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Ellen Mary Brown

The Gift of her

Dear Grandmother

January 1st

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Miss Mary Bradford
The Gift of her
Dear Grandmother
January 1st
1853



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A Shepherd's Boy - he seeks no better name.



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BLOOMFIELD'S
FARMER'S BOY.
RURAL TALES,
BALLADS AND SONGS.



Printed and Published by Thomas and Ann,

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PUBLISHED BY THOMAS AND ANN,

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THE
FARMER'S BOY :
RURAL TALES,
BALLADS, AND SONGS :
WILD FLOWERS ;
OR, PASTORAL AND LOCAL POETRY :
AND
THE BANKS OF WYE.
BY
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

' A SHEPHERD'S BOY—HE SEEKS NO BETTER NAME.'

LONDON :
THOMAS ALLMAN, 42, HOLBORN HILL
1853.



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MEMOIR
OF
THE AUTHOR.

THE name of ROBERT BLOOMFIELD is one, among many others, which has acquired lustre amidst the obscurity and discouragements of a very humble station. Instances of poetical celebrity acquired under such circumstances, are more rare than those which belong to pursuits of a different character. For twenty, in which we find scientific eminence or rank in society obtained by persons of obscure birth, we shall rarely see one who has risen to notice by a poetical, or purely literary genius. Even if the talent be naturally present, it is seldom that it can long resist the effects of poverty. That delicacy of mind and quick apprehension of the beautiful, in which the poet finds his inspiration, require solitude and freedom, or they leave him cold and disheartened. The troubles of common life, too pressing to be dissipated by imagination, are not long endured without blighting the sensibilities of the heart, or drawing away the mind from objects which only give delight when calmly and securely enjoyed. Poverty, it is true, neither shuts out the light of the sun, nor diminishes the beauty or the glory of nature. The birds pour out as sweet a music for the ear, and the flowers as rich a radiancy for the eye of the beggar, as of the king; but neither the melody of the birds nor the beauty of the earth is thought of, when we see that the sky is full of storms, or we tread a path that wearies and perplexes us. And such is the path of life when beset with the anxieties of which we are speaking.

—with those trying and exhausting troubles which it requires the whole strength of the human heart to bear, and which it is sufficient praise for a man to endure and perform the duties they create. Though the mind, therefore, of a poet, when fully cultivated and matured, is perhaps more capable than others of retaining its vigour under many sufferings, it is very rarely that its peculiar qualities become developed in disadvantageous situations, or that its purity and brightness are not destroyed as soon as felt, by the taint of low and worldly associations. Poor Bloomfield was subjected to this trial of his native strength from his earliest youth, but grew up—and lived—and died a poet.

This amiable and admired writer was born December 3, 1766, at Honington, a village near Bury in Suffolk. His father, who was a tailor, dying about a year after his birth, he was left to the sole care of his mother, an excellent woman, it appears, who by her prudence and industry contrived, out of the profits of a little school, to support herself and a family of six children.—Robert had no other education than what she could herself give him, if we except the instruction he received for two or three months at a school at Ixworth; and at eleven years old he was sent as a labouring lad to a Mr. Austin, a respectable farmer of Sapiston. In this humble station his mind became stored with that abundance of rural imagery which, feeding his natural love of the country, was one day to give an irresistible charm to the simple language of the untaught peasant.

It was not long, however, after his being placed under Mr. Austin, before it was found that his delicate frame was ill calculated for the arduous occupation to which his service was committed. It fortunately happened that one



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of his brothers, George Bloomfield, had been brought up a shoemaker, and was at that time living in London. To this young man the affectionate and anxious mother wrote for advice, as to the future disposition of poor Robert, and received in answer to her application, an offer from George to take care of him, and teach him his business, and from another of her sons a promise of finding him in clothes. In consequence of this kind assurance from her sons, she set out for London, where she arrived with Robert in June, 1781, not willing that any one but herself should resign him into the hands of his new guardian, 'She charged me,' says Mr. Bloomfield, 'as I valued a mother's blessing, to watch over him, to set a good example before him, and never to forget that he had lost his father.' 'I have him,' continues he, speaking of Robert's appearance at this time, 'in my mind's eye, a little boy; not bigger than boys generally are at twelve years old. When I met him and his mother at the inn, he strutted before us, dressed just as he came from keeping sheep, pigs &c.—his shoes filled full of stumps in the heels. He, looking about him, slipped up—his nails were unused to a flat pavement. I remember viewing him as he scampered up, how small he was. Little thought I that that little fatherless boy would be one day known and esteemed by the most learned, the most respected, the wisest, and the best men of the kingdom.'

