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BANNOCKBURN, *A. Hooper*

AND

Other Poems.

(RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.)

BY

GEORGE MINTON RATHBONE.



LONDON:

J. WHITBREAD, 142, OXFORD STREET, W.

1876.

E R R A T A.

Hastings, page 41, last line but one, *read* "sprung" for "spring."
Bannockburn. page 77, "Guieme" for "Guicene;" "Horne"
for "Horme," page 78.

DEDICATION.



TO MRS. HARRIET COOK.

DEAR MADAM,—I take the liberty to dedicate these few Poems to you, in remembrance of a long and unbroken friendship of many years. As yourself, as well as your late husband, have always been among those of my earliest and best friends I have ever had, I do not think I could perform a more appropriate act than by Dedicating these verses—rude and imperfect as they may be—to you, and therefore beg to remain,

Dear Madam,

Your Grateful Friend,

GEORGE MINTON RATHBONE.

23, *Russell Court,*
Catherine Street, W.C.

P R E F A C E .

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THE following Poems were written in long intervals of time during spare hours. Some of them were only intended as family memorials, and as such may not be very interesting to all my readers ; but the major part. it is to be hoped, may please some.

The majority of the secular portion were composed in early life, the religious part at a much later period. Such as they are, they are offered to—I hope—an indulgent and generous public, and my only excuse must be, that I have followed the advice of our great writer Thomas Carlyle, who says, “ Produce, produce ! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God’s name. ’Tis the utmost thou hast in thee ; out with it then.” I have taken the sages advice, and must now leave the reader to judge for himself.

THE AUTHOR.

ORIGINAL POEMS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

—:0:—

IN MEMORIAM.

E. M. R.

In Affectionate Remembrance of One not Lost, but Gone Before.

OCTOBER 1, 1872.

THY name, though rare uttered, lies deep in my breast,
'Tis the first thought in the morn, and the last ere I rest.
Each day as it follows, brings back to my view,
The image of one so long faithful and true.

My dear one, my lost one, how slow has time past,
Since that day ne'er forgot, when I gazed on thee last,
And cut from thy forehead one lock of that hair,
That once twined in ringlets, so glossy and fair.

Then I think of the days so long past away,
Of the once cherished hopes, now gone to decay,
The bright summer time, whose beauty hath fled,
And the flower so blooming, now withered and dead.

For well I remember, that night so forlorn,
When together we watched till the first break of dawn,
O'er the form so beloved, that was taken that night,
To exchange earth and its trials, for the fullness of light.

Since that time my darling, thou seldom had rest,
The rude storm of adversity oft beat o'er thy breast,
Till God in his mercy took thee to thy home,
That sure haven of refuge, where storms never come.

Then I think of the bright heaven, that lays far above,
The abode of the blest, where dwells naught but love ;
And I look for that hour, when bursting life's chain,
I join thee, my own dear one, to ne'er part again.

NEVERMORE.

NEVERMORE to hear thy voice,
 Nevermore thy face to see,
 Ne'er again thy smile rejoice,
 For thou art ever gone from me.
 Nevermore to hear thee sing,
 When the day of toil was o'er,
 Autumn took thee, but no spring
 Did'st thou witness evermore.

Nevermore together roam,
 Through many years side by side,
 Or bid me welcome to thy home,
 Ever lonely since thou died.
 Nevermore in sun or rain,
 Walk in meadows or by the shore,
 Shall I see that form again,
 Echo answers nevermore.

But stay, a voice that sounds within,
 Whispers low in accents plain,
 In this world of death and sin,
 Thou can'st never meet again.
 But in yonder realms above,
 Where dwells the one whom we adore,
 We meet again to dwell in love,
 And rest in peace for evermore.

For there, before the great white throne,
 In countless myriads they stand,
 Saved by the blood shed to atone,
 For sins of every age and land.
 They come in groups from every clime,
 And every age from days of yore,
 Chanting aloud in hymns sublime,
 The Lamb be praised for evermore.

ON MY DAUGHTER'S 21ST BIRTHDAY.

APRIL 25TH, 1866.

THE bright sun shone upon thy natal day,
 With rays of splendour on its glorious way.
 Fair Nature bursts the dawning Spring to meet,
 To fling its flowery treasures at thy feet.
 Just as the bright day, so be thy future life,
 As gentle maiden or the matured wife.
 So calm and bright upon life's journey through,
 May every birthday some fresh joy renew.
 We have watched thee now, for one and twenty years,
 With joyous hopes, and sometimes with our tears.
 In times now past we each fresh illness feared,
 But God be praised, to us thou still art spared.
 May love and kindness in your mind have sway;
 Fair Truth and Virtue attend upon thy way.
 To pure Religion may all your heart incline,
 And peace and happiness in your life combine,
 To cheer your path o'er life's dull thorny road,
 Till when your spirit seeks its true and blest abode.
 But let whate'er fate betide you, or your footsteps roam,
 Make sure of welcome to your parents' heart and home.



IN MEMORIAM.

LOUISA MARY RATHBONE, JUNE 27TH, 1867.

My Darling, oh, my darling, no more mine aching eyes,
 Shall see the form once loved so well, now dwelling in
 the skies.
 Thy cheerful voice no more bring comfort to my breast,
 Thou hast left this world of sorrow for thine everlasting
 rest.

My darling, oh, my darling, how desolate now is home,
 My thoughts are ever of thee, wherever I may roam.
 We watched thee with devotion, watched thee oft with
 tears,
 With fear and hope we've watched thee, these two-and-
 twenty years.

My darling, oh, my darling, I feel I stand alone ;
 All my hopes are shattered, my joys are overthrown.
 I miss the form I once loved, I see the vacant chair,
 I call thy name, but useless, 'tis but the empty air.

My darling, oh, my darling, when I stood beside thy
 bed,
 And saw thee turn thy loving eyes and toss thy weary
 head,
 I thought my very heart would burst, my soul run full
 of grief,
 I prayed for thy departure, I prayed hard for thy relief.

My darling, oh, my darling, thy mother heaves many a
 sigh,
 And thinks sadly of the weary hours that late have
 flitted by.
 Thy aunt, thy cousins, all thy friends, think of thee
 with sad tears,
 Thy name will be remembered in all their future years.

My darling, oh, my darling, thou has left thine house
 of clay,
 To dwell in that fair happy land so many miles away ;
 To join thine angel sister amidst the glorious throng,
 And mingle with the happy band to share the sacred
 song.

BEAUTIFUL MAY.

BEAUTIFUL MAY, in expectation we have waited
 Through the past dreary winter that seemed so long,
 For we looked for that time when birds are just mated,
 And the green woods re-echo to the nightingale's song.
 The sweet blossomed hawthorn its May flowers bending,
 Sends then richest perfume, when the sky's overcast ;
 While the lark's clear notes is heard then ascending,
 Beautiful May, thou art then come at last.

Beautiful May, when the bright sun is shining,
 O'er the rich golden buds of the laburnam tree ;
 The delicate lilac, with its dark leaves entwining,
 Are then the haunts of the busy and roving bee.
 When Nature bursts forth, with unnumbered flowers,
 To deck with fresh beauty, each valley and dell,
 And lovers meet freely in lone rustic bowers,
 In that sweetest of converse which love only can tell.

Beautiful May, where the swift river is gliding,
 Across the valley, where the air breathes perfume ;
 While seen on its bosom, a boatman is guiding
 A bark by its margin, where the wild flowers bloom.
 Every flower and tree are now decked in beauty,
 To enchant our senses or delight our gaze,
 As returning each eve from toil and from duty,
 We lift up our hearts in adoration and praise.

Beautiful May, thou bringest forth treasures,
 We hail thee with gladness, transported with glee ;
 Thou givest enjoyment and heighten our pleasures,
 And our hearts beat responsively joyous and free.

We then lift up our soul to the Almighty giver,
 From the sweet scented rose to the lowly green sod,
 From mountain and valley, from forest and river,
 We look up through Nature, to Nature's great God



NOVEMBER.

THE autumn leaves are dying,
 Fast hastening towards decay,
 And moaning winds are sighing,
 Throughout the cheerless day ;
 For drear winter now is gaining,
 Fast rain in torrents flow,
 The few days still remaining,
 May bring icy wreaths of snow.

I feel my frame fast ageing,
 As years roll swift away,
 Within me sin is waging,
 A long and deadly fray ;
 While around is changing,
 And friends are falling fast,
 And all my thoughts are ranging,
 And life's future overcast.

And thou my soul art craving,
 For a better light within,
 To break of sin enslaving,
 And a brighter course to win.
 To live a life more purer,
 More holier, calm, and blest ;
 To make one's aim more surer,
 For God's haven, the heavenly rest.

DEAR KATE.

GOOD FRIDAY, 1847.

A TWELVEMONTH near has passed away,
 Since last I pressed thy little form ;
 Stern time has fled, yet no decay,
 My love for thee is still as warm,
 For memory brings thee ever dear,
 Again I share thy mirth and glee :
 Thy prattling talk thy ready tear,
 And cheerful laugh so full and free.

Again I wake, it seems a dream,
 No more thou'lt wander forth with me.
 By road, by rail, or on some stream,
 Or fertile meadow fair to see.
 Thou art removed where angels dwell,
 Where care and pain are quite unknown ;
 In hope I rest, all sorrow quell,
 And look to join thee in thy home.



IN MEMORIAM.

JANE ROYAL, 1862.

OH, why is thy brow o'ershaded,
 Thy face so dimmed with care :
 Dost thou think of the flower just faded,
 Or sigh over the empty chair ?
 That flower that promised so brightly,
 To bud forth in beauteous pride ;
 Her Saviour has gathered it lightly,
 To blossom and bloom by his side.

Why grieve for the casket thus broken,
 That garnered the jewel of worth ?
 Oh, hark to the melodies woken,
 By the seraphs when parting from earth.
 Her glorified spirit is singing,
 Triumphant over troubles o'erthrown.
 While the broad arch of Heaven is ringing,
 With joy round the Saviour's white throne.

Then weep not in silence or sorrow,
 Though dark be the clouds overhead,
 The sun will yet break on the morrow,
 When grief and distrust have fled ;
 Then joy that the spirit is given,
 In glory for ever to shine,
 In the calm enjoyment of Heaven,
 And the love of the Saviour divine.



MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

IN our Father's home up yonder,
 See the sacred mansions rise,
 To which lost in love and wonder,
 The ransomed spirit quickly flies,
 There relieved from earthly sorrow,
 Freed from trouble, toil, and pain ;
 No cankering care, no thought of morrow
 Who would wish them back again ?

There the soul in deep devotion,
 Clings fondly to the Saviour's breast ;
 Far from earth's tempestuous ocean,
 Sinks happy to eternal rest.

There for ever summers dawning,
 Here is tempest, storm, and rain,
 To this world of sin and mourning,
 Who would wish them back again ?



LINES OF THE DEATH OF THE

REV. W. BROCK AND D. THOMAS.

Yes, gone in a moment, for the reaper has taken
 Two rich golden sheaves from the harvest of time,
 While in yonder bright sphere sweet songs are awaking,
 Adoration and praise in loud anthems sublime.

So onward their passing like a swift flowing river,
 Quitting this world for fair regions above,
 To stand before the throne of the Almighty Giver,
 Where mercy is joined with unchangeable love.

Shall we sadly mourn, then, for those who are leaving
 This world and its trials for you regions of light,
 And sorrow unceasing by murmuring and grieving,
 While care clouds our brow like the blackness of night ?

Ah, no ! let our breasts feel a pride and a glory,
 For the long roll of names that Britains gave birth :
 Who has ever preached boldly the old gospel story,
 And whose names will resound to the ends of the earth.

E M M A .

FAR from the city in solitude sleeping,
 Calm lies the form to memory so dear ;
 Naught to break silence save the autumn winds sweeping,
 O'er the leaves laying scattered now withered and sear.

Peaceful she rests in the same grave reposing,
 With the one loved on earth so truly and well,
 And the sun, when descending, ere daylight is closing,
 Lingers a moment o'er the green turf to dwell.

So on passed her life, in joy or in sorrow,
 The brightness of summer or winter so drear,
 One day in sadness, in sunshine the morrow,
 Now a smile on her face, now bedewed with a tear.

