

Elegiac
SONNETS,
AND
OTHER POEMS,

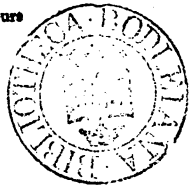


BY

T. WYATT.



————— The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
At once draws out the sting of life and death,
And walks with Nature in the paths of PEACE.



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P R E F A C E.

IT so rarely happens that a second attempt in any species of writing equals the first in the public opinion, when the first has been successful; but having once before had recourse to the indulgence of a generous public in publishing a book by subscription, and knowing it had been done so often by persons with whom it is honorable to be ranked, and the very august patronage with which I am now honored, I send this small Volume of Poems into the world with some greater degree of confidence than otherwise I should have done.

Incorrect, I fear, this will be found in many parts; but I was too timid to stray far into the flowery paths of ornament, not being insensible of the arduous task I was engaged in, in offering to the world the following Poems, and not without an anxious apprehension of my inadequacy to accomplish it; but trust that the many defects that will unquestionably be found in my best endeavours, will not be severely judged by the lenient tribunal of an indulgent public.

I cannot conclude this short address without returning my most grateful thanks to those who so kindly honored my former work; and it will be one of the proudest moments of my life to look back on that period, when their cheering smile first beamed on the early effort of my muse. T. W.

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I B E R I A,

A Poem.

IBERIA.

O Ye who search the mazes of the heart,
Weigh its perfections and its pow'rs explore !
Is there a virtue more divinely bright
Recorded to us from fam'd days of yore,
Than mild benevolence ? Her radiant beams
Illuminate the breast—dispel the gloom
Of sordid passions and o'erflowing rage—
The seed of virtue foster and perfume.

So blithe ey'd Spring with smiles and gentle airs
Temperates the sky, and milder rays impart
From biting winds—unbinds the frozen glebe,
And joy diffuses to the conscious heart.

With fresh distilling dews prepares the year,
When sweet and blushing like a virgin bride ;
When wanton gales along the vallies play
The radiant morn resumes her orient pride.

Is there a state more piteous than of men
Gallant and brave doom'd by ambition's rage
To pine in thraldom?—heirs of light and life !
Deeds so recorded stain the epic page.

Their precious birthright, 'reft by lawless pow'r
 Reluctant dragg'd—no galling task delay'd—
 No lenient hopes—no ray of promis'd bliss
 To cheer their toil—desponding and dismay'd:

While stern oppression with rapacious grasp
 Seizes the pittance earn'd with sleepless care,
 A scant provision for their feeble age
 Or death-bed languor—each is doom'd to share.

IBERIA, for thee my spirit grieves!
 By nature destin'd the retreat of peace
 Not smiling freedom, like BRITANNIA girt
 With guardian waves, thy vales and rolling seas.

To persevering toil and culture yield
Abundance, but spontaneously profuse
To pamper sloth, not fertile to reward
Or bring the arts of industry to use.

The *Carsic* false, with his perfidious arts,
Imposed the yoke of thralldom on thy spoils:
With honour promis'd thus from age to age
Thy genius struggled with incessant toils.

With mind insatiate burning with the pangs
Of wild ambition thwarted pour'd an host
Leag'd, with injustice to o'erwhelm the sons
Of liberty—to them that name is lost!

The glorious deeds of Britain's warlike sons—
To shield the guiltless and defend the weak,
T'arise and break oppression's iron-rod,
And hear the pleading voice of merey speak.

That voice which penetrates and fires the heart,
Rouses the pow'rs of action, and dispels
The chaster thoughts pleasure's deluding dream,
Or paint in horrid tints what mem'ry tells.

Her tender weeping eye to Albion's cliffs
The goddess turns all wretched and forlorn :
So weeps a mother injured and oppress'd,
Or flies for succour to her elder born.

O Britons ! let her pleading touch your hearts,
You she hath cherish'd ; by your pow'r withheld
In times of peril, chearfully sustain'd
Oppression's weapons bravely hath repell'd.

Your fields prolific with abundance wave,
Your crowded streets, with commerce copious
pours
With product rich exchange'd from Afric's coast,
The boon of industry from Western shores.

From every clime glad commerce spreads her
sails :
Her fragrant bounty wafts with every wind
Across the Atlantic to the Ganges wide,
And rare productions from the groves of Ind.

IBERIA arise! waste not that heroic pow'r
Destin'd by nature for illustrious deeds
In revelry and riot; O how long
Has deadly faction sown its pois'nous seeds,

Harrow'd your souls with enmity and strife,
Distracted reason and enjoy'd your rest?
What frenzied spirit hath your hearts inflam'd,
Your troubled minds with dire discord possess?

O shameless race! the sordid thirst of gain
And pleasure's pois'nous draught that's drank
around
Without a murmur, tame can ye behold
Oppression lewd, nor tremble at the sound?

Pursuing the guiltless with inhuman rage,
To keep from liberty the galling slave
Who's doom'd to groan beneath a tyrant's lash,
To crush the freeborn and enthral the brave.

Mov'd with compassion, while in thought I view
IBERIA ; for thee my spirit grieves !—
Thy cities desolate—thy fruitless fields—
Thy warriors perish—How my bosom heaves !

Suspicion dark their louring visage clouds
When avarice warps the proud oppressor's heart ;
What sense of merit from his dark'ned soul
Can shield th' oppressed from his galling smart ?