The kind-heartedness and simple affection which are manifested in these lines, made their amiable writer worthy of the charge which Providence and an anxious mother assigned him.—On receiving Robert under his care, his situation had few advantages either for himself or his brother, but such as they were, he employed them in the

best manner he was able, to secure the comfort and future provision of the unprotected lad. George was, at that time, according to his own account, a journeyman, but worked in company with several other persons of the same trade, in a garret which the party rented at No. 7, Pitcher's-court, Bell-alley, Coleman-street.

Robert, on being made one of the company, was employed by them in running for whatever they wanted, and was rewarded by the party obliged, by being helped over some difficulty in the mystery of shoe-making. But the employment best adapted to his taste was the reading of the newspaper, which was lent them, when a day old, from the public-house, and from the perusal of which he seems first to have gained his knowledge of words and phrases. And in this again the thoughtful kindness of his brother was of considerable use to him. 'He frequently met,' says George, 'with words that he was unacquainted with: of this he often complained. I one day happened at a book-stall to see a small dictionary, which had been very ill-used. I bought it for him for four-pence. By the help of this in a little time he could read and comprehend the long and beautiful speeches of Burke, Fox, or North.' Having thus acquired some knowledge of the power of language, he learnt its proper pronunciation from attending the lectures of Mr. Fawcet, one of the most popular preachers of the time; and from whom also, it is to be hoped, he acquired the infinitely greater advantage of knowing the nature and value of religion.

These, however, were not the only sources of information which Robert enjoyed. By the good sense of his brother and the other workmen, the History of England, the British Traveller, and a ~~work~~ on Geography, were taken in in numbers,



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and these he was employed to read while the others were occupied with their work. But this was not all. George, who appears to have been a better informed man than persons of his situation usually are, subscribed for the London Magazine, a small portion of which was, as is usual, devoted to short critiques of new publications. Robert was more interested by these than by any other part of the contents, except the verses which he found in Poet's Corner, and to which he always turned, it is said, with eager curiosity.

The living seed which nature sows in either the heart or the mind, wants little warmth to ripen it but that which she herself gives; and were it not that passion or misfortune so often blights it in its first budding into beauty, the human universe would present a glorious harvest, which had only required the dews of heaven to bring forth fifty and a hundred-fold. Poor Robert, with no other advantages than those we have mentioned, went on cultivating his mind as well as he was able till he was about seventeen, when he made his first attempt as a poet, and was so far encouraged as to find his verses accepted by the editor of one of the public journals. We copy this early attempt of the Farmer's Boy. The verses, though very simple, were, for a lad in his situation, well worthy the attention they received.

THE

MILK MAID;

OR, THE FIRST OF MAY.

HAIL, MAY! lovely May! how replenish'd my
pails!

The young Dawn overspread the East streak'd
with gold!

My glad heart beats time to the laugh of the vales,
And Colin's voice rings through the woods from
the fold.

The wood to the mountain submissively bends,
Whose blue misty summits first glow with the
sun!

See thence a gay train by the wild rill descends
To join the glad sports:—hark; the tumult's
began.

Be cloudless, ye skies!—Be my Colin but there,
Not the dew-spangled bents on the wide level
dale

Nor morning's first blush, can more lovely appear
Than his looks, since my wishes I could not
conceal.

Swift down the mad dance, while blest health
prompts to move,

We'll count joys to come, and exchange vows
of truth;

And haply when age cools the transports of love,
Decry, like good folks, the vain pleasures of
youth.

Our young poet now so rapidly advanced in his pursuits of knowledge, that, his brother says, he and his companions began to receive instructions from him; but he shortly after removed to another lodging, influenced solely by the kind desire of saving Robert from the distress he felt at the sufferings of one of the men who had fits.

About the year 1784, Robert, having never been apprenticed, became an object of persecution to the company of journeymen shoemakers, who threatened his master and his brother with a prosecution, if he was suffered to work any longer without indentures. In consequence of this circumstance he returned to the country for a short time, and was affectionately received by his old master, Mr. Austin, with whom he remained two months, when a Mr. Dudbridge offered to take him as an apprentice, and he came back to London. Here he continued working at his business



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and relieving his industry by a variety of pursuits suited to his gentle disposition; and among others, we find him devoting a part of his leisure to music, and becoming, it is said, a good player on the violin.