Till that day when so sudden death forced us to sever,
 And a swift summons came to arise and depart,
 Behind left a voice which will remain with me ever,
 And her name that is embalmed in the depths of my
 heart.



T O M Y N E P H E W .

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, JULY 26, 1868.

My dearest nephew, I cannot let this day,
 Without some notice fade and pass away.
 It has pleased the Almighty ruler of our fate,
 To have safely brought you to man's estate.
 How can I better then, my pen employ,
 Than wish you happiness and all earthly joy ?
 Do not expect your path be strewn with flowers,
 To dally idly or waste your mental powers ;
 But as you advance farther on the road of life,
 March boldly on and mingle in the strife.

Some noble aim some manly part pursue,
 Be firm, courageous, as I know thou art true ;
 If in the future standing by thy side,
 Before the altar smiles a blooming bride,
 To call you hers, be this my fervent prayer,
 That she may thy joy and all thy burdens share.
 What more can help us in this race of life,
 Sustain our weakness, than a loving wife ?
 As through life's toilsome journey on you glide,
 Be e'er thy parents' hope, and joy and pride.
 May you look back without a sigh or tear,
 Health, hope, and happiness, ever hover near.
 And when all is over, and life's journey end,
 May you find above a Saviour and a Friend.



TO MY LITTLE NEPHEW.

DEAR babe, we hail with pleasure,
 The first dawn of thy infant glee,
 Thou art sent as a priceless treasure,
 For a joy in the days to be.
 To lighten our present sorrow,
 For the loved ones passed away,
 To give us hope for the morrow,
 And strength for a future day.

We feel thou art sent as a blessing,
 Thy smile dispels all our care,
 What have we on earth possessing,
 That we would not with thee share ?
 Banished is now our sadness,
 At the sound of thy infant voice,
 It brings us peace and gladness,
 And our hearts once more rejoice.

FREE THE SLAVE.

COLUMBIA'S land is drenched with gore,
 And ever flashing 'o'er the main,
 Come tidings of the ruthless war,
 New battles fought, fresh victims slain.
 And we our brethrens' sorrow share,
 Lamenting many an early grave,
 Oh, God of mercy hear our prayer,
 Protect and bless, and free the slave.

Our northern hives are standing still,
 No cotton coming cross the sea,
 Closed the factory, stopped the mill,
 No hope of peace to set them free.
 And still our anxious eyes are turned,
 With longing looks beyond the wave,
 All selfish thoughts are quickly spurned,
 Our hopes are with the trembling slave.

Oh! God of pity, in thy glorious might,
 Send out thy summons to be calm and still,
 Let kindred states once more unite,
 And sheath their swords just drawn to kill.
 O'er every land thy truth proclaim,
 Where pines a slave or rules the brave ;
 End now for ever Columbia's shame,
 Protect and guide, and free the slave.



EPITAPH FOR WOKING CEMETERY.

HERE rest the ashes of those we love,
 Whose loss on earth no time can fill,
 They are gone to dwell with God above,
 We remain still below to do his will.

NEARER TO THEE.

NEARER to Thee, my God, this morn,
 O guard me safely through the day,
 With Thee I shall never feel forlorn,
 Without Thy help there is no stay.
 Be thou my staff, my friend, and guide.
 For other helpers I have none ;
 I am only safe where Thou abide,
 Saved through the blood of Thy dear son.

Nearer to Thee, my God, each day,
 Still ever present, watching o'er,
 Be Thou my light to point the way
 Until I reach yon heavenly shore
 O guide, protect, and keep me fast,
 Till I my earthly course have run ;
 My hope and portion till at last
 I leave triumphant thro' Thy Son.

Nearer to Thee, my God, each night,
 May trust in Thee fill all my breast ;
 Thy great name o'er give delight,
 Thy power guard me while I rest.
 O what am I, that I should boast,
 Of any good deed I may have doné ?
 I feel I should be surely lost
 Save for the death of Thy dear Son.

 DECEMBER.

Huge flakes of snow are fast descending,
 Nature's robe is changed to white,
 While the leafless trees are bending,
 Bowed with gems of gleaming light.

We think of days we well remember,
 Once more feel the piercing blast.
 That ushers in the drear December,
 Winter then thou art come at last.

Nature wears a garb of brightness,
 What can outvie the driving snow,
 Hurrying quickly down with lightness,
 Till it covers all things below.
 Type thou art of He who bought us,
 Pure and spotless without stain,
 Leaving Heaven when he sought us,
 To die on earth our souls to gain.



TO W. H.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE ELIZA.

WE sadly mourn for the loved one gone,
 In vain we stifle the mournful tear ;
 We feel we stand in the world alone,
 Bereft of one we held most dear.
 And Nature to us seems robed like night ;
 Our souls are weary, worn, and sad :
 Deep wrapped in gloom where all was bright,
 Our heart is heavy that once beat so glad

O could we but upraise yon veil
 And view in faith those far off skies,
 And hear the angelic sounds which hail
 The ransomed spirit as it flies
 Up to those glorious realms above ;
 Where, standing near the shining throne
 Our Saviour welcomes all in love—
 Invites to joys on earth unknown.

In those fair mansions ever reign
 One song of praise from morn to eve :
 To that Redeemer, once for us slain,
 And through whose death we life receive,
 In that bright heaven there is naught but joy,
 And holy calmness reigns around :
 No cankering care, no pain annoy,
 But harmony, love, and peace abound.

Oh, mourner, then dry up those tears.
 God will through trials make thee strong,
 Thy course may run for many years,
 Thy time on earth may not be long.
 But still as every day you roam,
 And every night you seek your rest,
 You are nearing your eternal home,
 To live for ever with the blest.



PORTSMOUTH, 1865.

HARK, to the guns, whose voice ascending,
 Peels like thunder through the air,
 While the joyous bells are sending,
 Sweetest music far and near.

Hear the sounds of exultation,
 Shouts of triumph o'er the main ;
 Honour to that gallant nation,
 Shout for France, one cheer again.

FREE ITALY, 1860.

ITALIA, fair country, all Europe is ringing,

With joy and with hope at the flight of thy foes,
O'er hill, o'er valleys, thy sons are fast springing,
To share in thy battles and lighten thy woes.

Rome, Milan, and Naples, too long disunited,
Shall join in their might in one glorious band ;
Palermo and Turin, their union have plighted,
And the flag dear to freedom waves over the land.

O'er the snow-crested Alps the red cross is waving,
On the banks of Volturno loud clashes the steel ;
Rome pants for freedom, the Pope's tyranny braving,
And Venice writhes fiercely 'neath the Austrian's heel.

From the north by the Simplon to the south where in ocean,
Fair Sicily shines like a pearl 'mid the sea,
There breathes in each heart the purest devotion,
For Victor Emanuel and their beloved Italy.

Then honour that hero whose name will shine brighter
Than any enrolled from the Thames to the Rhine,
Whom future ages will praise as Italia's arbiter,
The blessing of millions, Garibaldi, is thine.



THE ROSE.

The rose that round the cottage door,
The air with incense spread,
Is withered now to rear no more,
On high its lovely head.
So fade the pride of summer days,
Before October's chilly blast,
No more our delighted eyes may gaze,
Its rich beauty now has past.

LINES TO MY WIFE

ON THE DEATH OF OUR ONLY DAUGHTER.

Oh, weep no more, those tears are vain,
 Thou can'st not restore the past again ;
 Though for all time thy tears should flow,
 Thy spirit sink with grief and woe ;
 Nought ever can that one restore,
 Whose early fate we all deplore.
 Then grieve no more, but raise thine eyes,
 With quickened faith to yonder skies,
 To that fair land where all is bright,
 Where darkness flies, and reigns naught but light ;
 Vanished for ever, sickness, pain, decay,
 Time marches on, a glorious summer day.
 The wonders of Heaven can ne'er be fairly told,
 Where everlasting hills are tipped with gold,
 Enclosing valleys, beauteous, serene, and fair,
 Shining with glory through the ambient air :
 Light of the world upon his crystal throne,
 The Saviour sets in splendour all his own.
 From every lip his glorious name is sung,
 To his praise a thousand harps are strung.
 Around his throne the hosts of heaven stand,
 The great and good of every age and land.
 They come in crowds from Europe's fertile shore,
 From Africa's sultry deserts dusky legions pour ;
 From Asia's teeming millions, some be seen,
 The far Pacific, and its beauteous isles serene,
 From vast America comes a glorious band,
 With those who hail from the fair Austral land ;
 And standing round him, obedient to his nod,
 They chant with praise the risen Lamb of God.

I HAVE NOTHING LEFT BUT THEE.

I HAVE nothing left but thee, my God.

All earthly joys are flown.

I bend beneath thy chastening rod,

And bow before thy throne.

My little bark has suffered wreck,

On life's tempestuous sea,

I have nothing left but thee, my God,

I have nothing left but thee.

Be thou my hope, my stay, and guide,

Through each successive year,

Thy gracious presence by my side,

What else have I to fear?

When pain and toil afflict my frame,

And health and comfort flee,

I have nothing left but thee, my God,

I have nothing left but thee.

As year after year rolls on away,

Thou lettest me still remain,

Scatter all doubt, dispel dismay,

Nor let my prayer be vain.

Saved by the death of thy dear Son,

Whose blood was shed for me,

May I ever trust in him alone,

And find a friend in thee.

 THE CITY OF REFUGE.

Oh, fly thou for safety, the avenger is near,

And he is pursuing with bow and with spear,

O'er mountain and valley through deep-swelling flood,

The slayer is near and thirsts for thy blood.

Quicker and quicker he flies o'er the plain.
 Nearer and nearer his footsteps they gain ;
 Oh, hasten thy flight ere yet it is too late,
 He is approaching, and thou hast not reached the
 gate.

As the cities of refuge, in the far days of old,
 As the sheep flies for shelter when pursued to the
 fold ;

So do thou seek safety where alone there is rest,
 Find succour and help in Jesus' fond breast.
 No penance or labour for sin can atone,
 Thou must seek pardon in Jesus alone,
 For here while on earth is sin thy dread foe,
 And thou must be washed in the blood that did flow.

Oh, stop not, delay not, for time's flying past,
 The day may be ne'er over the sky overcast ;
 The storm cloud is nearing and loud thunders roll,
 And thou whilst thou art waiting, may peril thy soul.
 Then tarry no longer, no longer then wait,
 The time may be gone ere thou reachest the gate :
 One spring and one bound, thy soul may find rest,
 In that sure haven of refuge, Jesus' own breast.



GREET ME WITH A CHEERFUL SMILE.

Oh, greet me with that cheerful smile,
 That cheered my heart in bygone years,
 When ceasing from my weary toil,
 I sought thy love 'midst hopes and fears.

Thy smile was all the world to me,
 Forgotten then my anxious care,
 When 'neath the shade of an old elm tree,
 I found thee, dearest, waiting there.

Oh, sing again, that plaintive song,
 It sounds rich music to my heart,
 And echoes back that time so long,
 When adverse fortune bade us part.
 Thy memory cheered me day by day,
 When pressed by care and pain ;
 My love has suffered no decay,
 Then sing that song once more again.



MAY WE RUN WITH PATIENCE.

Oh, may we run with patience,
 The race before us set,
 Give way to ^{no} _h ^hepinings,
 Or foolish, vain regrets ;
 But ever looking upward,
 To him who reigns above,
 Who shed his blood to save us,
 And died to show his love.

Throughout our earthly trial,
 May hope still bear us through,
 Give us faith and self denial,
 One glorious aim pursue.
 To become more pure and holier,
 More meet to see his face,
 When we in Heaven greet him,
 And praise him for his grace.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Thy will be done, Lord grant me a blessing,
 And send me patience that I may pass through life,
 Through thy dear love both joy and peace possessing,
 That I may walk unruffled through the weary strife
 This world contains. Oh, strengthen, Lord, my weak-
 ness,
 That I perform those duties I may not shun ;
 Sustain my hope and grant submissive meekness,
 To say sincerely, Lord, thy will be done.

