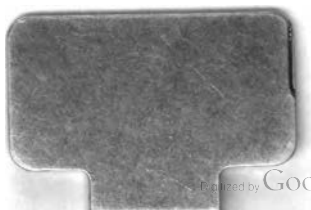




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LYRICS
AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY
FRANCES BROWN.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., M.P.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

THE MUNIFICENT PATRON OF BRITISH LITERATURE.

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

FRANCES BROWN.

PREFACE.

As most persons are distinguished by some peculiarity of opinion, the Author of this volume has long entertained one regarding the inutility of prefaces—which probably owes its origin to her own inexperience in that species of composition. But having already appeared before the public with a regular and more lengthy introduction, she considers it only necessary to state, that the present publication is composed of her poetical contributions to various Periodicals—"The Athenæum," "Fulcher's Poetical Miscellany," "Chambers' Journal," "Hood's Magazine," and others; the whole being now, for the first time, published in a collected form.

The motive which led to their collection, was the belief that scattered poems become, in process of

time, liable to the risk of controverted authorship; and proprietors in general wish to retain their rights, though they should extend over nothing more valuable than rocks and sand; besides, there is something in the consolation so early applied by Byron—

“A book’s a book, although there’s nothing in’t.”

Accordingly, the work, such as it is, is presented, with the Author’s best respects and wishes, to all who may find its perusal convenient or agreeable.

EDINBURGH, 1847.

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LYRICS AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I.

A PARTING VOICE.

~~~~~  
'TWAS where a hamlet by a river lay,  
    Circled by sheltering hills and woods that wore  
The western spring's first green—and far away  
The mountains of the land rose high and hoar;  
But glorious on their cliffs and torrents lay  
The lingering sunset of an April day.  
The-throble's vespers rang through bower and wood,  
And home-fires sparkled far among the hills;  
But there were two, that for the last time stood  
Where wound an upward path among bright rills  
And green young corn—both were in years as green,  
Yet tearless in the haunts they ne'er might tread  
Again. Whate'er the days or dreams that made  
Them thus to leave that fair and pleasant scene,  
I cannot tell;—but hand in hand they clung,  
Ev'n as through many storms their clasp had been;

A

And one look'd on it as if years between  
Her memory and the mantling splendour flung  
On those old mountain peaks no shade could cast,  
While thus the other's words flow'd free and fast :—

“I go as one that comes no more, yet go without regret;  
The summers other memories store 'twere summer to  
forget;  
I go without one parting word, one grasp of kindred  
hand,  
As to the wide air goes the bird—yet fare-thee-well,  
my land !

My love in thee hath found no ark, and left no trust  
unchanged,  
Thy hearth-lights in my soul are dark, thy very dead  
estranged;  
The only heart to mine that cleaves with fearless love  
and free,  
And faith that doubts not nor deceives, lights on my  
path from thee.

I leave the spring-time by thy streams, with dreams  
that will not part,  
And on thy hills what kindred names without one  
kindred heart !  
They will not miss my steps at hearth, or shrine, or  
social band;  
Oh, free the homeless heart goes forth—yet fare-thee-  
well, my land !



Thy songs will meet me many a year through cities  
strange and far,  
And dreams will come that none may hear, and me-  
mories nought can bar :  
The hope, the rest thou couldst not give, may cheer  
another strand,  
And every shore can grant a grave—yet fare-thee-  
well, my land !

My native hills—each misty peak—will rise through  
summer's blue,  
When noontide lies on stream and lake, and woods so  
dark of hue ;  
The autumn twilight's piercing breath what gladden-  
ing gleams will greet,  
From hearths far up among their heath and hamlets  
at their feet !

But I!—where will my memory rest through all their  
glens of green,  
When dim lies many a mountain's breast, and wide  
the waves between ?  
The bird may seek its nestling eave, the breeze the  
flowers it fann'd,  
But tie, nor trust, nor trace I leave—yet fare-thee-  
well, my land !”

---

## II.

## THE YOUNG.

~~~~~

THE world may believe in the wisdom time teaches,
And trust in its truth as the anchor of age,
But weary and cold is the winter that reaches
Not only the head but the heart of the sage.
There are lights on the first steps of life that awaken,
Oh, never again on the far journey flung,
But true to the wisdom our years have forsaken,
And bright in their wrecks are the schemes of the
young.

As hearth-light illumines the dark eve of December,
Affection may beam through the winter of years,
But will not the muser in silence remember
Some brow that still bound with his roses appears?
Alas! for the dust and the change may pass over
The step and the tone to our mem'ry that clung—
But time hath no shadow that bright track to cover,
And life hath no love like the love of the young.

Remains there a mine unexplored but believed in,
Where lies the lost gold of our days at the goal—

Hath friendship a glance that she ne'er was deceived
in—

Oh! they fall from us early those stars of the soul!
Have we trusted the light, have we toil'd for the treasure,

Though dimness and doubt o'er the searcher's path
hung—

And oh, could we pour to Time's truth the full measure
Of trust that is found in the faith of the young!

Thou dreamer of age, there were themes of proud story,
And song that rose on thee like stars from the sea,
Old Time hath no scythe for the might of their glory—

But how hath that glory departed from thee!

Thy soul yields no more to the spell of their splendour
The tones it sent forth when the lyre was new
strung—

There are echoes still there for the brave and the
tender,

But none such as gush from the hearts of the young.

Or say, have they pass'd from the paths of thy journey,
Themselves'd among thousands, the mourn'd-for apart—
From the toil, from the tumult of life dost thou turn
thee,

At times to revisit the tombs of the heart?

Green, green, in the leaf-fall of years will they greet
thee,

If fill'd by the flowers in thy home-shade that
sprung—

And bless'd are the lessons of love that will meet thee
From mem'ries laid up in the graves of the young.

Bright spring of the spirit, so soon passing from it,
Thou know'st no return, and we ask thee not back—
For who that hath reach'd ev'n the snows of the summit
Would wish to retrace all the thorns of his track?
And thorns it may be 'mid the verdure have found us—
Deep, deep have they pierced, though the pang be
unsung;
But oh, for the dew of that dayspring around us
Once more, as it falls on the paths of the young!

III.

THE GOD OF THE WORLD.

~~~~~

THE gray of the desert's dawn  
Had tinged that mighty mound  
That stands as the tomb of Babylon  
On her ancient river's bound—  
For the land hath kept no trace beside  
Of the old Chaldean's power and pride.

Upon that lonely height,  
To mark the morning climb  
The skies of his native solitude,  
The Genius of the Desert stood,  
And saw the conqueror Time  
Approach on pinions swift and dim,  
But ever welcome was he to him.

For his journey left no track  
On the long untrodden sand—  
No human hopes or homes were there,  
No blooming face or flowing hair,  
To fear his withering hand :

And the Genius greeted him who made  
So wide the bounds of his sceptre's shade.

They spoke of their ancient sway,  
Of the temples rich and vast  
That moulder'd in their sight away;  
And the scorn of ages pass'd  
O'er the desert-dweller's lip and brow,  
As he said—"What gods do they worship now?"

The father of the years  
Look'd up to the rising sun,  
And said—"In the bounds his path surrounds  
There reigns no god but one:  
All faith beside hath grown faint and cold,  
The only god in the world is Gold.

"'Tis Gold in the city proud,  
'Tis Gold in the hamlet low,  
To it they kneel with the bridal veil  
And the mourner's garb of wo—  
And childhood's joy, and youth's bright hair,  
And the peace of age are offer'd there.

"I stood on Nimrod's tower  
When it rose to meet the stars,  
And the boundless pride and the empire wide  
Of the world's first conquerors  
Brought tribute to the gods of old—  
But they ne'er were served like that mighty Gold!

"They praise the Christians' God,  
And they build Him temples fair;  
The prayer is made, and the creed is said—  
But Gold is honour'd there;  
For they bear from the holy place no sign  
That tells of a worship more divine.

"Still are the temples raised  
To the god of light and song,  
For many scorn, and some are borne  
By the tides of life along,  
Who oft in their weariness look back  
To the light they left in that chosen track.

"In groves and crowded marts  
I have sought Love's shrines in vain,  
Yet it may be that in silent hearts  
Their ruins still remain—  
But scorch'd by fire, and stain'd with tears,  
And buried deep in the dust of years."—

"And has the world grown old  
In vain?" said the shadowy Sage,  
"And come at length to the age of gold,  
But not the golden age?  
Is this the fruit of her latter days,  
From the gather'd lore of centuries,  
And piled up wisdom of the past,  
To bow to her very dust at last?"

## IV.

## MY CHILDHOOD'S TUNE.

AND hast thou found my soul again,  
Though many a shadowy year hath past  
Across its chequer'd path, since when  
I heard thy low notes last !

They come with the old pleasant sound,  
Long silent, but remember'd soon—  
With all the fresh green memories wound  
About my childhood's tune !

I left thee far among the flowers  
My hand shall seek as wealth no more—  
The lost light of those morning hours  
No sunrise can restore.

And life hath many an early cloud  
That darkens as it nears the noon—  
But all their broken rainbows crowd  
Back with my childhood's tune !

Thou hast the whisper of young leaves  
That told my heart of spring begun,



The bird's song by our hamlet eaves  
Pour'd to the setting sun—

And voices heard, how long ago,  
By winter's hearth or autumn's moon!—  
They have grown old and alter'd now—  
All but my childhood's tune!

At our last meeting, Time had much  
To teach and I to learn; for then  
Mine was a trusting wisdom—such  
As will not come again.

I had not seen life's harvest fade  
Before me in the days of June;  
But thou—how hath the spring-time stay'd  
With thee, my childhood's tune!

I had not learn'd that love, which seem'd  
So priceless, might be poor and cold;  
Nor found whom once I angels deem'd,  
Of coarse and common mould.

I knew not that the world's hard gold  
Could far outweigh the heart's best boon;  
And yet, thou speakest as of old,  
My childhood's pleasant tune!

I greet thee as the dove that cross'd  
My path among Time's breaking waves,

With olive leaves of memory lost,  
Or shed, perchance, on graves.

The tree hath grown up wild and rank,  
With blighted boughs that time may prune—  
But blessed were the dews it drank  
From thee, my childhood's tune!

Where rose the stranger city's hum,  
By many a princely mart and dome,  
Thou comest—even as voices come  
To hearts that have no home.

A simple strain to other ears,  
And lost amid the tumult soon;  
But dreams of love, and truth, and tears  
Came with my childhood's tune!

## V.

## THE ECLIPSE.\*

WATCHERS are on the earth; and o'er the sky  
Strange darkness gathers, like a funeral-pall,  
Shrouding the summer day—while stars, that lie  
Far in the depth of heaven, rekindle all  
Their faded fires. But where is now the sun  
That rose so glorious on the Alps to-day?  
Methinks his journey short and early done.  
Not thus his wont to leave fair Italy!  
Not thus, so near the skirts of rosy June!—  
Why is the midnight come before the noon?

Night, but not silence—for old Pavia speaks  
As with the voice of unforgotten years,  
When victory was hers. What now awakes  
Such music in the fallen land of fears?

\* During the eclipse of the sun which occurred in the end of July 1844, the citizens of Pavia assembled in multitudes in the principal square, for the purpose of witnessing the phenomenon: and in the midst of the deepest darkness, when the moon and stars were plainly visible, the whole concourse burst into one simultaneous shout.

Is it some ancient echo in her heart,  
Surviving Roman power and Gothic gold?  
Or glorious dream, that might not all depart—  
The memory of brave battles won of old—  
That wakes the pealing of that joyous cheer  
Which the far mountains answer deeply clear?

Or, hath the gather'd city's mighty voice  
The Queen of Night amid her trophies hail'd  
As conqueror of the Sun? Could she rejoice  
To see the splendour of his presence veil'd,  
Who walk'd the heavens in unshared majesty  
Since Time was born, the brightest and the first  
Of thousand gods:—still glorious on his way,  
As when through ancient Night his chariot burst,  
And swept the circuit of those cloudless skies,  
That yet heard only starry harmonies?

Not so rejoiced the Grecian legions, led  
By great Iskander to the Persian shore;  
Not so Cecropia's host. But days of dread  
Are past—the twilight of the world is o'er,  
With all its shadows. Pavia, from thy walls  
We hear the spirit of our brighter days  
Proclaim to Alpine huts and Roman halls  
The morn that met the sage or prophet's gaze,  
Through the far dimness of that long eclipse,  
Whose mighty darkness seal'd great Galileo's lips.

## VI.

## WE ARE GROWING OLD.

~~~~~  
WE are growing old—how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long-remember'd spot, that lies
In the silence of the past :
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears ;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years.

Oh ! wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now—
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow ;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows roll'd,
That steer'd with us from that early mark—
Oh ! friends, we are growing old !

Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares,
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our burden'd memory bears.

Each form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days
Which the morning never met.

But oh, the changes we have seen
In the far and winding way—
The graves in our path that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray!
The winters still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold;
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—
And, friends, we are growing old!

We have gain'd the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learn'd to pause and fear—
But where are the living founts, whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page—
But where is the hope that saw in Time
But its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?—
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom was deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,
But the joy was faint and cold—
For it ne'er could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

VII.

THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

WHERE may that glorious land be found
Which countless bards have sung—
The chosen of the nations, crown'd
With fame, for ever young?
A fame that fill'd the Grecian sea,
And rang through Roman skies;
O! ever bright that land must be—
But tell us where it lies?

The rose-crown'd Summer ceaseless shines
On orient realms of gold,
The holy place of early shrines,
The fair, the famed of old;
But ages on their flood have borne
Away the loftiest fane,
Yet left upon the lands of Morn
A still unbroken chain.

