilgrim return'd;
But though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely
As if the lov'd tenant lay dead!—
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no—the young false one had fled.

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of dividing, conquering, and enslaving us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran:—"The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark; while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II. "Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis, "is the variable and fickle nature of women, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antoninus, and by the destruction of Troy."
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often
Now throb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There was a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to doubt thee in thought.
While now—oh! degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain!
But, onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh ev'ry sword to the hilt;
On our side is Virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.
WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

Has love to that soul so tender
   Been like our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
   All over the surface shine?
But if in pursuit we go deeper,
   Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
   Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
   That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
   Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
   The gem did she still display,
And when nearest and most inviting,
   Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fleeted,
   When Sorrow herself look'd bright;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
   That led thee along so light;
If thus, too, the cold world wither
   Each feeling that once was dear:
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
   I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

* * *

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE THE MEMORIAL
   WAS KEEPING.

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
   Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping.
   For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
But, oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light,
That illum’d the whole volume, her WELLINGTON’s name!

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as burst from her own dewy skies;
"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
I’ve watch’d for some glory like thine to arise.
For though Heroes I’ve number’d, unblest was their lot,
And unhallow’d they sleep in the cross-ways of fame.
But, oh! there is not
One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON’s name!

"And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, e’en thou hast yet known;
Tho’ proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
And, bright o’er the flood
Of her fears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON’s name!"

OH! WHERE’S THE SLAVE.

Oh! where’s the slave, so lowly,
Condemn’d to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst,
His bonds at first,
'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
   When thus its wing
   At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
   Farewell, Erin! farewell all
   Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
   Than that, whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing!
We tread the land that bore us,
Our green flag glitters o'er us,
   The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us!
   Farewell, Erin, farewell all
   Who live to weep our fall!

* *

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
   Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead,
When man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
   Look'd upward and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled!
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning,
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdom of earth is returning,
   And darkest of all, hapless Erin! o'er thee.
THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, thro’ all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a sunburst, her banner unfurl’d.
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, had that one hymn of deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin! from thee.

But shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death’s reeking altar, like furies caressing,
The young hope of Freedom, baptis’d it in blood!
Then vanish’d for ever that fair sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart’s derision,
Shall long be remember’d, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee.

THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

DEAR Harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o’er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,
Have waken’d thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill:
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e’en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine,
Go,—sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch’d by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
    Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone,
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
    And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

AS VANQUISHED ERIN.

As vanquished Erin wept beside
    The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord, in the tide,
    Had dropped his loaded quiver.
"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venomed darts,
    Where mortal eye may shun you;
Lie hid—for oh! the stain of hearts
    That bled for me is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain—
    As Time too well hath taught her:
Each year the fiend returns again,
    And dives into that water:
And brings triumphant, from beneath,
    His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, winged with worse than death,
    Throughout her maddening nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
    Even now beside that river—
Unwearied still the fiend returns,
    And stored is still his quiver.
"When will this end? ye Powers of Good!"
    She weeping asks for ever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
    The demon answer, "Never!"
FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

From this hour the pledge is given,
From this hour my soul is thine;
Come what will, from earth or heaven,
Weal or woe, thy fate be mine.
When the proud and great stood by thee,
None dared thy rights to spurn;
And if now they're false and fly thee,
Shall I, too, basely turn?
No;—whate'er the fires that try thee,
In the same this heart shall burn.

Tho' the sea, where thou embarkest,
Offers now no friendly shore,
Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.
And, of those past ages dreaming,
When glory deck'd thy brow,
Oft I fondly think, though seeming
So fall'n and clouded now,
Thou'lt again break forth, all beaming,—
None so bright, so blest as thou!

*  *

THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.

The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er,
Thy triumph hath stain'd the charm thy sorrows then wore;
And ev'n of the light which Hope once shed o'er thy chains,
Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom remains.
SONG OF INNISFAIL.

Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,
That still the dark brand is there, tho' chainless thou art;
And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long
burn'd,
Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd?

Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,
With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy tread!
Ah, better thou ne'er had'st liv'd that summit to gain,
Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour the fane.

* *

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.

"Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destin'd home or grave?"*

Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light thro' the wave was seen.

"'Tis Innisfail†—'tis Innisfail!"
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

* "Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western Island (which was Ireland), and there inhabit."—Keating.
† The Island of Destiny—one of the ancient names of Ireland.
SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

Then turn’d they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God’s eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o’er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.

* *

SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

Time—The Ninth Century.

TO-MORROW, comrade, we
On the battle-plain must be,
There to conquer, or both lie low!
The morning star is up,
But there’s wine still in the cup,
And we’ll take another quaff, ere we go, boy, go;
We’ll take another quaff, ere we go.

’Tis true, in manliest eyes
A passing tear will rise,
When we think of the friends we leave lone;
But what can wailing do?
See, our goblet’s weeping too!
With its tears we’ll chase away our own, boy,
our own;
With its tears we’ll chase away our own.

But daylight’s stealing on—
The last that o’er us shone
Saw our children around us play;
OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

The next—ah! where shall we
And those rosy urchins be?
    But—no matter—grasp thy sword and away!
        boy, away;
    No matter—grasp thy sword and away!

Let those who brook the chain
Of Saxon or of Dane,
    Ignobly by their fire-sides stay;
One sigh to home be given,
One heartfelt prayer to heaven.
    Then, for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra!
        hurra! hurra!
    Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra!

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

OH, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
    O'er files arrayed
        With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
    That song whose breath
        May lead to death,
But never to retreating!
Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
    O'er files arrayed
        With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing!
Yet 'tis not helm or feather—
For ask yon despot whether
  His plumèd bands
  Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Adorn but Man with Freedom,
  And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever;
  'Tis heart alone,
  Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever!
Oh, that sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
  O'er files arrayed
  With helm and blade,
And in freedom's cause advancing!

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

FAIREST! put on awhile
  These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
  In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel's plume,
  At golden sunset hover
O'er such scenes of bloom
  As I shall waft thee over.
FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
    And fearlessly meets the ardour
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
    With but her tears to guard her.
Rocks, through myrtle boughs,
    In grace majestic frowning—
Like some warrior's brows
    That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets so freshly fair
    That never hath bird come nigh them,
But, from his course through air,
    Hath been won downward by them—
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
    Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
    From heaven, without alighting.

Lakes where the pearl lies hid,
    And caves where the diamond's sleeping,
Bright as the gems that lid
    Of thine lets fall in weeping.
Glens, where Ocean comes,
    To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
And harbours, worthiest homes
    Where Freedom's sails could anchor,

Then if, while scenes so grand,
    So beautiful, shine before thee,
Pride for thine own dear land
    Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
Oh, let grief come first,
    O'er pride itself victorious—
To think how man hath curst
    What Heaven had made so glorious!

356
SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?
(TO THE MEMORY OF GRATTAN.)

Shall the harp then be silent when he, who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first, where the last of her patriots lies?

No—faint though the death-song may fall from his lips,
Though his harp, like his soul, may with shadows be
crossed,
Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost?

What a union of all the affections and powers,
By which life is exalted, embellished, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit, whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind!

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!—

That one lucid interval snatched from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when, filled with his soul,
A nation o'erleaped the dark bounds of her doom,
And, for one sacred instant, touched liberty's goal!

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the
source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit, are shown;
SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

An eloquence, rich—wheresoever its wave
Wandered free and triumphant—with thoughts that shone through
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too;—

Who, that ever approached him, when, free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bowed,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head,—

That home, where—like him who, as fable hath told,
Put the rays from his brow, that his child might come near—
Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear:—

Is there one who has thus, through his orbit of life,
But at distance observed him, through glory, through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same?

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
Of the sweetness we love and the greatness we praise,
As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunderbolt, only portrays.—

Oh no—not a heart that e'er knew him but mourns,
Deep, deep, o'er the grave where such glory is shrined—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!
THE PARALLEL.

Yes, sad one of Sion,*—if closely resembling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy withered-up heart—
If drinking, deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling"
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquered and broken,
And fallen from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old!

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken,"
Her boldest are vanquished, her proudest are slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the
morrow,
That shines out at last on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre that smote thee with slavery and sorrow
Was shivered at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City
Had brimmed full of bitterness, drenched her own lips,
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls and the cry from her ships.

* These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by
Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally
Jews.
OH FOR THE SWORDS.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And—a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover—
The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

* *

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When, armed for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouched before them!
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When, armed for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouched before them!

Oh for the kings who flourished then!
Oh for the pomp that crowned them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the kings who flourished then!
Oh for the pomp that crowned them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!
MY GENTLE HARP.

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But—like those harps whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turned to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping harp! from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for freedom's strains,
When even the wreaths in which I dress thee
Are sadly mixed—half flowers, half chains!

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy—oh, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How gaily, even 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding
'Mid desolation, tuneful still!
REMEMBER THEE!

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee,—great, glorious, and free—
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,—
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird’s nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Forget not the field where they perished,
The truest, and last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope they cherished
Gone with them, and quenched in their grave.

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high Heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven
To let Tyranny bind it again!
JOHN BULL TO ERIN.

But 'tis past—and though blazoned in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accursed is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruins to fame!

The foregoing Poems in this section are from the Irish Melodies.

∗

JOHN BULL TO ERIN.

Dublin, March 12th, 1827.—“Friday, after the arrival of the packet bringing the account of the defeat of the Catholic question in the House of Commons, orders were sent to the Pigeon House to forward 5,000,000 rounds of musket-ball cartridges to the different garrisons round the country.”—Freeman's Journal.

I have found out a gift for my Erin,
A gift that will surely content her;
Sweet pledge of a love so endearing!
Five millions of bullets I've sent her.

She asked me for Freedom and Right,
But ill she her wants understood;
Ball cartridges morning and night,
Are a dose that will do her more good.

There is hardly a day of our lives
But we read, in some amiable trials,
How husbands make love to their wives
Through the medium of hemp and of phials.
JOHN BULL TO ERIN.

One thinks with his mistress or mate,
A good halter is sure to agree—
That love-knot which, early and late,
I have tried, my dear Erin, on thee.

While another, whom Hymen has bless'd
With a wife that is not over placid,
Consigns the dear charmer to rest
With a dose of the best prussic acid.

Thus, Erin, my love do I show—
Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed!
And, as poison and hemp are too slow,
Do thy business with bullets instead.

Should thy faith in my medicine be shaken,
Ask Roden, that mildest of saints;
He'll tell thee lead, inwardly taken,
Alone can remove thy complaints;—

That blest as thou art in thy lot,
Nothing's wanted to make it more pleasant,
But being hanged, tortured, and shot,
Much oftener than thou art at present.

Even Wellington's self has averr'd
Thou art yet but half sabred and hung,
And I lov'd him the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from his tongue.

So take the five millions of pills,
Dear partner, I herewith enclose;
'Tis the cure that all quacks for thy ills
From Cromwell to Eldon propose.
WHERE SHALL WE BURY.

And you, ye brave bullets that go,
How I wish that before ye set out,
The Devil of the Freischutz could know
The good work you are going about.

For he’d charm ye, in spite of your lead,
Into such supernatural wit,
That you’d all of you know, as you sped,
Where a bullet of sense ought to hit.

* *

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

From life without freedom, oh, who would not fly?
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?
Hark! hark! ’tis the trumpet! the call of the brave,
The death-song of tyrants, and dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding—oh, fly to her aid;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.

In death’s kindly bosom our last hope remains—
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.
On, on to the combat; the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
And oh, even if freedom from this world be driven,
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.

* *

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

Where shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name,
Broken and stain’d by disgrace?
Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we’re gone;
But the dishonour, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on.

Was it for this we sent out
Liberty’s cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrill’d to the world’s very core?
Thus to live cowards and slaves,
Oh! ye free hearts that lie dead!
Do you not e’en in your grave
Shudder as o’er you we tread.

PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS!

They lie on the battle plain,
With no shroud to cover them;
The dew and the summer rain
Are all that weep over them.

Vain was their bravery!
The fallen oak lies where it lay,
Across the wintry river;
But brave hearts, once swept away,
Are gone, alas! for ever.

Woe to the conqueror!
Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
Of whom his sword bereft us
Ere we forget the deep arrears
Of vengeance they have left us!
"RETURN!"—no, never, while the withering hand
Of bigot power is on that hapless land;
While for the faith my fathers held to God.
Even in the fields where free those fathers trod,
I am proscribed, and—like the spot left bare
In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and fair
Amidst their mirth that slavery had been there—
On all I love,—home, parents, friends,—I trace
The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace!
No!—let them stay, who in their country's pangs
See nought but food for factions and harangues;
Who yearly kneel before their masters' doors,
And hawk their wrongs as beggars do their sores;
Still let your

... 

Still hope and suffer, all who can!—but I,
Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

But whither?—everywhere the scourge pursues—
Turn where he will, the wretched wanderer views,
In the bright, broken hopes of all his race,
Countless reflections of the oppressor's face!
Everywhere gallant hearts, and spirits true,
Are served up victims to the vile and few;
While England, everywhere—the general foe
Of truth and freedom, wheresoe'er they glow—
Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow!

O England! could such poor revenge atone
For wrongs that well might claim the deadliest one;
Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate
The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,
To hear his curses, on such barbarous sway,
Echoed where'er he bends his cheerless way;—
Could this content him, every lip he meets
Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets;
Were this his luxury, never is thy name
Pronounced, but he doth banquet on thy shame;
Hears maledictions ring from every side
Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,
Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights beside;
That low and desperate envy which, to blast
A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast;—
That monster, self, too gross to be concealed,
Which ever lurks behind thy proffered shield;
That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,
Can court the slave, can swear he shall be freed,
Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gained,
Back to his masters, ready gagged and chained!
Worthy associate of that band of kings,
That royal, ravening flock, whose vampire wings
O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
And fan her into dreams of promised good,
Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her blood!
If thus to hear thee branded be a bliss [this,—
That vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than
That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish heart,
Made thee the fallen and tarnished thing thou art;
That, as the Centaur gave the infected vest,
In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,
We sent thee Castlereagh; as heaps of dead
Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,
So hath our land breathed out—thy fame to dim,
Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb—
Her worst infections all condensed in him!

When will the world shake off such yokes! oh, when
Will that redeeming day shine out on men,
That shall behold them rise, erect and free
As Heaven and Nature meant mankind should be!
When reason shall no longer blindly bow
To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,
Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now;
Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth;
Nor drunken Victory, with a Nero's mirth,
Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans;—
But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones
Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given—
Those bright, those sole legitimates of Heaven!