For I have yet many weary paths to wander,
 Through wood and thicket, climb many a lofty hill,
 To bear storm and tempest, hear the howling thunder,
 Ere yet I hear the whisper, " Peace, be still."

Then teach me, Lord, the heartfelt submission,
 To bear the Cross, long ere the crown be won ;
 And say with patience, with my heart's contrition,
 Thy will on earth, as in Heaven be done.

IN MEMORIAM.

MARY WILTSHIRE, NOVEMBER 4, 1872.

MOTHER, thou hast long passed away,
 To dwell in purer realms above,
 Forsaking thine house of mortal clay,
 To gaze on that face who's name is love.

But when thou reached yon azure sphere,
 Thy spirit stood not there alone,
 Two sister forms were waiting there,
 To bid thee welcome to thine home.

Methought I saw behind those two,
 A cherub child with face so bright,
 And glossy locks of raven hue,
 And eyes full sparkling with delight.
 Beside her stood her sister fair,
 Cut from this earth in early bloom ;
 They both heavenly joy and rapture share,
 Known but to those beyond the tomb,

Mother, I doubt not thou art blest,
 For thou wert ever patient and mild,
 Until that morn you sank to rest,
 Peaceful and gentle as a child.
 Although stern time keeps marching on,
 Bright morning fades to eve so grey,
 We think of thee still in that land beyond,
 Till life itself shall pass away.



REST IN HEAVEN.

I LONG to reach that heavenly shore,
 Where sin and sorrow are unknown,
 To dwell with those who evermore,
 Are daily singing before the throne.
 From ages past, from every land,
 They are ever happy, calm and blest,
 I long to join that shining band,
 And free'd from earth, for ever rest.

Here pain and sickness rack our brow,
 A thousand cares disturb our brains,
 Fell poverty oft assails us now,
 And sometimes scarce a hope remains.

But there is joy, and peace, and love,
 With robes of purity we are drest,
 No sorrow in that world above,
 I long to reach that home of rest.

I long to see that angel face,
 The raven hair and snowy brow,
 And well-remembered features trace,
 Of her who perished years ago.
 To stand with her before the throne,
 With holy joy and love imprest,
 Where bliss e'er reigns on earth unknown,
 And hope and peace so calmly rest.

And she, my darling girl, my pride,
 Who reached the years of youthful bloom,
 Whom lingering sickness sorely tried,
 Ere rough death bore her to the tomb.
 And shall I see her once more again,
 No care and sadness in her breast,
 For ever banished toil and pain,
 For she is happy now at rest ?

And thou the partner of my joys,
 Long sharer of all my hopes and fears,
 Who amidst the world's tumult and noise,
 Had grown more dearer through those years.
 Shall I gaze on thee by that sunny shore,
 That I see in fancy o'er the radiant west,
 Join thee and thousands who evermore,
 Once saved by Jesus ever rest ?

IT IS FINISHED.

It is finished ! hear the piercing cry
 Peals through the air with awful sound,
 The son of man is doomed to die,
 And gloomy darkness reigns around.
 The Saviour's left his father's throne,
 To suffer by himself alone,
 For mankinds sins were ever found.

It is finished ! loud the word proclaim,
 Through every age from shore to shore,
 Bow low in homage to that name,
 Whom hosts in Heaven now adore :
 May we to him our will resign,
 Sing loud in triumph he is mine,
 Whose blood has saved us evermore.



TO MY UNCLE ON HIS BEREAVEMENT.

OFTIMES when lonely, I see in fancy before me,
 A glimpse of those dear ones so long passed away,
 Then a feeling of sorrow and bereavement comes o'er me,
 When I think of the absent now gone to decay.
 The boy that I loved without ceasing or measure,
 The bright soul of honour, of virtue, and truth,
 That I once hoped would have proved my great treasure,
 Was torn from my side in the first bloom of youth.

And she, my companion, who ever abiding,
 Stood constant and firm as time rolled along,
 Through all trials and changes my star of hope guiding,
 As we fought through the world and mixed in its
 throng.

They have left me in sorrow, and yet not for ever :
 Their voice and their presence may gladden these eyes.
 Faith points to that land where no parting can sever,
 I may yet see and rejoin them in the far distant skies.



LORD, REMEMBER ME.

WHEN sorrow and distress assail,
 And all my comforts flee,
 When faith and hope both nearly fail,
 Then, Lord, remember me.

When the darkened sky looks drear,
 And no open blue I see ;
 Forgetting God thou art ever near,
 Yet Lord, remember me.

And when I fain would shrink the cross,
 Or unwilling bow the knee,
 And stand dismayed at every loss,
 Still, Lord, remember me.

From this world's distracting cares,
 Oh, set my spirit free,
 Let not the wheat be mixed with tares,
 For Lord remember me.

Yet shield me still from day to day,
 On life's tempestuous sea,
 While o'er the waves I toil my way,
 Ever dear Lord remember me.

And when my soul is taking wing,
 To haste and dwell with thee,
 From through my lips may these words spring,
 Oh, Lord God, remember me.

THE NIGHT OF REVELRY.

The moon rose clear o'er Babylon,
 On that gay and festive night,
 The royal banquet had just began,
 And all seemed fair and bright.
 The massive cups were lifted high,
 With wine filled near the brim,
 They little recked that God was nigh,
 Their doom prepared by him.

The haughty monarch spoke in pride,
 "Go, bring those vessels rare,
 None in my empire far and wide,
 Can aught with them compare."
 Those vessels stole from Israel's God,
 For his service used alone,
 Are now by an haughty despot's nod,
 Set before senseless wood and stone.

But ah! what means that sudden start,
 The king's ruddy cheek to pale?
 Is it that Death with piercing dart,
 Hurls strokes that never fail?
 No; but on yonder marble wall,
 Strange words an hand doth trace,
 To that guilty host both one and all,
 It heralds swift ruin and disgrace.

"Go, fetch me straight that Hebrew youth,
 A prisoner brought from Salem's tower;
 From him we'll surely learn the truth,
 His God may serve him more than ours."
 The youth was brought, and in his face,
 Truth, piety, and courage shone;
 And Daniel standing in that royal place,
 Interprets the awful words unknown.

Then thus he spoke—" Oh, haughty king,
 That hand is weighing forth thy fate,
 And ere this night has taken wing,
 The Persian foe is in thy gate ;
 And thee and all the godless band,
 That crowd around this festive board,
 Will be scattered far by God's right hand,
 Thy kingdom and thy name abhorred."

That night was proud Belshazzar slain,
 And all his forces killed or fled ;
 Of that countless host not one remain,
 In that great city of the dead.
 And never more did Babylon rise,
 God's warning left to future years,
 When tyrant despots the Lord defies,
 He laughs at their hopes, derides their fears.

IN MEMORIAM.

J. BURNS, 1871.

HE has entered his rest, in a moment forsaking
 This earth, where he laboured so long and so true,
 He's gone far above, where his spirit awaking,
 See's the face of his Saviour, his joys to renew.
 Shall we then bewail him who so lately has left us,
 And is now singing the song of redemption above,
 Or murmur against the God who has bereft us,
 Whose justice is twined with exchangeable love ?
 Then mourn not too deeply for the lost one departed,
 Though long will his name cling deep in our soul,
 Our friend and companion the brave and true-hearted,
 Will still live in memory as years on us roll.

We know he is safe in that haven of brightness,
 Washed through the blood which was shed to atone,
 And clad in a robe of pure snowy whiteness,
 He stands now triumphant by the Saviour's bright
 throne.



VIOLET EGLINGTON.

SWEET babe, upon thy infant face,
 Beam forth the marks of love ;
 Fresh beauties we can ever trace,
 As sent from him above.
 As all around thee seemeth strange,
 Naught fixed from hour to hour,
 May thy sweet bud to blossom change,
 That blossom bloom to flower.

Violet, thou art sent to us a token
 Of near affection, and its kindred ties,
 May thy joy in future years remain unbroken,
 No tear drop stain thy hazel eyes.
 Thy voice to us seems like music singing,
 As birds when ushering in the spring,
 May in thy future life new ties be bringing,
 As all our hopes and joys upon thee cling.

May blessings wait upon thy life,
 Surrounding ever round thy infant bed,
 Peace banish far all care and strife,
 And health on thee its bounty shed.
 May fortune attend thy future years,
 Hope preserve thee from decay,
 Till last thou reach yon heavenly sphere,
 And wake to a brighter day.

IN MEMORIAM.

SARAH E. EGLINTON.

THE immortal spirit has fled her house of clay,
 And rose triumphant to a brighter day ;
 Esteemed, admired, and beloved by all,
 She soared from earth to obey a Saviour's call.
 Weep not for her, no more a life of care,
 In Heaven a fairer mansion awaits her there.



GONE ARE MY DEAREST.

GONE are my dearest,
 And left me thus lone,
 Ties the most nearest
 Are broken and gone.
 Ne'er again on this earth,
 Shall I see them again,
 All I was once worth,
 I can never regain.

What now remaining ?
 But be patient and wait,
 It is useless complaining,
 Against the decree of fate.
 For He who is above us,
 Knows well what is best,
 Though chiding he loves us,
 E'er he takes us to rest.

THE SEA-GIRT ISLE OF ENGLAND.

THE sea-girt Isle of England,
 Who talks of her decay,
 What daring hand or foreign band,
 Could bend her to their sway ?
 True to ourselves we need not fear,
 Though craven cheeks should pale,
 We'd meet them with a ringing cheer,
 From men that never fail.

The sea-girt Isle of England,
 What nation could enslave,
 Those whitened cliffs which proudly stand,
 And mock each foaming wave ?
 O'er every sea, her sails are set,
 Her fame rings through the world,
 Dishonour never tarnished yet,
 That flag that ne'er was furled.

The sea-girt Isle of England,
 In grandeur still serene,
 First of all nations on this earth,
 She ranks among them queen.
 Her triumphs ring from age to age,
 Enduring long her fame ;
 No blot rests on her in history's page,
 We glory in her name.



THE OLD VILLAGE GREEN.

WHEN the summer sun sets, and night is fast flinging
 Her mantle o'er the earth to hide his bright rays,
 Oh, then is the time fond memory is bringing,
 Once more to my mind those far distant days ;

To that cot 'neath the elm tree whose aged branch
bending,

Protects it from the fierce blasts of winter so keen,
While the dark ivy creeps round its trunk fast ascending,
Dear home of my childhood on the old village green.

The rose tree I planted remains yet unfaded,

Still bright as the day when first round it I played,
No blight has yet touched it or canker decayed it,

As it climbs up the lattice it adorns with its shade.

But fortune decreed I should leave those fair bowers,

Where all was so peaceful, bright, and serene,

And naught is now left me but to sigh for those hours,

That I spent in my childhood by the old village
green.

BEAUTIFUL CLOUDS.

BEAUTIFUL clouds now gathered o'er me,

Tinged with gold from the rosy west,

Like ships on blue ocean sailing before me,

Are you voyaging on to the land of the blest.

No fresh fallen snow could seem more whiter,

Nor purer than the mass now drifting on,

While the rich sunset beams yet more brighter,

Till darkness comes and the charm is gone.

Beautiful moon so brightly beaming,

Decking the azure blue sky above,

While from your silver orb is streaming,

A ray of splendour o'er field and grove.

Beneath your light I often wander,

Watching your silver burnished crest,

Till leaving your sister stars up yonder,

You vanish ere morn to sink to rest.

Beautiful stars that shine so brightly,
 Piercing like diamonds the clear blue sky,
 As often in youth I watched thee nightly,
 To list to the sound of the nightingale's cry ;
 Above gleam those gems of orient splendour,
 Shining o'er the arch of unmeasured space,
 How oft have they witnessed vows so soft and tender,
 That no time nor distance can ever efface.



NYMPH OF THE WATERS.

NYMPH of the waters, arise from thy dwelling,
 The moss covered cavern where mermaids may sleep,
 Or the sharp jutting rocks where cold springs are well-
 ing,
 Where huge grampusses play and sea lions leap.
 Oh, hasten ye sea nymphs your golden locks braided,
 With rich gems of the ocean as it laves o'er your feet,
 'Twould be death to all mortals who daring invaded,
 Your watery empire in your crystal retreat.