The West—O! wide its forests wave,
But long the setting sun
Hath blush'd to see the toiling slave
On fields for freedom won;

B

Still mighty in their seaward path
Roll on the ancient floods,
That miss the brethren of their youth,
The dwellers of the woods.

The North with misty mantle lowers
On nations wise and brave,
Who gather from a thousand shores
The wealth of land and wave;
But stains are on their boasted store—
Though Freedom's shrine be fair,
'Tis empty—or they bow before
A gilded idol there!

The South—the cloudless South—expands
Her deserts to the day,
Where rove those yet unconquer'd bands
Who own no sceptre's sway;
But wherefore is the iron with
Our golden image blent?—
For, see, the harem-bars reach forth
Into the Arab's tent!

O! Earth hath many a region bright,
And Ocean many an isle—
But where on mortals shines the light
Of Freedom's cloudless smile?
The search is vain!—From human skies
The Angel early fled—
Our only land of freedom is
The country of the dead!

VIII.

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A VOICE of sorrow swells on Albion's hills,
For him whose fame her wide dominion fills;
Wake, harp of Erin, wake thy saddest tone,
And mourn the loss of nations as thine own.
Though many a tempest o'er thy skies hath swept,
And many a grave thy weary eyes have wept—
Yet, still, some tears should answer to the knell
Of him who sang thine Exiles' woes so well.

Lost Bard of Hope and Freedom, could our coast
One harp like those of ancient Tara boast,
Its voice should rise amid a nation's gloom,
To pour a requiem worthy of thy tomb.
Thou needest not such requiem, while the earth
Hath souls of melody and hearts of worth—
Thine own proud songs through distant ages sent,
Shall form at once thy dirge and monument.

Long shall Columbia weep through all her woods,
The voice that glorified their solitudes—
Her mighty lakes, her rivers, while they flow,
Shall tell the tale of Gertrude's love and wo;

The Baltic's wave shall answer to thy name,
In echoes blending thine with Nelson's fame;
And England's Mariners, where'er they sail,
Shall give thy glory to the ocean gale.

Oft shall the pilgrim hail on Linden's plain
Thy laurels, guiltless of the battle-stain;
And oft the heart, where hope alone remains
Amid its sorrows bless thy cheering strains.
His deed was worthy of his land who gave
To thine the dust of Kosciusko's grave;*
For thus shall Poland's heart through ages twine
The memory of her brightest stars with thine!

Go, with thy glory round thee, mighty shade,
With robes unstain'd, and laurels undecay'd,
To wake the harp, upon whose golden strings
Shall fall no shade of Time's destroying wings;
But, O forgive, if in a land so long
The nurse of Poets and the home of Song,
My hand hath dared that holy office claim
Which well might raise our proudest minstrel's fame.

* At the interment of Campbell, when the coffin was lowered into the grave, a Polish exile threw upon it some earth he had brought as a relic from the tomb of Kosciusko.

IX.

MAY-DAY MEMORIES.

IT is the first bright morn of May—

Around me rings the choral song
Of childhood, now the only lay
That greets the ever-welcome day.

Yet thus it was not once, among
My native vineyards : but their bloom

Is far beneath the southern skies,

And on their wanderer's spirit lies

The gather'd ashes and the gloom

Of many a waste and wither'd year.—

Yet to mine aged heart and ear

The tones of those young voices come,

Like echoes of mine early home,

Waking the memories that sleep

In the heart's silence long and deep.

As birds that sing in wintry hours,

Though perch'd on leafless boughs, recall

A dream of summer's vanish'd flowers,

So doth that music in the fall

Of life's last leaves, around me bring
The blossoms of mine early spring.

Backward the weary winters roll,
With all their weight of mist and snow,
As shines again upon my soul
A bright May-morn of long ago.

I see the young and joyous throng
Of fair but rustic faces round

Mine own—whose locks then dark and long,
And yet unblanch'd by Time, were crown'd
With early rose and myrtle gay—
Meet garland for the Queen of May!

And he that shared my royal wreath
Was one whose lowly birth had been
Like mine beside a peasant's hearth:

But his was not a peasant's mien,
For stately was his step, and bright
His glance, that shed on me such light
As mortal eye can shed no more.—

And we look'd forward to long years
Of love and peace, that seem'd in store
For us:—our future had no fears,

For hope was young and life was fair,
And we had felt nor time nor care!

Little we thought of Fortune's change,
And the wide wastes of time and space
That should our after paths estrange—
And less of our next meeting-place.

But time pass'd, and we parted—how

Or why, 'twere vain to mention now—
We parted, and the years roll'd on,
But they were years of change and strife,
And yet their records shall inspire
The patriot's pen, the poet's lyre,
While song hath power and freedom life—
For time can never light again
The stars that shone upon us then.

And change had reach'd my fortunes too—
But naught of his who once had been
The chosen of my heart, I knew,
For seas and deserts spread between
Our paths, and both had wander'd far
From the sweet homes and sylvan shrines
That rose beneath our Gallic vines—
And one was still a wanderer
Where winter's latest tempests rave
By the far Baltic's restless wave.

— I stood within a storied fane
In a proud city of the North,
And May's first morning rose again :
But not as on my land of birth
It shone—yet lovely was its light,
And well became a scene so bright—
For there a gather'd people stood
In one rejoicing multitude,
With banner's blaze and trumpet's sound,
To see their chosen monarch crown'd.

I know not why my footsteps press'd
So eagerly amid the crowd,
For I had gazed on crowns before,
And brows that brighter laurels wore;
But as the shout rose long and loud,
And the crown'd monarch turn'd, mine eye
Beheld a face it sought in vain
For years—the loved of youth was there—
The peasant, once so proud to share
My rustic wreath and mimic reign—
And now he wore a royal crown,
The meed of worth and fair renown !

It might have been an hour of pride,
Rewarding all my wandering years;
But, oh, it woke an inward tide
Of woe that was too deep for tears—
Yet not for the proud destiny
My life had miss'd, to share with him
That regal throne and diadem,
As once he shared the wreath with me :—
But now the dream of life was o'er,
And we might meet on earth no more,
For crown'd and queenly by his side
There stood a fair and royal bride.

The flowers had wither'd on my brow,
As from my heart their bloom was gone
For ever—and beneath the gold
And glory, his was pale and cold,

And some dark hand had early drawn
Deep furrow'd lines upon its snow,
And from his eye the sunny glow
And gladness of his youth had pass'd;—
And thus our glances met at last !

'Twas but a moment that they met
Amid that bright and solemn scene—
But that brief moment's space was fraught
With life's full store of yearning thought,
And dreams of all we might have been,
And all we never more could be—
Save in the light of memory,
That haunts the heart's far wastes, when all
Beside is wither'd. Never more
We saw each other—and the pall
Of silence hides what we deplore;
For many a weary year hath flown,
And many a shore my step hath press'd
Since then, and I on earth have grown
A desolate and lonely guest—
For hope is lost and love is gone,
Yet life's long twilight lingers on.

I know not if my name hath pass'd
From out his memory, like the tale
Of infancy whose charm is lost—
Or, if beneath the chilling veil
Of royal state it lies conceal'd,
Among the relics which the heart

Keeps in its holy place apart,
The precious and the unreveal'd.

But still, when wandering in my dreams,
By far but unforgotten streams
That murmur through the haunts of youth,
One graceful form is with me there,
With snowy brow and raven hair,
With heart of love and lip of truth,
Uncrown'd and all unwither'd yet,
And stately as when first we met :—
And still that bright but blotted page
Is open to my weary age,
When round me rings the rustic lay
That greets the *first bright morn of May*.

"Bernadotte, the late King of Sweden, is said to have been attached in his youth to a peasant girl of his native country, who refused his addresses on some trifling pique, and twenty years afterwards saw him crowned at Stockholm."

X.

AUTUMN.
~~~~~

OH, welcome to the corn-clad slope,  
And to the laden tree,  
Thou promised Autumn—for the hope  
Of nations turn'd to thee,  
Through all the hours of splendour past,  
With Summer's bright career—  
And we see thee on thy throne at last  
Crown'd monarch of the year !

Thou comest with the gorgeous flowers  
That make the roses dim,  
With morning mists and sunny hours,  
And wild birds' harvest hymn ;  
Thou comest with the might of floods,  
The glow of moonlit skies,  
And the glory flung on fading woods  
Of thousand mingled dyes !

But never seem'd thy steps so bright  
On Europe's ancient shore,

Since faded from the poet's sight  
That golden age of yore;  
For early harvest-home hath pour'd  
Its gladness on the earth,  
And the joy that lights the princely board  
Hath reach'd the peasant's hearth.

O Thou, whose silent bounty flows  
To bless the sower's art  
With gifts that ever claim from us  
The harvests of the heart—  
If thus Thy goodness crown the year,  
What shall the glory be  
When all Thy harvest, whitening here,  
Is gather'd home to thee!

## XI.

## THE YEAR'S LAST CUP.

~~~~~  
WITH the festal song, with the glad hearth's blaze,
With the wine of its own bright vintage days,
Still rich in the light of rosy eves
It caught through the vineyard's parted leaves—
While Night, in the might of silence, lies
On snow-clad hills and on starry skies,
And the knell of its number'd hours draws near,
We fill the cup of the parting year!

But say, to what pledge of memory's hoard
Is the wealth of that mystic wine-cup poured?—
Is it Time? To his ever onward track,
And his tireless step that hath ne'er turn'd back—
To his glass, with whose dim sand's ceaseless flow,
Beauty, and strength, and glory go—
And his scythe which the Nations' might hath mown—
Let us drink to these;—but not these alone!

Then pledge we the dark-veil'd Future thus,
And the wealth of hope it had once for us—
The stores which its billows still may hide—
And the barks sent forth on its boundless tide:

Or the Past, with its springs in memory shrined,
The snows which its winters left behind,
And the harvests fair which its toil hath sown,
We pledge;—but we pledge not these alone!

Say then, hath the year's last cup been crown'd
For the loved and the loving hearts around—
The names in our souls' seal'd book enroll'd—
The heads of gray and the locks of gold?
May the time-tried friendship fear no thrall
Of frosts that cold on life's twilight fall—
And the young—may we never find them grown
Less true;—but we pledge not these alone!

Are there not loved ones yet more dear,
That mingle not in our festal cheer—
The names by the hearth long heard and wept,
And still in the hush of memory kept?
Drink to the absent! Change and tears
Have fallen on these dim and severing years—
But the faith of our love no change hath known,
And we pledge them now;—but not them alone!

Drink to the changed! They have left their place
In our hearts, like a broken altar's base,
Still graved with the sculptured names of yore,
But a wreck and a ruin evermore.—
Drink to the dead! There are hearts that hold
Their memory yet with a love untold—
For Time and Death have no shadows thrown
On their truth. Shall we drink to these alone?

Hold!—for the cup hath bright drops left
We may not waste on the rent and reft—
One purer pledge, as the year departs—
To the holy land of our homes and hearts!
For the faith to her ancient glory given,
And the love that for better hopes hath striven :—
Oh, bright be her stars, however our own
May set;—yet we pledge not these alone!

Drink to the world! There is promise yet
In the bright To Come, which no eye hath met—
In the march of her nations, beckon'd on
By the light of their far-seen Sabbath dawn.
But hark!—'tis the mighty midnight's chime,
Like a voice from the passing waves of Time!
And our cup is drain'd with its latest tone;—
Let us fill to the bright New Year alone!

XII.

SONGS OF OUR LAND.

SONGS of our land, ye are with us for ever—
The power and the splendour of thrones pass away;
But yours is the might of some far-flowing river,
Through Summer's bright roses or Autumn's decay
Ye treasure each voice of the swift passing ages,
And truth, which Time writeth on leaves or on sand;
Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and sages,
And keep them among us, old songs of our land!

The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers,
The lyre of the charmer be hush'd in the grave—
But far in the future the power of their numbers
Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.
It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,
Like voices of reeds by the summer breeze fann'd;
It will call up a spirit for freedom, when only
Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land!

For they keep a record of those, the true-hearted,
Who fell with the cause they had vow'd to maintain;

They show us bright shadows of glory departed,
Of love that grew cold, and the hope that was vain.
The page may be lost, and the pen long forsaken,
And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and
hand;

But ye are still left, when all else hath been taken—
Like streams in the desert—sweet songs of our land!

Songs of our land, ye have follow'd the stranger,
With power, over ocean and desert afar—
Ye have gone with our wanderers through distance and
danger,
And gladden'd their path like a home-guiding star.
With the breath of our mountains in summers long
vanish'd,
And visions that pass'd like a wave from the sand,
With hope for their country and joy for her banish'd,
Ye come to us ever, sweet songs of our land!

The spring-time may come with the song of her glory,
To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice—
But the pine of the mountain, though blasted and hoary,
And the rock in the desert, can send forth a voice.
It is thus in their triumph for deep desolations—
While ocean waves roll, or the mountains shall stand—
Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nations
Shall glory and live in the songs of their land!

XIII.

THE VIOLET'S WELCOME.

THE world hath a welcome yet for thee,
Thou earliest-born of flowers!—
Though many a golden hope was gone,
And dream that lighted her rosy dawn
Ere the toil of these latter days came on;
And her weary children's steps have stray'd
From their first green dwelling, in the shade
Of Eden's blessed bowers,
Too far to find on earth a track
That yet might guide the wanderers back.