*When* will this be?—or, oh! is it in truth,
But one of those sweet day-break dreams of youth,
In which the Soul, as round her morning springs,
'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things!
And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,
Be all given up?—and are *they* only right,
Who say this world of thinking souls was made
To be thy kings partitioned, trucked, and weighed
In scales that, ever since the world begun,
Have counted millions but as dust to one?
Are *they* the only wise, who laugh to scorn
The rights, the freedom to which man was born;
Who

Who, proud to kiss each separate rod of power,
Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the hour;
Worship each would-be God, that o'er them moves,
And take the thundering of his brass for Jove's!
If *this* be wisdom, then farewell, my books,
Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,
Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,
Of living truth, that now must stagnate there!—
Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,
Instead of Greece, and her immortal fight
"IF" AND "PERHAPS."

For Liberty, which once awaked my strings,
Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,
The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,
Who, bolder even than he of Sparta's land,
Against whole millions, panting to be free,
Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny!
Instead of him, the Athenian bard, whose blade
Had stood the onset which his pen portrayed,
Welcome . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

And, 'stead of Aristides—woe the day
Such names should mingle!—welcome Castlereagh!

∗

"IF" AND "PERHAPS."

Oh tidings of freedom! oh accents of hope!
Waft, waft them, ye zephyrs, to Erin's blue sea,
And refresh with their sounds every son of the Pope,
From Dingle-a-cooch to far Donaghadee.

"If mutely the slave will endure and obey,
Nor clanking his fetters, nor breathing his pains,
His masters, perhaps, at some far distant day,
May think (tender tyrants!) of loosening his chains."

Wise "if" and "perhaps!"—precious salve for our
wounds,
If he, who would rule thus o'er manacled mutes,
Could check the free spring-tide of mind, that resounds,
Even now, at his feet, like the sea at Canute's.

But no, 'tis in vain—the grand impulse is given—
Man knows his high Charter, and knowing will claim;
And if ruin must follow where fetters are riven,
Be theirs, who have forg'd them, the guilt and the shame.
"If the slave will be silent!"—vain Soldier, beware—
There is a dead silence the wrong'd may assume,
When the feeling, sent back from the lips in despair,
But clings round the heart with a deadlier gloom;

When the blush, that long burn'd on the suppliant's cheek,
Gives place to the avenger's pale, resolute hue;
And the tongue, that once threaten'd, disdaining to speak,
Consigns to the arm the high office—to do,

If men, in that silence, should think of the hour,
When proudly their fathers in panoply stood,
Presenting, alike, a bold front-work of power
To the despot on land and the foe on the flood:

That hour, when a Voice had come forth from the West,
To the slave bringing hopes, to the tyrant alarms;
And a lesson, long look'd for, was taught the opprest,
That kings are as dust before freemen in arms!

If, awfuller still, the mute slave should recall
That dream of his boyhood, when Freedom's sweet day
At length seem'd to break through a long night of thrall,
And Union and Hope went abroad in its ray;

If fancy should tell him, that Dayspring of Good,
Though swiftly its light died away from his chain,
Though darkly it set in a nation's best blood,
Now wants but invoking to shine out again;

If—if, I say—breathings like these should come o'er
The chords of remembrance, and thrill, as they come,
Then, perhaps—ay, perhaps—but I dare not say more;
Thou hast will'd that thy slaves should be mute—I am dumb.
Convivial.
CONVIVIAL.

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
    And as free from a pang as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
    Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
    Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns:
And the heart, that is soonest awake to the flow'rs,
    Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
    May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
    And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows!
    If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
    When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind;
But they who have loved, the fondest, the purest,
    Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart, that has slumber'd in friendship secure,
    Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceive'd.
But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth
    Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine:
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
    And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.
COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
This moment’s a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither’d and stain’d by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But while they are fill’d from the same bright bowl,
The fool that would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed o’er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

* *

DRINK TO HER.

Drink to her who long
Hath wak’d the poet’s sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman’s heart was made
For minstrel hands alone,
By other fingers play’d,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here’s to her who long
Hath wak’d the poet’s sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
At Beauty's door of glass
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They asked her, "which might pass?"
She answer'd "he who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
And cut his bright way through.

So here's to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth and grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
Tho' woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

* *

NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR.

Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright waves yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream,
THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D.

That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The balm of thy sighs,
The spell of thine eyes,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl that brightens my love for thee!

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower,
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with the rainbow's shower,
But bath'd the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds
That drank of the floods,
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those which the tide
Of ruby had dy'd,
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim’s zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

* 

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH
PLEASURES AND WOES.

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep;
Each billow as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is called up ere the tear can be dried;
And as fast as the raindrop of pity is shed,
The goose-feathers of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup, if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Grief that is sister to joy,
And the short brilliant Folly that flashes and dies!

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of sunshine, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
Thus some who like me, should have drawn and have tasted
The fountain that runs by philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine!
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves
From the fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me!

* *

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

One bumper at parting—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any,
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth!
But come, may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.
As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
Ah! never does Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flow'rs.
But come, may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

How brilliant the sun look'd in sinking!
The waters beneath him how bright!
Oh! trust me, the farewell of drinking
Should be like the farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up!
'Twas born on the bosom of pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup!

* 

THE LEGACY.

When in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her, it liv'd upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here;
WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at the friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But when some warm devoted lover,
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then around my spirit shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
We never need leave our native isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown’d,
Thro’ this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, plac’d within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden’s but carelessly watch’d after all.
Oh! they want the wild, sweet-briery fence
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;
Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repeis.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown’d,
Thro’ this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
The same as he look’d when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever the goblet is crown’d,
Thro’ this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smiles that adorn her at home.
AND DOTH NOT A MEETING. 123

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wandering away?
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day!
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snowfall of Time may be stealing—what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

And thus, as in Memory's bark we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew—
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.
QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

But come—the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome, and bless them the more:
They’re ours when we meet—they are lost when we part,
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when ’tis o’er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

* 

QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

Quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckoned,
And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that’s flying,
For oh! not Orpheus’ strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again.
Then quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckoned,
And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,
Like some young Hebe’s lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip.
Shame, oh shame unto thee,
If ever thou seest the day
NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

When a cup or a lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouched away!
Then quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckoned,
And we must away, away!

* *

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

Ne'er ask the hour—what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments lent us thus
Are not his coin, but Pleasure's.
If counting them over could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second;
But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckoned.
Then fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus
Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up among his smiling flowers
A dial, by way of warning.
But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole
on,
And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.
DRINK OF THIS CUP.

Drink of this cup—you’ll find there’s a spell in
Its every drop ’gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it.
Send round the cup—for oh! there’s a spell in
Its very drop ’gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philtre formed with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing!
Its magic began, when, in Autumn’s rich hour,
As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There having by Nature’s enchantment been filled
With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distilled,
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!
Then drink of the cup—you’ll find there’s a spell in
Its every drop ’gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
Like cauldrons that witch brews at midnight so awful,
In secret this philtre was first taught to flow on,
Yet—’tisn’t less potent for being unlawful.
What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden?
FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
    Which may work to its charm, though now lawless and hidden.
So drink of the cup—for oh! there's a spell in
    Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
    Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

* *

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair!
    Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
    Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
    Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
    It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
    Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
    Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
    Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
    From the starr'd dominions;
So we, sages, sit,
    And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the heav'n of Wit
    Draw down all its light'ning!
Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day
When as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us,

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in:
But oh! his joy, when round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Amongst the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in the bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure!
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us—
Hence its mighty power
O'er the flame within us.

* *

WREATHE THE BOWL.

Wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!
WREATHE THE BOWL.

Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid
That Joy, the enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended;
Then bring wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So, wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
WREATHE THE BOWL.

When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker though,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

The foregoing are from the Irish Melodies.
AMOROUS.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
   Oh ! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
   Oh ! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
   Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
   Oh ! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
   Oh ! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we’ve seen it burning,
   Oh ! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
On its lingering roses,
   Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
   Oh ! then remember me.
FLY NOT YET.

When around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
   Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
   Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
   Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee—
   Oh! then remember me.

FLY NOT YET, 'TIS JUST THE HOUR.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flow'r,
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
   And maids who love the moon:
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade,
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing,
Set the tides and goblets flowing;
   Oh! stay—Oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
   To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth began,
   To burn when night was near;
LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

And thus, should woman’s heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle, till the night returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning,
   Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake,
   As these that sparkle here!

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me:
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes be my climate wherever we roam.
To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can hunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foe we leave frowning behind,
And I’ll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o’er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.*

* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits and dress in general of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or Coulins (long locks), on their head, or hair on the upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear Coulin (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song, the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—Walker’s Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards, page 134.
WHILE GAZING.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look as she turn'd when he rose.

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

While gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But, too far
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame;
Much more dear,
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came;
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own;
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meek,
Illumined all the pale flowers,
Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
I said (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
"The moon looks
On many brooks,
The brook can see no moon but this;"
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh! I feel there is but one,
One Mary in the world for me.

ILL OMENS.

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still linging shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
For the youth whom she treasure'd her heart and her soul in,
Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon;
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror and shaded her view.
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise—
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often dies."

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose further on looked so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too;
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two and the heart's-ease was lost:
"Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sigh'd at its meaning),
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!
The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something still that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twas a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
    They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,
And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
    It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue!
Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
    To be sure to find something still that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
    We have but to make love to the lips that are near.

* *

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone when Beauty bright
    My heart's chain wove,
When my dream of life from morn till night
    Was love, still love.
    New hope may bloom,
And days may come
    Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
    As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
    As love's young dream.

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
    When wild youth's past;
Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,
    To smile at last;
    He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
    In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
    His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
    The one lov'd name!
LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

No—that hallow’d form is ne’er forgot
    Which first love trac’d!
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
    Of memory’s waste.
'Twas odour fled
    As soon as shed:
'Twas morning’s wingéd dream:
'Twas a light that ne’er can shine again
    On life’s dull stream!
Oh! ’twas light that ne’er can shine again
    On life’s dull stream!

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
    But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrow fly,
    But what they aim at no one dreameth!
Sweeter ’tis to gaze upon
    My Nora’s lid, that seldom rises;
Few her looks, but every one,
    Like unexpected light surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina dear!
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina!
    Beauty lies
    In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
    But all so close the nymph has lac’d it,
Not a charm of beauty’s mould,
    Presumes to say where nature plac’d it!
Oh! my Nora’s gown for me,
    That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
    To sink or swell as heaven pleases!
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear!  
My simple, graceful Nora Creina!  
Nature’s dress  
Is loveliness,  
That dress you wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refin’d,  
But when its points are gleaming round us,  
Who can tell if they’re design’d  
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?  
Pillow’d on my Nora’s heart,  
In safer slumber Love repose;  
Bed of peace! whose roughest part  
Is but the crumpling of the roses!  
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!  
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!  
Wit, though bright,  
Hath not the light  
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

*I*

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,  
Nor thought that pale decay  
Would steal before the steps of time,  
And waste its bloom away, Mary!  
Yet still thy features wore that light  
Which fleets not with the breath;  
And life ne’er look’d more purely bright  
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!  

As streams that run o’er golden mines,  
Yet humbly, calmly glide,  
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines  
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

So veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.*

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

* Sarah Curran (daughter of the great Irish orator) and Robert Emmett were plighted lovers. This song is understood to commemorate the grief of Miss Curran after the tragic death of Emmett.—EDITOR.
WHAT THE BEE IS.

Oh! make her a grave, where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow!

* * *

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

HE.

What the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embow'r it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.

SHE.

What the bank with verdure glowing
Is to waves that wander near,
Whisp'ring kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear!

DUETTO.

What the bank with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whisp'ring kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear.

SHE.

But, they say, the bee's a rover,
That he'll fly when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

HE.

Nay, if flowers will lose their looks,
If sunny banks will wear away,
Tis but right that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them while they may.
OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think that, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To visit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, ev'n in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear;
When our voices both mingling, breath'd like one on the
And, as echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

Oh! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.
And though my lute no longer
May sing of passion's ardent spell,
Oh! trust me all the stronger,
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee through many a garden roves,
And sings his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the reason
Is o'er, when folly kept me free,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.
The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake! the heavens look bright, my dear!
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways,
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear!
The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear;
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.
YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE
OF OUR OWN!

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone;
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bow’rs,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flow’rs;
   Where the sun loves to pause
   With so fond a delay,
   That the night only draws
   A thin veil o’er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give;

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love as they lov’d in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts and make all summer there!
   With affection as free
   From decline as the bowers;
   And with Hope, like the bee,
   Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night!

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet’s pride,
   How meekly she bless’d her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
   And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,  
    Till William at length in sadness said,  
"We must seek our fortune on other plains,"  
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,  
    Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,  
When now, at the close of one stormy day,  
    They see a proud castle among the trees.  
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;  
    The wind blows cold, the hour is late!"  
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,  
    And the porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth,—  
"This castle is thine, and those dark woods all!"  
She believ'd him wild, but his words were truth,  
For ELLEN is Lady of Rosna hall!  
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves  
    What WILLIAM the stranger woo'd and wed;  
And the light of bliss in these lordly groves  
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

* * *

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,  
    If thy smiles had left me too;  
I'd weep when friends deceive me,  
    Hadst thou been like them untrue.  
But while I've thee before me,  
    With heart so warm, and eyes so bright,  
No clouds can linger o'er me,  
    That smile turns them all to light.
'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shar'd with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long and endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better light shall win me,
Along the path I've yet to roam;
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which heaven sheds!

COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows!
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes.
THE TIME I'VE LOST.

Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where thou art not!
    Then come o'er the sea,
    Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
    Seasons may roll,
    But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes.

Is not the sea
    Made for the free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
    Here we are slaves,
But on the waves
    Love and liberty's all our own;
No eye to watch, no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us!
    Then come o'er the sea,
    Maiden with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
    Seasons may roll,
    But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes.


THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
    The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me:
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile, when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the sprite,
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted,
Like him, too, Beauty won me;
But, while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No—vain, alas! th' endeavour,
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever!

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here:
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last.
Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and
shame!
I knew not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

Thou hast call'd me thy angel, in moments of bliss,—
Still thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

* * *

Oh, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
That angels soon would be coming down,
By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing thro' air,
And in themselves a lustre bear,
A stock of light, still ready there,
Whenever they wish to use it;
So, in this world I'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
And the flash of wit or poesy
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hovering near,
In this new world of ours, my dear,
Such shadows will all be omitted:
Unless they're like that graceful one,  
Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,  
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon  
Each spot where it hath flitted!

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

I've a secret to tell thee, but hush! not here,—  
Oh! not where the world its vigil keeps:  
I'll seek to whisper it in thine ear,  
Some shore where the Spirit of Silence sleeps;  
Where summer's wave unmurmuring dies,  
Nor fay can hear the fountain's gush;  
Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,  
The rose saith, chidingly, "Hush, sweet, hush!"

There, amid the deep silence of that hour,  
When stars can be heard in ocean dip,  
Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,  
Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip:  
Like him, the boy,* who born among  
The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,  
Sits ever thus,—his only song  
To earth and heaven, "Hush, all, hush!"

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,  
A youth, whose life all had calmly flown,  
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,  
He was haunted and watched by a Mountain Sprite.