Come leave for awhile your caves of rich coral,
 Whose deep scarlet mingles with the white of the
 pearl,
 Where the walls are bedeck'd with weeds and sea
 sorrell,
 And the nautilus gaily her slight sails unfurl.
 Oh, hasten then, hasten, ye nymphs of the fountain,
 Sprites of the river or the deep bosomed lake ;
 Come hasten, come hither, on your water steeds mount-
 ing,
 Before darkness is over and bright days awake.

THE EMIGRANT TO HIS WIFE.

THERE are other lands as bright and fair,
 As that dear home we're leaving ;
 Then smooth away that look of care,
 And stop thy heart from grieving.
 There's beauteous valleys across the sea,
 There's hill, and dale, and mountain,
 And rest at eve beneath a tree,
 That shades some rustic fountain.

There's other rivers as bright and clear,
 As that round our cottage flowing,
 Sweet crystal streams in that southern sphere,
 Where we, dear love, are quickly going.
 And we oft may walk at eventide,
 By the banks of some shady river,
 While our thoughts glide over the ocean wide,
 To the land we have left for ever.

There's other mountains stern and wild,
 With base decked round with flowers,
 Like the humble hills up which we have toiled,
 In past times, bright sunny hours.
 In years to come we yet may roam,
 At eve when the sun's descending,
 To seek our rest in our Australian home,
 With weary footsteps bending.

There's other friends as good and kind,
 And far dearer ties to cherish,
 As those of home we leave behind,
 Whose memory ne'er can perish.

There are happier times before us yet,
 Then cease all vain repining,
 Through days of gloom beams a clear sunset,
 Through dark clouds bright stars are shining.



W I N D S O R .

I stood within that gorgeous pile,
 The stateliest palace in our isle,
 Of all that genius could invent,
 Both turret, porch, or battlement.
 Pinnacled tower, gothic door,
 Tapestried walls, and oaken floor.
 Rooms enriched, bedecked with gold,
 Hung with pictures rare and old ;
 Some crimson, lilac, green, or blue,
 With mirrors huge of silvery hue,
 Fit for parade, or court, or ball,
 Or gorgeous regal festival.
 Suits of armour, of steel so bright,
 Once donned by many a gallant knight,
 Silver tables, they were there,
 Marble statues, dazzling fair :
 Flags and banners of every nation,
 Surmounted with splendid decoration.
 Fitter palace for a youthful queen,
 Than Windsor sure was never seen.
 Oh, I could stay there for an age,
 Such wondrous things the mind engage,
 From memory's store the monarchs past,
 From Windsor's Edward to our last.

William the Fourth, our sailor king,
 Let future ages thy faults and virtues sing.
 Now passing by where sentinels stalk,
 We come upon the open walk.
 Oh, never can I from my mind efface,
 The noble view from that terrace.
 Across the dark and solemn wood,
 Besides the Thames swift rolling flood ;
 While the sun threw o'er the sky,
 A ray of gorgeous brilliancy,
 To dazzle, yet delight the eye ;
 Now shining on the waters blue,
 Tinging the trees with a golden hue,
 Lighting the walks, groves, and bowers,
 Beaming smiles on beauteous flowers,
 While fleecy clouds of snowy white,
 Now and then obscured the sight.
 Nearest now that seat of knowledge,
 Eton's far-famed school and college ;
 While up the river you may descry,
 The pretty hamlet of Boveney ;
 There peeps the little spire of Bray,
 Clewer's old church and sweet Dorney ;
 Or across that green and fertile mead,
 The pleasant town of Maidenhead.
 Turn to the east will now be seen
 Datchet, with its plot of green,
 Or where the lowing cattle feed,
 The grassy plains of Runnymede.
 Where bluff King John against his will,
 Signed great Magna Charta's bill.
 Past those narrow winding lanes,
 There you see the town of Staines ;
 Then by fields upturned by plough,
 Brings you west again to Slough ;

While 'neath your feet, the gentle river glides,
 And through its course seven counties e'en divides.
 Thus I have endeavoured now to trace,
 The beauties of that lovely place.
 Of hill and meadow, park and lea.
 But hark! I hear St. John's great bell
 Has tolled the hour; a long farewell,
 Fair Windsor, unto thee.



SUMMER MORNING.

'Tis early morn, the mist is flying past,
 That veils the splendour of the rising sun;
 Nature bursts through the gloom that night had cast,
 To hail another summer morn begun.
 Beauteous flowers spread round a rich perfume,
 The dew drop sparkles on each tiny spray,
 Fresh beauties every winding path illumine,
 To welcome in a glorious summer day.

The groves re-echo with a noisy throng,
 Of feathered songsters carolling on high,
 Each pouring forth a sweet melodious song,
 Piercing the air with vocal minstrelsy.
 The nightingale sends out her sunny note,
 The skylark warbles through the ambient air;
 Each pretty bird tunes forth its little throat,
 Basking through the day without a single care.

Amidst sweet nature's music shall man be mute,
 Nor stand aloof his grateful voice to raise;
 To seem below the weak and helpless brute,
 And view those beauties with a senseless gaze.

Oh, glorious God, who grants us golden hours,
 Snatched from a busy world to muse in peace,
 To learn from nature's bright resplendent flowers,
 Thy love to man on earth will never cease.



H A S T I N G S .

'Twas morn, and the day shone bright,
 The clouds were tipped with gold,
 Beneath my feet, the surges beat,
 And the ceaseless waters rolled.
 For the sea was smooth and calm,
 Not a leaf from a tree was stirred,
 From an ancient oak, not a sound awoke,
 Save the song of a cheerful bird.

I stood beneath the castle's wreck,
 And once strong walls o'erthrown,
 Where barons bold, in days of old,
 In feudal grandeur shone.
 And I thought of the days long past,
 When tyranny reigned in full sway,
 What evil deeds done, what battles won,
 Near those ruins old and grey.

Then I strolled along the road,
 That led me to the lonely glen,
 Before me the sea, so open and free,
 Bearing the barques of the fishermen.
 As I wandered through the dell,
 Where the stream came trickling down,
 The gentle rill, spring forth from the hill,
 Now clothed in russet brown.

I climbed then to the lovers' seat,
 Where the view stretched far and near,
 Hastings looked fair in that summer air,
 For the sky was calm and clear.
 What a view from that lofty rock,
 That spread round me far and wide,
 While beneath me the trees, stirred by a breeze,
 Seemed to nod their heads in pride.

As I sat at rest that summer day,
 I thought as I mused alone,
 Of the soft words spoken, of vows oft broken,
 On that old and time-worn stone.
 And the sun seemed sinking beneath,
 The waves of that emerald sea,
 Like some infant at rest, on its mother's breast,
 So quiet it seemed to be.

Then I passed to the rocky cave,
 Through the gay and bustling throng,
 While the solemn roar, of the waves on the shore,
 Beat like music loud and long,
 Beautiful town, I bid thee adieu,
 Bright gem of the open sea,
 Like some luminous star, thou shines afar,
 Fair Hastings, farewell to thee.



THE LAND OF THE WEST.

REMEMBER, yes, while there is life in this breast,
 Shall I ever think of thee sweet land of the west,
 And fancy oft pictures to me in my dreams,
 Thy hills and thy meadows thy woods and thy streams.

When I stood near fair Clifton so lovely and free,
 The blue sky above me beyond me the sea,
 The bright Avon beneath, in majesty rolled,
 The sun rose in splendour amidst crimson and gold.

Oh, fair was the morning, and blithe was the hour,
 When I climbed the long steep to Durham's lone tower,
 When the grass as I trod shook its dew at my feet,
 As I wound round the path to a silent retreat.
 The skylark was winging her way up on high,
 Rich melody pouring as she soared to the sky,
 The plover was breasting the fresh morning gale,
 The nightingale's song sounded below in the vale.

The small heatherbell so bonny and blue,
 Awoke from its slumbers refreshed with dew,
 And the honeysuckle twining where wild roses bloom,
 With violet and cowslip filled the air with perfume.
 The light barque was bounding over the rippling wave,
 And the echo resounded from the deep hollow cave :
 The rocks of St. Vincent shone bright from the shore,
 Like pure silver dug from Potosi's rich ore.

To the east where that dark and gloomy cloud flies,
 See the spires of old Bristol so dimly arise,
 With the tower of Redcliffe so ancient and grey,
 Rich relic of days so long past away.
 See yonder, Cambrian mountains look misty and blue,
 Before them the Severn gliding on with silvery hue :
 While on its broad bosom reposing fair and serene,
 Lay a sweet little islet of emerald green.

Oh, still I remember the morn of that day,
 That I passed by the Avon so quickly away,
 They flash o'er my mind like a dream of the past,
 A ray of bright sunshine too splendid to last.

I oft long to see thee fair Clifton again,
 To roam o'er thy hills and rich verdant plain,
 Of all sweet spots I have seen I love thee the best,
 Clifton, bright Clifton, in the Land of the West.

I N M E M O R I A M .

E. GODWARD, 1872.

SHE has gone, and her spirit has fled,
 To join in the heavenly choir,
 With those who on earth once were led,
 To look for things brighter and higher,
 Than the cares which here mortals beset,
 And the pleasures which often enchain,
 Entangling us as with a net,
 Leaving naught but sorrow and pain.

Oh, dark were her days near its end,
 Fell disease fixed fast on her frame,
 But she relied on her Saviour and Friend,
 And trusted alone in his name.

For patient she bided her time,
 She well knew her sins were forgiven ;
 Then soaring to fair regions sublime,
 She is now wearing a bright crown in heaven.

THE LATE THOMAS MILLER.

A FRAGMENT.

LIKE some huge oak whose lofty boughs o'erspread,
 Soars far above his humble sister trees,
 When Autumn's o'er and every leaf has fled,
 Bares his gnarled trunk against the wintry breeze ;
 So Miller stands in his old age sublime,
 Superior to the wreck of hoary time.

LIFE'S RESTING PLACE.

TREAD lightly over yonder grave,
 For beauty lies there sleeping,
 Not all the charms that nature gave,
 Could stop stern death from steeping
 His piercing dart deep in her breast.
 With silent aim too surely,
 She has flown above to take her rest,
 With angels dwelling purely.

Behold yonder marble urn arise,
 It tells a valiant hero's story,
 Who oft had won the warrior's prize,
 In many well-fought fields of glory.
 Oh, his were matchless deeds of fame,
 So heroic, brave, and glorious,
 Yet nought is now left save his name,
 For death is still victorious.

Within that grand and gorgeous tomb,
 The sculptor's rich art revealing,
 A statesman lies whose heart was stone,
 Quite dead to generous feeling.
 Wealth and power was all he sought,
 The rich in vain ne'er pleaded,
 While poor merit past without one thought,
 Unfriended, by him unheeded.

But the poet's name there far outshines,
 All warriors, kings, and sages,
 Whose genius, like diamonds from the mines,
 Will shine bright in future ages.

In lordly halls his praise is sung,
 In lowly huts you'll find him,
 And Britain's Isle has ofttime rung,
 With the name he has left behind him.

The monarch boasts his court and throne,
 The chief his men so daring,
 But the bard stands by himself alone,
 No one his triumphs sharing.
 Young lilies fair the maiden crowns,
 Bright bloom her blushing roses,
 But sweeter the violets that surrounds,
 The grave where he reposes.



WHERE BLOOM WILD ROSES.

I would go where bloom wild roses,
 Where the violet loves to dwell,
 Ere the sun at eve reposes,
 Shining on some mossy dell ;
 Or sit beside some crystal fountain,
 Fringed with flowers of every hue,
 Or climb some steep and lofty mountain,
 Spangled with bells of bonny blue.

Or, amidst gay and fragrant bowers,
 Where the linnet builds her nest,
 Covered round with beauteous flowers,
 There I'd lay me down to rest.
 'Neath some trees whose branches flinging,
 Shielding from the sun's hot rays,
 There I would sleep while dreams were bringing,
 Scenes of distant happy days.

When in beauteous summer weather,
 I then roamed with one dear love,
 Hand and heart both knit together,
 Through some green and shady grove.
 Oh, those days that's passed for ever,
 Ne'er again to visit earth,
 Both by fortune doomed to sever,
 Young love strangled at its birth.