But still from her bright youth's mem'ry comes
A voice to welcome thee :—
It sounds in the song of the early bird,
Through waking woods by the south wind stirr'd,
When the steps of the coming Spring are heard;
It bursts from the heart of childhood, clear
As a stream from its native fount, that ne'er
Was aught but bright and free,
And fear'd no future winter's frost,
Nor the sands where mightier waves were lost.

And we, who look from the lattice-pane
Or the lowly cottage door,
On lengthening eves and budding trees—
As comes thy breath on the day's last breeze,
Bringing its dew-like memories
To the heart of toil and the brow of care—
Through the clouds which Time hath gather'd there—
From green haunts sought no more,
But ever known by the light that lies
Upon them from life's morning skies.

We know thy home—where the waving fern
With the moss-clad fountain chimes;
But we greet thee not with the joy of yore,
When our souls went forth to meet thee, o'er
Far hills which the earliest verdure wore :—
We have hoped in many a Spring since then,
But they never brought to our hearts again
Those vanish'd violet times,
With their blooms which it seem'd no blight could mar—
The early shed and the scatter'd far!

Gather them back, ye mighty years
That bring the woods their leaves!—
Back from life's unreturning streams—
Back from the graves that haunt our dreams,
And the living lost, from whose lips our names
Have pass'd—as the songs of greener bowers
And the tones of happier years from ours—
From all the faith that cleaves

To the broken reeds of this changeful clime—
Gather them back, restoring Time!

Alas! the violets may return,
As in Springs remember'd long;
But for us Time's wing can only spread
The snows, that long on the heart are shed
Ere yet their whiteness reach the head!—
Thou comest to the waste and wold,
But not like us to grow sad and old—

Wild flower of hope and song!
We bless thee for our childhood's sake—
For the light of the eyes no more to wake—
For memories green as a laurel crown,
That link thee to dreams like stars gone down,
And the spots we loved when our love was free—
Each heart hath a welcome yet for thee!

XIV.

THE PAINTER'S DESPAIR.

THE Summer's sun had fill'd, with all its glory,
A temple whence the worshippers were gone;
But 'mid its marbles (rich in sculptured story)
A young and weary pilgrim linger'd on:
He linger'd not to gaze on tombs around him,
Nor bend before the holy shrine in prayer;
For strangely mighty was the spell that bound him,
Where glow'd the painter's bright creation there;—
A saintly scene, of old and solemn splendour,
Such as the masters of the canvass cast
Around that ancient faith, whose golden grandeur
Gleam'd through the iron ages of the past.
Its fame had reach'd him in his distant dwelling,
And woke the thirst of soul that sleeps no more;
And now he gazed upon it—but the swelling
Of the heart's gladness seem'd for ever o'er:
And yet the brightest dreams of fancy faded
Before the glory found, like Rome of old,
A mightier far than ever fame portray'd it;—
How had the altar of his love grown cold!

For he had loved and labour'd with the fervour
That warms the painter and the poet's dream—
And both are of the Muse; yet while they serve her,
Would build up, Babel-like, their tower of fame—
Though founded but on air; among the living
Would leave some monument of deathless thought,
That might survive the mortal but life-giving
Hand, which its immortality had wrought.
And such had been his hope—but now the vision
Was gone—that image shone upon his heart
Mighty and matchless, as the sun new risen;
But in its light he saw his fame depart,
And perish as the lily's early whiteness
Before the yet unrivall'd rose of June—
Or rainbow's robe of many-colour'd brightness
Before the splendour of the Summer noon.
Alas! for all the shadows that have hidden
The lights of life—for all the hearts that bore
The reaper's toil, but found the fruit forbidden;
Like him who said—Murillo is no more!*

* This was the exclamation of Murillo, on seeing for the first time a picture by one of the earlier Spanish masters.

xv.

THE VOICE OF THE FALLING LEAVES.

~~~~~  
A FRIENDLESS Minstrel walk'd alone,  
Where the autumn twilight lay  
Cold on the woods, and leaves were strown  
By thousands in his way :  
He thought of the promise-breathing spring,  
And of summer's rosy eyes ;  
And he said—" Alas ! for the withering,  
And the time of falling leaves ! "

The music of bird and breeze had pass'd  
From the woodlands, hush'd and dim—  
But there came an answering voice at last  
From the dying leaves to him :  
And it said—" Oh ! thou of the sleepless thought,  
In thy musings sad and lone,  
Weep not the close of our tearless lot,  
But rather mourn thine own ;—

For the greenness of early spring was ours,  
And the summer's palmy prime,  
And the glowing tints that deck'd the bowers  
In the glorious harvest-time !

And have we not seen the roses die?—  
For their splendours might not stay;  
And the summer birds are gone—then why  
Should not leaves too pass away?

Yet the flowers may fade, and the leaves may fall,  
And the glory of woods depart—  
But mourn in thy sorrow, more than all,  
The withering of the heart;  
And the soul's young brightness dimm'd so soon—  
'Twas a glory early o'er;  
For Time hath taken that blessed boon—  
But Time can ne'er restore!

And mourn for life's perish'd hopes, that died  
While the spring was flowery still;  
For the stainless love which the grave hath hid,  
Though it could not change nor chill;  
For the weary eyes that have look'd for light  
Which never met their gaze;  
And for all who have lived through storm and blight,  
But saw no summer days."

The winds in their lonely power awoke  
As the night came darkly on—  
And the voice which in twilight stillness spoke,  
With that twilight hour was gone.  
"And, oh!" said the Minstrel, "strange, in sooth,  
Are the spells which Fancy weaves,  
For now she hath given a voice of truth  
To the fading, falling leaves!"

## XVI.

## THE HOPE OF THE AZTECS.\*

~~~~~

IT was a glorious dream that hung
Around that race of old ;
By kings believed—by poets sung—
By saint and seer foretold !
The sage amid his mystic lore,
The monarch in his hall,
And the weary peasant waited for
That promised hope of all—
The God, whose presence early blest
The children of the golden West.

His coming brighten'd childhood's hour,
And crown'd the hope of youth ;
And manhood trusted in the power
Of its unquestion'd truth ;

* A tradition existed among this ancient people of South America, regarding a demigod or superior intelligence of some description, who had formerly reigned among them, and at length departed westward, with the promise of a future return and a more brilliant reign ; to which the natives looked forward as a certain millennium. And when the Spanish ships first reached their coasts, it is said many of them believed it was their returning deity.

And eyes, upon whose light had fall'n
The mists of time and tears,
At death's dark portals linger'd on,
To see those glorious years,
Which to their life and land should bring
The blossoms of eternal spring.

But children grew to toiling men,
And youth's bright locks grew gray,
And from their paths of care and pain
The aged pass'd away;
And many an early shrine grew cold,
And many a star grew dim,
And woods grew dense, and cities old—
Yet still they look'd for him!—
But never breeze, or billow, bore
That glorious wanderer to their shore.

At last, when o'er the deep, unfurl'd,
They saw the first white sail
That ever sought the Western World,
Or woo'd the western gale,
How did the Golden Land rejoice,
And welcome from the sea,
With all a nation's heart and voice,
Her wandering deity!
But knew not that she hail'd with joy
The Mighty only to destroy.

Yet who was he that mingled thus
With all a nation's dreams—

And on the monarch's mem'ry rose,
And in the poet's themes?
Was it the child of some far land,
The early-wise and bright,
Who shed upon that distant strand
His country's gather'd light?—
Or wanderer from some brighter sphere,
Who came, but could not linger here?

Was it some shadow, vainly bright,
Of hope and mem'ry born—
Like those that shed a passing light
Upon the world's gray morn;
Whose dreamy presence lingers still
By old and ruin'd shrines—
Or flits, where wandering Israel
For her Messiah pines?—
For ages, as they went and came,
Have brought no dimness to that dream!

And, even amid our fainter faith,
How long! and oh, how far!
A thousand weary hearts look forth
For some unrisen star!
But all these vainly yearning dreams
That haunt our path of gloom,
May be but voices from the climes
That lie beyond the tomb—
Telling of brighter, better things,
Than ever blest our earthly springs!

XVII.

FAREWELL TO THE FLOWERS.

~~~~~

“FAREWELL! farewell! bright children of the sun,  
Whose beauty rose around our path where'er  
We wander'd forth since vernal days begun—  
The glory and the garland of the year.  
Ye came, the children of the spring's bright promise—  
Ye crown'd the summer in her path of light;  
And now, when autumn's wealth is passing from us,  
We gaze upon your parting bloom, as bright  
And dearer far than summer's richest hue—  
Sweet flowers, adieu!

You will return again—the early beams  
Of spring will wake ye from your wintry sleep,  
By the still fountains and the shining streams,  
That through the green and leafy woodlands sweep;  
Ye will return again, to cheer the bosoms  
Of the deep valleys, by old woods o'erhung,  
With the fresh fragrance of your opening blossoms,  
To be the joy and treasure of the young—  
With birds from the far lands and sunny hours,  
Ye will return, sweet flowers!

But when will they return, our flowers that fell  
From life's blanch'd garland when its bloom was new,

And left but the dim memories that dwell  
In silent hearts and homes? The summer's dew,  
And summer's sun, with all their balm and brightness,  
May fall on deserts or on graves in vain;  
But to the locks grown dim with early whiteness,  
What spring can give the sable back again—  
    Or to the early wither'd heart restore  
        Its perish'd bloom once more!

In vain, in vain—years come and years depart—  
Time hath its changes, and the world its tears;  
And we grow old in frame, and gray in heart—  
Seeking the grave through many hopes and fears;  
But still the ancient earth renews around us  
Her faded flowers, though life renews no more  
The bright but early-broken ties that bound us,  
The garlands that our blighted summers wore:—  
    Buds to the trees, and blossoms to the bowers  
        Return—but not life's flowers!"

Thus sung the Bard, when autumn's latest gold  
Hung on the woods, and summer's latest bloom  
Was fading fast, as winter stern and cold  
Came from his Northern home of clouds and gloom.  
But from the dying flowers a voice seem'd breathing  
Of higher hopes; it whisper'd sweet and low—  
"When spring again her sunny smile is wreathing  
We will return to thee—but thou must go  
    To seek life's blighted blossoms on that shore  
        Where flowers can fade no more!"

## XVIII.

## THE LAST OF THE JAGELLONS.

~~~~~

“OH! Minstrel wake thy harp once more,
For winter’s twilight falls—
And coldly dim it darkens o’er
My lonely heart and halls :
But memories of my early home
Around me gather fast—
For still with twilight shadows come
The shadows of the past.
Then wake thy lyre, my faithful Bard,
And breathe again for me
The songs that in my land were heard
While yet that land was free !
The lays of old romantic times,
When hearts and swords were true—
They will recall the dazzling dreams
That youth and childhood knew.”

’Twas thus the noble matron spake
To one whose tuneful strains
Could win her exiled spirit back
To Poland’s pleasant plains ;

But how did memory's wizard-wand
Far distant scenes portray,
As thus the Minstrel of her land
Awoke his lyre and lay :—

“The shout hath ceased in Volla's field,
But still its echoes ring,
With the last thunderburst that hail'd
Sarmatia's chosen king.
For young Jagellon now ascends
His fathers' ancient throne—
Yet still the chosen monarch stands
Uncrown'd—but not alone !
A lovely form is by his side,
A hand is clasp'd in his,
That well might be a monarch's bride
Even in an hour like this—
For never fairer face was seen
In saint's or poet's dreams—
Nor ever shone a nobler mien
In Poland's princely dames.
Oh ! many a princely dame is there,
And many a noble knight—
The flower of Poland's famed and fair—
The glory of her might.
But there is pride in every face,
And wrath in every tone,
As on that fair young brow, their gaze
Of gather'd scorn is thrown.

There came an ancient senator
With firm and stately tread,
And to the silent monarch there
In courtly phrase he said :—
'The love that cannot grace a throne
A king should cast aside—
Then let Jagellon reign alone,
Or choose a royal bride.'

The monarch yet more closely clasp'd
That small and snowy hand—
Then like a knightly warrior grasp'd
His own unrivall'd brand;
And from his dark eye flash'd the pride
Of all his martial line,
As—' By my father's sword,' he cried,
'Such choice shall ne'er be mine :
My land hath seen her ancient crown
Bestow'd for many an age—
While other nations have bow'd down
To kingly heritage;
And now, the crown she freely gave,
I render back as free—
For, if unshared by her I love,
It shines no more for me.'

He said—but from the throng arose,
Ere yet his speech was done,
A wilder, louder cheer than those
That told of conquest won—

When far in many a famous field,
Through long victorious years,
O'er Tartar bow and Paynim shield
He led the Polish spears.
And thus, they said, 'the Flower, whose worth
Inspired a soul so great
With love like this, whate'er her birth,
Should be a monarch's mate;
And as thy tameless heart was found
To love and honour true—
Oh, early tried, and far-renown'd,
Be true to Poland too!"

The Minstrel ceased, and with a sigh
That noble matron said—
"Alas, for Europe's chivalry—
How hath its glory fled!
Perchance in silvan grove or glen
Such faithful love is known—
But when will earth behold again
Its truth so near a throne."

Sigismund, last of the Jagellons, on the death of his father was unanimously elected King of Poland. But having previously married a lady of humble birth, whom the nobles requested him to divorce, as, according to the prejudices of that age, unworthy to be a Queen; Sigismund sternly told them, that either his wife should share the crown or he would never wear it. The senators, convinced that so true a husband must make a worthy King, immediately consented to do her homage as his Queen—and both were crowned accordingly.

XIX.