George had now left him to himself, and in the narrative of the former we find the following passage, referring to this period of his brother's life:

As my brother Nat had married a Woolwich woman, it happened that Robert took a fancy to Mary-Anne Church, a comely young woman of that town, whose father is a boat-builder in the government-yard there. He married, Dec. 12, 1790. Soon after he married, Robert told me in a letter, that "he had sold his fiddle, and got a wife." Like most poor men he got a wife first, and had to get household stuff afterwards. It took him some years to get out of ready-furnished lodgings. At length by hard working he acquired a bed of his own, and hired the room up one pair of stairs, at 14, Bell-alley, Colman-street. The landlord kindly gave him leave to sit and work in the light garret, two pair of stairs higher.—'In this garret,' continues he, 'amid six or seven other workmen, his active mind employed itself in composing the *'Farmer's Boy.'*

When this beautiful little poem was completed, it was shewn, it appears, to several persons for their opinion; but owing to some circumstance or the other, most probably to prejudice, it was passed by with neglect, till Mr. Capel Loft had the good taste and the liberality to discover and acknowledge its merits. The part which that gentleman took in the fortunes of Bloomfield is one of the most honourable instances of patronage which occurs in literary history, and will ever be a crown of laurel on his memory.

The extraordinary success of the 'Farmer's Boy' is well known. In a short time several large impressions had been sold off, and the surprised and gratified writer found himself suddenly called into the notoriety of an admired author 'Rural Tales,' and 'Wild Flowers,' shortly followed his first publication, and were received with equal favour. In 1807, having made a visit with some friends to the beautiful scenery of Wales, he produced the 'Banks of the Wye,' which was published in the year 1811. His last production was 'Hazlewood Hall,' a rural drama, in three acts, and which was only finished the same year in which he died.

It is an afflicting remembrance, that the reputation and comparative affluence which poor Bloomfield had obtained, were of little avail in smoothing the downward path of his existence. Towards the latter years of his life, his too great liberality to his relatives, combined with the afflictions of sickness, which prevented his working, involved him in many difficulties, and exhausted the resources with which the success of his publications had supplied him. But what he lost in comfort by his amiable conduct to his friends, he has gained in the affection with which every benevolent heart reverences his memory, and adds to their admiration of his genius their sympathy with his good and gentle feelings.

After having suffered many trials and difficulties, he left London and removed into Bedfordshire, where he died, August 19, 1823, at the age of fifty-seven, leaving behind him a name rendered dear to the lovers of poetry, by the simple but deep humanity with which both late and early it was sanctified.

THE
FARMER'S BOY.

SPRING.

THE ARGUMENT.

Invocation, &c.—Seed time.—Harrowing.—Morning walks.—Milking.—The Dairy.—Suffolk Cheese.—Spring coming forth.—Sheep fond of changing.—Lambs at play.—The Butcher, &c.

I.

O COME, blest Spirit! whatsoever thou art, (heart,
Thou rushing warmth that hover'st round my
Sweet inmate hail! thou source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself cannot destroy,
Be thou my Muse; and faithful still to me,
Retrace the paths of wild obscurity.
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse,
No Alpine wonders thunders through my verse
The roaring cataract, the snow-top hill,
Inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still: (eyes,
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charm'd mine
Nor Science led me through the boundless skies;
From nearer objects far my raptures flow:
O point these raptures! bid my bosom glow!
And lead my soul to ecstasies of praise
For all the blessings of my infant days!
Bear me through regions where gay Fancy dwells;
But mould to Truth's fair form what Memory tells.
Live, trifling incidents, and grace my song,
That to the humblest menial belong:
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
His joys unreckon'd as his cares or woes,