Against such deeds, mild virtue cries aloud
Unpitied, unrelieved, breed lasting hate,
Yield consolation, misery worse than death
Triumphant soars with tyranny elate.

O ye who roll the eye with fierce disdain !
Do not the trembling tortur'd giour* deride,
Condemned by partial fortune to endure
The stripes of avarice—the scorn of pride.

Impute not guile within his aching breast !
Ye teach him feelings that inflame his heart ;
With loss of liberty, sweet smiling maid,
Ye sons of Albion at such horror start.

* Slave,
C

If by your deeds you shew your genuine zeal
For independence, not an airy dream,
Know, on your spirits the renewing pow'r
Of liberty descending, light shall gleam.

'Tis Virtue's cause—that plant of healing pow'r!
Rear'd by the hand of smiling liberty,
Preserves the blossoms from the raging blast
And blooms to justice, temperance, and joy.

O BRITONS! humanize such direful tribes
Who o'er the rich Iberian forests roam,
Or silver Tagus banks, with rancour dread,
Torn with resentment from their native home.

Arise distinguish'd, blast ambition's hopes!
Frustrate her dark designs! The heroic deed
Shall live recorded in the page of fame,
And seek its ensigns from a nation's meed.

From Time's impetuous tide, whose currents
sweep
Kingdoms and nations down the gulph below
Of dark oblivion, rescues and preserves
The wreath of virtue from a foreign foe.

His rip'ning harvests, conscious of his bliss,
Secure of wrongs the peasant shall behold;
Thus to his sons shall he rehearse the praise
Of British virtue—which he oft has told.

“ My sons, revere fair ALBION’S chosen race,
“ Whose gen’rous hearts their tenderness has
 prov’d;
“ When spoilers rose against us from afar,
“ They heard our sighs, were by our sorrows
 mov’d.”

Such galling slavery—forbid it Heav’n !
Heroic BRITAIN, true to freedom’s cause,
Her rights shall vindicate—avenge her wrongs—
And heap confusion on her faithless foes !

AN ODE

ON

THE BIRTH DAY

OF

The late Princess Charlotte,

Which was received with her usual condescension.



BIRTH-DAY ODE.

A WAKE, my Muse! soar on poetic wings,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings,
This happy day thy festive joy declare
That gave to Brunswick's stem a rose so fair.

Hail, Princess, hail! accept these grateful lines,
On thy fair morn the star of virtue shines.
O, may each happy day like this appear
To add new pleasures each revolving year.

May every virtuous joy your life attend
That Heav'n's indulgent Providence can send.
Still may that star alone your precepts guide
And live to be Old England's greatest pride.

ELLEN.

A Tale.



ELLEN.

WHERE Western radiance streaks the skies
At setting of the sun
And varying in ten thousand dyes
A glorious race is run.

Where blooming beauty decks the scene
And nature smiles around,
In pristine harmony serene
Ere decadence was found.

One only daughter life endear'd
In every softer hour,
Estate was neither wish'd nor fear'd,
No sigh was breath'd for pow'r.

Young ELLEN was beyond compare
The pride of all the plain;
Fair, yet belov'd by every fair:
Ador'd by every swain.

Though nature had each charm combin'd
The beauteous maid to grace,
And bid the sweetness of her mind
Stand pictur'd in her face,



Yet fortune from her earliest years
A fate disast'rous wove
And doom'd her to an age of tears
From unsuspecting love.

In childhood, hapless state, bereft
Of parents' watchful care,
Her in experienc'd youth was left
A prey to every snare.

One only fault the maid possess'd
(If that a fault ye deem,)
A tender unsuspecting breast
Too lavish of esteem.

Unvers'd in woes that others find
In wiles that others fear ;
Artless herself, she thought mankind
Were like herself sincere.

But ah ! ere yet the luckless maid
Had fifteen summers led,
Her faith and honour were betray'd—
Her happiness was fled.

Blame not, ye fair, to censure prove;
Nor pity's tears expel ;
Like her, had you temptation known,
Like her you might have fell.

Within this sweet enchanting spot
Dwelt Henry, pride of life !
An easy competence his lot
Exempt of worldly strife.

But still he with successful art
To win her favor strove,
Long practis'd on her youthful heart,
And early gain'd her love.

Fraught with each soft resistless charm—
With each persuasive pow'r,
He still'd discretion's kind alarm
And cropt the virgin flower.

Her orphan state—her tender years—
Her pure unspotted fame,
Serv'd but to hush his guilty fears,
And fan his lawless flame.

By honor's dictates unrestrain'd,
By faith nor justice sway'd,
That confidence his vows obtain'd—
His perfidy betray'd.

Like him, too oft, ungovern'd youth
Whom wealth and honors crown,
For sensual joys forget the truth—
For infamy renown.

Ah! can they lasting peace expect
While thus, for transient joy,
That innocence they should protect
They labor to destroy?

So soon will youthful frolic fail
Its swift—its rapid flight,
And hast'ning age remorse shall bring
For libertine delight.

When thoughtless youth's career is o'er,
When health and vigour fail,
Pleasure's gay phantoms charm no more,
And reason will prevail.

E

The man whom virtue does not bind
No real comfort knows,
Nor e'er enjoys a peace of mind
That innocence bestows.

In folly's most licentious scenes,
Amidst its choicest hours,
Reproaching conscience intervenes,
And every transport sours.

So did poor Ellen's hapless fate
Fill Henry's breast with care,
Nor could the vain parades of state
Protect him from despair.