THE LAST FRIENDS.
~~~~~

I COME to my country, but not with the hope  
That brighten'd my youth like the cloud-lighting  
bow—

For the vigour of soul that seem'd mighty to cope  
With Time and with Fortune, hath fled from me now ;  
And Love, that illumined my wanderings of yore,  
Hath perish'd, and left but a weary regret  
For the star that can rise on my midnight no more ;—  
But the hills of my country, they welcome me yet !

The hue of their verdure was fresh with me still,  
When my path was afar by the Tanais' lone track ;  
From the wide-spreading deserts and ruins, that fill  
The lands of old story, they summon'd me back ;  
They rose on my dreams through the shades of the West,  
They breath'd upon sands which the dew never wet,  
For the echoes were hush'd in the home I loved best—  
But I knew that the mountains would welcome me  
yet !

The dust of my kindred is scatter'd afar—  
They lie in the desert, the wild, and the wave ;



For, serving the strangers through wandering and war,  
The Isle of their memory could grant them no grave.  
And I—I return with the memory of years,  
Whose hope rose so high, though in sorrow it set;  
They have left on my soul but the trace of their tears—  
But our mountains remember their promises yet!

Oh! where are the brave hearts that bounded of old,  
And where are the faces my childhood hath seen?  
For fair brows are furrow'd, and hearts have grown  
cold—

But our streams are still bright, and our hills are  
still green;  
Aye, green as they rose to the eyes of my youth,  
When, brothers in heart, in their shadows we met—  
For the hills have no memory of sorrow or death,  
And their summits are sacred to liberty yet!

Like ocean retiring, the morning mists now  
Roll back from the mountains that girdle our land,  
And sunlight encircles each heath-cover'd brow,  
For which Time hath no furrow and tyrants no brand:  
Oh! thus let it be with the hearts of the Isle—  
Efface the dark seal that oppression hath set;  
Give back the lost glory again to the soil,  
For the hills of my country remember it yet!

One of the United Irishmen, who lately returned to his country after many years of exile, being asked what had induced him to revisit Ireland when all his friends were gone, answered—"I came back to see the mountains."

## XX.

## THE SONG OF SUMMER.

~~~~~  
A MID the heath of northern hills,
Where early sunrise shone
On verdant woods and shining streams,
And summits gray and lone,
A Minstrel from his mountain-home
With rustic lyre came forth,
And thus in native numbers sang
The Summer of the North :—

“ We see the glory of thy steps
Upon our hills once more—
Oh, thou, the hope of every heart,
The joy of every shore !
Our skies have gain'd their deepest blue,
Our woods their vernal prime—
For heaven and earth rejoice in thee
Thou glorious summer-time !

Thine are the long and cloudless days,
The eves of golden light,

Whose lingering glories meet the morn,
And leave no room for night;
The freshness of the early dew—
The glow of breathless noon—
And the showers, for which the woodlands
wait,
As for a promised boon.

Thy roses send their sweetness forth
From leafy bower and brake,
Thy lilies spread their floating snow
Upon the sunlit lake.
To the old forest's lonely depth
Thy presence joy imparts;
And reaches, through the clouds of care,
The depths of human hearts.

Well hath our dreamy childhood loved
To wander forth with thee,
To leafy grove and grassy glen,
And fountain fresh and free.
But where are they that in those fair
And pleasant paths had part—
And when will it return to us,
That summer of the heart?

For hope hath changed to weariness,
And love hath changed to strife—
And few, of all those early friends,
Have been the friends of life!—

And we have left the sunny track
Of childhood far behind,
And see it only through the thorns
That after years have twined.

But thou art bright and changeless still,
Queen of the circling years;
Thy brow hath known no touch of Time,
Thine eye no trace of tears—
For still as bright its sunshine falls
Upon the woods and waves,
As if that light had never shone
On broken hearts or graves!"

XXI.

THE SPECTRE OF THE HEARTH.

OLD Europe boasts of the broad low lands
She won from the western main—
But the wasting wave and the whelming sands
Are winning them back again :
Long and fierce is the war they wage,
And the conquest groweth from age to age.

The song of the billows' sounding march
Is heard where the anthem rose ;
O'er sculptured column and stately arch
The dreary sand-hill grows—
And fills the waste of the sterile shore,
Where corn was bent by the breeze of yore.

No trace doth the bare gray summit keep
Of buried spire or dome ;
But still, 'tis said, where the drifted heap
Lies high o'er a peasant's home,
The place of the hearth may yet be known
To wanderers forth in the twilight lone.

For there, when stars through the deepening gray
Shine far o'er wave and height,
Or their crests give back the ruddy ray
Of the hamlet-fires of night,

A spectre-woman pours her wo
O'er the cold and the quench'd of long ago.

Old is the tale—aye, old and strange
As the peasant's lore of dreams—
Yet how hath it kept through fear and change
That changeless truth, which seems,
In the power of its undecaying proof,
A golden thread in the rustic woof!

Are there not hearts—the worn, the wise—
That ever in vain return
To some spot where their old love-memory lies—
Though they only come to mourn
The dust and the debris piled between
Their souls and the rest they might have seen?

The sands!—oh, the severing sands upflung
By the world's wide sea of fears!—
And the heart, in its toiling silence strung
By the solitude of years!—
And the lights that shine on its lonely ways
At times, through the twilight-fall of days!

The winters wane—and the ruins grow
With the wrecks of wave and wind;—
But, oh! were the dust less deep below,
And the stars above more kind,
How many a dream by the hearth might rest
That now returns but a spectre-guest!

XXII.

THE VOICE OF CANDIA.

WHAT voice is this, through summer's air,
O'er slumbering Europe sent?
It seems a nation's ceaseless prayer,
With sounds of battle blent.
O shields of earth, arise, and save
The last of Greece—her free and brave!
For Candia is no more a slave—
The time-worn chain is rent;
Rise, for the sun upon her shore
Beholds the Christian flag once more!

What! shall the Tartar bind his yoke
Where Minos fill'd his throne—
Where Jove in his first thunder spoke—
And early wisdom shone;
While yet old Ida greets the morn,
As when the Grecian gods were born,
And on the Othman smiles in scorn—
Our mighty and alone?
For, long as Freedom's sun hath set,
Its lingerings gild our mountains yet!

Still fair, in desolation, stand
 Their summits, temple-crown'd—
Where pilgrims come from every land—
 For ours is holy ground :
Though given to it were blood and tears,
And war that wastes, and fire that sears—
And o'er its glory countless years
 Have roll'd a flood profound ;
But lights from classic ages shine
For ever o'er each ruin'd shrine.

Oh, for a voice like his that woke
 The starless night of Time—
Whose words the Paynim bondage broke
 In Syria's sacred clime !
Oh, for the faithful spent in vain—
For the Crusader's arm again—
To sweep from earth the sword and chain
 Of Moslem power and crime !
But, ah ! they pass'd like desert wind,
And left a blighted track behind.

Lands of the Cross ! repay at last
 The gold from Hellas shower'd ;
Hers were the treasures of the past—
 On you that wealth she pour'd.
If in her lore ye found or sought
The deathless song or glorious thought ;
By all that Greece inspired or taught,
 Now lend her but a sword !—

For long ago the days are done,
When gods her ancient battles won.

God of the Cross ! to Thee we turn—
Our best and latest trust,
When foes oppress and brethren scorn—
Eternal One and just !
Hast Thou not made and call'd us free ?—
Were not our spirits fill'd by Thee
With the deep love of liberty ?—
And if our country must
Fall, 'neath the tyrant's vengeful hand,
Receive us to Thy better land !

This poem was written at the period of the last unsuccessful and unassisted effort of the Candian people against Turkish oppression.

XXIII.

THE LONELY MOTHER.

MY home is not what it hath been,
When the leaves of other years were green,
Though its hearth is bright and its chambers fair,
And the summer beams fall brightly there;
But they fall no more on the clear young eye,
And the lip of pleasant song,
And the gleamy night that wont to lie
On the curls so dark and long.

Oh! pleasant is the voice of youth,
For it tells of the heart's confiding truth,
And keeps that free and fearless tone
That ne'er to our after years is known :
I hear it rise in each hamlet cot,
O'er evening prayer and page;
But, wo for the hearth that heareth nought
But the dreary tones of age!

The glow is gone from our winter blaze,
And the light hath pass'd from our summer days;
And our dwelling hath no household now
But the sad of heart and the gray of brow :

For its young lies low 'neath the churchyard tree,
Where the grass grows green and wild;
And thy mother's heart is sad for thee,
My lost, mine only child!

But a wakening music seems to flow
On me from the years of long ago,
As thy babe's first words come sweet and clear,
Like a voice from thy childhood to mine ear—
And her smile beams back on my soul again
Thy beauty's early morn,
Ere thine eyes grew dim with tears or pain,
Or thy lovely locks were shorn.

Alas! for the widow'd eyes that trace
Their early-lost in that orphan face.
What after-light will his memory mark—
Like the Dove that in spring-time sought her Ark?
For long in that far and better land
Were her spirit's treasures laid;
And she might not stay from its golden strand
For the love of hearts that fade.

But wo for her on whose path may shine
The light of no mother's love but mine;
Oh! well if that lonely path lead on
To the land where her mother's steps have gone—
The land where the aged find their youth,
And the young no whit'ning hair:
Oh! safe, my child, from both time and death—
Let us hope to meet thee there!

XXIV.

TREES.



LIKE the latest left of the battle-spears,
In their ancient strength they stand;
And they tell us still of the silvan years
When the forests fill'd the land;
Ere ever a hunter track'd the wood,
Or mariner plough'd the seas—
But the isles were green in the solitude
Of their old primeval trees.

They have survived the Druid's faith,
And the Roman eagle's fall,
And the thrilling blast of the bugle's breath
From the Norman's knightly hall;
But the sun shines bright, and the showers descend,
And the wild bird's home is made
Where the ancient giants still extend
The green of their summer shade.

We have seen our early winters hang
Their pearls on each leafless bough,
And greeted the buds of the waking spring
With joy we know not now :

For Life hath its winters cold and hoar—
But their frosts can form no gem;
And the spring may breathe on our hearts no more—
But it still returns to them.

They are waving o'er our hamlet-roofs,
They are bending o'er our dead—
And the odours breathed from his native groves
On the exile's heart they shed;
Like him who gazed on his country's palm
By the palace-circled Seine,
Till the Pagod rose in the wanderer's dream,
And the Ganges roll'd again.

How sweet in our childhood's ear they spoke—
For we knew their voices well—
When far, in our Western hills, they woke,
Of the coming spring to tell;
But now they send us a sadder sound
On the winds of autumn eves—
For it murmurs of wisdom more profound—
But it tells of wither'd leaves.

Oh! such were the Dryad tones that rose
In the Grecian woods of old—
And the voice from the Indian wilderness,
That the conqueror's fate foretold:
For many a minstrel's dream had birth
In the sounds of leaf and breeze;
And the early oracles of earth
Were the old complaining trees!

XXV.

THE DROWNED CHILD.*

HE is not dead but sleeping—shed no tears
Upon his rest—the flower that left the spring!
Whose early vanish'd beauty, future years,
With all their breathing blossoms, cannot bring
Back to the earth—but yet it hath not died;
For life hath hopes that reach beyond the grave
To lands that have no losses—where the tide
Of love runs pure! Mark how the shallow wave
That closed o'er childhood's gladness, hath shut out
Those darker waters that o'erwhelm the soul;
There were no days of wandering, or of doubt,
In store for him who early gain'd the goal.
Mother, thy heart will miss him!—his hath miss'd
Its share of human sorrow, toil, and strife;
Though strangely came the summons—yet, at least,
The lake was calmer than the waves of life;
And mourn not thou the early passage given
Through the still waters—for it led to Heaven!

* The subject of these lines was the child of Mrs. Moore, a valued friend of the writer, who was accidentally drowned in a small ornamental lake near his mother's residence.

XXVI.