* The God of Silence, thus pictured by the Egyptians.
As he, by moonlight, went wandering o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A footprint sparkled before his sight,
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite.

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As, looking down on the stream he lay,
Behind him stole two eyes of light,
And he saw in the clear wave the Mountain Sprite.

He turned—but lo, like a startled bird,
The Spirit fled—and he only heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of a journeying star, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, pursued by that dazzling look,
The youth, bewildered, his pencil took,
And guided only by memory's light,
Drew the fairy form of the Mountain Sprite.

"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried
A gentle voice, whispering by his side,
"Now turn and see,"—here the youth's delight
Sealed the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
Exclaimed he then, "there is none like thee;
And oft, oh oft, may thy shape alight
In this lonely arbour, sweet Mountain Sprite."

* * *

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

They know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower,
IF THOU’LT BE MINE.

I could harm what I love—as the sun’s wanton ray
But smiles on the dewdrop to waste it away!

No—beaming with light as those young features are,
There’s a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
It is not that cheek—’tis the soul dawning clear
Through its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear—
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is looked up to the more, because heaven is there!

IF THOU’LT BE MINE.

If thou’lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy’s eye looks fair,
Or in Hope’s sweet music is most sweet,
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that come from heavenward hills,
Shall keep our hearts—like meads, that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills—
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o’er them who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
And he will—if thou wilt be mine, love!
TO LADIES' EYES.

ECH0.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh, that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again!

*

TO LADIES' EYES.

To ladies' eyes a round, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse;
Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bowers, yon airy bowers,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!
THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

Some looks there are so holy,
They seem but given, they seem but given,
As splendid beacons solely,
To light to heaven, to light to heaven.
While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portrayed, Love seems portrayed;
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fixed his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up—where'er, boys,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

* 

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.
In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,
They've none, even there, more enamoured than I.
And as long as this harp can be wakened to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour
At twilight so often we've roamed through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.
But though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
Why,—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

The foregoing are from the Irish Melodies.

LOVE AND POVERTY.

Young Love lived once in an humble shed,
Where roses breathing
And woodbines wreathing
LOVE ANALYSED.

Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.
His garden flourish'd,
For young Hope nourish'd
The infant buds with beams and showers;
But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither,
Such sweets to wither!
The flowers laid down their heads to die,
And Hope fell sick as the witch drew nigh.
She came one morning,
Ere Love had warning,
And raised the latch, where the young god lay;
"Oh ho!" said Love—"is it you? good-bye;"
So he oped the window, and flew away!

☆

LOVE ANALYSED.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by;
To kneel at many a shrine
Yet lay the heart on none;
To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won;
This is love, careless love,
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
Through life unchill'd, unmoved,
To love in wintry age the same
As first in youth we loved;
To feel that we adore
To such refined excess,
That though the heart would break with more,
We could not live with less;
This is love, faithful love,
Such as saints might feel above.

* *

THE DECEIVED LOVER.

When Charles was deceived by the maid he loved,
We saw no cloud his brow o'ercasting,
But proudly he smiled, as if gay and unmoved,
Though the wound in his heart was deep and lasting.
And oft at night, when the tempest roll'd,
He sung as he paced the dark deck over—
"Blow, wind, blow! thou art not so cold
As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover."

Yet he lived with the happy, and seem'd to be gay,
Though the wound but sunk more deep for concealing;
And fortune threw many a thorn in his way,
Which, true to one anguish, he trod without feeling!
And still, by the frowning of fate unsubdued,
He sung, as if sorrow had placed him above her—
"Frown, fate, frown! thou art not so rude
As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover."

At length his career found a close in death,
The close he long wish'd to his cheerless roving,
For victory shone on his latest breath,
And he died in a cause of his heart's approving.
But still he remember'd his sorrow,—and still  
He sung till the vision of life was over—  
“Come, death, come! thou art not so chill  
As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover.”

* * *

**THE CHARMS OF WOMEN.**

When life looks lone and dreary,  
What light can expel the gloom?  
When Time's swift wing grows weary,  
What charm can refresh his plume?  
’Tis woman, whose sweetness beameth  
O'er all that we feel or see;  
And if man of heaven e'er dreameth,  
Tis when he thinks purely of thee,  
O woman!

Let conquerors fight for glory,  
Too dearly the meed they gain;  
Let patriots live in glory—  
Too often they die in vain;  
Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em,  
This world can offer to me  
No throne like beauty's bosom,  
No Freedom like serving thee,  
O woman!

* * *

**MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.**

Mary, I believed thee true,  
And I was blest in thus believing;  
But now I mourn that e'er I knew,  
A girl so fair and so deceiving!  
Fare thee well.
TAKE BACK THE SIGH.

Few have ever loved like me,
    Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceived like thee,
    Alas! deceived me too severely!
    Fare thee well!

Fare thee well, yet think a while
    On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
    And die with thee than live without thee!
    Fare thee well!

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,
    Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman! see,
    My peace is gone, my heart is broken!
    Fare thee well!

*

TAKE BACK THE SIGH.

Take back the sigh thy lips of art
    In passion's moment breathed to me;
Yet, no—it must not, will not part,
    'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,
    And has become too pure for thee!

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
    With all the warmth of truth imprest:
Yet, no—the fatal kiss may lie,
    Upon thy lip its sweets would die,
    Or bloom to make a rival blest!
NAY, DO NOT WEEP.

Take back the vows that, night and day
My heart received, I thought, from thine;
Yet, no—allow them still to stay,
They might some other heart betray,
As sweetly as they’ve ruin’d mine!

NAY, DO NOT WEEP.

Nay, do not weep, my Fanny dear!
While in these arms you lie,
The world hath not a wish, a fear,
That ought to claim one precious tear
From that beloved eye!

The world!—ah, Fanny! love must shun
The path where many rove;
One bosom to recline upon,
One heart, to be his only one,
Are quite enough for love!

What can we wish that is not here
Between your arms and mine?
Is there on earth a space so dear
As that within the blessed sphere
Two loving arms entwine?

For me, there’s not a lock of jet
Along your temples curl’d,
Within whose glossy, tangling net,
My soul doth not at once forget
All, all the worthless world!
'Tis in your eyes, my sweetest love! My only worlds I see; Let but their orbs in sunshine move, And earth below and skies above, May frown or smile for me!

I FOUND HER NOT.

I found her not—the chamber seem'd Like some divinely-haunted place, Where fairy forms had lately beam'd, And left behind their odorous trace.

It felt as if her lips had shed A sigh around her ere she fled, Which hung, as on a melting lute, When all the silver chords are mute.

There lingers still a trembling breath After the note's luxurious death, A shade of song, a spirit air Of melodies which had been there!

O Nea! Nea! where art thou? In pity fly not thus from me; Thou art my life, my essence now, And my soul dies of wanting thee.

A LOVER'S RETROSPECT.

And hast thou mark'd the pensive shade, That many a time obscures my brow, Amidst the happiness, dear maid, Which thou canst give, and only thou?
Oh! 'tis not that I then forget
   The endearing charms that round me twine—
There never throb'd a bosom yet
   Could feel their witchery like mine!

When bashful on my bosom hid,
   And blushing to have felt so blest,
Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,
   Again to close it on my breast!

Oh! these are minutes all thine own,
   Thine own to give, and mine to feel,
Yet even in them, my heart has known
   The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.

For I have thought of former hours,
   When he who first thy soul possess'd,
Like me awaked its witching powers,
   Like me was loved, like me was blest!

Upon his name thy murmuring tongue
   Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt;
For him that snowy lid hath hung
   In ecstasy as purely felt!

For him—yet why the past recall
   To wither blooms of present bliss?
Thou'rt now my own, I clasp thee all,
   And heaven can grant no more than this!

Forgive me, dearest, oh! forgive;
   I would be first, be sole to thee,
Thou shouldst have but begun to live
   The hour that gave thy heart to me.
LOVE AND LYING.

Thy book of life till then effaced,
    Love should have kept that leaf alone,
On which he first so dearly traced
    That thou wert, soul and all, my own!

* 

LOVE AND LYING.

I do confess, in many a sigh
My lips have breathed you many a lie,
And who, with delights in view,
Would lose them for a lie or two?
Nay, look not thus, with brow reproving;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving!
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
The world would be in strange confusion!
If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers' swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes!
Oh no!—believe me, lovely girl,
When Nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can Heaven decree,
That you should live for only me.

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once, I'll tell you truth, my dear!
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false and he believes you,
COMPARISONS.

Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures;
And while he lies, his heart is yours;
But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells the truth!


A PARTING.

With all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing;
And spring would be but gloomy weather
If we had nothing else but spring.

'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she's a new one.

COMPARISONS.

Why does azure deck the sky?
'Tis to be like thy looks of blue;
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!
Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair!
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair;
All that's bright, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are nature's beauties felt?
Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?
Oh! because it speaks like thee.
All that's sweet, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

LAMIA.

"She never look'd so kind before—
Yet why the melting smile recall?
I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said, and, sighing, sip'd
The wine which she had lately tasted;
The cup where she had lately dipp'd
Breath so long in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
As if 'twere not of her I sang;
But still the notes on Lamia hung—
On whom but Lamia could they hang?

That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
A world for every kiss I'd give her;
Those floating eyes that floating shine
Like diamonds in an eastern river!
ODES TO NEA.

That mould so fine, so pearly bright,
   Of which luxurious Heaven hath cast her,
Through which her soul did beam as white
   As flame through lamps of alabaster!

Of these I sung, and notes and words
   Were sweet, as if 'twas Lamia's hair
That lay upon my lute for chords,
   And Lamia's lip that warbled there!

But when, alas! I turn'd the theme,
   And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
Of truth and hope's beguiling dream—
   The chord beneath my finger broke.

And when that thrill is most awake,
   And when you think heaven's joys await you,
The nymph will change, the chord will break—
   O love! O music! how I hate you!

* 

ODES TO NEA:
WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

You read it in my languid eyes,
   And there alone should love be read;
You hear me say it all in sighs,
   And thus alone should love be said.

Then dread no more; I will not speak;
   Although my heart to anguish thrill,
I'll spare the burning of your cheek,
   And look it all in silence still!
Heard you the wish I dared to name,
To murmur on that luckless night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
And love grew madness in your sight?

Divinely through the graceful dance,
You seem'd to float in silent song,
Bending to earth that beamy glance,
As if to light your steps along!

Oh! how could others dare to touch
That hallow'd form with hand so free,
When but to look was bliss too much,
Too rare for all but heaven and me!

With smiling eyes, that little thought
How fatal were the beams they threw,
My trembling hands you lightly caught,
And round me like a spirit, flew.

Heedless of all, I wildly turn'd,
My soul forgot—nor, oh! condemn,
That when such eyes before me burn'd,
My soul forgot all eyes but them!

I dared to speak in sobs of bliss,
Rapture of every thought bereft me,
I would have clasped you—oh, even this!—
But, with a bound, you blushing left me.

Forget, forget that night's offence;
Forgive it, if, alas! you can;
'Twas love, 'twas passion—soul and sense—
'Twas all the best and worst of man!
That moment did the mingled eyes
Of heaven and earth my madness view.
I should have seen, through earth and skies,
But you alone—but only you!

Did not a frown from you reprove,
Myriads of eyes to me were none;
I should have—oh, my only love!
My life! what should I not have done?

Well, peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me!
To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon groves,
Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,
And, far from thine eye, oh! perhaps, I may yet
Its allurement forgive and its splendour forget!
Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;
May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has stray'd!
And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to roam
Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads to thy home,
Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by the way
What my heart all the night had been burning to say—
Oh! think of the past—give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes!

If I were yonder wave, my dear,
And thou the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My land of bliss, my fairy ground!
ODES TO NEA.

If I were yonder couch of gold,
And thou the pearl within it placed,
I would not let an eye behold
The sacred gem my arms embraced!

If I were yonder orange-tree,
And thou the blossom blooming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee,
To scent the most imploring air!

Oh! bend not o'er the water's brink,
Give not the wave that rosy sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
The soft reflection of thine eye.

That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
Upon the billows pour their beam
So warmly, that my soul could seek
Its Nea in the painted stream.

Behold the leafy mangrove, bending
O'er the waters blue and bright,
Like Nea's silky lashes, lending
Shadow to her eyes of light!

O my beloved! where'er I turn,
Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes,
In every star thy glances burn,
Thy blush on every floweret lies.

I pray thee, on those lips of thine
To wear this rosy leaf for me,
And breathe of something not divine,
Since nothing human breathes of thee!
All other charms of thine I meet
In nature, but thy sigh alone;
Then take, oh! take, though not so sweet,
The breath of roses for thine own!

So, while I walk the flowery grove,
The bud that gives, through morning dew,
The luster of the lips I love,
May seem to give their perfume too!

There's not a look, a word of thine
My soul has e'er forgot;
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Nor given thy locks one graceful twine,
Which I remember not!

There never yet a murmur fell
From that beguiling tongue,
Which did not, with a lingering spell,
Upon my charmed senses dwell,
Like something heaven had sung.

Ah! that I could, at once, forget
All, all that haunts me so—
And yet, thou witching girl!—and yet,
To die were sweeter than to let
The loved remembrance go!

No; if this slighted heart must see
Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh! let it die, remembering thee,
And, like the burnt aroma, be
Consumed in sweets away!
AT NIGHT.

At night, when all is still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound
   Of footstep, coming soft and light!
What pleasure in the anxious beat
With which the bosom flies to meet
   That foot that comes so soft at night!

And then, at night, how sweet to say,
" 'Tis late, my love!" and chide delay,
   Though still the western clouds are bright;
Oh! happy, too, the silent press,
The eloquence of mute caress,
   With those we love exchanged at night!

THE DAY OF LOVE.

The beam of morning trembling
   Stole o'er the mountain brook,
With timid ray resembling
   Affection's early look,
Thus love begins—sweet morn of love!

The noontide ray ascended,
   And o'er the valley's stream
Diffused a glow as splendid
   As passion's riper dream.
Thus love expands—warm noon of love!

But evening came, o'ershading
   The glories of the sky,
Like faith and fondness fading
   From passion's alter'd eye.
Thus love declines—cold eve of love!
SMILES AND TEARS.

When midst the gay I meet
That blessed smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine:
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh! then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them while they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.
But when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh, then, the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

The brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts without caring who feels 'em;
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
LOVE AND TIME.

Is much better pleased when it heals 'em;
   Dear Fanny!
The soft eye of blue,
   Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.

   The black eye may say,
   "Come and worship my ray—
   "By adoring, perhaps, you may move me!"
   But the blue eye, half hid,
   Says, from under its lid—
   "I love, and am yours, if you love me!"
   Dear Fanny!
The blue eye, half hid,
   Says, from under its lid—
   "I love, and am yours, if you love me!"