He saw the beauties once he priz'd
All withered in their bloom,
By lawless passion sacrific'd
Untimely to the tomb.

For how could injur'd honor look
Its author in the face?
Or how could suffering Virtue brook
Injustice and disgrace?

No sorrow could afford relief:
No penitence atone:
The sigh she gave to others' grief
She wanted for her own.

The partners of her youthful years
Not pitying her distress,
Nor kindly sought to dry her tears,
Nor strove to make them less.

Her lov'd companions turn'd away,
To former friendship cold,
And left her in affliction's day
Uncherish'd—unconsol'd.

So ever through the world we find
Each breast at woe recoil,
And all the favors of mankind
But last while fortune smile.

Too just, life's guilty joys endure,
Too weak its thorn to brave ;
No friend but death she could procure—
No comfort but the grave.

Awhile she Heav'n's forgiveness pray'd
For errors long confest,
Then sought the solitary shade—
And silent sunk to rest.

Poor Ellen's death, when Henry heard,
He gave a piteous groan ;
The censure of the world he fear'd—
But more he fear'd his own.

In vain he flew to crowds and courts,
Guilt every bliss destroys ;
Intruded on his morning sports,
And damp'd his evening joys.

O'ercome with constant grief at last,
With anguish and dismay,
He hied him to the lonely tomb
That held his Ellen's clay :

There weeping o'er the turf clad ground,
Of all existence tired,
He cast his streaming eyes around,
And mournfully expir'd.

ODE
to
FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP.



EXALTED passion! pure ethereal flame!
Reason's perfection! truest—best—delight!
Like her great laws, unchangably the same;
And, like her radiant source, serenely bright.

How shall I sing thee? best of human joys!
Thy blameless sweet endearments, how rehearse?
How aim a flight the soaring seraph tries,
Far too sublime for my unequal verse?

Do thou, Eliza ! now immortal maid,
Round whose fair brow celestial splendors shine,
In Friendship's cause vouchsafe thy fav'ring aid,
And teach the trembling lyre to copy thine.

Oh ! give the Muse with kindred warmth to glow,
The thoughts inspirit, and the numbers raise,
That all her animated strain may flow,
Suited to godlike Friendship's lasting praise !

Friendship ! the dearest blessing life can bring !
The noblest treasure mortals can enjoy !
Friendship !—of happiness the troubled spring,
Which time, nor death, nor absence can destroy.

Goddess inviolate! she rules the soul
With constancy no falshood can unbind :
She reigns, acknowledg'd far as pole from pole,
Triumphant on her spotless throne—the mind.

Her's is the joy when souls congenial meet,
Tun'd to one equal tone by love divine !
When social minds at first acquaintance greet,
An intercourse no language can define !

Her's is the sympathetic pleasure found,
When the full heart with kindness overflows ;
The union her's, by mutual honor bound—
The highest bliss that guardian heav'n bestows!

Of sacred Wisdom she, the faultless child,
Increases every blameless joy below ;
Or, join'd with Patience fair, (her sister mild)
Delights to soften every guiltless woe.

Vice, aw'd by her, amidst the blaze of pow'r,
Abash'd, the prevalence of Virtue owns ;
And helpless Innocence, in trouble's hour,
Enjoys a comfort not the gift of thrones.

When Flatt'ry, vain usurper of her name,
As Fortune wanes, recalls her idle host ;
Then kindles brightest her unalter'd flame,
As glows the friendly planet through the frost.

She smiles at Envy and corroding Time ;
Souls pair'd by her no pow'r can disunite :
Her balmy influence gladdens every clime,
And savage nations feel her fetters light.

When all of art, and all of nature, die ;
When the dissolving sun shall veil his head,
Friendship victorious shall adorn the sky—
Shall shine when all their fading pomp is fled !

Thence wide shall beam benevolent her ray
To worlds Philosophy has never guess'd ;
Gild with diffusive light the realms of day,
And yield eternal pleasure to the blest !

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

Commencement of a New Year.

THE NEW YEAR.



HAS this late year a single crime effac'd ?
Or rather, has it not the score increas'd,
And laid up cause of grief for future years ?
For future years! O blind presumptuous thought,
When not a moment's fleeting time is our's !
On this point only—this important *Now*,
(Strange awful truth !) eternity depends !

And yet this precious moment, man's whole trea-
This only stake for everlasting bliss, [sure,
Is given to painted toys!—to dust!—to wind!
And Wisdom, suing for her rightful claim,
Has the poor pittance of a courtier's pay—
An airy promise, and a faint resolve,
Both broke as soon as made; while Folly shouts
Exultingly at this—her fairest triumph!

And shall this year, like those already fled,
Be idly spent in song and vanity?
No! Let me now indeed begin to live!—
Let me press forward in the glorious chase
That leads to endless and unfading joys!

Tho' earth and hell combine t'obstruct my course
My God will arm me with his conq'ring pow'r,
And crown my victory with a diadem.

Turn then, my soul, from earth and all its wiles ;
Contemplate the delights the blest enjoy—
Delights full beaming from the throne of God,
Without cessation and without alloy,
To last for ever ! —————

Here let me pause, and leave to angel-tongues
The vast remainder ! Human thought, amazed,
Shrinks at the wide unfathomable deep—

Shrinks, but soon rises, and exulting views
The endless transports Heav'n designs for man !