THOU ART GONE, AND FOR EVER.

Thou art gone, and for ever, stern death hath bereft
 me,
 Of her whose bright presence has cheered me for
 years,
 Whose sweet sunny smile was all the world left me,
 When prosperity's joy changed to adversity's tears.
 Ah, gloomy and sad is now my lone dwelling,
 Where all reigned so bright and cheerful before,
 My heart beats with anguish, tumultuously swelling,
 When I think of the days I shall never see more.

And gone is that voice like music entrilling,
 Or the tune of the nightingale so sweet and so clear,
 The language of patience and virtue instilling,
 The sweet balm of hope to my listening ear.
 Oh, well I remember thy full tones so blithely,
 As thou joined with thy friends in the jest or the
 song,
 Or thy symmetrical form as moving so lightly,
 At the gay festive dance amid the mirth-loving
 throng.

But who can foretell what shall happen ere morrow,
 The morn may be sunshine the eve may be gloom,
 So am I left lonely to weep in my sorrow,
 The fate of my Ellen and bewail her sad doom.
 But short be my anguish, I feel I am going,
 And glad shall I burst from life's wearisome chain,
 To that bright realm above with joy overflowing,
 To see and hear thee blest spirit again.



THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

THE Saviour came to the city gate,
 A mournful crowd was gathered there,
 For death, who strikes both low and great,
 Had taken a youth so passing fair.
 The only hope of a widowed heart,
 The only child that God had left,
 Grief had struck her with a fearful smart,
 For her darling son for ever bereft.

The Saviour turned with a pitying look,
 On the mother's sad face as he went by,
 On her countenance on which joy now forsook,
 As she moaned her loss with a piteous cry.
 And he called to the widow's son, "Arise,
 Go back to your mother's fond embrace."
 Then turning to both his loving eyes,
 He healed her son ere he left the place.

THE PRINCE.

DECEMBER 14, 1861.

HARK! the muffled bell is tolling,
 Through the night so dark and drear,
 Pealing forth its doleful tidings,
 Throughout the city far and near.
 Sending grief to every dwelling,
 Lowly cot or noble hall,
 For that prince who now in silence,
 Shares the common lot of all.

Lower the flag that once so proudly,
 Waved o'er Windsor's regal towers,
 Where pleasure's changed to grief and sadness,
 And silence reigns in all her bowers.
 And sorrowing mourns the royal widow,
 Now of her consort's support bereft,
 Weeping bitter tears of anguish,
 For self and royal orphans left.



GIVE US REST.

LADEN with guilt and deep in sorrow,
 Anxious and longing to be blest,
 Fearful of the coming morrow,
 Our cry is Saviour, give us rest.

While dark shadows flit around us,
 Pain, doubt, and sorrow, on us press,
 Sin like an iron chain has bound us,
 Oh, snap the link and give us rest.

Like the sun on the day's declining,
 Sets in rich splendour in the west,
 So may our souls without repining,
 Look for a calm, eternal rest.

May we ever, still thy love possessing,
 As day by day we put thee to the test :
 Feel every hour we have thy blessing,
 And serenely trust to thee for rest.

And while with grief and wounds we're smarting,
 And lay our wearied heads upon his breast,
 And cry while from this earth departing,
 We come, oh Saviour, to thy promised rest.

And ever, Saviour, as thro' the earth we wander,
 Grant to us only what thou knowest best,
 Until we reach our home up yonder,
 At last obtain one long eternal rest.



THOUGH THE FUTURE IS LOST TO MY SIGHT.

THOUGH the future is lost to my sight,
 And the present enveloped in gloom,
 Let me turn with a thrill of delight,
 To that time when our love 'gan to bloom.
 Oh, think not I can ever forget,
 Though ages revolving might roll,
 The moment when first we two met,
 Is a green spot ever dear to my soul.

Our friendship has lived through a storm,
 And clouds have our early love shaded :
 Yet think not that that love is less warm,
 Nor believe that our friendship has faded.

Though in absence it may pine for awhile,
 And sigh at the distance that sever,
 Yet believe me it will return with a smile,
 And flourish yet brighter than ever.



WHY SHOULD WE GRIEVE FOR JOYS LONG PAST.

Why should we grieve for joys long past,
 Or sigh that they have fled so soon,
 The brightest flowers fade at last,
 The sweetest music loses tune.
 Oh, why then vainly sigh for days,
 Which none on earth can e'er restore us,
 No, rather let us try to raise
 A gleam of hope from those before us.

For though man's destined from his birth,
 To quaff deeply from the cup of sorrow,
 Yet sure 'twould make a brighter earth,
 From future time some smiles to borrow.
 When humbled by the hand of fate,
 False friends forget the love they bore us,
 Why may not future years create,
 Still warmer friends in the years before us.

For some, like some barque that's tossed upon
 The raging billows o'er the ocean ;
 The life of man is carried on
 In peaceful calm or rude commotion ;
 But if on our sail, we chance to find,
 One faithful heart to still adore us,
 We would soon forget the days behind,
 And look for happier years before us.

And have I found that one in thee ?
 In you alone my hopes all centre :
 Then say wilt thou sail with me,
 On life's great ocean at a venture.
 And though the times be not so bright,
 And gloomy clouds may lower o'er us,
 Yet as bright day succeeds the night,
 Let us hope for better years before us.



I SWEAR BY THY BRIGHT EYES.

I SWEAR by thy bright eyes,
 Clear as the morning dew,
 And like the summer skies,
 Of a deep cerulean hue.
 By the smiles on thy sweet face,
 Where unnumbered beauties shine,
 Thy symmetry and grace,
 To live for ever thine.
 Let me not plead in vain, love,
 But my true affection share,
 We part to meet again love,
 Then bid me not despair.

By thy bright and blooming cheek,
 Where blush-like roses grow,
 Thy white and swan-like neck,
 Soft as the winter's snow.
 By thy dark and curling hair,
 That so gracefully entwine,
 Around thy brow so fair,
 To live for ever thine.

Let me not plead in vain, love,
 Believe me, I am sincere :
 We part to meet again love,
 Then bid me not despair.



TO C. W.

MAY, 1838.

It was not the charms of thy sweet face,
 Nor eyes that so clearly shine,
 Nor yet thy figure's majestic grace,
 That won this heart of mine.
 Neither thy swan-like neck of snow,
 So dazzling fair to see,
 Thy gentle voice or noble brow,
 That turned my soul to thee.

Nor yet thy cheek like the lily fair,
 Where the rose scarce dared to linger,
 Or the waving tresses of raven hair,
 As curled by thy tapering finger.
 'Twas not that pretty coral lip,
 Which twin rows of pearl enclose,
 Where the honey bee might long to sip,
 Mistaking it for the rose.

No, maiden fair, it was thy mind,
 That mind so rich and rare,
 That heart so amiable and kind,
 Both peace and truth rest there.
 For beauty's but a summer flower,
 Too soon will fade from view ;
 But thy heart though clouds may lower,
 Will ever remain still true.

TO E. M. W.

MAY, 1839.

As a friend and a sister fair Emma I prize,
 And give to her beauty its due,
 Like the sun in the east ere he burst thro' the skies,
 She dazzles and enchants the view.
 Her cheeks like the rose with its beauteous flush,
 Her complexion so clear and so fair,
 Her lips the carnation would put to the blush,
 To find itself outrivalled there.

Her figure so graceful, majestic, and light,
 Naught else can with it compare,
 Her eyes sparkle bright like gems in the night,
 And glossy and golden her hair.
 That she may be happy would be my last prayer,
 Though this heart may belong to another,
 And that she may never know sorrow or care,
 Is the wish of a friend and a brother.



E. M. R.

OCTOBER, 1872.

THAT name I love dearly
 Now seldom is spoken,
 Since that time when nearly
 This lone heart was broken.
 Fond memory ever bringing,
 Thy name fresh as ever,
 Though time is fast winging,
 Forget it? oh, never.

Thy face lit with gladness,
 Is ever before me,
 In joy or in sadness,
 Thy spirit hangs o'er me.
 No age can efface it,
 No distance can sever,
 No other displace it,
 It remains with me ever.



MAID WITH THE BONNY BLUE EYE.

It is sweet to roam in summer time,
 When flowers bespangle the fields,
 When the wild rose bush is in its prime,
 And the harvest rich plenty yields.
 But far more sweet to sit beside,
 The dear girl I love so true,
 That fair maid with the auburn braid,
 And bright eye of bonny blue.

'Tis sweet to sit in the mossy bower,
 Where the roses and lilies entwine,
 While the bee sucks honey from every flower,
 From the pink to the pale woodbine.
 But far more sweet those songs to hear,
 From that voice excelled by few,
 By that fair maid with auburn braid,
 And eye of bonny blue.

It is sweet to walk in the shady grove,
 When the pale moonlight is gleaming,
 And talk of the future with one we love,
 While joy from her eye is beaming.

To watch the expression of that face,
 So pleasing to one's view,
 Of that fair maid with the auburn braid,
 And eye of deepest blue.

Some love to sail o'er ocean's brine,
 Where storm and tempests blow,
 While others love well the rosy wine,
 Or to march against the foe.
 But much sooner would I dwell on shore,
 In some cot so trim and new,
 With that fair maid with the auburn braid,
 And bright eye of bonny blue.



MY LOWLAND FANNY.

I GRANT you weel your Heeland lass,
 Hae beauties grate and mony O,
 Yet much I doot if thae surpass,
 The charms of Lowland Fanny, O.
 Her ee beams frae so bright a line,
 And spairkles mair than any O,
 For where's the ane that boasts sae blue,
 And bonnie ee has Fanny O.
 Then fill your wine cup mantling high,
 Wi' sherry, port, canarie, O,
 Ane roun the board the toast pass by,
 The health of Lowland Fanny, O.

I hae courted Jean, and Meg, and Bet,
 Sweet Kate, and Susie, wi' Annie O ;
 Yet 'mangst them all I ne'er met,
 The one I luvve like Fanny O.

Her pouting lips sae rosy red,
 Her kiss as sweet as hany O,
 I lang for the day when I sall wed,
 My braw sweet Lowland Fanny O.
 Then fill your wine cup mantling high,
 Wi' sherry, port, canarie, O,
 Ane roun the board the toast pass by,
 The health of Lowland Fanny, O.

MY VOW OF CONSTANCY.

I BLESS the night that first I met,
 The fair girl that I adore,
 Whose face I never can forget,
 But still love more and more.
 I pledged to her my sincere troth,
 May it be heard above on high ;
 I never then can break my oath,
 Or my vow of constancy.

Riches would tempt me then in vain,
 Beauty lose all its power,
 I could not love, then, once again,
 For an emperor's bridal dower.
 The one I love is generous, mild,
 With good sense and modesty,
 Then do not deem me weak or wild,
 To break my vow of constancy.

I made that vow beneath the moon one night,
 I repeated it on the coming morrow,
 I'll keep it whether the days be bright,
 Or bring forward care and sorrow.

Nor by words alone I express my love,
 Still farther I would try,
 It is by my actions I would prove,
 I could love with constancy.

'Tis true I am poor and unknown to fame,
 And have scarcely aught to give,
 But I have never yet disgraced my name,
 And hope not while I live.
 That I was thoughtless once, is true,
 But that time has long gone by,
 My colour now shall be the blue,
 And my motto constancy.



AS THE SUN IN THE WEST.

As the sun in the west was fast declining,
 Beneath the shade of an old oak tree,
 I saw a fair maid whose bright eyes shining,
 Joyously sparkled with mirth and glee.
 Her dark brown hair was neatly braided,
 Over her brow as white as snow,
 The rose in her cheeks had slightly faded,
 It seemed to have fled to her lips below.

Her eyes of a deep cerulean hue,
 Rivalled the tint of a southern sky,
 To describe those twin orbs of liquid blue,
 I want words to express for they art defy.
 Her figure was straight like the forest pine,
 And moulded in beauteous symmetry,
 Her face so gentle, her smile divine,
 I wished by bright heaven her heart was free.