THE FLOWERS OF MAY.
~~~~~

THE flowers of May—o'er many a harp  
Of old their blossoms hung,  
And many a voice of later times  
Their peerless bloom hath sung;  
And joy, in hut and palace hall,  
Once hail'd the festive day,  
Whose brightness to our fathers brought  
The welcome flowers of May.

The statutes of the golden age—  
That linger'd faint and long  
In silvan rites of early time,  
So dear to ancient song—  
The world hath trampled in her haste  
At Mammon's shrine to bow;—  
And many a Tyre our steps may find,  
But no Arcadia now!

And yet the forest bird sings on  
His welcome to the spring—

E

And o'er our path the passing years  
Their wealth of blossoms fling;  
And still the love of childhood lies  
Where its first treasures lay,  
Among the greenwood's countless leaves  
And lovely flowers of May.

For thus we loved them long ago,  
Ere love and hope grew cold,  
Or turn'd from Nature's blessed shrine  
To worship power and gold:  
And, oh, for all the freshness now  
Of growing life and thought,  
That dwelt within our souls, when first  
Their pleasant homes we sought!

We sought them by the forest trees,  
And by the sunlit streams—  
Whose sounds, through dim and distant  
years,  
Have mingled with our dreams;  
And oft they win the wanderer back  
To tread his early way,  
And seek the joy his childhood found  
Among the flowers of May.

But, ah! they win us back in vain!—  
No after spring renews  
That gift of vanish'd sunshine, which  
Our souls so early lose:



The streams we left may murmur on  
With bright unbroken wave,  
But they sweep by many a silent hearth,  
And many a grassy grave !

Yet, fair and fragrant to the day  
Each bright-eyed blossom opes—  
They have not wither'd like our hearts,  
Nor perish'd like our hopes !  
And still the golden dreams of youth,  
Whose splendour pass'd away,  
Will come—though not as once they came  
With the sweet flowers of May !

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## XXVII.

## THE RETURNING JANISSARY.

THERE came a youth at dawn of day  
From the Golden Gate of the proud Serai:—  
He came with no gifts of warrior pride  
But the gleam of the good sword by his side,  
And an arm that well could wield;  
But he came with a form of matchless mould—  
Like that by the Delphian shrine of old—  
And an eye, in whose depth of brightness shone  
The light by the Grecian sunset thrown  
On the dying Spartan's shield;—  
For the days of his boyhood's bonds were o'er,  
And he stood as a free-born Greek once more!

They brought him robes of the richest dyes,  
And a shield like the moon in autumn skies,  
A steed that grew by the Prophet's tomb,  
And a helmet crown'd with a heron's plume,  
And the world's strong tempter, Gold:

And they said—"Since thou turnest from the towers  
Of honour's path and pleasure's bowers,  
Go forth on the Spahi's conquering march—  
And gold and glory requite thy search,  
Till a warrior's death unfold  
For thee the gates of Paradise,  
And thy welcome beam'd by the Houris' eyes."—

"And where will the yearning memories sleep,  
That have fill'd mine exiled years  
With a voice of winds in the forest free,  
With the sound of the old Ægean sea,  
Through echoing grove and green defile,  
On the shores of that unforgotten Isle  
Which still the light of my mother's smile  
To her wanderer's memory wears—  
And the voices ever sounding back  
From my country's old triumphal track?  
The faith that clings with a deathless hold  
To the freedom and the fame of old,  
Will they rest in a stranger's banner-shade,  
Though a conquering flag it be?  
Will they joy with his myriad hosts to tread  
On a land that once was free?—  
Take back your gifts," the wanderer said—  
"And leave at last to me  
That far land's love—for ye cannot part  
His country from the Exile's heart!"

They said—"Thine Isle is a land of slaves;

It gives no galley to the waves—  
No cry with the battle's onset blent—  
No banner broad on its breezes sent—

No name to the lists of fame :  
Thy home still stands by its winding shore,  
But thy place by the hearth is known no more ;  
The evening fire on that hearth shines on,  
But the light of thy mother's smile is gone—

For a stranger bears her name—  
And, bright though her smile and glance may be,  
They are not like those that grew dim for thee.”—

“I know that my country's fame hath found

No rest by her storied streams—  
For cold is the chain for ages borne,  
And deep is the track its weight hath worn !  
The serf hath stood, in his fetters bound,  
On hills that were Freedom's battle-ground ;  
And my name is a long-forgotten sound

In the home of my thousand dreams ;—  
For change hath pass'd o'er each household face,  
And my mother's heart hath a resting-place  
Where the years of her weary watch are past  
For the step that so vainly comes at last.  
But far there shines through the shadowing green

Of the laurels bending there,  
One beckoning light—'tis the glancing sheen  
Of a Grecian maiden's hair ;  
Alas, for the clouds that rose between  
My gaze and one so fair !

Alas! for many a morning ray  
That pass'd from life's misty hills away!"

So spake the Greek, but the tempter said—  
"Why seek'st thou the flowers of summers fled?—  
The years that have made thy kindred strange  
Have they not breathed with the breath of change  
On thine early-chosen too?  
They have bound the wealth of that flowing hair—  
They have cross'd the brow with a shade of care;  
For thy young and thy glad of heart hath grown  
A matron, sadden'd in glance and tone—  
From whose undreaming view  
Life's early lights have fallen—and thou  
Art a long-forgotten vision now."

There rose a cloud in his clear dark eye,  
Like the mist of coming tears—  
Yet it pass'd in silence, and there came  
No after-voice from that perish'd dream;  
But he said—"Is it so, my land! Thou hast  
No gift for thy wanderer but the past,  
And a dream of a gathering trumpet's blast,  
And a charge of Grecian spears!  
That bright dream's promise ne'er may be—  
But the earth hath banners broad and free;  
There are gallant barks on the western wave—  
And fields where a Greek may find a grave:  
With a fearless arm, with a stainless brand,  
With a young brow I depart

To seek the hosts of some Christian land—

But I go with an Exile's heart.—

Yet, oft when the stranger's fight is done,  
And their shouts arise for the battle won,  
This heart will dream what its joy might be  
Were it won but for Greece and Liberty!"

It is well known that the once formidable corps of the Janisaries was composed of Greek children, who were levied from their country as tribute to the Porta. The Turks tell us, that when arrived at the years of maturity, they had their choice to return to Greece or remain in the service of the Sultan, but out of many thousands none ever thought of returning but one.

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## XXVIII.

## "BETTER TIMES!" \*

"BETTER TIMES!" said the desolate Chief, as he  
drain'd,

From the clear-gushing spring of the cleft,  
One cup to the land where his memory remain'd,  
And the friends whom his fortunes had left.

"Better times!"—'tis the hold of each storm-beaten  
heart,

That hopes against hope as it climbs—  
Though the signs of their coming grow faint and depart,  
Yet the watchword is still—"Better times!"

The young and the fearless, what temples of trust  
They build on the promise of years!

It may bring them but wrecks—it will bear them to  
dust—

Yet how radiant the prospect appears!  
There are honours to win—there are love-tones to  
hear—

There are homes beneath leaf-laden limes;

\* These were the words of Bonaparte when drinking from a  
small spring in the Isle of Elba.

And some in the future may find them—but ne'er  
What they dreamt of in those "better times!"

The patriot believes—though the land of his pride,  
In whose triumphs he trusted, hath found  
How wisdom grows feeble, and brothers divide,  
When days of disaster abound;—  
But concord and victory rise to his sight  
Through the deluge of tears and of crimes—  
And he sees his hope's banner still float in the light  
Of those future and far "better times!"

Our friends—has their love grown forgetful, and far  
From the hearts that remember them thus?  
Let us hear of their weal—it will shine like a star  
Through the clouds that close darkly o'er us:  
We speak of them often—and yet there are names  
Never utter'd, though heard like far chimes,  
Or voices that come in the silence of dreams—  
To our love, and their faith, "better times!"

Our foes—have we found them, whose fortunes or fears  
Met ours, in the struggle of life,  
And tasted the wormwood, it might be the tears,  
That blend with those waters of strife?  
Was the hand arm'd with hate grasp'd in friendship of  
old,  
Against tried and true love were its crimes—  
Let the olive grow green where the lava hath roll'd—  
To our memory and theirs, "better times!"



"Better times!"—we have watch'd for their march to  
begin

When the skies were as wintry as now—  
But it may be the world was less weary within,  
And the toil-marks less deep on the brow.

"Better times!"—we have sought them by wisdom's  
calm ray—

We have call'd them with folly's gay chimes;  
But they came not, and hope by the watch-fire grows  
gray—

Yet to each and to all—"Better times!"

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## XXIX.

THE JEWISH PILGRIM.  
~~~~~

ARE these the ancient holy hills
Where angels walk'd of old?
Is this the land our story fills
With glory not yet cold?
For I have pass'd by many a shrine,
O'er many a land and sea—
But still, O promised Palestine,
My dreams have been of thee!

I see thy mountain-cedars green,
Thy valleys fresh and fair,
With summers bright, as they have been
When Israel's home was there;
Though o'er thee sword and time have past,
And Cross and Crescent shone,
And heavily the chain hath press'd—
But thou art still our own!

Thine are the wandering race that go
Unblest through every land,
Whose blood hath stain'd the Polar snow
And quench'd the Desert sand;

And thine the homeless hearts that turn
From all Earth's shrines to thee,
With their lone faith, for ages borne
In sleepless memory.

For thrones are fall'n, and nations gone
Before the march of Time,
And where the ocean roll'd alone
Are forests in their prime,
Since Gentile ploughshares marr'd the brow
Of Zion's holy hill;—
Where are the Roman eagles now?—
Yet Judah wanders still!

And hath she wander'd thus in vain,
A pilgrim of the past?
No!—long-deferr'd her hope hath been—
But it shall come at last;
For in her wastes a voice I hear,
As from some prophet's urn—
It bids the nations build not there,
For Jacob shall return!

Oh! lost and loved Jerusalem,
Thy pilgrim may not stay
To see the glad Earth's harvests-home
In thy redeeming day;
But now, resign'd, in faith and trust
I seek a nameless tomb—
At least beneath thy hallow'd dust
O give the wanderer room!

xxx.

OUR EARLY LOVED.

~~~~~  
OUR early loved—how their memory clings  
To the hearts that love no more!  
Like a rose that still in its sweetness springs  
Where a garden's pride is o'er;  
Though the weeds and thorns may have long defaced  
The place of the perish'd flowers,  
Yet that lingerer gladdens the cheerless waste.  
With the bloom of its brighter hours!

Our early loved—hath their after-path  
From our steps far parted been?  
Hath the hand of power, or the flame of wrath,  
On life's barriers risen between?  
Yet still, in our dreams, their shadows come,  
O'er the parting waste of years—  
Though the path is mark'd with many a tomb,  
And its sands are wet with tears!

They come, with a light left far behind  
On the distant mountain's brow,  
Where the sunrise shone on the waking mind  
That is dark with shadows now;  
But even as the morning star returns  
To brighten the evening shades,

The lamp of their memory brighter burns  
As the spirit's daylight fades.

Our early loved—have we found them changed  
In the gloom of our winter days,  
And their bright locks blanched, and their looks  
estranged,  
Till they scarce return'd our gaze;  
But far in the land where storms or Time  
Can no longer sear or chill,  
In the light of our memory's cloudless clime  
We shall find them changeless still!

Hath the grass on the grave grown rankly green,  
Where we laid, so long ago,  
Our first affections, all unseen  
In their deep and quenchless glow?  
Alas! for the dust so darkly piled  
O'er the bright but buried gem;  
But safe are the treasures Death hath seal'd—  
“For there comes no change on them!”

We may love again—and the later ties  
Of life may be bright and strong—  
But if broken, never in memory's eyes  
Will their fragments shine so long;  
And the shrines of our childhood's stainless faith,  
We may leave them far and cold—  
But the heart still turns to the stars of youth  
With a love that ne'er grows old!

## XXXI.

## THE VOICES OF FUTURITY.

THE Pythoness is silent long—  
The Lybian deserts hear  
No more the voice of Ammon's fount—  
And Judah hath no Seer;  
But still the prophet-words appear,  
Though darkly—as the scrawl  
The mystic hand at midnight traced  
Upon the palace wall.

Ah! faint and fitfully they come,  
Like music lost in air,  
Amid the passing tide of life  
With all its present care;—  
They whisper to our startled souls,  
In murmurs deep and low—  
And we hear them in the outer world,  
But know not whence they flow.

Are there no wave-born sounds that tell  
Where wandering rivers wend?  
Do valleys hear no warning voice  
When mountain floods descend?

So speak the coming waves of Time,  
The onward flowing years—  
And, faint as echoes from afar,  
Their murmurs reach our ears;—

They reach us through the cloudy vale  
That covers all before—  
The sea that sleeps without a sail—  
The yet untrodden shore;  
But tempests darkly brooding there,  
Send forth their stormy breath,  
Or dim our sunshine with the shades  
Of destiny and death.

Ah! voices of Futurity,  
Why is it that ye bring  
The rushing of the wintry blast,  
But not the voice of spring?  
Perchance to teach us that our course  
Is o'er the depths of Fear,  
Where Hope should cast no anchor, for  
The haven is not here.

## XXXII.

## FLOWERS IN THE CITY.

~~~~~

WELL we know them—as the blossoms
Of the green and glorious May
Life hath left so far away
In old woods and glens, whose bosoms
Wear the dew of summer's youth—
It hath pass'd from ours in sooth :
Yet how fresh on brow and spirit
Breathe through tumult, dust, and stone,
Buds the wide green wastes inherit,
Blooms in sunny gardens grown,
And some beside far rivers known—
With old summer memories round them,
Link'd with many a glance and tone—
The loved, but not the changed, we found them ;—
Tones grow strange, and glances chill,
But the flowers are lovely still !

Lovely, by the piled-up volumes
Of the world's long-trusted lore—
Through the mart's throng'd toil and store,

And the temple's cold gray columns,
With a mightier wisdom fraught,
And a faith our years forgot;—
With a wealth of odours, bringing
All the golden eves we met
Since our first blue violets springing—
Oh, the days that rise and set
On Earth's green hills and valleys yet!—
Oh, the springs our part was miss'd in!—
We are far and they forget—
The hearts their hopes no more exist in
But o'er many a winter's track;—
Still the flowers come blooming back!

Back to tell of dells and meadows,
Where the blossom'd thorn breathes on
Through the summer eve and dawn!
Back to fill our dreams with shadows
Of old trees and woodbine walls,
Where the light on roses falls!
Flowers of summer days, return ye
With such silvan visions rife,
To the bond-years of our journey
Through this dusty throng of life,
Only to wither in its strife?
As the free thoughts perish early—
Found with you by stream and cliff—
Now our pathways reach them rarely;
Yet from city homes like ours
Comes a blessing for the flowers.

XXXIII.

THE ANCIENT TOMBS.

THEY rise on isle and ocean shore—
They stand by lake and stream—
And blend with many a shepherd's tale,
And many a poet's dream;
Where darkly towers the northern pine,
Where bright the myrtle blooms,
And on the desert's trackless sands
Arise the ancient tombs.

The hands that raised them, long ago
In death and dust have slept—
And long the grave hath seal'd the founts
Of eyes that o'er them wept;
But still they stand, like sea-marks left
Amid the passing waves
Of generations that go down
To their forgotten graves.