Who would not, to secure such scenes of bliss,
Content endure whole ages of despair ?
But Heav'n requires not such an arduous task ;
It mingles sweets in every bitter draught,
And strews the thorny path with fragrant flow'rs:
Short is the journey!—blissful is its end !

O D E
to
HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS.



O HAPPINESS! thou best, thou sweetest good!
Admired and sought, but seldom understood,
And always at a painful-distance view'd:

Far distant still thy charms delusive rise,
And court our eager arms and longing eyes,
And prompt our fond desires and restless sighs.

If thou art but a dream—an empty name,
Then why this active pow'r, this quenchless flame
By Heav'n implanted in the human frame?

The great CREATOR, just—and good—and wise,
The wants of all his creatures well supplies,
Nor blessings to the lowest rank denies.

Shall Man alone unsatisfied remain?
Be doom'd to ceaseless unavailing pain?
Must all his ardent wishes rise in vain?

No! for Man there's yet a nobler bliss design'd,
A happiness of an immortal kind,—
Wide as his wishes—ample as his mind!

Earth never can bestow the sov'reign good;
The sacred Word unerring points the road
To happiness—to glory—and to God!

But heedless mortals oft mistake the way ;
In search of bliss on earth, we fondly stray :
Vain hope ! as well might glow-worms make
the day !

Gay forms of pleasure rise all smiling fair,
And tempt our feet through labyrinths of care,
Till, just in reach, we grasp the empty air.

Almighty goodness ! call our hearts and eyes
From these deceiving—tempting—vanities,
And upward bid our ardent wishes rise !

Oh ! bid each fatal fair illusion flee,
Mark out our path from ev'ry error free,
And let us seek for bliss alone in thee.



TO

M E M O R Y .



MEMORY.

'T'WAS at the close of dewy eve,
When heavy sun-beams linger'd near,
The wild and noisy throng I leave—
To think of scenes to memory dear.

When from the azure arch of Heav'n
O'er mountains steep the stars appear,
I muse the hours to sorrow given—
To think of scenes to memory dear.

Oft to the night-bird's song I list,
Drop to her gentle notes a tear,
And, careless of the damp'ning mist—
I think of scenes to memory dear.

Then as bright Cynthia rises high
And brings to view the prospect drear,
Oft echo will repeat the sigh—
That heaves for friends to memory dear.

And when the eve of life draws nigh
The thought of them my heart shall chear,
And my last falt'ring accents sigh—
Peace to the friends to memory dear.

When o'er my form the green turfs swell,
If e'er my friends should wander near,
Will they in moving accents tell—
How died the friend to memory dear?



THE

EXILE.



THE EXILE.



YE hills of my country, soft fading in blue,
Ye seats of my childhood, for ever adieu !
Yet not for a brighter, your skies I resign,
When my wand'ring footsteps are crossing the
Rhine.

But sacred to me is the roar of the wave
That mingles its tide with the blood of the brave,
Where the blasts of the trumpets for battles
combine,
And the heart was laid low that gave rapture
to mine.

Ye scenes of remembrance that sorrow beguil'd,
Your uplands I leave for the desolate wild ;
For nature is nought to the eye of despair
But the image of hopes that have vanish'd in air.

Again, ye fair blossoms of flow'r and of tree,
Ye shall bloom to the morn, tho' ye bloom not
for me ;
Again your lone woodpaths that wind up the
stream,
Be the haunt of the lover—to hope and to dream.

But never to me shall the summer renew
The bow'rs where the days of my happiness flew ;
Where my soul found her partner, and hop'd to
bestow
The colours of Heav'n on the dwellings of woe.

Too faithful records of times that are past,
The Eden of love that was ever to last!
Once more may soft accents your wild echos fill
And the young and the happy be worshipers still.

To me ye are lost ! but your summits of green
Shall charm thro' the distance of many a scene ;
In woe and in wand'ring, and deserts, return
Like the soul of the dead to the perishing urn.

Ye hills of my country, farewell evermore !
As I cleave the dark waves of your rock rugged
 shore,
And ask of the hov'ring gale, if it come
From the oak tow'ring woods on the mountains
 of home.

THE HERMIT.

A Dialogue.

THE HERMIT.



HERMIT!

STAY traveller, stay! so faint and weary,
Why o'er these mountains wilt thou roam?
Keen is the wind—'tis dark and dreary;
Pray Lady stay, ne'er quit my home.

The atmosphere is darkly clouded,
So deep—so loud—the cat'racts roar,
Nor by the lamp of night so shrouded
Canst thou so dark a pass explore.

K.

Dangers, dear Lady! will attend thee,
Before thou'lt reach yon warlike plain
Alone—no husband to defend thee—
No friendly voice to soothe thy pain.

LUCINDA.

Before thee, stranger, ever chearly,
Receive the homage of my heart;
The search of him I love so dearly
Compels me from a friend to part.

Three months have fled since heavy hearted
I left forlorn my native bow'rs;
By glory called, my lover parted,
To join the brave Fernando's pow'rs.

Yes, ere this luminary beaming
Her brightness o'er this spot shall shed,
Vittoria's tents, where arms are gleaming,
Must be the sad Lucinda's bed.

But may the choicest—richest—blessing
Of sad Lucinda rest on thee;
'Thy grateful heart such love possessing:
But may'st thou never love like me!

HERMIT.

Unknown to me such tales of sorrow:
Yet tears of sorrow now I shed;
Stay, dear Lucinda, till the morrow—
My humble pallet's for thee spread.