   Then tell me, oh, why,
   In that lovely blue eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover;
   Or why should you wear
   The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover?
   Dear Fanny!
   Oh, why should you wear
   The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover?

* *

LOVE AND TIME.

'Tis said—but whether true or not
   Let bards declare who've seen 'em—
That Love and Time have only got
   One pair of wings between 'em.
THE CASTILIAN MAID.

In courtship's first delicious hour,
   The boy full well can spare 'em;
So, loitering in his lady's bower,
   He lets the greybeard wear 'em.
   Then is Time's hour of play;
   Oh, how he flies away!

But short the moments, short as bright,
   When he the wings can borrow;
If Time to-day has had its flight,
   Love takes his turn to-morrow.
Ah! Time and Love, your change is then
   The saddest and most trying,
When one begins to limp again,
   And 'other takes to flying.
   Then is Love's hour to stray;
   Oh, how he flies away!

But there's a nymph, whose chains I feel,
   And bless the silken fetter,
Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
   With Love and Time much better.
So well she checks their wanderings,
   So peacefully she pairs 'em,
That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
   And Time for ever wears 'em.
   This is Time's holiday;
   Oh, how he flies away!

* 

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

Oh, remember the time, in La Mancha's shades,
   When our moments so blissfully flew;
When you call'd me the flower of Castilian maids,
   And I blushed to be called so by you;
DEAR FANNY.

When I taught you to warble the gay seguadille;
   And to dance to the light castanet;
O, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
   The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle
   Every hour a new passion can feel,
And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
   You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
   Or they never could think you would rove;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war
   That is fondest and truest in love.

* *

DEAR FANNY.

"She has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool!
   She has wit, but you mustn't be caught so:"
Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,
   And 'tis not the first time I have thought so;
   Dear Fanny,
   'Tis not the first time I have thought so.

"She is lovely; then love her, nor let the bliss fly;
   'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season:"
Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
   That Love reasons much better than Reason?
   Dear Fanny,
   Love reasons much better than Reason.
178 FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

DID NOT.

'Twas a new feeling—something more
Than we had dared to own before,
Which then we hid not, which then we hid not.
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wish'd, in every murmur'd sigh,
To speak, but did not; to speak, but did not.

She felt my lips' impassion'd touch—
'Twas the first time I had dared so much,
And yet she chid not, and yet she chid not;
But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,
"O! do you doubt I love you now?"
Sweet soul! I did not; sweet soul! I did not.

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I press'd it closer, closer still,
Though gently bid not, though gently bid not;
Till—oh! the world hath seldom heard
Of lovers, who so nearly err'd,
And yet who did not, and yet who did not.

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Flow on, thou shining river;
But ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.
WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

But if, in wandering thither,
   Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
   Upon the cold bank there.
And tell her—thus, when youth is o'er,
   Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
   Like those sweet flowers from thee.


OH! NO—NOT E'EN WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

Oh! no—not e'en when first we loved,
   Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
 Thy beauty then my senses moved,
   But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but Passion's sigh before,
   Has since been turned to Reason's vow;
And, though I then might love thee more,
   Trust me, I love thee better now.

Although my heart in earlier youth
   Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gained in truth
   Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
   That then but sparkled o'er my brow;
And, though I seem'd to love thee more,
   Yet, oh! I love thee better now.
GO, THEN—’TIS VAIN.

THEN, FARE THEE WELL!

Then, fare thee well! my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus, dear love! the pain of parting thus!

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numbering them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this, dear love! the deep, deep pain of this.

But, no, alas! we’ve never seen
One glimpse of pleasure’s ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away, dear love! and chased it all away!

Yet, e’en could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together past,
Than years of mirth apart, dear love! than years of mirth apart.

Farewell! our hope was born in fears,
And nursed ’mid vain regrets!
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets, dear love! like them it tears it sets!

* *

GO, THEN—’TIS VAIN.

Go, then—’tis vain to hover
Thus around a hope that’s dead—
At length my dream is over,
’Twas sweet—’twas false—’tis fled!
I CAN NO LONGER STIFLE.

Farewell, since nought it moves thee,
Such truth as mine to see,—
Some one who far less loves thee,
Perhaps more bless'd will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
New life around me shed!
Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
Now leaves me death instead!
Go, now, those charms surrender
To some new lover's sigh,
One who, though far less tender,
May be more bless'd than I.

*

I CAN NO LONGER STIFLE.

I can no longer stifle,
How much I long to rifle
That little part
They call the heart
Of you, you lovely trifle!
You can no longer doubt it;
So let me be about it;
Or on my word,
And by the Lord,
I'll try to do without it.

This pretty thing's as light, sir,
As any paper kite, sir,
And here and there,
And God knows where
She takes her wheeling flight, sir.
JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

Us lovers, to amuse us,
Unto her tail she nooses;
There hung like bobs
Of straw, or nobs,
She whisks us where she chooses.

ROW GENTLY HERE.

Row gently here, my gondolier; so softly wake the tide,
That not an ear on earth may hear, but hers to whom we glide,
Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well as starry eyes to see,
Oh! think what tales 'twould have to tell of wand'ring youths like me!

Now rest thee here, my gondolier; hush, hush, for up I go,
To climb yon light balcony's height, while thou keep'st watch below.
Ah! did we take for Heaven above but half such pains as we
Take day and night for woman's love, what angels we should be!

JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

Joys that pass away like this,
Alas! are purchased dear,
If every beam of bliss
Is followed by a tear.
Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!
Soon, too soon, thou'lt broke the spell.
Oh! I ne'er can love again
   The girl whose faithless art
Could break so dear a chain,
   And with it break my heart.

Once, when truth was in those eyes,
   How beautiful they shone;
But now that lustre flies,
   For truth, alas! is gone.
Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!
How I've loved my hate shall tell.
   Oh! how lorn, how lost would prove
   Thy wretched victim's fate,
If, when deceived in love,
   He could not fly to hate!

LITTLE MARY'S EYE.

Little Mary's eye
   Is roguish, and all that, sir;
But her little tongue
   Is quite too full of chat, sir.
Since her eye can speak
   Enough to tell her blisses,
If she stir her tongue,
   Why—stop her mouth with kisses!
Oh! the little girls,
   Wily, warm, and winning;
When angels tempt us to it,
   Who can keep from sinning?

Nanny's beaming eye
   Looks as warm as any;
But her cheek was pale—
   Well-a-day, poor Nanny!
HOW SHALL I WOO?

Nanny, in the field,
    She pluck'd a little posie,
And Nanny's pallid cheek
    Soon grew sleek and rosy.

Sue, the pretty nun,
    Prays with warm emotion;
Sweetly rolls her eye
    In love or in devotion.
If her pious heart
    Softens to relieve you,
She gently shares the crime,
    With "Oh! may God forgive you!"
Oh! the little girls,
    Wily, warm, and winning;
When angels tempt us to it,
    Who can keep from sinning?

*

HOW SHALL I WOO?

If I speak to thee in friendship's name,
    Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
    Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
Between these two unequal fires
    Why doom me thus to hover?
I'm a friend, if such thy heart requires,
    If more thou seek'st, a lover.
Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
    Fair one, choose between the two.

Tho' the wings of Love will brightly play,
    When first he comes to woo thee,
There's a chance that he may fly away
    As fast as he flies to thee.
WHEN ON THE LIP.

While Friendship, tho' on foot she come,
    No flights of fancy trying,
Will, therefore, oft be found at home,
    When Love abroad is flying.
Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
Dear one, choose between the two.

If neither feeling suits thy heart,
    Let's see, to please thee, whether
We may not learn some precious art
    To mix their charms together;
One feeling, still more sweet, to form
    From two so sweet already—
A friendship that like love is warm,
    A love like friendship steady.
Thus let it be, thus let me woo,
Dearest, thus we'll join the two.

* *

WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS.

When on the lip the sigh delays,
    As if 'twould linger there forever:
When eyes would give the world to gaze,
    Yet still look down, and venture never:
When, though with fairest nymphs we rove,
    There's one we dream of more than any—
If all this is not real love,
    'Tis something wondrous like it, Fanny!

To think and ponder, when apart,
    On all we've got to say at meeting;
And yet when near, with heart to heart,
    Sit mute, and listen to their beating:
THE SIREN’S SONG.

To see but one bright object move,
The only moon, where stars are many—
If all this is not downright love,
I prithee say what is, my Fanny!

When Hope foretells the brightest, best,
Though Reason on the darkest reckons;
When Passion drives us to the west,
Though Prudence to the eastward beckons;
When all turns round, below, above,
And our own heads the most of any—
If this is not stark, staring love,
Then you and I are sages, Fanny.

* * *

Lyrics from "Lalla Rookh."

THE SIREN’S SONG.

(From "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.")

A SPIRIT there is, whose fragrant sigh
Is burning now through earth and air;
Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there!

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
And his floating eyes—oh! they resemble
Blue water-lilies when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble!

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power!
Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!
The holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.
By the fair and brave,
Who blushing unite,
Like the sun and wave,
When they meet at night!

By the tear that shows
- When passion is nigh,
As the raindrop flows
From the heat of the sky!

By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part!

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which—oh! could it last,
This earth were heaven!

We call thee hither, entrancing Power!
Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

THE SONG OF FERAMORZ.

Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the love
Which enslaves our souls in this!

Tell me not of Houris' eyes:—
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Wound like some that burn below!
Who that feels what love is here,
All its falsehood—all its pain—
Would, for even Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

* 

THE ENCHANTRESS'S GARLAND.

(From "The Light of the Harem."

I know where the wing'd visions dwell
That around the night-bed play;
I know each herb and floweret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
    Then hasten we, maid,
    To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough.
    Then hasten we, maid,
    To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.
LAY OF THE FLOWER-SPIRIT.

The visions that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold
Inhabit the mountain-herb that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.
The phantom shapes—oh touch not them—
That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
That shrieks when torn at night!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injured, patient mind,
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

THE LAY OF THE FLOWER-SPIRIT.

(From "The Light of the Harem.")

FROM Chindara's warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
Where in music morn and night I dwell.
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song.
Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath  
Of that moonlight wreath  
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.  
For mine is the lay that lightly floats,  
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,  
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,  
And melt in the heart as instantly!  
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,  
Refines the bosom it trembles through,  
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,  
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!  

Mine is the charm whose mystic sway  
The spirits of past delight obey;—  
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,  
And they come, like genii, hovering round.  
And mine is the gentle song that bears  
From soul to soul the wishes of love,  
As a bird that wafts through genial airs  
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.  

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure  
The past, the present, the future of pleasure;  
When memory links the tone that is gone  
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;  
And hope from a heavenly note flies on  
To a note more heavenly still that is near!  

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,  
Can as downy soft and as yielding be  
As his own white plume, that high amid death  
Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath.  
And oh, how the eyes of beauty glisten  
When music has reach'd her inward soul,  
Like the silent stars that wink and listen  
While Heaven's eternal melodies roll!
THE GEORGIAN'S SONG.

So, hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

THE GEORGIAN'S SONG.

(From "The Light of the Harem."

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the love that is o'er, in expiring gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just oped by a bee;
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth,
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss;
And own, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar that, hallow'd by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere.
Who for wine of this earth left the fountains above,
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.
Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee:
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silver-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.
FLY TO THE DESERT.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before as then.

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years!

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first ’tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp’d image from its base,
To give to me the ruin’d place;—

Then, fare-thee-well!—I’d rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!
EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Oh! weep for the hour
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste old moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame:
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway,
When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace of the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

*
Miscellaneous.
RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.*

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore:
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin's will offer me harm:—
For though they love women and golden store,
Sir knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

* This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—Warner's History of Ireland, vol i., book 10.
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle:
And blessed for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin’s honour, and Erin’s pride.

AS A BEAM O’ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS.

As a beam o’er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting’d with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o’er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting!

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer’s bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

*Fionnula, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of Christianity: when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.
ON MUSIC.

When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

*

ON MUSIC.

When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we us'd to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept!
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
   Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
   That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
   Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
   Its memory lives in Music's breath!

Music! oh how faint, how weak,
   Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
   When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
   Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
   Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!
IT IS NOT THE TEAR.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'er shaded;
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love them!
And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume,
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

* * *

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea,
And who often at eve thro' the bright waters rov'd,
To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep,
Till Heaven look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.
'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smil'd the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame:
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was chang'd to bright chords, uttering melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone:
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay,
To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

* 

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er thy bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.
So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

* *

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

* *

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

Take back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still,
Some hand more calm and sage
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even you require:
But oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.
Yet let me keep the book;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair,
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there!

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Tow'rd you and home;
Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep;
So may the words I write
Tell thro' what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light
Guiding my way.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the hour
Which awakens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r,
Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own grief to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain,
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget his short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where' er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
Too blest, if it tells me, that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy us'd to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

* *

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME THE FAIRY NUMBERS.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full choir of heaven is near,—
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain;
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.
I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!
I'd live years of grief and pain,
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!

And such is the fate of life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known:
Each wave that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone!

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life through his frame;
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!
OUR FESTAL HALLS.

SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.*

Silence is in our festal halls,—
Sweet Son of Song! thy course is o'er;
In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
Her minstrel's voice responds no more;
All silent as th' Æolian shell
Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell
At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts thy spirit long,
Awaked by music's spell, shall rise;
For, name so link'd with deathless song
Partakes its charms and never dies:
And ev'n within the holy fane,
When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given.

But where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when, by thy side,
He, who now weaves this parting lay,
His skilless voice with thine allied;
And sung those songs whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last.

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,—
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,

* "It is hardly necessary" wrote Moore in a footnote to this song, "to inform the reader that these lines are meant as a tribute of sincere friendship to the memory of an old and valued colleague in this work, Sir John Stevenson." The lyric may be presumed to have a wider significance than the poet assigns to it, for it is the last of the Irish Melodies.—EDITOR.
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
   And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
   His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
   One ray upon its chords from thee.

**OH! ARRANMORE.**

**OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE.**

Oh! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
   How oft I dream of thee,
And of those days when, by thy shore,
   I wander'd young and free.
Full many a part I've tried, since then,
   Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
   I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
   At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
   That danced along thy flood;
Or, when the western wave grew bright
   With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
   Which dreaming poets sing;*—

That Eden where th' immortal brave
   Dwell in a land serene,—
Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave,
   At sunset, oft are seen.

* The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Brysail, or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories.
THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH. 209

Ah! dream too full of sadd’ning truths!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth,—
As sunny and as vain!

* 

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

There are sounds of mirth in the night-air ringing,
And lamps from every casement shown;
While voices blithe within are singing,
That seem to say "Come" in every tone.
Ah! once how light, in Life's young season,
My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay;
Nor paus'd to ask of greybeard Reason
Should I the syren call obey.

And, see—the lamps still livelier glitter,
The syren lips more fondly sound;
No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
To sink in your rosy bondage bound.
Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms
Could bend to tyranny's rude control,
Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,
And yield to a smile his free-born soul?

Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,
The nymphs their fetters around him cast,
And—their laughing eyes, the while, concealing—
Led Freedom's Bard their slave at last.
For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,
Was like that rock of the Druid race,
Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
But all earth's power couldn't cast from its base.

363
THE NIGHT DANCE.

Strike the gay harp! see the moon is on high,
And, as true to her beam as the tides of the ocean,
Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye,
Obey the mute call, and heave into motion.
Then, sound notes—the gayest, the lightest,
That ever took wing, when heav’n look’d brightest!
Again! Again!
Oh! could such heart-stirring music be heard
In that City of Statues described by romancers,
So wakening its spell, even stone would be stirr’d,
And statues themselves all start into dancers!

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,
And the flower of Beauty’s own garden before us,—
While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,
And list’ning to ours, hang wondering o’er us?
Again, that strain!—to hear it thus sounding
 Might set even Death’s cold pulses bounding—
Again! Again!
Oh, what delight when the youthful and gay,
Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather,
Thus dance, like the Hours to the music of May,
And mingle sweet song and sunshine together!

* 

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

ALONE in crowds to wander on,
And feel that all the charm is gone
Which voices dear and eyes beloved
Shed round us once, where’er we roved—
This, this the doom must be
Of all who've loved, and lived to see
The few bright things they thought would stay
For ever near them, die away.

Tho' fairer forms around us throng,
Their smiles to others all belong,
And want that charm which dwells alone
Round those the fond heart calls its own.
Where, where the sunny brow?
The long-known voice—where are they now?
Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot call forth
One bliss like those we felt of old
From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?
No, no,—her spell is vain,—
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave.

THE WANDERING BARD.

What life like that of the bard can be,
The wandering bard, who roams as free
As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,
And, like that lark, a music brings
Within him, where'er he comes or goes,
A fount that for ever flows;
The world's to him like some playground,
Where fairies dance their moonlight round;
THE WANDERING BARD.

If dimm’d the turf where late they trod,
The elves but seek some greener sod;
So, when less bright his scene of glee,
To another away flies he!

Oh, what would have been young Beauty’s doom,
Without a bard to fix her bloom?
They tell us, in the moon’s bright round,
Things lost in this dark world are found,
So charms, on earth long pass’d and gone,
In the poet’s lay live on—
Would ye have smiles that ne’er grow dim?
You’ve only to give them all to him,
Who, with but a touch of Fancy’s wand,
Can lend them life, this life beyond,
And fix them high, in Poesy’s sky—
Young stars that never die!

Then, welcome the bard where’er he comes—
For, though he hath countless airy homes,
To which his wing excursive roves,
Yet still, from time to time, he loves
To light upon earth and find such cheer
As brightens our banquet here.
No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
You’ve only to light up kind young eyes,
Such signal-fires as here are given—
And down he’ll drop from Fancy’s heaven,
The minute such call to love or mirth
Proclaims he’s wanting on earth!

*
Sing, Sweet Harp.

Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
Long buried dreams shall raise;
Some lay that tells of vanish'd fame,
Whose light once round us shone;
Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
And hopes for ever gone.
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me;
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by;
Of chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame;
Of bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name.
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh;
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

Could'st thou but call those spirits round,
Who once, in bower and hall,
Sate listening to thy magic sound,
Now mute and mouldering all;
But, no; they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The dead, at least, are free!
Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
    That knell of Freedom's day;
Or, listening to its death-like moan,
    Let me, too, die away.

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.
Though humble the banquet to which I invite thee,
Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can command:
Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng round to light thee,
And Love serve the feast with his own willing hand.

And though Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling
Of him thou regardest her favouring ray,
Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treasures excelling,
    Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way.

'Tis that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
    Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves;
Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion,
    Holds upwards its course to the light which it loves.

'Tis this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
    And, with this, though of all other treasures bereaved,
The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
    Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er received.

Then, come,—if a board so untempting hath power
To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
    Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.
DESMOND'S SONG.*

By the Feal's wave benighted,
Not a star in the skies,
To thy door by Love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.
Some voice whispered o'er me,
As the threshold I crossed,
There was ruin before me:
If I loved, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twould be welcome again.
Were misery's full measure
Poured out to me now,
I would drain it with pleasure,
So the Hebe were thou.

You who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth!

* Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependants, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family.—Leland, vol. ii.
MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

No—Man, for his glory,
   To history flies;
While Woman’s bright story
   Is told in her eyes.
While the monarch but traces
   Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
   Ranks next to divine!

* *

SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

SING—sing—Music was given
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony’s laws alone are kept moving.
Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But love from the lips his true archery wings;
And she who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
   At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.
   Then sing—sing—Music was given
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony’s laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rocked by his mother,
   Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,
   “Hush, hush,” said Venus, “no other
   Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him.”
Dreaming of music he slumbered the while,
   Till faint from his lips a soft melody broke,
And Venus, enchanted, looked on with a smile,
   While Love to his own sweet singing awoke!
BY THAT DIM LAKE.

Then sing—sing—Music was given
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

I wish I was by that dim lake,
Where sinful souls their farewells take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In Death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be—
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again!

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters, falling round—
The dry leaves quivering o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet even when dead—
These—ay—these should wean
My soul from Life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, each wish I have,
Like willows, downward towards the grave.

As they who to their couch at night
Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,
So must the hopes that keep this breast
Awake, be quenched, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, my heart must grow,
Unchanged by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.
SWEET INNISFALLEN.

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to feel how fair is mine!

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
And long may light around thee smile,
As soft as on that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle!

Thou wert too lovely then for one
Who had to turn to paths of care—
Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there:

No more along thy shores to come,
But on the world’s dim ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee as I do now,
When mist is o’er thy blooming bowers,
Like Sorrow’s veil on Beauty’s brow.

For though unrivalled still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, too blest,
But in thy shadows seem’st a place
Where weary man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden’s, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o’er his way!
Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
   And still the lovelier for thy tears—
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
   'Tis heaven's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
   But, when indeed they come, divine—
The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
   Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

'TWAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

'Twas one of those dreams that by music are brought,
Like a light summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought,
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life but its sweetness is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Denis' green isle to Glena's wooded shore.

He listened—while high o'er the eagle's rude nest
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain choir,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seemed as if every sweet note that died here
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills where the soul of the strain,
That had ceased upon earth, was awakening again!

Oh forgive, if, while listening to music whose breath
Seemed to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim—
"'Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:
SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

"Even so, though thy memory should now die away,
'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
Through the answering future, thy name and thy song!"

* *

OH! BANQUET NOT.

Oh! banquet not in those shining bowers
Where youth resorts, but come to me;
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour—
Our guests, the shades of former years—
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, as some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves
Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot!

* *

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad, than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
   "Though death beneath our smile may be,
Less cold we are, less false than they
   Whose smiling wrecked thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on—through endless space—
   Through calm—through tempest—stop no more;
The stormiest sea's a resting-place
   To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or—if some desert land we meet,
   Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world that else were sweet—
   Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

**THE FORTUNE-TELLER.**

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
   And I'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever 'twas told, by the new moon's light,
   To young maidens shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
   Lest haply the stars should deceive me;
These secrets between you and me and the sky
   Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heavens be not dim,
   My science shall call up before you
A male apparition—the image of him
   Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
   And round you so fondly he'll hover;
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
   'Twixt him and a true living lover.
WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
   He’ll kneel with a warmth of emotion—
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
   You’d scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
   As in Destiny’s book I’ve not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
   To settle ere morning between them.

* *

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
   Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or if from their slumber the veil be removed,
   Weep o’er them in silence, and close it again.
And, oh! if ’tis pain to remember how far
   From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
   That arose on his darkness and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
   The revealings that taught him true Love to adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
   From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
O’er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
   Thou camest, like a soft golden calm o’er the sea;
And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
   On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

And though sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
   And though Falsehood again would allure him to stray,
IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;

He but turned to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanished away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

* *

WHENE’ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES,

Whene’er I see those smiling eyes,
All filled with hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise
To dim a heaven so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For Time will come with all his blights,
The ruined hope—the friend unkind—
The love that leaves, where’er it lights,
A chilled or burning heart behind!
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the darkening rain,
When once ’tis touched by sorrow’s tears,
Will never shine so bright again.

* *

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
Oh, it is not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love as in hours of less transport we may:—
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
First tastes of the other, the dark flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love nursed among pleasures is faithless as they,
But the Love born of sorrow, like sorrow, is true!

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flowers shed about;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies
That call the full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears;—
And even though to smiles it may first owe its birth,
All the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

* * *

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us!
When round the bowl of vanished years
   We talk, with joyous seeming,—
With smiles, that might as well be tears,
   So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
   Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
   To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
   Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
   And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss
   If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
   With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back, at eve,
   When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
   Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
   To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
   Of joy that's left behind us.

* *

O THE SHAMROCK!

Through Erin's Isle,
   To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
   With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
O THE SHAMROCK!

A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dewdrops streaming,
As softly green
As emerald seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
   Chosen leaf
   Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valour, "See,
   They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"
Says Love, "No, no,
   For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
   A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
   Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
   Chosen leaf
   Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
   And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather!
BY THAT LAKE.

May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

* *

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.*

By that Lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

* This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.
On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And, when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

The foregoing are from the Irish Melodies.

* TO LEIGH HUNT AND HIS BROTHER.*

Go to your prisons—though the air of spring
No mountain coldness to your cheeks shall bring;

* This piece is from "The Two-Penny Post-Bag," and is obviously addressed to Leigh Hunt and his brother John, who were fined and imprisoned in 1812 for a satirical article in the Examiner on the Prince Regent.—EDITOR.
Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling, as if awed,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
Yet go—for thoughts as blessed as the air
Of spring or summer flowers, await you there:
Thoughts such as he who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories never knew!
Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
The zeal whose circling charities begin
With the few loved-ones Heaven has placed it near,
Nor cease till all mankind are in its sphere!—
The pride that suffers without vaunt or plea,
And the fresh spirit that can warble free,
Through prison-bars, its hymn to liberty!

* *

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."—St. John viii. 11.

O woman! if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray’d from honour’s track,
’Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash’d by thy tears may yet decay;
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be wept in showers away.

Go, go—be innocent and live—
The tongues of men may wound thee sore;
But Heaven in pity can forgive,
And bids thee "go, and sin no more!"
ARISTIPPUS TO HIS LAMP.

I tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
"Swift, swift the tide of being runs,
And Time who bids thy flame expire,
Will also quench yon heaven of suns!"

Oh then, if earth's united power
Can never chain one feathery hour;
If every print we leave to-day
To-morrow's wave shall steal away;
Who pauses to inquire of Heaven
Why were the fleeting treasures given,
The sunny days, the shady nights,
And all their brief but dear delights,
Which Heaven has made for man to use,
And man should think it guilt to lose?
Who that has cull'd a weeping rose
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,
Unmindful of the blushing ray
In which it shines its soul away:
Unmindful of the scented sigh,
On which it dies, and loves to die?

Pleasure! thou only good on earth!
One little hour resign'd to thee—
Oh! by my Lais lip, 'tis worth
The sage's immortality!

ASPASIA.

'Twas in the fair Aspasia's bower
That Love and Learning many an hour
In dalliance met; and Learning smiled
With rapture on the playful child,
TO MRS. BL—H—D.

Who frequent stole to find his nest
Within a fold of Learning’s vest.

There, as the listening statesman hung
In transport on Aspasia’s tongue,
The destinies of Athens took
Their colour from Aspasia’s look.
Oh happy time! when laws of state,
When all that ruled the country’s fate,
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was plann’d between two snowy arms!
Sweet times! you could not always last—
And yet, oh! yet, you are not past;
Though we have lost the sacred mould
In which their men were cast of old,
Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While lips are balm and looks are flame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman’s bright empire never dies!

Fanny, my love, they ne’er shall say
That beauty’s charm hath pass’d away;
No—give the universe a soul
Attuned to woman’s soft control,
And Fanny hath the charm, the skill,
To wield a universe at will!

* * *

TO MRS. BL—H—D.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

They say that Love had once a book
(The urchin likes to copy you)
Where all who came the pencil took
And wrote, like us, a line or two.
TO MRS. BL—H—D.

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
   Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallow'd line
   Or thought profane should enter there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
   With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turn'd was still
   More bright than that she turn'd before!

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
   How light the magic pencil ran!
Till Fear would come, alas! as oft,
   And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
   And Jealousy would now and then
Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
   Which Love had still to smooth again!

But oh! there was a blooming boy,
   Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
   As all who read still sigh'd for more!

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
   And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
   Would tremble for her spotless book!

And so it chanced, one luckless night
   He let his nectar goblet fall
O'er the dear book, so pure, so white,
   And sullied lines and marge and all!
WHEN TIME, WHO STEALS.

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow,
And Hope's sweet lines were all defaced,
And Love himself could scarcely know
What Love himself had lately traced.

At length the urchin Pleasure fled
(For how, alas! could Pleasure stay?),
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
In blushes flung the book away!

The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoiled by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure!

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages now no more,
And thinks of lines that long are faded!

I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related!

* *

WHEN TIME, WHO STEALS.

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
And memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.
When Time, Who Steals.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair!

Then talk no more of future gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to love and thee:
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl!

How like the bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl!—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For hope will brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!
TELL ME WHERE THE MAID IS FOUND.

COME, tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh! tell me where's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
To catch one sparkle of her eye!

And if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
Till my heart leave me through my eyes.

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do!

WOMAN.

AWAY, away, you're all the same,
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!
Oh! by my soul, I burn with shame,
To think I've been your slave so long!

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true manly lover blest!
AN IDEAL LAND.

Away, away—your smile's a curse—
Oh! blot me from the race of men,
Kind, pitying Heaven! by death or worse
Before I love such things again!

* *

AN IDEAL LAND

FROM AN EPISTLE TO MISS MOORE.

The warrior here, in arms no more,
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
And glorying in the rights they won
For hearth and altar, sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride!
While peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil,
Effacing with her splendid 'share
The drops that war had sprinkled there!
Thrice happy land! where he who flies
From the dark ills of other skies,
From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
May shelter him in proud repose!
Hope sings along the yellow sand
His welcome to a patriot land;
The mighty wood, with pomp, receives
The stranger, in its world of leaves,
Which soon their barren glory yield
To the warm shed and cultured field;
And he, who came, of all bereft,
To whom malignant fate had left
Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
Finds home and friends and country here!
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!"

* *

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

FROM AN EPISTLE TO THOMAS HUME, M.D.

... Observe that little mount of pines,
Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly shines,
There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
The sculptured image of that veteran chief*

* Referring to an equestrian statue of Washington standing near the Capitol.—EDITOR.
A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

Who lost a rebel's in the hero's name,
And stepp'd o'er prostrate loyalty to fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign!

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage!
Too form'd for peace to act a conqueror's part,
Too train'd in camps to learn a statesman's art,
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold.