For many an early nation's steps
Have pass'd from hill and plain;
Their homes are gone, their deeds forgot,
But still their tombs remain—

To tell, when Time hath left no trace
Of tower or storied page,
Our ancient Earth how glorious was
Her early heritage!

They tell us of the lost and mourn'd,
When Earth was new to tears—
The Bard that left his tuneful lyre—
The Chief that left his spears;
Ah! were their lights of love and fame
On those dark altars shed,
To keep undimm'd, through time and change,
The memory of the dead?

If so—alas for Love's bright tears!
And for Ambition's dreams!
For Earth hath kept their monuments,
But lost the sleepers' names.
They live no more in story's scroll,
Or song's inspiring breath—
For altars raised to human fame
Have turn'd to shrines of death!

But, from your silence, glorious graves,
What mystic voices rise,
That thus through passing ages speak
Their lessons to the wise!
Behold how still the world rewards
Her brightest, as of yore;
For ~~then~~ she gave a nameless grave—
And now she gives no more!

XXXIV.

A LEGEND OF MAY EVE.*

OH! the moonlit Eve of the lovely May
That comes with song and flowers,
We have mark'd, as year by year it lay
On the valleys green and the mountains gray,
And the bright streams winding far away
Through wild and woodland bowers—
How died the faith of Earth's elder day,
That fill'd its silent hours
With prophet-dreams, and spells that clung
To the bright May Eves when we were young!

But the young of our hills go forth no more
To seek, at the fall of night,

* In the north of Ireland there exists, or did exist in more believing times, a popular superstition regarding a small wild herb, known to the peasantry by the name of "Yarra;" it was said, that if gathered and placed under the pillow of any unwedded person of either sex, on the night of May Eve, the sleeper should see, in a dream, his or her destined partner; but it was added, that the experiment had always some unfortunate result—and one of the numerous tales of this description is the subject of the following poem.

The flower that brings to the maiden's dream
His glance and form, who yet may claim
Her heart's high place, though they never came
Before her waking sight!
And there comes from our youth a sad old theme
Of that blossom's mystic might—
Yet the girl was fair, and young, and gay,
Who sought her love on the Eve of May.

The youth she saw had the glance and brow
Of a dark and alien race,
Who knelt at altars deem'd unblest'd—
But never from the maiden's breast
Might pass the track of that shadowy guest;
And on each wanderer's face
She cast a glance that knew no rest,
In its silent search to trace
The beauty of the brow, whose beam
Had lighted her unforgotten dream.

The time of the sweet May Eve return'd—
But the storm-clouds linger'd long
Around our northern cliffs, for night
Had heard the roar of the tempest's might;
And a far-bound bark, as the dawn grew white,
Went down, where high and strong
The billows beat o'er the sea-crag's height—
And their foam-crests bore along
One burden of their buried store
To that maiden's feet on the wreck-strewn shore!

Oh! fair was that form in death,
Though born in a land that loved not ours—
But the tale of her haunting dream was told,
For well she knew its matchless mould.
Though the wave o'er her memory's depth that roll'd
Was voiceless, as the towers
Of silence raised on the Eastern wold,
Where fall the sweet spring showers
In vain, and orient sunsets shed
Their splendours on the Persian's dead.
We know not how that dark wave wore
Its channel to the young heart's core;
But the maid grew sad by her native streams,
And she never smiled except in dreams!

XXXV.

THE LATE DISCOVERY.
~~~~~

SHE stood where hills were high and green,  
Where flowers were sweet and wild—  
Where ne'er before her steps had been—  
The city's toiling child;  
But even the glorious spring that shed  
Its sunshine o'er her now,  
Could ne'er restore the spring-time fled  
From that young heart and brow.

She saw the happy hamlet homes,  
In valleys fair and free—  
And heard, among the meadow blooms,  
The voice of childhood's glee;  
But from those early shadow'd eyes  
The tears were falling fast,  
As thus, amid her dying days,  
The blighted spoke at last:—

“And had the earth such glorious things  
Beneath so blue a sky,  
While all my cheerless, hopeless springs,  
In darkness glided by?

Did all these lovely scenes expand—  
These happy hearts exist—  
And yet, amid the pleasant land,  
How was my portion miss'd?

For I have seen the palace hall  
In distant splendour gleam,  
And heard the midnight festival  
Awake my weary dream;  
And all that wealth from farthest shore  
Or distant wave could bring,  
Mine eyes have seen, but ne'er before  
Beheld the blessed spring!

Though oft such visions long ago  
My lonely dreams have cross'd,  
Yet never knew my soul, till now,  
The all that it had lost.  
Oh, lovely vales! Oh, glorious skies!  
Oh, flowers of balmy breath!  
How will ye gladden other eyes  
When mine are seal'd in death!

Alas! for human sacrifice,  
The stain of every clime—  
For all whose youth unpitied dies—  
The lost, the doom'd of time.  
Ah! well, well, may that promised shore  
Be bright with tearless bliss,  
If it to wither'd hearts restore  
Their summers lost on this."



## XXXVI.

## THE RABBI'S VISION.

BEN LEVI sat with his books alone  
At the midnight's solemn chime,  
And the full-orb'd moon through his lattice shone  
In the power of autumn's prime ;  
It shone on the darkly learned page,  
And the snowy locks of the lonely Sage—  
But he sat and mark'd not its silvery light,  
For his thoughts were on other themes that night.

Wide was the learn'd Ben Levi's fame  
As the wanderings of his race—  
And many a seeker of wisdom came  
To his lonely dwelling-place ;  
For he made the darkest symbols clear,  
Of ancient doctor and early seer.  
Yet a question ask'd by a simple maid  
He met that eve in the linden's shade,  
Had puzzled his matchless wisdom more  
Than all that ever it found before ;

And this it was—"What path of crime  
Is darkest traced on the map of time?"

The Rabbi ponder'd the question o'er  
With a calm and thoughtful mind,  
And search'd the depths of the Talmud's lore—  
But an answer he could not find;—  
Yet a maiden's question might not foil  
A Sage inured to Wisdom's toil—  
And he leant on his hand his aged brow,  
For the current of thought ran deeper now :

When, lo! by his side, Ben Levi heard  
A sound of rustling leaves—  
But not like those of the forest stirr'd  
By the breath of summer eves,  
That comes through the dim and dewy shades  
As the golden glow of the sunset fades,  
Bringing the odours of hidden flowers  
That bloom in the greenwood's secret bowers—

But the leaves of a luckless volume turn'd  
By the swift impatient hand  
Of student young, or of critic learn'd  
In the lore of the Muse's land.  
The Rabbi raised his wondering eyes—  
Well might he gaze in mute surprise—  
For, open'd wide to the moon's cold ray,  
A ponderous volume before him lay !

Old were the characters, and black  
As the soil when sear'd by the lightning's track,  
But broad and full that the dimmest sight  
Might clearly read by the moon's pale light ;  
But, oh ! 'twas a dark and fearful theme  
That fill'd each crowded page—  
The gather'd records of human crime  
From every race and age.

All the blood that the Earth had seen  
Since Abel's crimson'd her early green ;  
All the vice that had poison'd life  
Since Lamech wedded his second wife ;  
All the pride that had mock'd the skies  
Since they built old Babel's wall ;—  
But the page of the broken promises  
Was the saddest page of all.

It seem'd a fearful mirror made  
For friendship ruin'd and love betray'd,  
For toil that had lost its fruitless pain,  
And hope that had spent its strength in vain ;  
For all who sorrow'd o'er broken faith—  
Whate'er their fortunes in life or death—  
Were there in one ghastly pageant blent  
With the broken reeds on which they leant.

And foul was many a noble crest  
By the Nations deem'd unstain'd—  
And, deep on brows which the Church had bless'd,  
The traitor's brand remain'd.

For vows in that blacken'd page had place  
Which Time had ne'er reveal'd,  
And many a faded and furrow'd face  
By death and dust conceal'd—  
Eyes that had worn their light away  
In weary watching from day to day,  
And tuneful voices which Time had heard  
Grow faint with the sickness of hope deferr'd.

The Rabbi read till his eye grew dim  
With the mist of gathering tears,  
For it woke in his soul the frozen stream  
Which had slumber'd there for years;  
And he turn'd, to clear his clouded sight,  
From that blacken'd page to the sky so bright—  
And joy'd that the folly, crime, and care  
Of Earth could not cast one shadow there.

For the stars had still the same bright look  
That in Eden's youth they wore;—  
And he turn'd again to the ponderous book—  
But the book he found no more;  
Nothing was there but the moon's pale beam—  
And whence that volume of wonder came,  
Or how it pass'd from his troubled view,  
The Sage might marvel, but never knew!

Long and well had Ben Levi preach'd  
Against the sins of men—  
And many a sinner his sermons reach'd,  
By the power of page and pen :

Childhood's folly, and manhood's vice,  
And age with its boundless avarice,  
All were rebuk'd, and little ruth  
Had he for the venial sins of youth.

But never again to mortal ears  
Did the Rabbi preach of aught  
But the mystery of trust and tears  
By that wondrous volume taught.  
And if he met a youth and maid  
Beneath the linden boughs—  
Oh, never a word Ben Levi said,  
But—"Beware of Broken Vows!"

## XXXVII.

## THE BIRDS OF SPRING.

SING on by fane and forest old,  
By tombs and cottage-caves—  
And tell the waste of coming flowers,  
The woods of coming leaves;—  
The same sweet song that o'er the birth  
Of earliest blossoms rang,  
And caught its music from the hymn  
The stars of morning sang!

It hail'd the radiant path of spring  
By stream and valley fair,  
And o'er the Earth's green hill-tops, when  
No step but hers was there.  
Like to the laurel's gift of green,  
The violet's depth of blue,  
It hath survived a thousand thrones,  
And yet the song is new;—

New as we heard it in the years  
Whose memories still are young—  
When life's first rainbow o'er our path  
Its arch of glory flung:

That vision'd light hath melted long  
From hearts whose hopes have met  
The shower and shadow—but your strains  
Are loved and trusted yet.

They come when sunset's dying rose  
Or morning's waking smiles  
Light up the mountain's rocky shrines,  
The lonely forest aisles.  
Our souls, from all their early store,  
Have kept one answering tone  
Of joy, to greet each gushing song  
With gladness like its own!

Oh, blest in true and tearless love!  
Oh, free of earth and air!  
For whom the past hath no regret,  
The all-to-come no care:—  
Still, from its summers far away,  
To the worn heart ye bring  
Its early store of love and hope,  
Sweet prophet-birds of spring!

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## XXXVIII.

## THE FRIEND OF OUR DARKER DAYS.

'TWAS said, when the world was fresh and young,  
That the friends of earth were few;  
And shrines have blazed, and harps have rung  
For the hearts whose love was true!  
And say, when the furrowing tracks of Time  
Lie deep on the old Earth's brow—  
The faith so prized in her early prime—  
Shall we hope to find it now?

It may be found—like the aloe's bloom  
In the depth of Western woods,  
To which a hundred springs may come  
Yet wake not its starry buds;—  
But if, through the mists of wintry skies,  
It shine on life's weary ways—  
What star in the summer heavens will rise  
Like that friend of our darker days?

We know there are hands and smiles to greet  
Our steps on the summit fair—  
But lone are the climber's weary feet  
Where the steep lies bleak and bare.



For some have gain'd far heights and streams,  
To their sight with morning crown'd—  
But the sunrise shed on their heart's first dreams,  
And its light, they never found !

Yet—O for the bright isles seen afar  
When our sails were first unfurl'd—  
And the glance that once was the guiding-star  
Of our green unwither'd world !  
And—O for the voice that spake in love,  
Ere we heard the cold world's praise—  
And one gourd in our promised noon, to prove  
Like the friend of our darker days !

Alas ! we have miss'd pure gems, that lay  
Where the rock seem'd stern and cold ;  
And our search hath found but the hidden clay  
Where we dreamt of pure bright gold.  
And dark is the night of changing years  
That falls on the trust of youth,  
Till the thorns grow up and the tangled tares  
In the stronghold of its truth.

The shrines of our household gods, perchance  
We have seen their brightness wane ;  
And the love which the heart can give but once,  
It may be given in vain ;—  
But still from the graves of better hopes—  
From the depths of memory's maze—  
One blessing springs to the heart and lips  
For the friend of our darker days.

## XXXIX.

## THE BURNING OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE Cybele of cities stands veil'd with the night—  
 But why are the turrets that crown her so bright?  
 Those halls, which for ages were silent and cold,  
 Shine forth as when lit for some banquet of old.  
 But what mean the thunders that peal on the breeze?  
 Ah! surely no sounds of the revel are these;—  
 The Tower hath a guest, though in silence he came—  
 And the festival there is a banquet of flame!  
 Ho! London, awake thee! Though many have been—  
 Aye, many and changeful—the sights thou hast seen,  
 Of gladness and sorrow, of splendour and power;  
 What pageants have glitter'd or gloom'd from thy  
 Tower!—

The lists of the tourney, the altar of prayer—  
 Court, dungeon, and scaffold alike have been there;  
 And bright were the banners its battlements bore—  
 But ne'er had the Tower such a gala before!  
 With terror and tumult, from hovel and hall,  
 They come, for one beacon had summon'd them all—  
 The far-seen and fire-crested summit, whose glow  
 Falls fearfully bright on the city below.  
 Oh, Queen of the waters, it shines to thy heart,  
 Through all thy deep-hidden veins—vast as thou art!

It startles the dream of the captive's repose—  
On the eyes of the dying it glares ere they close—  
It bursts in its power on the halls of the gay,  
Like trumpets that summon to judgment away;  
For the rod of the Prophet smote only the flood—  
But this turns the sky of thy midnight to blood.  
How vainly you strive the destroyer to quell,  
O brave hearts of Britain, who served her so well!—  
In war you have shatter'd both sceptre and spear—  
But flee, for a greater than Britain is here.  
Thou stronghold of glory, though wide was thy fame,  
And minstrel and story have hallow'd thy name,  
Yet in thee were found the dark stains of the past—  
And see, an avenger hath enter'd at last!  
Long, long hast thou boasted the treasures of war  
Thy victors had gather'd from nations afar;  
The realm of the North gave her iron-bound toil,  
And the lands of the sunrise their gold-cover'd spoil;  
But the trophies of ages are perishing now,  
In the wrath of a Spoiler yet mightier than thou,  
Who spares not the ransom'd from Ocean's deep ire—  
For strong to destroy is the angel of fire.  
'Tis past! and thy harvests from Earth's battle-plain  
Are gone—but, O England! the anchor remains—\*  
Like Hope 'mid the ashes of Fame's funeral pile;—  
And long rest upon it the hope of the Isle!

\* At the great fire in the Tower in 1842, the old anchor of the Royal George, which had been long laid up among its martial relics, was found buried in the ruins.

## XL.

## THE MOTHER OF THE MUTE.

**M**Y Child, our home-fire's light is shed  
On the curls of many a fair young head—  
But none that glance in the ruddy beam  
Like thine of the dark and jetty gleam;  
And there are eyes with the cloudless light  
Of life's spring morn, that shine  
Upon our home—but none so bright  
As that starry glance of thine;—  
It hath shone on my soul through all the tears  
And clouds of my sad and silent years.

Silent—though voices glad and young  
Oft by our board and hearth have rung;—  
Sad—though the smiles that young lips wear,  
And the joy of unwearied hearts was there:  
It rose through the light of summer's day—  
Through the winter's twilight chill;  
Each voice had part in the harmony—  
But thine alone was still :—

And well might thy mother's heart deplore  
The chord that was mute for evermore!

My child, there have been both prayer and tear,  
One sound of that silent chord to hear;  
But the hush was deep, and the prayer was vain,  
And the tear will never fall again;—  
For now thy part in the world of thought—  
    So early lost, is found—  
In the blessed lore our Faith hath taught,  
    And the hope that knows no bound—  
For its pinions cleave the clouds of time,  
And its eye looks forth to the tearless clime.

Oh! blessed be the saving power  
That won thee back that priceless dower,  
And taught thine hand the silent art  
That well can speak from heart to heart.  
But, oh! the voices of my youth,  
    That were clear as sunlit streams—  
They are lost in time, they are hush'd in death—  
    But they have not left my dreams;  
I hear them blent on the midnight breeze  
With the sounds of my childhood's streams and  
    trees.

Though some have swept o'er my after-path  
In tones of wo and in sounds of wrath—  
And changed, and cheerless as they grew,  
May grow mine own home-voices too:

But thine—it will never lose the tone  
 Of childhood, gushing clear  
 From the heart's free founts, that yet have known  
 No stain of time or tear;  
 For the seal'd-up spring may never blend  
 With the streams life's darker fountains send—  
 But rise to greet me on that shore  
 Where time and its losses come no more!

## XLI.

## THE TEMPLAR'S SUMMONS.

ON Seine's bright banks, at early day,  
The fatal pile was raised—  
And on the fearful pageantry  
A gather'd people gazed;  
For banners fair were floating there  
O'er knightly shield and spear—  
And a monarch sate in solemn state,  
With prelate, prince, and peer.

But there were three that fetter'd stood  
Where faggots round them lay,  
More stately in their fearless mood  
Than all that proud array.  
For peasants came to mark the spot,  
And warriors came to sigh,  
And the King to see his triumph—but  
The Templars came to die!

Oh! had they thought to perish thus,  
When on the Paynim shore  
To Caucasus' far trackless snows  
Their conquering Cross they bore!

For many a green and glorious grave  
They left in distant lands,  
To die—as ill became the brave—  
With scorn and fetter'd hands.

They were but three—and two were old,  
And stately in their age—  
For o'er them many a storm had roll'd  
In life's long pilgrimage;  
Yet, all of mortal pains or woes  
Had left their tearless eyes—  
For one was gazing on the Cross,  
And one upon the skies.

But one, the youngest of the three,  
Whose proudly pallid brow  
Still spoke of martial sovereignty,  
Though marr'd and furrow'd now;—  
He cast no glance on earth or skies,  
On holy Cross or book—  
But on that mighty monarch's face  
He fix'd a steadfast look.

There was no passion in that gaze—  
Its light was cold and clear—  
And yet, amid his splendour's blaze,  
The monarch shook with fear.  
And on the gather'd thousands fell  
A silence deep and dread,  
As thus, amid the kindled pile,  
That noble Templar said :—



"The King, whose hate and wrath for us  
Prepared this fiery tomb—  
The Pope, whose fiat crush'd our cause,  
And seal'd our hopeless doom;—  
For trial just, for guerdon meet,  
We summon to appear  
Before the Eternal Judgment-Seat  
Within this circling year!"

— The Pope sat in the Vatican,  
With keys and triple crown—  
And low before his footstool then  
A sovereign prince bow'd down—  
But, 'neath that crown of mystic power  
The dews of terror broke  
From his dark brow—for in that hour  
The dying Templar spoke.

And Philip shared the thorns and flowers  
That rise around a throne—  
And still, in camp and courtly bowers,  
A martial monarch shone;  
But oft, at festive board and bowl,  
Like quivering aspen shook—  
As darkly rose upon his soul  
That Templar's steadfast look.

And when the western woods were green  
With April sun and showers,  
The sable pomp of wo was seen  
Around the Roman towers;

And when November darken'd o'er  
 The hills with stormy gloom,  
 The Gallic people tearless bore  
 Proud Philip to his tomb.—

My lay is of the tales that fill  
 The faith of olden times;  
 Which dim tradition murmurs still  
 Through homes of darker climes;  
 But priests and princes, in their wrath  
 And power, may learn from them,  
 That He who judgeth on the earth  
 Will mark how they condeman!

At the suppression of the Order of the Templars, all who refused to abjure their vows and confess the crimes laid to their charge were put to death; and, amongst others, the Grand Master and two of his brethren were burned alive at Paris in March 1314, after having, according to tradition, cited the King of France and the Pope, who had condemned them, to appear at the Judgment Seat of God within the year; which was fulfilled literally—the Pope dying in April and the King in November.

## XLII.

## WHAT HATH TIME TAKEN AND LEFT?

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WHAT hath Time taken? Stars that shone
On the early years of Earth,
And the ancient hills they look'd upon,
Where a thousand streams had birth;
Forests that were the young world's dower,
With their long-unfading trees;
And the halls of wealth, and the thrones of power—
He hath taken more than these:—
He hath taken away the heart of youth,
And its gladness, which hath been
Like the summer's sunshine o'er our path,
Waking the desert green;
The shrines of our early hope and love—
And the flowers of every clime—
The wise, the beautiful, the brave,
Thou hast taken from us, Time!

What hath Time left us? Desolate
Cities and temples lone—
And the mighty works of genius, yet
Glorious when all are gone;

And the lights of memory, lingering long
 As the eve on western seas—
 Treasures of science, thought, and song—
 He hath left us more than these :—
 He hath left us a lesson of the past,
 In the shades of perish'd years ;
 He hath left us the heart's high places waste,
 And its rainbows fall'n in tears.
 But there's hope for the Earth and her children still,
 Unwither'd by wo or crime—
 And a heritage of rest for all ;—
 Thou hast left us these, O Time !

XLIII.

THE LESSON OF THE LOUVRE.
~~~~~