Though joys and cares in every path are sown,
And youthful minds have feelings of their own,
Quick springing sorrows, transient as the dew,
Delights from trifles, trifles ever new. [poor
'Twas thus with GILES: meek, fatherless, and
Labour his portion, but he felt no more;
No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursu'd;
His life was constant, cheerful servitude:
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, Nature was his book;
And, as revolving SEASONS chang'd the scene
From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
Through every change still varied his employ,
Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.
Where noble GRAFTON spreads his rich domains,
Round Euston's water'd vale, and sloping plains,
Where woods and groves in solemn grandeur rise,
Where the kite brooding unmolested flies;
The woodcock and the painted pheasant race,
And sculking foxes, destined for the chase;
There Giles, untaught, and unrepining, stray'd
Thro' every copse, and grove, and winding glade;
There his first thoughts to Nature's charms inclin'd,
That stamps devotion on th' inquiring mind.
A little farm his generous Master till'd,
Who with peculiar grace his station fill'd;
By deeds of hospitality endear'd,
Serv'd from affection, for his worth rever'd;
A happy offspring blest his plenteous board,
His fields were fruitful, and his barns well stor'd,
And fourscore ewes he fed, a sturdy team:
And lowing kine that grazed beside the stream:
Unceasing industry he kept in view;
And never lack'd a job for Giles to do.
Fled now the sullen murmurs of the North,
The splendid raiment of the SPRING peeps forth;
Her universal green, and the clear sky,
Delight still more and more the gazing eye.



Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,
Shoots up the simple flower, or creeps along
The mellow'd soil; imbibing fairer hues [dews;
Or sweets from frequent showers and evening
That summon from the shed the slumbering ploughs
While health impregnates every breeze that blows
No wheels support the diving pointed share;
No groaning ox is doom'd to labour there;
No helpmates teach the docile steed his road
(Alike unknown the ploughboy and the goad);
But, unassisted through each toilsome day,
With smiling brow the ploughman cleaves his way
Draws his fresh parallels, and wid'ning still,
Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill:
Strong on the wing his busy followers play,
Where writhing earth-worms meet the unwelcome
Till all is chang'd, and hill and level down [day;
Assume a livery of sober brown:
Again disturb'd, when Giles with wearying strides
From ridge to ridge the ponderous harrow guides;
His heels deep sinking every step he goes,
Till dirt usurp the empire of his shoes.
Welcome green headland! firm beneath his feet
Welcome the friendly bank's refreshing seat;
There, warm with toil, his panting horses browse
Their sheltering canopy of pendent boughs;
Till rest, delicious, chase each transient pain,
And new-born vigour swell in every vein.
Hour after hour, and day to day succeeds;
Till every clod and deep-drawn furrow spreads
To crumbling mould; a level surface clear,
And strew'd with corn to crown the rising year;
And o'er the whole Giles once transverse again,
In earth's moist bosom buries up the grain.
The work is done; no more to man is given;
The grateful farmer trusts the rest to Heaven.
Yet oft with anxious heart he looks around,
And marks the first green blade that breaks the
ground;

In fancy sees his trembling oats uprun,
His tufted barley yellow with the sun;
Sees clouds propitious shed their timely store,
And all his harvest gather'd round his door.
But still unsafe the big swoln grain below,
A fav'rite morsel with the Rook (1) and Crow;
From field to field the flock increasing goes:
To level crops most formidable foes:
Their danger well the wary plunderers know,
And place a watch on some conspicuous bough;
Yet oft the sculking gunner by surprise
Will scatter death amongst them as they rise.
These, hung in triumph round the spacious field,
At best will but a short-lived terror yield:
Nor guards of property (not penal law,
But harmless riflemen of rags and straw):
Familiarz'd to these, they boldly rove,
Nor heed such sentinels that never move.
Let then your birds lie prostrate on the earth,
In dying posture, and with wings stretch'd forth;
Shift them at eve or morn from place to place,
And death shall terrify the pilfering race;
In the mid air, while circling round and round,
They call their lifeless comrades from the ground;
With quick'ning wing, and notes of loud alarm,
Warn the whole flock to shun th'impending harm,
This task had Giles, in fields remote from home:
Oft has he wish'd the rosy morn to come.
Yet never fam'd was he nor foremost found
To break the seal of sleep; his sleep was sound:
But when at day-break summon'd from his bed,
Light as the lark that carol'd o'er his head,
His sandy way deep-worn by hasty showers,
O'er-arch'd with oaks that form'd fantastic bow'rs,
Waving aloft their tow'ring branches proud,
In borrow'd tinges from the eastern cloud
(*Whence inspiration, pure as ever flow'd,*
And genuine transport in the bosom glow'd),