While warmer souls command, nay, make their fate,
Thy fate made thee and forced thee to be great,
Yet fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
Found thee undazzled, tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scorning to be more;
Less prompt at glory's than at duty's claim,
Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!
Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

* *

IMPROMPTU,

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. —, OF MONTREAL.

'Twas but for a moment—and yet in that time
She crowded th' impressions of many an hour:
Her eye had a glow like the sun of her clime,
Which waked every feeling at once into flower!

Oh! could we have spent but one rapturous day
To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we should look and imagine and say
Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then!

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
We should find some ethereal mode of revealing,
And between us should feel just as much in a week
As others would take a millennium in feeling!
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEAD-MAN'S ISLAND.*

See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy bark?
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Oh! what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails, with night-fog hung!

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost!

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire that lights her deck
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew!

To Dead-Man's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Dead-Man's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark! ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

* This is one of the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost ship, I think, "The Flying Dutchman."
THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM. 241

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

Young Love found a Dial once in a dark shade,
Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sunbeam play'd;
"Why thus in darkness lie," whisper'd young Love;
"Thou whose gay hours in sunshine should move?"
"I ne'er," said the Dial, "have seen the warm sun,
So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one."

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
And placed her where heaven's beam warmly play'd,
There she reclined, beneath Love's gazing eye,
While, all mark'd with sunshine, her hours flew by.
"Oh, how," said the Dial, "can any fair maid,
That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?"

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,
And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.
Then cold and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours,
And left the remainder to darkness and showers!

* *

THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

THOUGH 'tis all but a dream at the best,
And still when happiest soonest o'er,
Yet, even in a dream to be blest
Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
The bosom that opes with earliest hopes
The soonest finds those hopes untrue,
As flowers that first in spring-time burst,
The earliest wither too!
By friendship we oft are deceived,
    And find the love we clung to past;
Yet friendship will still be believed
    And love trusted on to the last.
The web in the leaves the spider weaves
    Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men;
Though often she sees it broke by the breeze,
    She spins the bright tissue again.

* *

**OH! DAYS OF YOUTH.**

Oh! days of youth and joy, long clouded,
    Why thus for ever haunt my view?
When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
    Why did Memory not die there too?
Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
    Whispering of joys that yet remain—
No, no, never more can this life bring me
    One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
    Cold winds of Time blow round my brow;
Sunshine of youth that once fell o'er me,
    Where is your warmth, your glory now?
'Tis not that then no pain could sting me—
    'Tis not that now no joys remain;
Oh! it is that life no more can bring me
    One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

* *
COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

Come, chase that starting tear away,
    Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
    Whate'er to-morrow brings!
Like sunset gleams that linger late
    When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from Fate—
    The brightest and the last.

To gild our dark'ning life, if Heaven
    But one bright hour allow,
Oh! think that one bright hour is given,
    In all its splendour, now!
Let's live it out—then sink in night
    Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell—are touched with light—
    Then lost for evermore.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

Peace be around thee, wherever thou rovest;
    May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou loveth,
    Come smiling around thy sunny way!
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
    May even thy tears pass off so lightly;
Like spring-showers, they'll only make
    The smiles that follow shine more brightly!
May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
   And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall
   They shall not crush one flower beneath!
As half in shade and half in sun,
   This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
   Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

There comes a time, a dreary time,
   To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime
   And made each flower its own.
'Tis when his soul must first renounce
   Those dreams so bright, so fond;
Oh! then's the time to die at once,
   For Life has nought beyond.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
   That instant all is night;
And so should life at once be o'er,
   When Love withdraws his light—
Nor, like our northern day, gloom on
   Through twilight's dim delay,
The cold remains of lustre gone,
   Of fire long passed away.
HARK! THE VESPER BELL IS STEALING.

Hark! the vesper bell is stealing
O'er the waters, soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear.
Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song.
Jubilate, Amen.
Hush! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along,
Jubilate, Amen.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

When I remember all
   The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
   Like leaves in wintry weather;
   I feel like one
   Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
   Whose lights are fled,
   Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
   Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
   Of other days around me.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

All that's bright must fade,—
   The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
   But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall;
   The flower that drops in springing;
These, alas! are types of all
   To which our hearts are clinging.

Who would seek or prize
   Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
   That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
   In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light and see
   That light for ever flying.
YOUNG AMERICA.

REFLECTIONS ON YOUNG AMERICA.

FROM AN EPISTLE TO VISCOUNT FORBES, WRITTEN IN WASHINGTON IN 1804.

Even here, beside the proud Potomac's stream,
Might sages still pursue the flattering theme
Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,
Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And stamp perfection on this world at last.
"Here," might they say, "shall power's divided reign
Evince that patriots have not bled in vain,
Here godlike Liberty's Herculean youth,
Cradled in peace, and nurtured up by Truth
To full maturity of nerve and mind,
Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind!
Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught
In form no more from cups of state be quaff'd,
But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect.
Around the columns of the public shrine
Shall growing arts their gradual wreath entwine,
Nor breathe corruption from their flowering braid,
Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
No longer here shall Justice bound her view.
Or wrong the many while she rights the few;
But take her range through all the social frame,
Pure and pervading as that vital flame,
Which warms at once our best and meanest part,
And thrills a hair while it expands a heart!"

But is it thus? doth even the glorious dream
Borrow from Truth that dim, uncertain gleam,
Which bids us give such dear delusion scope,
As kills not reason, while it nurses hope?
No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—even now,
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays!
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death,
And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime!!

Already has the child of Gallia's school,
The soul philosophy that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,
Like things that quicken, after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud!
Already has she pour'd her poison here
O'er every charm that makes existence dear,
Already blighted, with her blackening trace,
The opening bloom of every social grace,
And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
Round virtue's stem, the flowerets of her fruit!

Oh! were these errors but the wanton tide
Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd pride;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much,
Then might experience make the fever less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess;
But no; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
All youth's transgression with all age's chill,
The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold stagnation into vice!

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear!
Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bartering land;
Turn’d life to traffic, set the demon gold
So loose abroad, that virtue’s self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade!

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain’d by fate,
To shew the world what high perfection springs
From rabble senators, and merchant kings—
Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country’s sacred fire,
Like Afric’s priests, they let the flame for hire!
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
From England’s debtors to be England’s foes,
Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,
Have proved at length the mineral’s tempting hue
Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.
O Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy cant!
Not eastern bombast, not the savage rant
Of purpled madmen, were they number’d all,
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,
But pant for licence, while they spurn control,
And shout for rights, with rapine in their soul!
Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,
And all the piebald polity that reigns
In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
To think that man, thou just and gentle God!
Should stand before Thee, with a tyrant's rod
O'er creatures like himself, with souls from Thee,
Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty;
Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
In climes where liberty has scarce been named,
Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd,
Than thus to live, where bastard freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;
Where (motley laws admitting no degree
Betwixt the vilely slaved and madly free)
Alike the bondage and the licence suit
The brute made ruler and the man made brute!

FROM AN EPISTLE TO THE HON. W. R. SPENCER.

All that creation's varying mass assumes
Of grand or lovely here aspires and blooms:
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
Bright lakes expand and conquering rivers flow;
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows!
Take Christians, Mohawks, Democrats, and all,
From the rude wig-wam to the congress hall,
From man the savage, whether slaved or free,
To man the civilised, less tame than he!
'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life;
Where every ill the ancient world can brew
Is mix'd with every grossness of the new;
Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
And nothing's known of luxury but vice!

Is this the region, then, is this the clime
For golden fancy? for these dreams sublime,
Which all their miracles of light reveal
To heads that meditate and hearts that feel?
No, no—the muse of inspiration plays
O'er every scene; she walks the forest-maze,
And climbs the mountain; every blooming spot
Burns with her step, yet man regards it not!
She whispers round, her words are in the air,
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
One ray of heart to thaw them into song!

Yet, yet forgive me, O you sacred few!
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;
Whom, known and loved, through many a social eve,
'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave!
Less dearly welcome were the lines of yore
The exile saw upon the sandy shore,
When his lone heart but faintly hoped to find
One print of man, one blessed stamp of mind!
Less dearly welcome than the liberal zeal,
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
The manly polish and the illumined taste,
Which, 'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has wander'd, O you sacred few!
I found by Delaware's green banks with you.
Long may you hate the Gallic dross that runs
O'er your fair country and corrupts its sons;
Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
Those fields of freedom where your sires were born.
Oh! if America can yet be great,
If neither chain'd by choice or damn'd by fate
To the mob-mania which imbrutes her now,
She yet can raise the bright but temperate brow
Of single majesty, and grandly place
An empire's pillar upon freedom's base,
Nor fear the mighty shaft will seebler prove
For the fair capital that flowers above!—
If yet, released from all that vulgar throng,
So vain of dulness and so pleased with wrong,
Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
Folly in froth, and barrenness in pride,
She yet can rise, can wreath the Attic charms
Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
And see her poets flash the fires of song,
To light her warriors' thunderbolts along!—
It is to you, to souls that favouring Heaven
Has made like yours, the glorious task is given.
Oh! but for such, Columbia's days were done;
Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
Her fruits would fall before her spring was o'er!

* *

**Lord Byron's Memoirs.**

*(From "Rhymes on the Road.")*

Venice.

Let me, a moment—ere with fear and hope
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope—
As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
Of some enchanter's secret halls is given,
Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven—
Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow
Over these precious leaves, as I do now.
How all who know—and where is he unknown?
To what far region have his songs not flown,
Like Psaphon's birds, speaking their master's name
In every language syllabled by Fame?
How all, who've felt the various spells combined
Within the circle of that splendid mind,
Like powers, derived from many a star, and met
Together in some wondrous amulet,
Would burn to know when first the light awoke
In his young soul,—and if the gleams that broke
From that Aurora of his genius, raised
More bliss or pain in those on whom they blazed—
Would love to trace the unfolding of that power,
Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour;
And feel, in watching o'er its first advance,
As did the Egyptian traveller, when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathomed with his lance
The first small fountains of that mighty flood.

They, too, who 'mid the scornful thoughts that dwell
In his rich fancy, tingling all its streams,
As if the Star of Bitterness which fell
On earth of old, and touched them with its beams,
Can track a spirit, which, though driven to hate,
From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate;
And which, even now, struck as it is with blight,
Comes out, at times, in love's own native light—
How gladly all, who've watched these struggling rays
Of a bright, ruined spirit through his lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,
What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

That noble nature into cold eclipse—
Like some fair orb that, once a sun in Heaven,
And born, not only to surprise, but cheer
With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,
Is now so quenched, that, of its grandeur, lasts
Nought but the wide cold shadow which it casts!

Eventful volume! whatsoe'er the change
Of scene and clime—the adventures, bold and strange—
The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—
The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold;
If truth, with half so prompt a hand unlocks
His virtues as his failings, we shall find
The record there of friendships, held like rocks,
And enmities, like sun-touched snow, resigned—
Of fealty, cherished without change or chill,
In those who served him young, and serve him still—
Of generous aid, given with that noiseless art
Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart—
Of acts—but, no—not from himself must aught
Of the bright features of his life be sought.
While they who court the world, like Milton's cloud,
"Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,
This gifted Being wraps himself in night,
And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,
And gilds his social nature, hid from sight,
Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

Principibus placuisse viris.—Hor.

Yes, grief will have way—but the fast-falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those
Who could bask in that spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close;—
Whose vanity flew round him only while fed
   By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave;
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
   Like the ghole of the East, comes to feed at his grave.

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow
   And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
   The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn;

How proud they can press to the funeral array
   Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow!
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
   Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!

And thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
   Incoherent and gross, even grosser had passed,
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam
   Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast:

No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies thee
   With millions to heap upon foppery's shrine;—
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
   Though this would make Europe's whole opulence mine;—

Would I suffer what—even in the heart that thou hast,
   All mean as it is—must have consciously burned,
When the pittance, which shame had wrung from thee at last,
   And which found all his wants at an end, was returned!* 

* The sum was two hundred pounds—offered when Sheridan could no longer take any sustenance, and declined for him by his friends.
"Was this, then, the fate"—future ages will say,
When some names shall live but in history's curse;
When Truth will be heard, and these lords of a day
Be forgotten as fools, or remembered as worse—

Was this, then, the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall,
The orator—dramatist—minstrel,—who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all!

Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art
From the finest and best of all other men's powers—
Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers.

Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Played round every subject, and shone as it played—
Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;

Whose eloquence—brightening whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave—
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate;—
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the Great,
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve!

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh;
Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die!
SACRED SONGS.

THOU ART, O GOD.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wond'rous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the op'ning clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!
THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wand'rs of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

O THOU WHO DRY' ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
   And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
   Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
   Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
   Our Peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
   With more than rapture's ray:
As darkness shows us worlds of light
   We never saw by day!

* *

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free!
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
   His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath but spoken,
   And chariots and horsemen have sunk in the wave.
SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
   Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from His pillar of glory,
   And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free!
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its source.
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young bride of the vale,
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow.
Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown—
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
Were echo'd in heaven by lips like her own!
Weep not for her—in her spring-time she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd;
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

*
Humorous and Satirical.
HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL.

THE PETITION OF THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.

To the people of England, the humble Petition
Of Ireland's disconsolate Orangemen, showing—
That sad, very sad, is our present condition;—
That our jobs are all gone, and our noble selves going;

That, forming one-seventh—within a few fractions—
Of Ireland's seven millions of hot heads and hearts,
We hold it the basest of all base transactions
To keep us from murdering the other six parts;

That, as to laws made for the good of the many,
We humbly suggest there is nothing less true;
As all human laws (and our own more than any)
Are made by and for a particular few;—

That much it delights every true Orange brother
To see you, in England, such ardour evince,
In discussing which sect most tormented the other,
And burned with most gusto, some hundred years since;—

That we love to behold, while Old England grows saint,
Messrs. Southey and Butler near coming to blows,
To decide whether Dunstan, that strong-bodied saint,
Ever truly and really pulled the devil's nose;
Whether t'other saint, Dominic, burnt the devil's paw—  
Whether Edwy intrigued with Elgiva's old mother—  
And many such points, from which Southey doth draw  
Conclusions most apt for our hating each other.

That 'tis very well known this devout Irish nation  
Has now for some ages gone happily on,  
Believing in two kinds of Substantiation,  
One party in Trans, and the other in Con.

That we, your petitioning Cons, have, in right  
Of the said monosyllable, ravaged the lands,  
And embezzled the goods, and annoyed, day and night,  
Both the bodies and souls of the sticklers for Trans;—

That we trust to Peel, Eldon, and other such sages,  
For keeping us still in the same state of mind;  
Pretty much as the world used to be in those ages,  
When still smaller syllables maddened mankind;—

When the words ex and per* served as well, to annoy  
One's neighbours and friends with, as con and trans  
now;  
And Christians, like Southey, who stickled for oi,  
Cut the throats of all Christians who stickled for ou.†

That, relying on England, whose kindness already  
So often has helped us to play the game o'er,  
We have got our red coats and our carabines ready,  
And wait but the word to show sport, as before.