HE stood, amid the richest spoils  
That ever warrior won  
From royal domes or storied isles  
Since Rome's proud days were done—  
Within his country's Louvre—where  
His glorious solitude  
Was shared by one that well might share  
A monarch's loftiest mood.

Around him stood the matchless shapes  
Of Grecian song and thought—  
Whose glory Time could ne'er eclipse  
By all the change he brought!—  
The scenes of splendour, love, and power,  
Which art or genius' hand  
Had given to palace, fane, and tower  
Of East or Western land.

On canvass bright and marble fair  
That haughty glance was thrown—  
But long it paused in rapture where  
One peerless statue shone.

"It is immortal," said the Sage—  
"Through time, and change, and tears,  
That form will last, undimm'd by age,  
A thousand glorious years!"

The gazer turn'd with kindling eye,  
And smile of kingly scorn:—  
"Is this the immortality  
To which our hopes were born?—  
The aim of every restless heart  
On wildest wave and coast—  
The Patriot's dream, the Poet's part,  
The Sage and Warrior's boast?

Was it for this the Nations grew  
So great in power and fame?  
And Earth's unrivall'd conquerors too—  
Was it for this they came?  
Is this the purchase and reward  
Of all the countless cost,  
Which Hope hath given, which Time hath  
shared,  
Which Life and Love have lost?

Oh! mighty were the deeds of men  
When human faith was strong—  
To fling on Fame's bright altar then  
The spoils of sword and song!  
For some, as saintly Sages say,  
Have offer'd there the bliss

And glory of Eternity;—  
And was it all for this?"

So spake the Sun of Gallic fame,  
When, on his conquering noon,  
No dimly distant shadow came  
Of clouds to burst so soon—  
But o'er the crown'd and laurell'd brow  
There pass'd a shade the while,  
That dimm'd the dark eye's haughty glow,  
And quench'd the scornful smile.

Perchance, like him whose minstrel-art  
His own sad requiem sung,  
Some prophet-chord in that deep heart  
With answering echoes rung,  
To words that o'er its silence swept  
With dark and boding power:—  
Ah! well if memory's page had kept  
The lesson of that hour!

It is said that Bonaparte, when in the zenith of his power, walking one day with Denon in the Louvre, and hearing him say that a statue, which both admired, was "immortal," inquired how long it would last; to which Denon answered, "probably a thousand years;" he replied, "and is this what you call immortal?"

## XLIV.

## THE PAINTER'S LOVE.

THE summer day had reach'd its calm decline,  
When the young painter's chosen task was done—  
At a low lattice, wreathed with rose and vine,  
And open to the bright descending sun,  
And ancient Alps, whose everlasting snows  
And forests round that lonely valley rose;—  
Yet lovely was the brow, and bright the hair  
His pencil pictured—for an Alpine maid,  
In blooming beauty, sat before him there;  
And well had the young artist's hand portray'd  
The daughter of the south, whose youthful prime  
Was bright as noontide in her native clime.  
Perchance the maiden dreamt not that amid  
The changeful fortune of his after days,  
That early-treasured image should abide—  
The only landmark left for memory's gaze.  
Perchance the wanderer deem'd his path too dim  
And cold for such bright eyes to shine on him;  
For silently he went his lonely way—  
And like the currents of far-parted streams,  
Their years flow'd on; but many a night and day  
The same green valley rose upon their dreams—  
To *him* with her young smile and presence bright—  
To *her* with the old home-fire's love and light;—



For she, too, wander'd from its pleasant bowers,  
To share a prouder home and nobler name  
In a far land. And on his after hours  
The golden glow of art's bright honours came;  
And time roll'd on, but found him still alone,  
And true to the first love his heart had known.  
At length, within a proud and pictured hall  
He stood, amid a noble throng, and gazed  
Upon one lovely form—which seem'd of all  
Most loved of sages, and by poets praised  
In many a song—but to the painter's view  
It had a spell of power they never knew;  
For many an eye of light and form of grace  
Had claim'd his magic pencil since its skill  
To canvass gave the beauty of that face:  
But in his memory it was brightest still;—  
And he had given life's wealth to meet again  
The sunny smile that shone upon him then.  
There came a noble matron to his side,  
With mourning robes and darkly-flowing veil,  
Yet much of the world's splendour and its pride,  
Around long silver'd hair and visage pale;—  
But at one glance—though changed and dim, that eye  
Lit up the deserts of his memory.  
It brought before his sight the vale of vines,  
The rose-wreath'd lattice, and the sunset sky,  
Far-gleaming through the old majestic pines  
That clothed the Alpine steeps so gloriously.  
And, oh! was this the face his art portray'd,  
Long, long ago beneath their peaceful shade!—  
The star his soul had worshipp'd through the past,

With all the fervour of unutter'd truth—  
 His early loved and long'd for—who at last  
 Gazed on that glorious shadow of her youth!  
 And youth had perish'd from her—but there stay'd  
 With it a changeless bloom that could not fade;  
 The winters had not breath'd upon its prime—  
 For life's first roses hung around it now,  
 Unblanch'd by all the waves and storms of time  
 That swept such beauty from the living brow—  
 And withering age, and deeply-cankering care,  
 Had left no traces of their footsteps there.  
 The loved one and the lover both were changed,  
 Far changed in fortune, and perchance in soul;—  
 And they whose footsteps fate so far estranged,  
 At length were guided to the same bright goal  
 Of early hopes :—but, oh, to be once more  
 As they had been in that sweet vale of yore!  
 They cast upon each other one long look;  
 And hers was sad—it might be with regret  
 For all the true love lost; but his partook  
 Of wo, whose wordless depth was darker yet,  
 For life had lost its beacon, and that brow  
 Could be no more his star of promise now :—  
 And once again the artist silently  
 Pass'd from her presence. But, from that sad hour,  
 As though he fear'd its fading heart and eye,  
 Forsook all mortal beauty for the power  
 Of deathless art. By far and fabled streams  
 He sought the sculptured forms of classic dreams,  
 And pictured glories of Italian lore,  
 But look'd on living beauty never more.