His own shrill matia joined the various notes
Of Nature's music, from a thousand throats :
The blackbird strove with emulation sweet,
And echo answer'd from her close retreat ;
The sporting white-throat, on some twig's end borne,
Pour'd hymns to freedom and the rising morn ;
Stopt in her song, perchance the starting thrush
Shook a white shower from a blackthorn bush,
Where dew-drops thick as early blossoms hung,
And trembled as the minstrel sweetly sung.
Across his path, in either grove to hide,
The timid rabbit scouted by his side ;
Or bold cock-pheasant stalk'd along the road,
Whose gold and purple tints alternate glow'd.
But groves no farther fenced the devious way ;
A wide-extended heath before him lay,
Where on the grass the stagnant shower had run,
And shone a mirror to the rising sun
(Thus doubly seen), lighting a distant wood,
Giving new life to each expanding bud ;
Effacing quick the dewy foot-marks found,
Where prowling Reynard trod his nightly round ;
To shun whose thefts 'twas Giles's evening care,
His feather'd victims to suspend in air,
High on the bough that nodded o'er his head,
And thus each morn to strew the field with dead.

His simple errand done, he homeward hies ;
Another instantly its place supplies.
The clattering dairy-maid immers'd in steam,
Singing and scrubbing midst her milk and cream,
Bawls out, "*Go fetch the cows:*"—he hears no more,
For pigs, and ducks, and turkeys, throng the door,
And sitting hens, for constant war prepared ;
A concert strange to that which late he heard.
Straight to the meadow then he whistling goes ;
With well-known hallo calls his lazy cows :
*Down the rich pasture heedlessly they graze,
Or hear the summons with an idle gaze :*

For well they know the cow-yard yields no more
 Its tempting fragrance, nor its wintry store.
 Reluctance marks their steps, sedate and slow;
 The right of conquest all the law they know:
 Subordinate they one by one succeed;
 And one among them always takes the lead,
 Is ever foremost, whereso'er they stray;
 Allow'd precedence, undisputed sway;
 With jealous pride her station is maintain'd,
 For many a broil that post of honour gain'd.
 At home, the yard affords a grateful scene;
 For Spring makes e'en a miry cow-yard clean.
 Thence from its chalky bed behold convey'd
 The rich manure that drenching winter made,
 Which pil'd near home, grows green with many
 A promis'd nutriment for Autumn's seed. [a weed
 Forth comes the Maid and likethe morningsmiles;
 The Mistress too, and follow'd close by Giles.
 A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,
 With pails bright scour'd, and delicately sweet,
 Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray,
 Begins their work, begins the simple lay;
 The full-charg'd udder yields its willing streams,
 While Mary sings some lover's amorous dreams;
 And crouching Giles beneath a neighbouring tree
 Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee.
 Whose hat with tatter'd brin, of nap so bare,
 From the cow's side purloins a coat of hair,
 A mottled ensign of his harmless trade,
 An unambitious, peaceable cockade.
 As unambitious too that cheerful aid
 The mistress yields beside her rosy maid;
 With joy she views her plenteous reeking store,
 And bears a brimmer to the dairy door;
 Her cows dismiss'd, the luscious mead to roam,
 Till eve again recall them loaded home.
*And now the Dairy claims her choicest care,
 And half her household find employment there:*



Slow rolls the churn, its load of clogging cream
At once foregoes its quality and name ;
From knotty particles first floating wide
Congealing butter's dash'd from side to side ;
Streams of new milk thro' flowing coolers stray,
And snow-white curd abounds, and wholesome
whey.

Due north th' unglazed windows, cold and clear,
For warming sunbeams are unwelcome here.
Brisk goes the work beneath each busy hand,
And *Giles* must trudge, whoever give command ;
A *Gibeonite*, that serves them all by turns :
He drains the pump, from him the faggot burns :
From him the noisy hogs demand their food ;
While at his heels run many a chirping brood,
Or down his path in expectation stand,
With equal claims upon his strewing hand.
Thus wastes the morn, till each with pleasure sees
The bustle o'er, and press'd the new-made cheese.