* When John of Ragusa went to Constantinople (at the time this dispute between ex and per was going on), he found the Turks, we are told, "laughing at the Christians for being divided by two such insignificant particles."

† The Arian controversy.—Before that time, says Hooker, "in order to be a sound believing Christian, men were not curious what syllables or particles of speech they used."
That, as to the expense—the few millions, or so,  
Which for all such diversions John Bull has to pay—  
'Tis, at least, a great comfort to John Bull to know  
That to Orangemen's pockets 'twill all find its way.  

For which your petitioners ever will pray,  
Etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

FROM LARRY O'BRA NNIGAN, IN ENGLAND,  
TO HIS WIFE JUDY, AT MULLINAFAD.  
(From "The Fudges in England.")

DEAR Judy, I send you this bit of a letter  
By mail-coach conveyance—for want of a betther—  
To tell you what luck in this world I have had  
Since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullinafad.  
Och, Judy, that night!—when the pig, which we meant  
To dry-nurse in the parlour, to pay off the rent,  
Julianna, the craythur—that name was the death of her*—  
Gave us the shlip, and we saw the last breath of her!  
And there were the childher, six innocent sowls,  
For their nate little playfellow tuning up howls;  
While yourself, my dear Judy (though grievin 's a folly),  
Stud over Julianna's remains, melancholy—  
Cryin', half for the craythur, and half for the money,  
"Arrah, why did you die till we'd sowld you, my honey?"

But God's will be done!—and then, faith, sure enough,  
As the pig was desaiced, 'twas high time to be off,  
So we gather'd up all the poor duds we could catch,  
Lock'd the owld cabin-door, put the kay in the thatch,

* The Irish peasantry are very fond of giving fine names to their pigs. I have heard of one instance in which a couple of young pigs were named, at their birth, Abelard and Eloisa.
Then tuk lave of each other’s sweet lips in the dark, 
And set off, like the Chrishtians turn’d out of the Ark; 
The six childher with you, my dear Judy, ochone! 
And poor I wid myself, left condolin’ alone.

How I came to this England, o’er say and o’er lands, 
And what cruel hard walkin’ I’ve had on my hands, 
Is, at this present writin’, too tidious to speak, 
So I’ll mition it all in a postscript, next week:—
Only shtarv’d I was, surely, as thin as a lath, 
Till I came to an up-and-down place they call Bath, 
Where, as luck was, I manag’d to make a meal’s meat; 
By dhraggin owld ladies all day through the street—
Which their docthrs (who pocket, like fun, the pound starlins), 
Have brought into fashion, to plase the owld darlins. 
Div’l a boy in all Bath, though I say it, could carry 
The grannies up hill half so handy as Larry; 
And the higher they liv’d, like owld crows, in the air, 
The more I was wanted to lug them up there.

But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say, 
And mine has both handles put on the wrong way, 
For, pondherin’, one morn, on a dhrame I’d just had 
Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullinafad, 
Och, there came o’er my sinses so plasin’ a flutther, 
That I spilt an owld Countess right clane in the gutther, 
Muff, feathers and all!—the descint was most awful, 
And—what was still worse, faith—I knew ’twas unlawful; 
For, though, with mere women, no very great evil, 
T’ upset an owld COUNTESS in Bath is the divil! 
So, liftin’ the chair, with herself safe upon it 
(For nothin’ about her was kilt, but her bonnet), 
Without even mentionin’ “By your lave, ma’am,” 
I tuk to my heels and—here, Judy, I am!
What’s the name of this town I can’t say very well,
But your heart sure will jump when you hear what befell
Your own beautiful Larry, the very first day
(And a Sunday it was, shinin’ out mighty gay),
When his brogues to this city of luck found their way.
Bein’ hungry, God help me, and happenin’ to shtop,
Just to dine on the shnell of a pasthry-cook’s shop,
I saw, in the window, a large printed paper,
And read there a name, och! that made my heart caper—
Though printed it was in some quare A B C,
That might bother a schoolmaster, let alone me.
By gar, you’d have laughed, Judy, could you’ve but
listen’d,
As, doubtin’, I cried, “Why it is!—no, it isn’t:”
But it was, after all—for, by spellin’ quite slow,
First I made out—“Rev. Mortimer”—then a great
“O;”
And, at last, by hard readin’ and rackin’ my skull again,
Out it came, nate as imported, “O’Mulligan!”

Up I jump’d, like a skylark, my jew’l, at that name,
Div’l a doubt on my mind, but it must be the same.
“Masther Murthagh, himself,” says I, “all the world
over!
My own foster-brother—by jinks, I’m in clover,
Though there, in the play-bill, he figures so grand,
One wet-nurse it was brought us both up by hand,
And he’ll not let me shtarve in the inimy’s land!”

Well, to make a long history short, nivor doubt
But I manag’d, in no time, to find the lad out;
And the joy of the meetin’ bethuxt him and me—
Such a pair of owld cumrogues—was charmin’ to see.
Nor is Murthagh less plas’d with the evint than I am,
And he just then was wanting a Valley-de-sham;
And, for *dressin'* a gentleman, one way or t'other, 
Your nate Irish lad is beyant every other.

But now, Judy, comes the quare part of the case; 
And, in throth, it's the only drawback on my place. 
'Twas Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you know, 
With an awkward mishfortune some short time ago; 
That's to say, he turn'd Protestant—why, I can't larn; 
But, of course, he knew best, an' it's not *my* consarn.
All I know is, we both were good Cath'lics, at nurse, 
And myself am so still—nayther betther nor worse. 
Well, our bargain was all right and tight in a jiffey, 
And lads more content never yet left the Liffey, 
When Murthagh—or Morthimer, as he's *now* chrisen'd, 
His *name* being convarted, at laist, if he isn't— 
Lookin' shly at me (faith, 'twas divartin' to see), 
"Of course, you're a Protestant, Larry," says he. 
Upon which says myself, wid a wink just as shly, 
"Is't a Protestant?—Oh yes, I am, sir," says I;— 
And there the chat ended, and div'l a more word 
Controvarsial between us has since then occurrd. 
What Murthagh could mane, and, in troth, Judy, dear, 
What I *myself* meant, doesn't seem mighty clear; 
But the thruth is, though still for the Owld Light a stickler, 
I was just then too shtarv'd to be over partic'lar:— 
And, God knows, between us, a comic'ler pair 
Of twin Protestants could'nt be seen *anywhere.*

Next Tuesday (as towld in the play-bills I mition'd, 
Address'd to the loyal and godly intintion'd), 
His rivirence, my master, comes forward to preach, 
Myself doesn't know whether sarmon or speech, 
But it's all one to him, he's a dead hand at each; 
Like us, Paddys, in gin'ral, whose skill in orations 
Quite bothers the blarney of all other nations.
ORIGIN OF WOMEN.

But, whisht!—there's his rivirence, shoutin' out "Larry,"
And sorra a word more will this small paper carry;
So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a letter,
Which, faix, I'd have made a much bigger and betther,
But div'l a one Post-office hole in this town
Fit to swallow a decent siz'd billy-dux down.
So good luck to the childer!—tell Molly, I love her;
Kiss Oonagh's sweet mouth, and kiss Katty all over—
Not forgettin' the mark of the red-currant whisky
She got at the fair when yourself was so frisky.
The heav'ns be your bed!—I will write, when I can again,
Yours to the world's end,

LARRY O'BRANNIGAN.

THE RABBINICAL ORIGIN OF WOMEN.

They tell us that woman was made of a rib
Just pick'd from a corner so snug in the side;
But the Rabbins swear to you this is a fib,
And 'twas not so at all that the sex was supplied.

For old Adam was fashion'd the first of his kind
With a tail like a monkey, full yard and a span;
And when Nature cut off this appendage behind,
Why—then woman was made of the tail of the Man.

If such is the tie between women and men,
The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf;
For he takes to his tail, like an idiot, again,
And makes a most damnable ape of himself!

Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
Every husband remembers the original plan,
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why—he leaves her behind him, as much as he can.
LINES ON LEIGH HUNT.

(Lines on Leigh Hunt.
(Suggested by Hunt's "Byron and his Contemporaries.")

Next week will be published (as "Lives" are the rage)
The whole Reminiscences, wondrous and strange,
Of a small puppy-dog that lived once in the cage
Of the late noble lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call "sad,"
'Tis a puppy that much to good breeding pretends;
And few dogs have such opportunities had
Of knowing how lions behave—among friends.

How that animal eats, how he moves, how he drinks,
Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks
That the lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roar'd pretty well—this the puppy allows—
It was all, he says, borrow'd—all second-hand roar;
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the lion could pour.

'Tis indeed as good fun as a CYNIC could ask,
To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits
Takes gravely the lord of the forest to task,
And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)
With sops every day from the lion's own pan,
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcase,
And—does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book's a good book, being rich in
Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen,
Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead.
WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

When Love is kind,
Cheerful and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.

But when Love brings
Heartache or pang,
Tears and such things—
Love may go hang!

If Love can sigh
For one alone,
Well pleased am I
To be that one.

But should I see
Love giv'n to rove
To two or three,
Then—good-bye, Love!

Love must, in short,
Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
And evil too.

Else, here I swear,
Young Love may go,
For aught I care—
To Jericho.

[*]

367
BREVITIES.

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THE SURPRISE.

Chloris, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more.—
"What! love no more? Oh! why this alter’d vow?"
Because I cannot love thee more than now!

---

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!
'Tis thus the world’s obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen!

---

SCIENCE.

Science! to you
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu:
Still flying from nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
TO CLOE.

You forget how superior, for mortals below,
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
Oh! who, that has ever had rapture complete,
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;
How rays are confused, or how particles fly,
Through the medium refined of a glance or a sigh!
Is there one who but once would not rather have known it,
Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it?

TO ———.

WHEN I loved you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute:
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it!

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you is pleasant enough,
And, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I COULD resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me;
And though your lip be rich with dew,
To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However oft I've raved about it;
And though your heart can beat with bliss,
I think my soul could live without it.
A LEAKY HEART.

In short, I've learn'd so well to fast,
    That, soothe my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last
    To—do without you altogether!

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
    Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
    And murmuring, then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
    Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And, having swell'd a moment there,
    Thus melts into eternity.

ENGLAND.

WRITTEN FROM WASHINGTON, 1804.

That land I love,
Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and serene;
Where sovereign man can condescend to see
The throne and laws more sovereign still than he!

A LEAKY HEART.

My heart is a sieve where some scatter'd affections
Are just danced about for a moment or two,
And the finer they are, the more sure to run through.
ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE.

Quest. Why is a pump like V-sc—nt C-stl-r—gh?
Ans. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CATHOLIC DELEGATE AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

Said his Highness to Ned, with that grim face of his,
"Why refuse us the Veto, dear Catholic Neddy?"—
"Because, Sir," said Ned, looking full in his phiz,
"You're forbidding enough, in all conscience, already!"

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"I never give a kiss," says Prue,
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not give a kiss, 'tis true;
She'll take one though, and thank you for it!

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no one Muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye, at once, to all the nine!
"Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un Angelo."

Die when you will, you need not wear
At heaven's court a form more fair
Than beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see—
The voice we hear—and you will be
An angel ready-made for heaven!

Selections from "A Melologue upon National Music."

O MUSIC! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same;
And, faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

WHEN Athens nursed her olive bough,
With hands by tyrant power unchain'd,
And braided for the Muse's brow
A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd:
When heroes trod each classic field
Where coward feet now faintly falter:
When every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar.

SEE, from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetic flies to war;
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;
SELECTIONS.

A conqueror oft—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever!

O War, when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys.
Nor Music, through thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of Him who made all harmony,
Than the bless'd sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty.

SPANISH AIR—"YA DESPERTO."

But ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valour's force nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right—
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
Of buried hopes remember'd well,
Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded?
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at Memory's shrine?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
O Erin, thine!

*
Corruption and Intolerance:

TWO POEMS:

ADDRESS TO AN ENGLISHMAN BY AN IRISHMAN.
CORRUPTION: AN EPISTLE.

Boast on, my friend—though stript of all beside,
Thy struggling nation still retains her pride:
That pride which once in genuine glory woke
When Marlborough fought, and brilliant St. John spoke;
That pride which still, by time and shame unstung,
Outlives even Whitelocke's sword and Hawkesbury's tongue!
Boast on, my friend, while in this humble isle
Where honour mourns and freedom fears to smile,
Where the bright light of England's fame is known
But by the baleful shadow she has thrown
On all our fate, where, doom'd to wrongs and slights,
We hear you boast of Britain's glorious rights,
As wretched slaves that under hatches lie,
Here those on deck extol the sun and sky!
Boast on, while wandering through my native haunts,
I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts;
And feel, though close our wedded countries twine,
More sorrow for my own than pride from thine.

Yet pause a moment—and if truth severe
Can find an inlet to that courtly ear,
Which loves no politics in rhyme but Pye's,
And hears no news but Ward's gazetted lies—
If aught can please thee but the good old saws
Of "Church and State," and "William's matchless laws,"
And "Acts and rights of glorious Eighty-eight,"—
Things which, though now a century out of date,
Still serve to ballast, with convenient words,
A few crank arguments for speaking lords;
Turn, while I tell how England's freedom found,
Where most she look'd for life, her deadliest wound;
How brave she struggled, while her foe was seen,
How faint since influence lent that foe a screen;
How strong o'er James and Popery she prevail'd,
How weakly fell, when Whigs and gold assail'd.

While kings were poor, and all those schemes unknown
Which drain the people, but enrich the throne;
Ere yet a yielding Commons had supplied
Those chains of gold by which themselves are tied;
Then proud Prerogative, untaught to creep
With bribery's silent foot on Freedom's sleep,
Frankly avow'd his bold enslaving plan,
And claim'd a right from God to trample man!
But Luther's light had too much warn'd mankind
For Hampden's truth to linger long behind;
Nor then, when king-like popes had fallen so low,
Could pope-like kings escape the levelling blow.
That ponderous sceptre (in whose place we bow
To the light talisman of influence now),
Too gross, too visible to work the spell
Which modern power performs, in fragments fell:
In fragments lay, till, patch'd and painted o'er
With fleur-de-lis, it shone and scourged once more.

'Twas then, my friend, thy kneeling nation quaff'd
Long, long and deep, the churchman's opiate draught
Of tame obedience—till her sense of right
And pulse of glory seem'd extinguish'd quite;
And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain
That wakening Freedom call'd almost in vain.
O England! England! what a chance was thine,
When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd line
Fled from his sullied crown, and left thee free
To found thy own eternal liberty!
How bright, how glorious in that sunshine hour,
Might patriot hands have raised the triple tower
Of British freedom, on a rock divine
Which neither force could storm nor treachery mine!
But, no—the luminous, the lofty, plan,
Like mighty Babel, seem'd too bold for man:
The curse of jarring tongues again was given
To thwart a work which raised men near to heaven.
While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce begun,
While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done,
The time was lost, and William, with a smile,
Saw Freedom weeping o'er the unfinish'd pile!