## XLV.

## THE BRIGHT HOURS OF MEMORY.

THE bright hours of memory!—Oh, who can look  
back,

Retracing his path through the desert of years,  
Nor find in the wastes of that long trodden track  
Some far isle of verdure, whose dew is not tears—  
Some spot to whose greenness his steps would return  
In spite of the thorns and the deserts between,  
Could they bear back the spirit that once they had  
borne,  
Or find it the region that once it had been?

The lights of the past may be feeble and few,  
And seen through the mist when life's morning was  
gray;  
And pleasures and hopes which they brought to our  
view,

Like the mists of that morn may have melted away;  
But still their bright track which remains in the soul,  
No shadows can cover, no tears can efface;  
Around it life's billows and tempests may roll,  
But they leave it still clear for the pilgrim to trace.

Perchance 'twas an hour when the triumph of youth  
Arose o'er its labours and honours achieved;  
Perchance when the vows of affection and truth  
Were fervently utter'd and fondly believed;  
Or, far in the distance of childhood it lies,  
Where, dim as the cloud-cover'd mountains, have  
grown  
The scenes that surround it—but still to our eyes  
It seems like one spot where a sunburst hath shone.

The bright hours of memory!—How oft in our dreams  
They bring us the glory of long summer days,  
The joy of the spring-time's first blossoms and beams,  
And the laughter that rang by the winter hearth's  
blaze!  
And, oh! there are hearts, though by fortune estranged,  
And eyes that can lighten our journey no more,  
That come in those visions, still true and unchanged,  
With the light, and the love, and the gladness of yore!

Bright, bright shines the beacon of hope from afar!—  
And strong is the faith of our youth to pursue  
The path of its promise, till dim grows the star,  
And faint grow our steps in the wilderness too;—  
But ne'er of her treasures can memory be reft—  
And dark must the days of his pilgrimage be  
Who finds not one hour in his retrospect left  
Like a full ark of joy on the desolate sea.

## XLVI.

## THE FIRST.

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THE first, the first!—Oh! nought like it
Our after years can bring—
For summer hath no flowers so sweet
As those of early spring.
The earliest storm that strips the tree
Still wildest seems and worst ;—
Whate'er hath been again may be—
But never as at first ;—

For many a bitter blast may blow
O'er life's uncertain wave,
And many a thorny thicket grow
Between us and the grave ;
But darker still the spot appears
Where thunder-clouds have burst
Upon our green unblighted years—
No grief is like the first.

Our first-born joy—perchance 'twas vain—
Yet, that brief lightning o'er,
The heart, indeed, may hope again,
But can rejoice no more ;

Life hath no glory to bestow
Like it—unfallen, uncursed;
There may be many an after-glow,
But nothing like the first.

The rays of hope may light us on
Through manhood's toil and strife,
But never can they shine as shone
The morning stars of life;
Though bright as summer's rosy wreath,
Though long and fondly nursed—
Yet, still they want the fearless faith
Of those that bless'd us first.

Its first love deep in memory
The heart for ever bears;
For that was early-given and free—
Life's wheat without the tares.
It may be Death hath buried deep—
It may be Fate hath cursed—
But yet, no later love can keep
The greenness of the first.

And thus, whate'er our onward way,
The lights or shadows cast
Upon the dawning of our day
Are with us to the last.
But, ah! the morning breaks no more
On us, as once it burst—
For future springs can ne'er restore
The freshness of the first.

XLVII.

TO THE CATHEDRAL OF GLASGOW.

WHY lies thy shadow on my memory yet—
Like that of Karnac on the desert sands?
Thou that so many an age and storm hast met—
Imperishable work of perish'd hands!
There was a time when pilgrims from far lands
Throng'd to thine altars, and through nave and
aisle
Roll'd the deep organ's chant, and choral bands
Fill'd with old harmonies thy stately pile,
Where shields and banners shook o'er knightly tombs
the while.

Woods were around thee then—and dimness now
Reigns o'er thy Sabbath-hours; the anthem's swell
Hath dwindled to the rustic psalm's dull flow—
For Calvin's faith hath pitch'd her tents to dwell
Amid thy vastness;—yet a changeless spell
Of old-world worship binds each mighty arch—
Surviving long the power and pomp that fell
Before the Northern mind's far morning march,
Whose track o'er ruin'd shrines still greets the gazer's
search.

Green be the gallant burghers' graves, who roll'd *
Back from thy walls that wide-destroying wave—
The outburst of a land in chains grown old—
From which nor art nor glory's self could save!
Long may their city boast the soul they gave
That day to all her story—and condemn
The zeal that yet would wield the waster's glaive,
The civic rod, or priestly bigot's pen,
Against the inspiring works or faith of fellow-men!

How is that wisdom in thy silence felt!
The corn, the oaks of centuries have grown
Above the hands that raised, the crowds that knelt—
But like some buried forest turn'd to stone,
Still tower thy crypt's huge columns,
Where alone the saint maintains the marble state
he wore
When worshipp'd;—temple of a creed o'erthrown,
And worthy to outlast a thousand more,
With all their zealots' fire, and all their sages' lore!

Time's storms have beat on thee, and floods pass'd
through,
Wearing thy very tombstones—yet thou hast
The strength of iron ages in which grew
Thy giant dome—a fortress where the past

* In the first flush of the Reformation a warrant for the destruction of this venerable edifice was granted by the authorities; but the citizens rose to a man in its defence, and preserved their Cathedral in spite of both the mob and the Government.

Hath stored her wealth of memories old and vast.—
The solemn cloister, and the feudal hold,
The light from gleaming arms and banners cast
O'er tourney-list and Eastern fields of old,
Blend in the moment's thought that marks thy massive
mould.

On mine own hills, by cloud and eagle swept,
Ruins rise round me—and perchance within
Lie those that wear no ivy, and have kept
Strange echoes;—yet when summer days begin
To pour their evening gold on lake and linn,
The grandeur of thy gloom descends on me—
I hear the voice of the great City's din
Sweep past like some broad river to the sea—
And once again I stand alone with time and thee!

XLVIII.

THE MIRROR OF THE DANUBE.

ON forests bright with fading leaves,
On hills of misty blue,
And on the gather'd gold of sheaves
That by the Danube grew,
The setting sun of autumn shed
A mellow radiance rich and red,
As ever dyed the storied flood,
Since Roman blent with Dacian blood.
But Rome and Dacia both were gone—
Yet the old river still roll'd on;
And now upon its sands, apart,
A peasant mother stood,
With beaming eye and bounding heart,
Marking the fearless mood
Of her young children's mirth, that rang
Where late the joyous reaper sang.
She bless'd each yet unsadden'd voice,
Each head of golden hair,
Her rosy girl, her blooming boys,
And their young sire; for there
Was gather'd all that meek heart's store—
The earth for her contain'd no more.
Yet with the love of that long gaze
Were blent far dreams of future days—

And, oh! to learn what Time's swift wing
To her life's blossoms yet might bring.
Then came a sound like passing wind
O'er the old river's breast—

And that young mother turn'd, to find
Upon the wave impress'd,
The mirror'd semblance of a scene
That never on its banks had been.—
It seem'd a pillar'd fane, that rose

For justice, far away
In some old city, at the close
Of a long trial day—

When hope and doubt alike were past;
And bright the midnight torches cast
Their splendour on a breathless crowd,
Dense as the summer's thunder-cloud
Ere the first lightning breaks its gloom,
Waiting the words of death and doom.
But far amid that living sea

Of faces dark and strange,
One visage claim'd her memory—

In spite of time and change,
And all that fortune's hand had done,
The mother knew her first-born son.
Sternly he sat in judgment there;—

But who were they that stood
Before him at that fatal bar?

Was he—the unsubdued
In heart and eye, though more than age
Had written on his brow's broad page
The fiery thoughts of restless years,

Whose griefs had never fallen in tears—
Unblanch'd by guilt, untouch'd by scorn,
Her beautiful, her youngest born :—
And he, upon whose hair and heart
Alike had fall'n the snows
Of winters that no more depart—
The worn of many woes
And hopeless years—was he in truth
The loved, the chosen of her youth?
She knew not what of wo and crime
Had sear'd each form and soul,
Nor how the tides of Fate and Time
Had borne them to that goal;—
So much unlike the peaceful scene
Of stream, and corn, and sunset sheen—
And they, O how unlike to those
Whose fearless joy around her rose!—
And yet, through sorrow, guilt, and shame,
She knew they were the very same.
Their judge, perchance, he knew them not—
For o'er his brow there pass'd
No troubled shade of haunting thought
From childhood's roof-tree cast—
Save that his glance, so coldly bright,
Fell with a strange unquiet light
Upon a face that still was fair,
Though early worn and wan :
Yet lines of loftier thought were there—
The spirit's wealth, that ran
To waste, for sin bore darkly down
What might have worn an angel's crown.

And o'er that mother's eye—which yet
Beheld, and wept not till it met
The gaze of her lost girl—there came
A sudden gush of sorrow's stream,
As though the drop that overflow'd
Its urn had fallen then.
But when it pass'd, that darkening cloud,
And she look'd forth again
On the old river—vanish'd all
Were city, crowd, and judgment-hall!
The autumn night, with sudden gloom,
Came down on sea and shore,
And silently her cottage-home
She sought—but never more
Gazed on the Danube's slumbering wave—
Nor wept above an early grave—
Or cast one look of pride and joy
On rosy girl or blooming boy;
And ever from their haunts of play
Her glance was sadly turn'd away;—
But deep, in dreamless slumber, seal'd
Her eyes from all the tears,
Whose coming that bright eve reveal'd.
And well the after years
Kept the dark promise of that hour.—
Yet had the earth's old rivers power
To mirror the far clouds that lie
So darkly in life's distant sky—
How many a loving heart would turn,
Like hers, for comfort to the urn.

XLIX.

SOME WE HAVE MET.

OH! fair to the exile may rise the home faces
That smile on his slumbers and light up his
dreams—

The lost and the parted, who leave their love traces
Long mirror'd in mem'ry, like stars in deep streams;
Yet are there not hours when the march of existence
Grows faint with a vain and a voiceless regret
For scenes which the pilgrim still marks in the distance,
More bright with glances of some we have met?

They may be the gifted, whose voices were sent us
Like music to mingle with life's morning air;
Oh, well, if the Memnon of mem'ry present us
But half the rich burthen that song used to bear!
We may meet, but their fame in the far years before us,
Like light on the hills where our planet hath set—
Yet how will it rise through Time's shades to restore us
A dream of their presence whom once we have met!

They may be the world's unremember'd and fameless,
Who spake to our souls in the days of their strife
Some lesson of wisdom—the blest and the blameless—
Like precious seed sown by the way-side of life;

Unmark'd it may fall as the rain, though outweighing
The glory we sought, and the lore we found yet—
And oft, though the soil may be fruitless, repaying
The sower with blessings—on some we have met!

Perchance it was ours, on life's journey, to enter
Some path through whose shadows no love-light was
thrown,
With heart that could breast the fierce storms of its
winter,
And gather the wealth of its harvest alone:—
'Tis well there are stars in the bright heavens to guide us
To heights they ne'er dreamt of;—but, oh! to forget
The fortunes that bar, and the gulfs that divide us
From paths that look'd lovely—with some we have
met!

And yet, when some long-after summer is lending
Its dew to our graves, and its light to the bowers
That shadow the peace of their calm years, descending
Mid home-ties and hopes that could never be ours;
Oh, then, should some tone which our hearts left be-
hind them
Arise by their hearths, will they tell of us yet
As those who have pass'd where no tempest can find
them,
Unmiss'd and unmourn'd but by some we have met!

L.

THE NEW YEAR'S OMEN.*

COMRADES, the wine our vineyards pour'd
 Is mantling high and bright—
 With song, and dance, and banquet-board,
 We greet the year's first night;
 And many a year our feast hath hail'd,
 With all the hopes it wore;
 But the gather'd number Fate hath seal'd—
 For, friends, we meet no more!

I know not if the parting powers
 Be fortune, war, or wave—
 I mark not whom these festal hours
 Are beckoning to the grave:—
 The young are here, whose souls have part
 Yet in the world of hope—
 The tireless, and the strong of heart
 With time and toil to cope;—

* "We shall never meet again," said the veteran; "this is New Year's night, and there are thirteen in the room."—*Count De Therenez's Recollections of La Grande Armée.*

And there are those—like trees that stand
With autumn's steps impress'd—
Who yet may see the fearless hand
And fiery heart at rest;—
But on my soul what shadows fall
From the dark faith of yore—
Long years may come to some, to all—
But, friends, we meet no more!

The faces round, we love them yet—
The hearts, we know them true;
And some—Oh, how will they forget
The friends their winters knew?
They who have shared their upward path,
When clouds grew dark and large—
Who braved with them the tempest's wrath,
Or led the battle's charge.

We deem not that such bonds as these
Could fade like summer-blooms—
But there are thoughts that come like seas,
And words that part like tombs;—
They will "divide and conquer" too.—
Alas, for memory's store,
If it must hold such wrecks! Adieu—
Dear friends, we meet no more!

Yet, oh! the bright hours we have pass'd—
O'er the dim years that part,
What radiant memories will it cast,
This sunset of the heart—

To wake, in spite of change and strife,
The old love's buried claims;—
When those who may not meet in life
Will meet each others' names.—

But pour the bright wine of our land
Free to the dawning year—
The last hour of so blythe a band
Wanes not in gloom and fear :—
Drink to the hope, the love, the fame,
The graves that lie before—
And drink to many a brave heart's dream—
For, friends, we meet no more !

THE END.

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