Then I gently pressed her pretty fair hand,
 And smilingly whispered low in her ear,
 If there is one spark of love yet left in the land,
 It will surely be found in the heart that beats here.
 I left my heart with that fair gentle maid,
 As we sat together 'neath the old oak tree,
 And if I trust to her looks, I shall ne'er be afraid,
 She will return her own in exchange to me.



I WATCHED HER FOR HOURS TOGETHER.

I WATCHED her for hours together,
 And noted the change in her eye,
 Then I thought upon April weather,
 And knew separation was nigh.
 I believed her all truth and perfection,
 On her candour and honour relied,
 And dreamt not of scorn or rejection,
 When I offered to make her my bride.
 Oh yes, to part, I am fully resigned,
 And drive from my heart so fickle a mind.

From the night when first we two met,
 I showed her both respect and honour,
 And will feel not the smallest regret.
 Should these eyes never set more upon her.
 Though the present she may daring defy,
 Relying on her beauty alone,
 She may exclaim some day with a sigh,
 My lover and friends are all gone.
 Oh yes, to forget her, I am fully resigned,
 And tear from my heart so fickle a mind.

THE DAYS SO LONG GONE BY.

Oh, for the days so long gone by,
 Oh, for those hours so fleeting,
 That I spent in love with my village lass,
 While our hearts was with rapture beating.
 Many a lip I've pressed since then,
 'Midst words of flattery spoken,
 But none so dear to me as when,
 She gave me love's first token.
 Oh, for those days so long gone by,
 Oh, for those hours so fleeting,
 When first I saw her mild blue eye,
 And smiled her friendly greeting.

Oh, for those pleasant days again,
 Oh, for the bright and sunny weather,
 When we went roaming down the lane,
 With hearts lighter than a feather.
 But she is gone; no more her voice
 Rings sweetly to this ear,
 For Heaven has made her its own choice,
 And now she blossoms there.
 Oh, for those pleasant days again,
 Oh, for the sunny weather,
 But all my sorrow now is vain,
 She is gone from me for ever.



MY BONNY KATHERINE.

My love is like the lily fair,
 That in the valley grows,
 Whose sweet perfume scents the air,
 And rivals the bright rose.

Whose graceful figure slight and tall,
 All other forms outshine,
 The fairest flower of them all,
 My bonny Katherine.

Her eyes shine forth like diamonds clear,
 Clear and brilliant to the sight,
 Now dimmed with pity's gentle tear,
 Now sparkling with delight.
 Her lips like precious rubies rare,
 Dug from Golconda's mine :
 Oh, where is one that can compare,
 With bonny Katherine.

Then the smiles on her sweet face,
 So beauteous and serene,
 Her lovely figure's majestic grace,
 Proclaim her beauty's queen.
 Had I wealth or had I power,
 I would them both resign,
 To call her mine, sweet gentle flower,
 My bonny Katherine.



LINES ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE
 OF WELLINGTON.

BEMOLD him here the bravest of the brave,
 Firm in the senate, foremost in the field,
 Still ever ready with his voice to save,
 His country from dishonour, or to wield
 His arm in her defence, see o'er the wave,
 A hundred battles that his valour sealed.
 Honour to thee and thy all-conquering hand,
 Patriot, Defender, and Glory of thy land.

CLARA HATH A ROGUISH EYE.

Air—NORAH CREINA.

CLARA hath a roguish eye,
 Jetty black and brightly shining,
 Causing many a bitter sigh,
 Hosts of lovers' hearts repining.
 But oh, give me my Ella's glance,
 Bewitching sweet so soft and tender,
 Should they assail I must perchance,
 Either cry for merey or surrender.
 Oh, my charming Ella dear,
 My beauteous modest, gentle Ella.
 Eyes may shine,
 But none like thine,
 Can throw such glances, Ella dearest.

Clara's lips are rosy red,
 But such a look of scorn plays round them,
 That you would think she must be wed,
 And Hymen's chains had firmly bound them.
 Sweeter the smile that seems to flit,
 O'er Ella's mouth like roses suing,
 That if by chance a kiss you get,
 That kiss would surely prove your ruin.
 Then oh, my gentle Ella dear,
 My lovely, pretty, pouting Ella,
 I have had the bliss,
 Of many a kiss,
 But none so sweet as Ella dearest.

Clara boasts a learned tongue,
 Can talk of Greek and Roman sages,
 Of all the poets that have sung,
 In various lands from distant ages.

But dearer to me sounds Ella's voice,
 Contented with one language solely,
 That of love I've made my choice,
 My heart resigning to her wholly.
 Then oh, my pretty, Ella dear,
 My mild, and simple, bashful Ella,
 No tongue though bright,
 Gives such delight,
 As flows from yours my Ella dearest.



OH, COME TO THAT SWEET GROVE.

Air—THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

OH, come to that sweet grove my love,
 Through pleasant fields to rove my love.
 To that lovely dell,
 Where the bonny blue bell,
 In simple pride shines forth, my love.
 Such a walk, oh, do not miss, my dear,
 Let us talk over our future bliss, my dear,
 With this world be not vexed,
 Or sigh for the next,
 But enjoy the pleasures of this, my dear.
 I'll twine a beauteous braid, my love,
 Of flowers of every shade, my love.
 And place o'er that brow,
 More white than snow,
 A wreath that shall never fade, my love,
 Unless envious of thy eye of blue, my dear,
 The Jonquil should lose its hue, my dear,
 And the rose with affright,
 Turn deadly white,
 At being outvied by you, my dear.

MY EVENING STAR.

BRIGHT is the sun as it illumes the morn,
 And dazzles the eye with its ray,
 Bright is the rose that the cottage adorns,
 And alas ! too soon withers away.
 Bright to the eye are the silvery waves,
 As murmuring and rolling they greet,
 As each in their turn the shining sand laves,
 While dashing their spray at your feet.
 'Tis true they are fair, but brighter far,
 Is the girl that I love, my evening star.

To mention the sun is not out of place,
 Or to speak of the waves when she is by ;
 For the first would remind of dazzling grace,
 And the last of her gentle blue eye.
 There is many bright things in this world, beside
 The ruby so rich and so rare,
 The diamond of gems, the beauty and pride,
 And the pearl so brilliant and fair.
 They are rich, they are splendid, but brighter by far,
 Is the light of my soul, my evening star.

LINES ON THE PORTRAIT OF SIR ROBERT
PEEL.

BEHOLD in Peel, the accomplished man of sense,
 Well skilled to guide the highest helm of state,
 In learning stored, well versed in eloquence,
 As oft been proved in many a fierce debate.
 Aloof he stands, in conscious innocence,
 Firm to his foes, yet careless of their hate,
 To all conservatives he points out the way,
 To future triumph and a glorious day.

GRIEVE NOT FOR THE ONE THAT
IS GONE.

Oh, grieve not for the one that lies dead,
For God in his mercy and love,
Has taken the spirit just fled,
To far brighter regions above.
There released from sorrow and pain,
He there rests with sins all forgiven,
With Jesus will ever remain,
In the home of the blissful in heaven.
Then shed no tears of sorrow now,
Bright palms bedeck the victor's brow.

Oh, fair are the spirits that shine,
As striking the chords of the lyre,
Singing praise to the Saviour divine,
With hearts of devotion and fire.
Then joy in that holy throng,
Amidst the saved, the happy, and blest,
He joins with the thanksgiving the song,
To him who has given him rest.
Then shed no tears of sorrow now,
Since palms bedeck the victor's brow.



T H E M O O N .

I LOVE to rove in the month of June,
Beneath the beams of the silvery moon,
As through the heavens she takes her way,
To cheer the earth after sultry day,
Flinging her light and dancing beams,
Over woods, and hills, and streams.

When at midnight lonely hour,
 Clothed with dew is every flower :
 When not a breath, voice, or sound,
 Disturbs the air ; but all around
 Is peaceful, calm, and still at rest,
 Save the owl shrieking from her nest,
 That bird of night's ill-omened cry,
 Breaks through the air most fearfully.
 It is a sweet and glorious sight,
 To watch her pale and silvery light,
 Distributing her bright beams to all,
 To lordly palace or cottage small.
 Empress of the night, in her short reign,
 Attended by her starry train,
 Bordered oft with a bright halo,
 Now smiling on the earth below,
 Till obscured by clouds so black,
 We watch with awe her soaring track.
 Now for a time she's lost to view,
 Then reappears in the azure blue ;
 Were I for a simile now inclined,
 I'd compare her to a woman's mind—
 One hour full of mirth and glee,
 The next as black as black can be ;
 Then turning round her beauteous face,
 Beaming full of love and grace,
 Like the rose in noon-day hour,
 Refreshed with summer's sultry shower.
 Joyous, smiling, through her tears,
 Mocking all our hopes and fears,
 Leading oft poor hearts astray,
 Laughs and jeers, and turns away.
 Oh, may I never meet with misfortune,
 In comparing woman to the moon.

OH, DEAREST WAKE.

OH, dearest wake, 'tis break of day,
 The morning breeze is blowing,
 And down the mountain's sloping way,
 The tide of light is flowing.
 The linnet tells a blithesome tale,
 To charm a favourite lover,
 The brown-plumed plover breasts the gale,
 With the blue sky all above her.
 By the woodbines fragrant breath,
 By the violets purple wreath,
 Twining round the parent stem,
 Decked with many a dewy gem.
 By the burnished sunbeam now,
 Gambolling on the chestnut bough.
 Mountain, valley, lawn, and lea,
 Dearest, rise and come with me.

A lovely carpet decks the scene,
 By nature spread in order,
 The valley's depth its ground of green,
 The hills its russet border.
 All fringed with plants of every hue,
 And flowers in sunny dresses,
 Impearled with silvery drops of dew.
 From mornings golden tresses.
 By the harebells purple crest,
 By the lily's spotless breast,
 By the flower whose petals shade,
 Young love's brow and beauty's braid :

By the robe of moss it wears,
 By the modest blush it bears :
 Mountain, valley, lawn, and lea,
 Dearest rise, and come with me.

Oh, dearest rise, and come with me,
 Aurora gilds the bower,
 The cuckoo and the merry bee,
 Sip nectar from each flower.
 The sunbeam through thy lattice peeps,
 Oh, lady heed its warning,
 Come forth and climb the hilly steeps,
 And hail the infant morning.
 By each glen and bushy dell,
 Meet for love and witcheries spell,
 By the youthful lover's oath,
 By the maiden's plighted troth,
 By the love sylphs hovering nigh,
 Feasting on each balmy sigh.
 Mountain, valley, lawn, and lea,
 Dearest, rise, and come with me.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

THE Land, the Land, our native Land! forthcoming
 years will see,
 Thick scattered o'er your fertile breast, the dwellings of
 the free.
 From hill, from mine, from workshop crowd, the hardy
 sons of toil,
 To rear a home in freedom's name, and till the boun-
 teous soil.

By gentle stream, by mountain side, in valley and in
 glen,
 There will be seen the homes of free and stalwart
 Englishmen!
 Who'll speak not then, as they do now, the language of
 despair,
 But raise the song of cheerfulness, and breathe the
 grateful prayer.

We need no food from foreign shores, while we have
 land to grow it,
 Nor send for corn some thousand miles, while we have
 hands to sow it ;
 Nor send our goods to every clime, to clothe and deck
 each nation,
 While a million backs are bare at home, and thousands
 in starvation.

If all our land were well employed, 'twould yield us
 bounteous store,
 And each succeeding year become more richer than
 before.
 Each plot of land a peasant then might dare to call his
 own,
 If equal laws were framed for all—for cottage and for
 throne.

The Land their own, they'd dread no foe, no ruthless
 fierce invader ;
 If England's sons own'd England's soil, no tyrants
 could degrade her ;
 Each cot would be a castle then, no nation could
 enslave them,
 For loud would be their rallying cry—"The Land
 their birthright gave them."

THE VINE.