Oh ! tell me why disguis'd—unfriend'd—
Thou thus hast left thy sire in pain ?
Why in such garb—and unattended ?—
Why trace in fear Vittoria's plain ?

LUCINDA.

Detain me not, ye gen'rous stranger ;
'Tis Love commands—I must obey :
Lucinda never fears a danger
When love and duty lead the way.

Yon heav'nly orb, the dark dispelling,
Will guide Lucinda o'er the plain :
May Angels guard thy rustic dwelling,
Where thou hast tried to sooth my pain.

Perhaps e'en now he pines in anguish:
To him my trembling footsteps bend :
No more shall dear Alonza languish,
Bereft of every soothing friend.

HERMIT.

Stay, dear Lucinda, I'll discover :
No duty calls thy steps away ;
Thy weary wand'ring now is over :
Here with thy lost Alonza stay !

Yes ! 'tis my lov'd Lucinda's treasure,
In me the lost Alonza see ;
Dear to my throbbing heart's the pleasure
That Heav'n in pity reserv'd for me !

Thy faith—thy love—shall be rewarded—

No more shall fade a rose so fair !

For thee Alonza's life was guarded—

He lives to claim Lucinda dear !



THE

L A U R E L.

A Sonnet.



THE LAUREL.

~~~~~

**NOW** fam'd Waterloo has crown'd us with bays  
And bow'd to the Lords of the Wave ;  
The hand that bestow'd let us gratefully praise,  
And acknowledge the bounty that gave.

For the blessings thy mercy so frequently pours,  
Be prais'd, O Existence Divine !  
For tho' the advantage must always be our's,  
Yet the honor and glory are thine.

L.

Learn hence, O ye states who have tyrants  
withstood,  
In a Being so gracious to trust ;  
For his favor is always attending the good,  
And his mercy protecting the just.



*To the Memory of Lieut. W———, who fell  
in the Battle of Bergen-op-Zoom.*



---

---

ON LIEUT. W——.



**AH** me ! what sorrows are we born to hear !  
**How** many causes claim the falling tear !  
**In** one sad tenor life's dark current flows,  
**And** every moment has its load of woes.

**In** vain we toil for visionary ease,  
**Or** hope for blessings in the vale of peace :  
**Coy** happiness ne'er blesses human eyes,  
**Or** but appears a moment and then flies.



---

When peace itself can seldom dry the tear,  
What floods demand the weary waste of war,  
Where undistinguish'd ruin reigns o'er all :  
At once the timid and the valiant fall.

Where timeless shrouds enwrap the great and  
brave,  
And Henry sinks into a nameless grave :  
Dear hapless youth ! cut off in early bloom,  
A fair but mangled victim for the tomb !

No friendly hand to grace thy fall was near—  
No parent's eye to shed one pious tear—  
No favor'd maid to close thy languid eyes,  
And send thee mindful of her to the skies.

---

On some cold bank thy mangled limbs were laid :  
Oh! honor'd living, but neglected dead !  
Thus baulk'd the rising glory of thy name,  
And left unfinish'd an increasing fame.

Thus sunk for ever from a parent's eyes,  
Wer't ye not cruel, O ye partial skies ?  
A friend who doated on thy worth before—  
A friend who never shall behold thee more,

Who saw combin'd thy manly graces rise,  
To please the mind, and bless the ravish'd eyes—  
A soul replete with all that's great and fair—  
A form which cruel savages might spare.

---

Men born to grief, an unrelenting kind,  
Of breasts discordant and of various mind,  
Scarce midst of thousands find a single friend :  
If Heav'n at length the precious blessing send,

A sudden death recalls him from below ;  
A moment's bliss is paid with years of woe !  
What boots the rising sigh ? in vain we weep :  
We too, like him, so soon must fall asleep.

Life and its sorrows too will soon be o'er,  
And the heart heave with bursting sighs no more :  
Death sheds oblivious rest on every head,  
And one dull silence reigns o'er all the dead.

---

**Yes! thou'rt blest above the rolling sphere ;  
'Tis for myself, not thee, I shed the tear :  
Where shall I now such gen'rous friendship find ?  
Thou last best comfort of a drooping mind !**

**M**

---

MARY TO ST. OSWALD;  
OR,  
*THE MANIAC,*  
*A Ballad.*

---

M 2

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MARY TO ST. OSWALD.

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**O'ER barren wilds and lonely vales  
I seek my weary way,  
Unpitied too, I daily roam,  
For I have left my native home :  
Here's none to bid me stay.**

**The thunder rattles thro' the air—  
Thick mists around me fall—  
I see the angry spirit's come  
That drove me from my native home :  
Blessing—on thee I call !**

He heeds me not.—O what distress!  
The forked lightning glares,  
Jove thunders thro' the heav'ns above:  
Now where's that Oswald's cruel love—  
His life the tempest spares.

'Tis I alone that feels such woe—  
'Tis I who hears the knell—  
Forlorn I watch the midnight hour—  
And keenly feel love's sacred pow'r—  
O woe—too great to tell!

Poor Oswald's fled—O! where am I?  
Who'll give to me relief?  
My poor heart's burst—my bosom's bare—  
Where must I look to shun despair?—  
Where can I hide my grief?

---

How have I borne the frowns of Heav'n  
E'er since I left my home?  
My parent's heart I've broken quite—  
Inhuman Mary!—was that right?  
I fear the wrath to come.

O, guide me to my parents' tomb!  
I'll strew it o'er with flow'rs!  
O'er their dear forms no weeds shall grow—  
No stormy winds in anger blow—  