Hence all the ills you suffer,—hence remain
Such galling fragments of that feudal chain
Whose links, around you by the Norman flung,
Though loosed and broke so often, still have clung.
Hence sly Prerogative, like Jove of old,
Has turn'd his thunder into showers of gold,
Whose silent courtship wins securer joys,
Taints by degrees, and ruins without noise.
While parliaments, no more those sacred things
Which make and rule the destiny of kings,
Like loaded dice by Ministers are thrown,
And each new set of sharpers cog their own.
Hence the rich oil, that from the treasury steals
And drips o'er all the Constitution's wheels,
Giving the old machine such pliant play,
That Court and Commons jog one joltless way,
288

CORRUPTION.

While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,
So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far;
And the duped people, hourly doom'd to pay
The sums that bribe their liberties away—
Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
See their own feathers pluck'd to wing the dart,
Which rank corruption destines for their heart!
But soft! my friend, I hear thee proudly say,
"What! shall I listen to the impious lay,
That dares, with Tory licence, to profane
The bright bequest of William's glorious reign?
Shall the great wisdom of our patriot sires,
Whom Hawkesbury quotes and savoury B-rch admires,
Be slander'd thus? Shall honest St-le agree
With virtuous R-se to call us pure and free,
Yet fail to prove it? Shall our patent pair
Of wise state-poets waste their words in air,
And Pye unheeded breathe his prosperous strain,
And Canning take the people's sense in vain?"

The people!—ah, that Freedom's form should stay
Where Freedom's spirit long hath pass'd away!
That a false smile should play around the dead,
And flush the features when the soul has fled!
When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,
When her foul tyrant sat on Capreae's heights
Amid his ruffian spies, and doomed to death
Each noble name they blasted with their breath,—
Even then—in mockery of that golden time,
When the Republic rose revered, sublime,
And her free sons, diffused from zone to zone,
Gave kings to every country but their own)—
Even then the senate and the tribunes stood,
Insulting marks, to shew how Freedom's flood
CORRUPTION.

Had dared to flow in glory's radiant day,
And how it ebb'd,—for ever ebb'd away!

Oh, look around—though yet a tyrant's sword
Nor haunts your sleep, nor glitters o'er your board,
Though blood be better drawn by modern quacks,
With treasury leeches than with sword or axe;
Yet say, could even a prostrate tribune's power
Or a mock senate, in Rome's servile hour,
Insult so much the rights, the claims of man,
As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan,
Of noble tools and honourable knaves,
Of pension'd patriots and privileged slaves;—
That party-colour'd mass, which nought can warm
But quick Corruption's heat—whose ready swarm
Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,
Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die;—
That greedy vampire, which from Freedom's tomb
Comes forth, with all the mimicry of bloom
Upon its lifeless cheeks, and sucks and drains
A people's blood to feed its putrid veins!

Oh, what a picture!—yes, my friend, 'tis dark—
"But can no light be found—no genuine spark
Of former fire to warm us? Is there none,
To act a Marvell's part?"—I fear not one.
To place and power all public spirit tends,
In place and power all public spirit ends;
Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,
When out, 'twill thrive—but taken in, 'twill die!

Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom hung
From Sidney's pen, or burn'd on Fox's tongue,
Than upstart Whigs produce each market night,
While yet their conscience, as their purse, is light;
While debts at home excite their care for those 
Which, dire to tell, their much-loved country owes, 
And loud and upright, till their price be known, 
They thwart the King's supplies to raise their own. 
But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum—
So settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb. 
And though I feel as if indignant Heaven 
Must think that wretch too foul to be forgiven, 
Who basely hangs the bright protecting shade 
Of Freedom's ensign o'er Corruption's trade, 
And makes the sacred flag he dares to show 
His passport to the market of her foe,
Yet, yet I own, so venerably dear 
Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my ear, 
That I enjoy them, though by rascals sung, 
And reverence Scripture even from Satan's tongue. 
Nay, when the constitution has expired, 
I'll have such men, like Irish wakers, hired 
To sing old " Habeas Corpus" by its side, 
And ask, in purchased ditties, why it died?

See that smooth lord, whom nature's plastic pains 
Seem to have destined for those Eastern reigns 
When eunuchs flourish'd, and when nerveless things 
That men rejected were the chosen of kings;—
Even he, forsooth (oh, mockery accurst!), 
Dared to assume the patriot's name at first—
Thus Pitt began, and thus begin his apes:
Thus devils, when first raised, take pleasing shapes. 
But, O poor Ireland! if revenge be sweet 
For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit 
And with'ring insult—for the Union thrown 
Into thy bitter cup, when that alone 
Of slavery's draught was wanting—if for this 
Revenge be sweet, thou hast that demon's bliss:
For oh, 'tis more than hell's revenge to see
That England trusts the men who've ruin'd thee;—
That, in these awful days, when every hour
Creates some new or blasts some ancient power,
When proud Napoleon, like the burning shield
Whose light compell'd each wond'ring foe to yield,
With baleful lustre blinds the brave and free,
And dazzles Europe into slavery—
That, in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,
When mind should rule, and—Fox should not have died,
All that devoted England can oppose
To enemies made fiends and friends made foes,
Is the rank refuse, the despised remains
Of that unpitying power, whose whips and chains
Made Ireland first, in wild and wicked trance,
Turn false to England—give her hand to France.
Those hack'd and tainted tools, so foully fit
For the grand artisan of mischief, P-.tt,
So useless ever but in vile employ,
So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy—
Such are the men that guard thy threaten'd shore,
O England! sinking England! boast no more!

* *

INTOLERANCE: A SATIRE.

Start not, my friend, nor think the Muse will stain
Her classic fingers with the dust profane
Of bulls, decrees, and fulminating scrolls,
That took such freedom once with royal souls,
INTOLERANCE.

When heaven was yet the Pope's exclusive trade,
And kings were damn'd as fast as now they're made.
No, no—let Duigenan search the papal chair
For fragrant treasures long forgotten there;
And as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks
That little swarthy gnomes delight in stinks,
Let sallow Perceval snuff up the gale
Which Wizard Duigenan's gather'd sweets exhale;
Enough for me, whose heart has learn'd to scorn
Bigots alike in Rome or England born,
Who loathe the venom whencesoe'er it springs,
From popes or lawyers, pastry-cooks or kings,—
Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,
As mirth provokes, or indignation burns,
As Canning vapours, or as France succeeds,
As Hawkesb'ry proses, or as Ireland bleeds!

And thou, my friend, if, in these headlong days,
When bigot zeal her drunken antics plays
So near a precipice, that men the while
Look breathless on and shudder while they smile—
If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to look
To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook
Which Heaven hath freed from poisonous things in vain,
While Gifford's tongue and Musgrave's pen remain—
If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got
To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot,
Whose wrongs, though blazon'd o'er the world they be,
Placemen alone are privileged not to see—
Oh! turn a while, and, though the shamrock wreathes
My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes
Of Ireland's slavery and of Ireland's woes,
Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes
INTOLERANCE.

Shall but exist all future knaves to warn,
Embalm'd in hate and canonised by scorn,
When Castlereagh, in sleep still more profound
Than his own opiate tongue now deals around,
 Shall wait th' impeachment of that awful day,
Which even his practised hand can't bribe away.

And, O my friend, wert thou but near me now
To see the spring diffuse o'er Erin's brow
Smiles that shine out, unconquerably fair,
Even through the blood-marks left by Camden there,
Couldst thou but see what verdure paints the sod
Which none but tyrants and their slaves have trod,
And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave,
That warms the soul of each insulted slave,
Who, tired with struggling, sinks beneath his lot,
And seems by all but watchful France forgot—
Thy heart would burn—yes, even thy Pittite heart
Would burn, to think that such a blooming part
Of the world's garden, rich in nature's charms,
And fill'd with social souls and vigorous arms,
Should be the victim of that canting crew,
So smooth, so godly—yet so devilish too;
Who, arm'd at once with prayer-books and with whips,
Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips,
Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
Make this life hell, in honour of the next!
Your Redesdales, Percevals—O gracious Heaven,
If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue forgiven,
When here I swear, by my soul's hope of rest,
I'd rather have been born, ere man was blest
With the pure dawn of Revelation's light,
Yes,—rather plunge me back in Pagan night,
And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,
Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
INTOLERANCE.

Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey;
Which binding polity in spiritual chains,
And tainting piety with temporal stains,
Corrupts both state and church, and makes an oath
The knave and atheist's passport into both;
Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know
Nor bliss above nor liberty below,
Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's fear,
And, lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him here!
But no—far other faith, far milder beams
Of heavenly justice warm the Christian's dreams;
His creed is writ on Mercy's page above
By the pure hands of all-atoning Love:
He weeps to see his soul's religion twine
The tyrant's sceptre with her wreath divine;
And he, while round him sects and nations raise
To the one God their varying notes of praise,
Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may be,
That serves to swell the general harmony.

Such was the spirit, gently, grandly bright,
That fill'd, O Fox! thy peaceful soul with light;
While, blandly speeding, like that orb of air
Which folds our planet in its circling care,
The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind
Embraced the world, and breathed for all mankind.
Last of the great, farewell!—yet not the last—
Though Britain's sunshine hour with thee be past,
Ierne still one gleam of glory gives,
And feels but half thy loss while Grattan lives.

*
The Odes of Anacreon:

A SELECTION.
THE ODES OF ANACREON:
A SELECTION.

I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy braid,
The fervour of my brows to shade;
Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er would shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimmed their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from every bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no more!

One day the Muses twined the hands
Of baby Love with flowery bands,
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant as her slave.
THE ODES OF ANACREON.

His mother comes with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;
His mother sues, but all in vain,
He ne’er will leave his chains again.
Nay, should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay;
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
Who could wish for liberty?"

Observe when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours which at evening weep
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean’s misty tears.
The moon, too, quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since nature’s holy law is drinking,
I’ll make the laws of nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine!

To all that breathe the airs of heaven
Some boon of strength has nature given.
When the majestic bull was born,
She fenced his brow with wreathed horn;
She arm’d the courser’s foot of air,
And wing’d with speed the panting hare.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, on the ocean’s crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plumed the warbling world of love.
To man she gave the flame refined,
The spark of heaven—a thinking mind!
And had she no surpassing treasure
For thee, O woman! child of pleasure?
She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies!
She gave thee beauty—blush of fire,
That bids the flames of war retire!
Woman! be fair, we must adore thee!
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;
But surely 'tis the worst of pain
To love and not be loved again!
Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, light of birth,
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.
Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream,
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven—
Forgive him not, indignant Heaven!
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled!
THE ODES OF ANACREON.

War too has sullied nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms!
And oh! the worst of all is art,
I feel it breaks the lover's heart!

If hoarded gold possess'd a power
To lengthen life's too-fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every day should swell my store;
That when the Fates would send their minion,
To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
I might some hours of life obtain,
And drive him back to hell again.
But since we ne'er can charm away
The mandate of that awful day,
Why do we vainly weep at fate,
And sigh for life's uncertain date?
The light of gold can ne'er illume
The dreary midnight of the tomb!
And why should I then pant for treasures?
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine!
Around me, let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;
And while the red cup circles round,
Mingle in soul as well as sound!
My soul, to festive feeling true,
One pang of envy never knew;
And little has it learn'd to dread
The gall that envy's tongue can shed.
Away! I hate the slanderous dart
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart;
And oh! I hate with all my soul
Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,
Where every cordial heart should be
Attuned to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the soul of song
Expire the silver heart along;
Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

Within this goblet rich and deep
I cradle all my woes to sleep;
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be seal'd in sleep;
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
Oh! let us quaff the rosy wave
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet rich and deep
Cradle our crying woes to sleep!

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet I can quaff the brimming wine
As deep as any stripling fair,
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
And if, amidst the merry crew,
I'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,
Thou shalt behold this vigorous hand,
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!
Let those who pant for Glory's charms,
Embrace her in the field of arms;
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond the bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its honey'd wave!
For though my fading years decay,
And though my bloom has pass'd away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
I'll mingle 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies o'er again.

When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;
Gives me wealthy Cæsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul dilates with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!
Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
Let me, O my budding vine,  
Spill no other blood than thine.  
Yonder brimming goblet see,  
That alone shall vanquish me.  
Oh! I think it sweeter far  
To fall in banquet than in war!

Away, away, you men of rules,  
What have I to do with schools?  
They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,  
But would they make me love and drink?  
Teach me this; and let me swim  
My soul upon the goblet's brim;  
Age begins to blanch my brow,  
I've time for nought but pleasure now.  
Fly and cool my goblet's glow  
At yonder fountain's gelid flow;  
I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink  
This soul to slumber as I drink!  
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,  
You'll deck your master's grassy grave;  
And there's an end—for ah! you know  
They drink but little wine below!

And whose immortal hand could shed  
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?  
And in a frenzied flight of soul  
Sublime as heaven's eternal pole,  
Imagine thus, in semblance warm,  
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form  
Floating along the silvery sea  
In beauty's glorious majesty!  
Light as the leaf that summer's breeze
Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,
She floats upon the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepy rest,
And stealing on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the dancing billows.
Her bosom, like the humid rose,
Her deck like dewy-sparkling snows,
Illumine the liquid path she traces,
And burn within the stream's embraces!
In languid luxury soft she glides,
Encircled by the azure tides,
Like some fair lily faint with weeping,
Upon a bed of violets sleeping!
Beneath their queen's inspiring glance
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
While, sparkling on the silver waves,
The tenants of the briny caves
Around the pomp in eddies play,
And gleam along the watery way.

Golden hues of youth are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay,
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom!
This awakes my hourly sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road;
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!
Fill me, boy, as deep a draught
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd;
But let the water amply flow
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
For, though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Oh! be it ne'er the birth of madness!
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight!
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we wreathe,
Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song!

Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn,
The stream of Amalthea's horn!
Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince my own;
To totter through his train of years,
The victim of declining fears.
One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity!

Cupid, whose lamp has lent the ray
Which lightens our meandering way,
Cupid within my bosom stealing,
Excites a strange and mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though severely teasing,
And teases, though divinely pleasing!
THE ODES OF ANACREON,

Let me resign a wretched breath,
   Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death
   To soothe my misery!

I know thou lovest a brimming measure,
   And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure,
   Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

I fear that love disturbs my rest,
   Yet feel not love’s impassion’d care;
I think there’s madness in my breast,
   Yet cannot find that madness there.

From dread Leucadia’s frowning steep,
   I’ll plunge into the whitening deep;
And there I’ll float to waves resign’d,
   For love intoxicates my mind!

Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine;
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O’er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brimmer—Love and I
Shall no more the gauntlet try.
Here—upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul!

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