TELL me not of your plum or your cherry,
 Your peaches, or apricots fine,
 Your apples, currant, strawberry,
 What can equal the grape of the Vine ?
 It is a more rich and luxuriant a plant,
 Than ever grows under the line,
 Oh, give me a vineyard, what more should I want,
 If I had plenty of the juice of the Vine ?
 It leaves shine so green, so polished and bright,
 When the sun on its branches recline,
 And its rich purple glows 'neath the silvery moonlight,
 As it beams on the graceful Grape Vine.
 It grows in Italy, Spain, and France,
 On the banks of broad Tagus or Rhine ;
 And peasant join oft in the gay festive dance,
 Beneath the bough of their favourite Vine.
 It is drank by the Belgian, the French, or the German,
 By the English from the Thames to the Tyne ;
 The Spaniard, the Dutchman, or Norman,
 All pay homage to the far spreading Vine.
 It surely must have been Apollo's own drink,
 As well as the Muses all nine ;
 From Anacreon to Moore in one unbroken link,
 Have oft sung to the praise of the Vine.
 It is rich, it is ripe, is racy and rare,
 In it all these good features combine ;
 There is not such a plant grows 'neath the air,
 Like the majestic and far spreading Vine.
 If I was once asked to e'er such a feast,
 With lords and with ladies to dine,
 For all their rich dainties, I'd care not the least,
 If I had plenty of the juice of the Vine.

Oh, it cheers and gladdens, and fires the soul,
 It is more than Jove's nectar divine,
 Give me then at once the full flowing bowl,
 And I'll drink to the praise of the Vine.

THE DINNER HUNTER.

To-morrow's the twenty-fifth of December,
 In the year Eighteen Thirty-nine,
 But I cannot at present remember,
 I have been invited this Christmas to dine.
 I called the other day at Mayfair,
 On Lord Corpulent, who tries to look thinner,
 Though I kept praising his wine, I declare
 His lordship never asked me to dinner.

There's Lady Rosaline Ranter the sage,
 Who belongs to the blue-stocking crew ;
 I left her last time in a rage,
 Through hinting her works were not new.
 She gives a grand party they say,
 To some poets and a long novel spinner,
 But her footman denied her one day,
 So I have lost there my chance for a dinner.

I called upon Ben Bobtail the broker,
 Who resides amidst the fog in the city,
 And prides himself as a great joker,
 And believes he is monstrously witty.
 I talked of his stables at Reigate,
 Of his horse the thousand pound winner,
 But alas ! to a party at Highgate,
 He was invited on Christmas to dinner.

I next went to my old flame Miss Marrow,
 But vexatious, she was not at home,
 She had gone to her uncle's at Harrow,
 Who from India had lately come home.
 But I trust in the course of next year,
 To be able to woo and to win her,
 And then in that case I don't fear,
 Next Christmas to be without dinner.

There's my friend little Tomkins the tailor,
 Who generally dines off a goose ;
 I'll call and clinch him with a nailer,
 For surely he will not refuse.
 But if he should there's my old nurse,
 Who dwells in her cottage near Pinner,
 I'll go, for I might fare much worse,
 Than have bacon and cabbage for dinner.

So Betty, bring down my great coat,
 It is just ten and I must be off,
 I shall start by the Westminster boat,
 And get out at the Hungerford wharf.
 And if any should call while I am out,
 Now mind what I say, you old sinner :
 Tell them I am gone to a grand ball and rout,
 And then to Lord Melbourne's cabinet dinner.



UP! POLAND, UP!

Up! Poland, up! prepare for the fight,
 The sons of the Ukraine shall arm for the fight ;
 Then aloft with our banner, the eagle uprear,
 Who will rend with her talons the Muscovite bear.

By the great John Sobieski, so honoured by fame,
 By our loved Kosciusko, unclouded by shame,
 By the noble Zawiska ere betrayed by guilt,
 We'll flesh in our tyrant our swords to the hilt.
 By our own Polish patriots, condemned still to roam,
 O'er the wilds of Siberia exiled from their home ;
 By our wives, by our sisters, by all we love best,
 We'll charge for thee, Poland, give our lances no rest.
 The last to retreat, but the first to advance,
 Czartoryski springs from the gay court of France,
 As high waves his banner, o'er Poland's wide plain,
 Many thousands will flock to their leader again.
 Then come forth Dwernecki, thou wilt not be last,
 When the sound of the trumpet is borne on the blast.
 Hurrah for the veteran, though his locks be turned grey,
 He will still be the foremost and first in the fray.

P O L A N D ' S C R Y .

THOUGH Poland's voice is now unheard,
 She flutters in chains like a caged bird,
 Will burst her bonds with a single word.
 That word will be liberty.
 The thought of her murdered patriots groans,
 Her blood-stained desecrated homes,
 Her slaughtered warriors whitening bones,
 Will urge her to be free.
 Arise, nor fear the despots frown,
 Despite the power of his crown ;
 The word shall fly from town to town,
 And Poland breathe again.

O'er Ukraine's steppes the tidings fly,
 O'er Crapack hills the battle cry,
 Down with the emperor's tyranny,
 O'er Poland's fertile plain.
 Proud Warsaw will her thousands pour,
 The trumpet sound on Courland's shore,
 And Wilna's street shall run with gore,
 Ere Poland will despair.
 And Cracow's sons will join the fight,
 Volhynia battle for the right,
 And Lithuania in her might,
 The tyrant's power dare.
 God of the righteous, say how long,
 Shall Poland pant beneath the thong,
 Of slavery and grievous wrong,
 And Russian tyranny?
 On every tower our flag we'll raise,
 From every hill our beacons blaze,
 By all our wrongs we will erase,
 Our badge of slavery.
 Father of all, God of the just,
 In thee alone we put our trust,
 Being supreme all glorious first,
 Oh, listen to our call.
 Hear, oh, hear a nation's prayer,
 Millions of souls beseech thy care,
 Of freedom's rights, oh, grant our share,
 And despotism's fall.



BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.

THEY come ! they come ! a gallant band,
 From well-fought fields in Spain,
 To meet the foe in their own land,
 And conquer them once again.
 With bayonet and with musketry,
 With sword and pennoned lance,
 They hand to hand once more defy,
 The sons of warlike France.
 And as they march their battle cry,
 Is Wellington and victory.

They halt at the banks of the deep Garonne,
 Beneath Toulouse proud towers,
 And swore to call that place their own,
 Before four-and-twenty hours.
 Then Picton took the leftward flank.
 At the head of his soldiers brave :
 And they crossed the river in double rank,
 To meet victory or a warriors grave.
 From out their ranks three cheers were heard,
 For Picton, Hill, and Beresford.

Then Hill leapt in the wide Garonne,
 That dark and angry flood :
 Bestride his noble gallant roan,
 Besprinkled with the foeman's blood.
 They gain the bank on the other side,
 And climb up the rocky steep,
 Where many a soldier then in pride,
 Soon slept the eternal sleep.
 Oh, never will those men again,
 Shout, " Vive le Empereur ! Napoleon ! "

Marshal Soult stood within the town,
 Udaunted, firm, and steady;
 Although on his features stole a frown,
 He appeared still brave and ready.
 Now plays aloft the shell and mortar,
 With the rockets towering spire,
 Dealing round destructive slaughter,
 Till the town is struck with fire.
 And shouts ring faintly through the air,
 For Napoleon the Emperor.

Hark! now the cannons deafening roar,
 As it batters down the walls,
 And echoing resound to the farther shore,
 Till it totters at length and falls.
 Hurrah! hurrah! a breach they've made,
 They climb over dead and dying,
 And England's flag is now displayed,
 Where the tri-colour once was flying.
 With mingled rage of fire and fury,
 Stood Soult and Souchèt of Albüera.

They enter the street of that ancient place,
 Fatigued and with bloodshed weary,
 For the enemy had fled from his disgrace,
 And left it ruins, sad and dreary.
 Oh, list to our men's triumphant cry,
 The French were seized with fierce dismay.
 They break their ranks, they fly! they fly!
 And Wellington has won the day.
 Shout, shout for joy, the battle's won,
 By Beresford, Hill, and Wellington.

BANNOCKBURN.

'Twas on the twenty-fourth of June, thirteen hundred
and fourteen,

That by the banks of bonny Forth the English first
were seen,

Their banners waved so proudly as slow they marched
along,

Of knights, and peers, and men-at-arms, one hundred
thousand strong ;

There were archers from Derwentdale, and vassals
from Tourraine,

Barons bold from Burgundy, and knights of warlike
Spain.

Brabant sent her Flemish spears, Germania stalwart men,
And France sent forth her bravest troops, the flower of
Guieene.

There were Irish kernes from Munster's coast, and
Welshmen with each sling,

All doomed to fall before the sword of Robert Bruce
our king.

Ah ! little recks each haughty knight, who now lifts
high his head,

Another sun may number him, with the dying and the
dead ;

And he who holds possessions now, with many a serf
and slave,

May very soon breathless lie in his only home the
grave.

But there is one the first of all, who in bright splendour
shone,

'Tis Edward of Caernarvon, who held proud England's
throne.

His robe of richest crimson, is fringed with costly
 gold,
 His armour bright of silvery white, was dazzling to
 behold.
 "Sound, trumpets sound!" he cried, "and let the
 welkin ring,
 We'll soon defeat these Scottish knaves, and Bruce
 their rebel king."
 Spread o'er the hill in firm set ranks, in steel and
 tartan plaid,
 The Scottish warriors round their king stood firm and
 undismayed.
 Young Randolph drew his maiden sword, to battle for
 the right,
 And Douglas by the Bruces' side rushed in the thickest
 fight.
 Kirkpatrick, Lindsey, Dallszell, Horne, M'Donald of
 Glendhu,
 With Stuart of the royal race the bravest of the true,
 All spurred their steeds and drew their swords to con-
 quer or to die,
 Against Edward's overwhelming force and all his
 chivalry:
 From hill to hill their rallying cry to Englishmen they
 fling,
 For Scotland our poor country and Bruce our patriot king.
 By Stirling's massive tower, that day the Scotchmen
 took their stand,
 To fight for home and country and save their native
 land.
 Oh, fierce the battle fought that day upon the purple
 heath,
 When a nation fought for victory, or win a glorious
 death;

And England mourned that fatal hour, upon that well-
 fought plain,
 As she left upon the bloody field her thirty thousand
 slain :
 While Edward fled so swiftly without a wound or scar,
 To hide himself in safety in his strong castle near
 Dunbar.
 Then glory to that noble band, let future ages sing,
 The noble field of Bannockburn, and Robert Bruce our
 king.



VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.

I stood on Bron Vawr's summit, bleak and bare,
 The breeze blew chill for it was autumn time ;
 Below me spread a scene both sweet and fair,
 Rich and beauteous yet awfully sublime.
 Hills piled on hills in solemn grandeur stood,
 Encircling round the pleasant vale below,
 While through the midst rolled Dee's swift flood,
 Now ebon black, now foaming white like snow.
 Now softly murmuring to the gentle gale,
 Or loudly roaring as flowing long the vale.

The mountain torrent from its narrow bed,
 Tears down the rocks with quickened speed its way,
 Where beetling crags hang fearful overhead,
 And frowns defiance on its noise and spray,
 But disdainng obstacles flies with bounding leap,
 The jutting rock, determined to be free ;
 And plunges headlong down the ravine steep,
 To pay its tribute to the ancient Dee ;
 Along the vale, canal, and river glide,
 Like two fair sisters playing side by side.

Beneath the hill, I saw some hundred feet,
 In a fair mead embowered round with trees,
 Valle Crucis Abbey, of piety once the seat,
 Long famed for learned men of all degrees.
 Those crumbling ruins Llangollen's greatest pride.
 Bring to one's mind when might alone was law,
 When Cambria's sons proud Bolingbroke defied,
 And Wales then plunged in devastating war.
 Long live thy name great chief of Sychant's tower,
 That princely patriot, the glorious Glendower.

Not far from hence the eye may see,
 The few remains of what has stood for years,
 The ruined fortress Castel Dinas Bran,
 Once thronged with ladies, gallant knights, and
 peers.
 No more the harp shall reverberate through those
 walls,
 Nor joyful ring with minstrelsy and song;
 No more the old warder with his bugle calls,
 And Bron Vawr's echo answers loud and long.
 Those times of old have long since passed away,
 The old dark ages changed to brighter day.