I'll raise around it bowers!

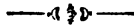
Hark! now the angry thunder's o'er!  
O list—that heav'nly strain!  
I hear my aged parent's voice!—  
O cruel Oswald, come—rejoice—  
We part to meet again.





ON

**MELANCHOLY.**



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## ON MELANCHOLY.



**ADIEU** vain mirth and noisy joys !

**Ye** gay desires ! deluding toys !

**Thou**, thoughtful Melancholy, deign

**To** hide me in thy pensive train !

**If** by the fall of murmuring floods,

**Where** awful shades embrown the woods,

**Or** if, where winds in caverns groan,

**Thou** wand'rest silent and alone ;

Come, blissful mourner ! wisely sad,  
In Sorrow's sable garments clad,  
Do thou my future hours employ :  
Sorrow, be thou henceforth my joy !

By tombs, where sullen spirits stalk,  
Familiar with the dead I walk ;  
While, to my sighs and groans, by turns,  
From graves the midnight echo mourns.

Open thy ruthless jaws, O tomb !  
Thou earth, conceal me in thy womb !  
And, ye, vile worms ! this frame confound :—  
(Ye brother reptiles of the ground !)

---

O life ! frail offspring of a day,  
Which passing moments steal away !  
Swift as the short-liv'd flow'r it flies—  
It springs—it blooms—it fades—it dies !

With cries, we usher in our birth—  
With groans, resign our transient breath ;  
While round stern ministers of fate,  
Pain—Disease—and Sorrow wait.

While childhood reigns, the sportive boy  
Learns only prettily to toy ;  
And, while he roves from play to play,  
The wanton trifles time away.

When to the noon of life we rise,  
The man grows elegant in vice;  
And arduous heights of greatness climbs  
'Midst foul and unrepented crimes.

When youth and strength in age are lost,  
He seems already half a ghost:  
Wither'd and wan, to earth he bows—  
A walking hospital of woes!

O, Happiness! thou empty name;  
Say, art thou bought by gold or fame?  
What art thou, Gold, but shining earth?  
Thou, common Fame, but common breath?

**Come then, thou friend of virtuous woe,  
With solemn pace, demure and slow ;  
By Heav'n instructed, I pursue  
Thy steps.—Adieu, vain world, adieu!**



ON

**SOLITUDE.**



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## ON SOLITUDE.

---

**SOFTLY** pleasing Solitude !  
Were thy blessings understood,  
Soon would thoughtless mortals grow  
Tir'd of noise, and pomp, and show ;  
And, with thee retreating, gain  
Pleasure—crowds pursue in vain !  
True, the friendly social mind  
Joy in converse oft can find ;



Not where empty Mirth presides,  
But with those whom Wisdom guides :  
Yet the long continued feast  
Sometimes palls upon the taste ;  
Kind alternate, then to be  
Lost in thought awhile with thee.  
Intellectual pleasures here\*  
In their truest light appear,  
Grave Reflection, (friendly pow'r,)  
Waits the lonely silent hour ;  
Spread before the mental eye,  
Actions past in order lie.

\* See Zimmerman on Solitude, and Book.

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By Reflection's needful aid  
Latent errors are display'd ;  
Thus Humility is taught—  
Thus confirm'd the better thought.  
Friends and soothing praise apart,  
Solitude unveils the heart.  
Poor the heart of pride bereft,  
Conscious sighs alone are left :  
Thus our poverty we know,  
And with high ambition glow ;  
Wishes rise for Wealth unfound  
Thro' the globe's capacious round.

Contemplation, (sacred guest!)  
Now inspires the ardent breast:  
Spreads her wings, and bids the mind  
Rise and leave the world behind:  
Now the mind enraptur'd soars!  
All the wealth of India's shores  
Is but dust beneath her eye;  
Nobler treasures kept on high—  
Treasures of eternal joy  
Now her great pursuit employ:  
Mansions of unknown delight—  
Language fails to tell how bright—  
See! the op'ning gates display  
Beaming far immortal day.

---

See! inviting angels smile,  
And applaud the glorious toil.  
Hark! they tune the charming lyre:  
Who can hear and not admire?  
Oh! the sweet though distant strain!  
All the joys of earth how vain!  
Nearer fain the mind would rise,  
Fain would gaze with eager eyes  
On the glories of the skies—  
But mortality denies,  
Dusky vapours cloud her sight,  
Down she sinks to earth and night;  
Then to Friendship calls again,  
(Gentle solace of her pain)

---

“ Friendship, with thy pleasing pow'r,

“ Come and cheer the mournful hour ;

“ Only Solitude and thee

“ Can afford a joy for me.”



**THE**  
**SNOW LOVE WALK.**



**P**

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## THE SNOW LOVE WALK.

---

'TWAS Christmas and the snow was high  
And Cynthia ruled the night,  
When William walked with Cicily,  
All by the silver light :

The wind sat north, and many a squall  
Full in their faces blew,  
They never felt the wind at all—  
They'd something else to do :

His right hand round her neck took hold—  
His left was round her waist;  
Love was not like the evening cold—  
Tho' like the ev'ning chaste.

Think of the gentle moon above—  
Think of the driven snow—  
As pure, as gentle, was their love :  
You ask me how I know !

Sir, I was told by Charity,  
(A nymph that thinks no ill,)  
And William vouch'd for Cicily,  
And Cicily for Will.



---

Now cheek to cheek they'd stand awhile,  