See far to the east fair Wynnstay's lofty walls,
 Embowered amidst trees looks on a scene so fair,
 While on the listening ear like soft music falls,
 The Dee's sweet murmur borne unto the ear.
 And as day declines the bright suns roseate beams,
 O'er hill and valley sheds its crimson light,
 Burnishes with gold the hills, lights the mountain
 streams,
 Ere it fades away, and day gives place to night.
 To thee each hill, each glade, and bosky dell,
 To thee, Llangollen, a long and last farewell.

C H E L T E N H A M .

QUEEN of the West, fair Cheltenham art thou,
 Like princely palaces thy buildings rise.
 In my mind's eye methinks I see thee now,
 Like some bright vision spread before my eyes.
 When first I saw thee e'er from Charlton's brow,
 Gilt with the splendour of the summer skies,
 Thy terraces, thy gardens, decked with flowers,
 Thy promenades lined with tall leafy bowers.

 Fair art thou Cheltenham, yet brighter still
 Is the sweet landscape that surrounds thy town,
 From Gloucester's vale to Malvern's lofty hill,
 Which darkly o'er the Severn seems to frown.
 Beauteous Leckhampton by the flowing rill,
 The tiny Chelt as it murmurs by Churehdown.
 The corn waved blithely and the hot sun's beam,
 Show'd dazzling bright on Severn's silvery stream.



LIFE'S ONWARD MARCH.

DYING, dying, falling fast,
 Like the leaves in autumn time,
 In summer's sun or winter's blast,
 Fall infant youth or manhood's prime.
 Some with locks like burnished gold,
 Some with hair as white as snow,
 Tottering babes, the feeble, old,
 Falling, falling, laying low.

 Maiden fair, with eyes so bright,
 Beauteous grace and winning smile,
 Raven hair as black as night,
 Open brow and free from guile.

Breath as sweet as perfumed May,
 As borne upon the evening breeze,
 Fading, fading, fast away,
 Like withered leaves from off the trees.

Warrior bold in manly strength,
 Battling for his native land,
 Ere the year has sped its length,
 Or war has quenched its burning brand,
 Lowly drooping lays his plume,
 Useless now his sword and shield,
 Sadly marching to the tomb,
 He ever quits the tented field.

Statesman old with locks so grey,
 Devoted to his country's cause,
 Ever foremost in civil fray,
 To give her counsel, frame her laws.
 His nation's friend, her boast and pride,
 Calm in peace, yet firm in war,
 His service must now be laid aside,
 And pass away like some bright star.

The monarch with imperial crown,
 O'er millions of subjects holding sway,
 Who daily watch his smile or frown,
 And ever his commands obey.
 Whose lofty power ranks so high,
 Upon this great terrestrial ball,
 Must hear the summons thou must die,
 So share the common lot of all.

And from myself have passed away
 Dear friends, and more, a loving wife,
 Two buds of promise, where are they
 That cheered me through this chequered life?

They are far removed from me in love,
 To that bright happy, blissful place,
 Soon must I mount then, far above,
 The last in family, name, and race.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

The following Essay obtained a Prize given by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at a meeting held at the Workmen's Hall, Drury Lane.

Who that has been enabled at some period of his life to pass through a wood on an early and beautiful spring morning, when Nature lay clothed in verdure, and when every bough and tiny spray around him seemed vocal with the melody of some bird of song emitting sounds of the sweetest harmony, while far above his head, piercing the blue sky, he sees the lark soaring his way nearer and nearer to the glorious constellation, sending his loudest notes of praise and thanksgiving in cheerful and enlivening strains to the great Giver and Disposer of all things—I do not envy the man who, at such a moment, does not in heart utter a grateful response, and feel a disposition to love and cherish all God's creatures.

There appears to me in birds, especially in singing birds, such symmetry in form, such beauty in plumage, such liveliness and cheerfulness in flight and song, that when they warble forth their little notes in joyful melody, they seem to penetrate your very soul, and arouse you to admiration and attention.

They have no doubt been sent on this earth to fulfil a certain purpose in this world's economy, and also to cheer the heart of man by their sweet minstrelsy. But it becomes a serious thought whether we have a moral right to rob them of their liberty, and, snaring them

from their native woods, bear them off as captives, to pass the remainder of their lives in a caged prison for our delectation and amusement. We, with our old Anglo-Saxon love of liberty and hatred of confinement, yet allow thousands of these little birds to pine for years in solitary confinement for our selfish gratification. It is the old, old tale of Might against Right, the strong bearing down the weak; the old Scotch Freebooter's motto, "They may take who have the power, and they may keep who can." I feel some little pleasure that in my whole life I have never kept, or caused to be kept, a single bird confined a prisoner to minister to my enjoyment. The cruelties practised by bird-catchers and fanciers, chiefly residing at the east of London, are well known. Many of these poor birds are blinded, that they may become better songsters, and much cruelty and intimidation are practised on these poor feathered prisoners before they are finally sold to a purchaser.

Poor things, torn from their home and liberty, they are made to feel all the horrors of slavery and cruelty. Exchanging their native woods and fields for some close, confined attic, reeking perhaps with tobacco smoke and the smell of drink; pent up in a narrow cage with scarce room to turn, treated with neglect and inhumanity, deprived of their companions—what an exchange for the leafy bowers, the glorious sun, the perfume of varieties of flowers, and the refreshing air which they have hitherto been accustomed to. No wonder that so many pine away and die beneath so great a change.

I believe God, in His wise providence, has made all creatures for some good end; and it is only man, in his ignorance of His wise and beneficial laws, flies against them and injures himself by entering into a system of

extermination against some birds under the wrong idea that they are destroying his food and fruit. This has been shown in many instances to be completely false, in fact: and by so doing he has wantonly sacrificed thousands of lives of poor innocent creatures, and has been injured in return by the loss of crops that would have been saved but for the exterminating process going on against his feathered friends, truly called so, if farmers knew their own interest in protecting them.

I would earnestly entreat all those who may keep birds in their homes, to see that their little captives are treated well, and that they are not well fed and kindly treated with over-fondness one day, and perhaps the next left to pine in hunger, thirst, and neglect; which I am afraid is often the case with many young persons when the novelty of possession is over: but is, I believe more the result of want of thought than want of feeling. However, I trust, through the great progress of education, the march of civilisation, and legislative enactments, such as that lately passed for the protection of wild fowl, the day is not far distant when we shall see a great change in the manner in which both birds and animals are treated: that there will be greater kindness and more thought shown for the inferior creation than there is at the present time, however that is improved upon the past;—that the time may come when we can say to some captured prisoner—

Poor caged flutterer, what dost thou here,
 With terror throbbing in thy little breast?
 Whose hand has torn thee from all held dear—
 Dragged thee from home and thy native nest?
 See here, I ope thy prison door. Prepare
 To plume thy pinions for an upward flight;
 Go, breathe again the fresh reviving air,
 And soar to freedom. Sweet bird, good night!

*The following Poems were written by the Author's Father long since,
but never before published.*

SHINE, STAR OF JUDAH.

BLITHE rose the dawn on Joppa's Sea,

Swift rolled the mist from off the main,

And daybreak shone on land and lea,

From Carmel's brow enwrap't in flame.

The orbs of night were fading far,

Before young morning's diadem,

Save all but one bright lingering star,

That lingered over Bethlehem.

A beauteous star, of spotted hue,

The fairest in that world of blue.

And though each orb had left the sky,

Yet still the peerless stranger shone,

A beam so bright that mortal eye

Of man, could scarcely look thereon.

A beauteous ray that did not fall,

On marble dome or portico,

Gilt fane, or sculptured banquet hall,

But on an humble dwelling low.

A manger. Oh! that such should be

Thy advent, immortality.

A cloud on Sinai's mountain hung,

Not Horeb's snows were half so white

Or dazzling, as the form that sprung

From its pure bosom robed in light.

A palm branch in each hand denoted,

His mission peace, while round his brow

A molten diamond halo floated,

Sweet herald of the olive bough.

Whose cry is hail! auspicious morn,

This day the Prince of Peace is born.

Too long the earth has teemed with gore,
 His blood-red glaive let murder sheath,
 Let Janus close her brazen door,
 And peace her haleyon chaplet wreath.
 Up, daughters of Jerusalem,
 The Star of David shines to-day ;
 The wise men from the east are come,
 To view the brightness of his ray.
 Shine, Star of Judah, let thy beam
 O'er Israel like a meteor stream.

Pluck rosy wreaths from Sidon's vale,
 Up, Bosra, wake those harps of thine,
 Let Judah's fairest daughters hail,
 A prince from David's royal line.
 Oh, let the Gentile greet his birth,
 For chief to him the boon is given ;
 A life of peace and love on earth,
 Its meed a christian crown in Heaven.
 A conquest over death and hell,
 Glad tidings for the infidel.

He ceased the blissful tidings spread,
 From all the heavenly choir assembled,
 Fell Moloch's altars, shook with dread,
 And every heathen high place trembled.
 Down Jordan's waters poured the song,
 Till Beth and Hebron joyed together,
 And Palestine and Syria rung,
 With peace on earth, good will for ever.
 Shine, Star of Judah ! peaceful brand,
 Bright beacon to a darkened land.

L I N E S

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD.

THERE is agony, child, in thine eye,
 The fever brand burns on thy brow,
 For help thou implorest, no succour is nigh,
 The death fiend grapples thee now.
 Fierce, fierce is the conflict, and hard is the fight,
 For 'tis life and 'tis death that contend for the might.

Poor baby, thy struggles are vain,
 No help when the death fiend's nigh,
 For fierce he assails thy worn body with pain,
 Unheeding thy sorrowing cry.
 In his folds they are pent for a moment or more,
 'Tis past, and thy struggles, poor Mary, are o'er.

I saw her grave made, and wild anguish came o'er me,
 As I measured the depth where my child was to lay,
 Wildly I gazed on the loose earth before me,
 Soon destined to circle her perishing clay.
 I followed her corpse when the death bell was tolling,
 And the mourners all wound by the church girdled
 wall,
 While above me a November tempest was rolling,
 And the big rain drops plashed on the dark velvet
 pall.

The coffin descended, her sorrowing mother,
 In the folds of her mantle her weeping eyes hid ;
 And grief blanched the cheek of her playmate and
 brother,*
 As the earth rattled down on the dark coffin lid.

* The author of this book.

Let triflers and worldlings their metaphors borrow,
 To prove grief a weakness, or e'en what they will :
 But while the heart's free to the inroads of sorrow,
 Why, nature is nature, in spite of them still.

OH, WEAVE NO MORE GARLANDS!

A PLAINTIVE MELODY.

Oh! weave no more garlands,
 Again I implore.
 Since beauty and fragrance
 Delighteth no more.
 The hemlock reclining
 By the lone cypress tree,
 With the night-shade entwining,
 More meet is for me.

A welcome to sorrow,
 To trouble and woe.
 Ye harm not my babies,
 They slumber below.
 There's a turf that lies o'er them,
 There's a grave dark and deep,
 There's a bright world before them,
 Though tranquil they sleep.

There's a heart no more spurning
 The trammels of grief,
 There's a brain always burning
 That finds not relief.
 There's a mind almost broken
 With sorrow and gloom,
 There's a hope—be it spoken,
 But it lies 'yond the tomb.

THE BARD OF GREECE

TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

Away from the masque and the midnight ball,
 Where the dancers move so lightly,
 On the vine-crowned board of the festival,
 Where the lamps are burning brightly.
 Meeter by far, to the free-born soul,
 Is the watch-lights gleam on the muster roll.

Oh, tarry not by pleasure's side,
 'Midst blandishments enslaving,
 Oh, steep not thy soul in her lethian tide,
 While freedom's flag is waving.
 Away with the wreath and its curling bloom,
 For the sheeny casque and the morion plume.

Ten thousand chargers champ the bit,
 We have arms of nerve to lead 'em,
 And swords of flame for conquest fit,
 To path a road to freedom.
 And a host of Greeks have the hearts put on,
 That their father's bore at Marathon.

Away, away, 'tis freedom calls,
 The moslem throne is shaken,
 The turbaned robber's power falls,
 The bondsman's bands are breaking,
 And the olive groves from the spoiler free,
 Are rife with the hymn of liberty.

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