And something tender say :  
When Cicily climb'd o'er the stile  
Will turn'd another way.

She fairly told him all her fears—  
Will vow'd her fears were vain ;  
Then call'd her more than twenty dears.  
( I see the simple swain ! )

Will too had fears, as you shall find,  
And cou'd his fears impart ;  
“ Cicily,” quoth William, “ in my mind,  
“ Thou hast a frozen heart !—

“ Nor can I thaw it ! but the night

“ I ween has told the cause,

“ For let the moon shine e'er so bright—

“ The moon-shine never thaws.”

“ 'Tis from the face of burning noon

“ That frost begins to run ;

“ Cicily, thou think'st my love the moon—

“ But, Cicily, 'tis the sun.”

Now Cicily was just got home ;

“ William, good night !” quoth Cis ;

“ But Cicily,” said William, “ come,

“ Give Will one parting kiss !”

---

She gave it, and he felt the glee,  
E'en thro' and thro' his heart ;  
" Why now," quoth William, " Cicily,  
" What pity 'tis to part!"

Now, as I told you, nothing bad  
In this same love-walk pass'd,  
The only roguish thought he had  
He utter'd just at last.

Come, Cicily, Cicily, let us wed,  
The winter wind blows cold ;  
In youth, my comfort thou shalt be—  
And matron when I'm old !



THE  
MAN OF WORTH.



---

## THE MAN OF WORTH.



LET others skill'd in epic song  
Each val'rous deed rehearse  
Or soar'd midst battles ruthless throug  
Chaunt high the blood stain'd verse.

To gentler strains, from nature's lyre,  
The votive muse gives birth,  
Urged by a chaster—holier—fire,  
And sings the man of worth.

---

No trumpet sounds his hallow'd name—

No pomp surrounds his gates—

No senseless fashion hands to fame

His India floors or fêtes,

No principles debasing man—

No luxury taints his mirth—

Nor mad ambition warps the plan

Fram'd by the man of worth.

No courtier he of pliant knee

Cringing to pow'r or birth;—

Nor despot proud—nor rebel free—

Points out the man of worth.

---

No care-worn wretch by sorrow led  
Claims his support in vain—  
Nor meagre want by promise fed  
Is banish'd with disdain.

No friend borne down by adverse fate,  
Of kindness finds a dearth ;  
Nor jealous pride—nor envious hate—  
Dwells with the man of worth.

No female trusting to his vows  
Her easy faith deploras ;  
His love through honor's channel flows—  
On virtue's pinion soars.

As lover—relative—and friend—  
(Dear ties which bind to earth!)  
Trust me, ye fair! they ne'er can blend  
But in the man of worth!

When fops shall flatter to deceive,  
And passion urge its flame—  
When specious love the sigh shall heave  
And fond attention claim,

Ah! heed not thou the varied lure;  
(Offspring of sordid birth!)  
Nor deem thy tenderness secure—  
Save with the man of worth.



---

If blest with wealth—or rank—or pow'r—  
His liberal hand bestows  
Aid in Necessity's cold hour,  
And heals her varied woes ;

Or, if mysterious fate denies  
The meed of wealth or birth—  
A richer boon the *heart* supplies  
To bless the man of worth.

Pity's warm tear!—compassion's sigh!—  
Affection's softest charm!—  
Love searching looks which quick descry,  
And the mute wish disarm.

Sweet'ners of life!—soothers of care!—

Gems of celestial birth!—

Happy the female doom'd to share

These with the man of worth.

Then if my wayward fate bestows

The recompensing hour,

And grants the liberty that flows

From bliss within our pow'r,

Pity to Heav'n shall waft my pray'r,

And plead, that while on earth

This weary heart may rest from care,

Safe with the man of worth.

---

And when life's embers faintly glow—  
When death prepares his sting—  
When the tired arteries cease to flow—  
Nor friends can succour bring—

When on the bosom faint I lie  
Of him belov'd on earth,  
The falt'ring pray'r and ling'ring sigh  
Shall bless the man of worth.

R

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**REFLECTIONS**  
**ON**  
**THE CLOSE OF A YEAR.**

---

I've had a thousand ! and a day to me  
It is of as great importance as to O'Connell

---

ON  
THE CLOSE OF A YEAR.



**BORNE** by the silent energy of God,  
The circling earth has once more reach'd its goal.  
But, oh ! my soul, how many fleeting hours  
Are gone, and irrecoverably lost !  
When mighty Cæsar lost a single day,  
Perhaps, he sorrowing sigh'd ! But, what's a  
single day ?  
I've lost a thousand ! And a day to me  
Is of as great importance as to Cæsar.

---

And what is losing time ? 'Tis doing nothing--

A want of doing or receiving good :

'Tis a mere negative, subtracted evil !

And that how small, compared with greater  
crimes !

I've more than lost—I've misimprov'd my time,

Crowded it with trifles, sins, and follies :

Yet has the mighty Pow'r which gave me being

Still lengthen'd out forbearance !—Mercy  
strange!—

And, stranger still, his providential care

Has constantly supplied my every want !

Though great these blessings, greater still remain

Beyond the reach of praise, surpassing wonder !

For ne'er can mortal voice, nor seraph choirs  
With all their rapturous melody, declare  
Emanuel's immeasurable love !  
Am I convinc'd that earth's whole store of  
pleasures  
Will never yield their gaily promis'd bliss ?  
E'en in th' enjoyment, secret sighs arise  
Embitter'd oft by horror and disgust :  
But whence this knowledge ? Does the pain  
convince ?  
Or is it Heav'n that whispers to my soul,  
And tells me happiness is not below ?  
Else why these breathing wishes, strong desires,  
For true, substantial, permanent delight ?

---

If Heav'n inspire not, why is faith in Jesu,  
With holiness of heart, and love to God,  
So ardently desir'd ? —————

————— But, ah ! again  
Betray'd by Sin's seducing syren wiles,  
I meanly stoop to despicable toys,  
And learn again their wretched nothingness.

Give me, O Lord, enduring stedfast faith,  
And heav'n-born hope, and undivided love,  
That I may never disobey Thee more !  
Then, tun'd for praise, my joyful tongue shall sing  
Thy kindness, thy forbearance, mercy, truth,  
And everlasting love !—— But here I'm lost !



Nor man nor angels' pow'rs can reach the height  
Of that exalted theme. Yet a vile worm,  
Low in the dust, may wonder and adore !  
Yes, dearest Lord ! my praise tho' faint and mean  
Shall be the warmest ardors of my soul—  
My strongest transport—my sublimest joy,  
While fleeting life remains ; and when by death  
My spirit freed shall leave this load of clay,  
And mix with angels—then a bolder strain  
Shall fill my raptur'd soul and wake my lyre  
To notes divine : in softest harmony  
And perfect joy, I'll dwell on Jesu's name  
For ever !

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**LINES**  
**OCCASIONED**  
**BY**  
**THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.**

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THE  
DEATH OF A FRIEND.



**THOU** Grave! methought I heard thy awful  
name;  
And sudden horror chill'd my shiv'ring frame:  
Visions of sadness and sepulchral night  
Disorder'd swam before my aching sight.

'Twas then I saw a maid of youthful grace—  
Peace in her smile, but sickness in her face:  
I saw the death-dews on her forehead hung—  
The pallid lip, and the scarce-quiv'ring tongue:

I heard the dying farewell that she spoke—  
The sigh from her shut lips that trembling broke:  
Low in the lonely grave I saw her laid,  
(The damp cold cell of silence and of shade.)

Oh how it toll'd ! that melancholy bell !  
No more could Fancy on the vision dwell ;  
But dimly spied the train of shadowy forms,  
Of gliding spectres and their kindred worms.

And whence the horror that the vision gave ?  
What is the solemn import of the grave ?  
Why did I start and shudder at the name,  
And feel that shiv'ring chill that o'er me came ?

---

The grave is but a bed of long repose :  
Here *Sorrow* slumbers and forgets her woes :  
Here fainting *Sickness* lays her down to rest,  
Secure, O Earth, on thy maternal breast.

Here stay'd at last, the wand'ring pilgrim's feet  
From foe and tempest find a calm retreat :  
The rude winds now, that bow'd his weary head,  
But fan the flow'rs that bloom around his bed.

The grave—let sorrow cease, let praises rise—  
The grave is but the portal of the skies !  
Here, till th' immortal morn unbar the gates  
Of Paradise, the saint securely waits.

Or if, on cherub-wing, the spirit soars  
Straight to the throne of glory, and adores ;  
'Tis but the dust that slumbers in the tomb,  
In bliss to wake in youth's perpetual bloom.

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**THOUGHTS**  
**ON**  
**VISITING ST. PAUL'S.**

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ON

VISITING ST. PAUL'S..



**FORBEAR, vain man ! nor boast thy pow'r,**  
**Tho' glittering pomp await :**  
**Thou art but an exotic flow'r,**  
**Which blooms and withers in an hour,**  
**In thy terrestrial state.**

T



And what is happiness on earth ?  
A phantom rear'd by thought !  
Perchance an hour of jovial mirth  
To rosy wine may owe its birth ;  
But ah ! 'tis dearly bought.

For Care, with her unsightly train  
Of many—many—woes,  
Still holds predominant her reign,  
Nor o'er man's brightest hopes in vain  
Her dreary mantle throws.

Or princely honors should he share,  
Should fawning minions crouch,  
Like bubbles floating in the air,  
These may look beauteous—brilliant—fair,  
But vanish at the touch.

---

For youth is but a morning dream—

A visionary bliss ;

Man scarcely sees his noontide beam

Till, hurried rapid down the stream,

He sinks in death's abyss.

By fortune favor'd should he rove

Thro' pleasure's gay parterre ;

Should beauty smile in beams of love,

Such pleasures cloy, and only prove

No real joys are there.

Or should he wear the warrior's crest,

And snatch a wreath from Fame,

Alas ! such honors (like the rest)

Leave a wide vacuum in the breast—

They are at most a name.

Perhaps a monumental pile,  
The hero to record,  
May grace some fam'd cathedral aisle ;  
But still how very short the while  
E'en these their aid afford !

For Time on his revolving wheels  
Soon bears the fiend Decay ;  
Tho' imperceptibly he steals,  
Yet soon his finger-mark reveals—  
Their names are wip'd away.

But think, O man! thy better part,  
Immortal as its Sire,  
Untouch'd by Death's chill icy dart,  
Must live, when Heav'n and earth shall part,  
In one ethereal fire.

---

Sway'd by this thought, let genuine truth  
Assert its sovereign pow'r ;  
A crown to ornament thy youth—  
A friend to make thy pillow smooth  
In the eventful hour.

F I N I S.



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