Unrivall'd stands thy country *CHEESE*, O *Giles* !
Whose very name alone engenders smiles ;
Whose fame abroad by every tongue is spoke,
The well-known butt of many a flinty joke,
That pass like current coin the nation through ;
And, ah ! experience proves the satire true.
Provision's grave, thou ever-craving mart,
Dependant, huge Metropolis ! where Art
Her pouring thousands stows in breathless rooms,
'Midst pois'nous smokes and steams, and rattling
looms ;

Where Grandeur revels in unbounded stores ;
Restraint, a slighted stranger at their doors !
Thou, like a whirlpool, drain'st the countries round,
Till London market, London price, resound
Through every town, round every passing load,
And dairy produce throngs the eastern road :
Delicious veal, and butter, every hour,
From Essex lowlands, and the banks of *Stour* ;

And further far, where num'rous herd repose,
 From Orwell's brink, from Weveny, or Ouse.
 Hence Suffolk dairy-wives run mad for cream
 And leave their milk with nothing but its name:
 Its name derision and reproach pursue, [blue.
 And strangers tell of 'three-times skimmed sky-
 To cheese converted, what can be its boast?
 What, but the common virtues of a post!
 If drought o'ertake it faster than the knife,
 Most fair it bids for stubborn length of life,
 And, like the oaken shelf whereon 'tis laid,
 Mocks the weak efforts of the bending blade;
 Or in the hog-trough rests in perfect spite,
 Too big to swallow, and too hard to bite.
 Inglorious victory! Ye Cheshire meads,
 Or Severn's flow'ry dales, where plenty treads,
 Was your rich milk to suffer wrongs like these,
 Farewell your pride! farewell renowned cheese!
 The skimmer dread, whose ravages alone
 Thus turn the mead's sweet nectar into stone.

Neglected now the early daisy lies:
 Nor thou, pale primrose, bloom'st the only prize.
 Advancing Spring profusely spreads abroad
 Flowers of all hues, with sweetest fragrance stor'd;
 Where'er she treads, Love gladdens every plain.
 Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train;
 Sweet Hope with conscious brow before her flies,
 Anticipating wealth from summer skies;
 All nature feels her renovating sway;
 The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow gay;
 And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding seen,
 Display the new-grown branch of lighter green;
 On airy downs the shephard idling lies,
 And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies.
 Here then, my soul, thy darling theme pursue,
 For every day was Giles a Shepherd too. [roam;
 Small was his charge: no wilds had they to
 Bright enclosures circling round their home.



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SPRING.

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The yellow-blossom'd furze, nor stubborn thorn,
Nor heath's rough produce, had their fleeces torn.
Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,
Enchanting spirit, dear Variety!
O happy tenants, prisoners of a day!
Releas'd to ease, to pleasure, and to play;
Indulg'd through every field by turns to range,
And taste them all in one continual change.
For though luxuriant their grassy food,
Sheep long confin'd but loathe the present good;
Bleating around the homeward gate they meet,
And starve, and pine, with plenty at their feet.
Loos'd from the winding lane, a joyful throng,
See, o'er yon pasture how they pour along!
Giles round their boundaries takes his usual stroll;
Sees every pass secur'd, and fences whole;
High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,
Where many a nestling first assays to fly; [red,
Where blows the woodbine, faintly streak'd with
And rests on every bough its tender head;
Round the young ash its twining branches meet,
Or crown the hawthorn with its odours sweet.

Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen,
Spring's morningsmiles, and soul-enliv'ning green,
Sav, did you give the thrilling transport way?
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gaz'd in merry clusters by your side?
Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;
In shades like these pursue your fav'rite joy,
Midst Nature's revels, sports that never cloy.

A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And indolence abash'd soon flies the place;
Thus challeng'd forth, see thither one by one,
From every side assembling playmates run;

A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
 A starting croud impatient of delay.
 Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,
 Each seems to say, 'Come, let us try our speed;'
 Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
 The green turf trembling as they bound along;
 Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
 Where every molehill is a bed of thyme;
 There panting stop; yet scarcely can refrain;
 A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:
 Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
 Scatt'ring the wild-briar roses into snow,
 Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
 Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.
 Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
 Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom!
 Though unoffending innocence may plead,
 Though frantic ewes may mourn the savage deed
 Their shepherd comes, a messenger of blood,
 And drives them bleating from their sports and
 food.

Care loads his brow, and pity wrings his heart,
 For lo, the murd'ring BUTCHER with his cart
 Demands the firstlings of his flock to die,
 And makes a sport of life and liberty!
 His gay companions Giles beholds no more;
 Clos'd are their eyes, their fleeces drench'd in gore;
 Nor can Compassion, with her softest notes,
 Withhold the knife that plunges through their
 throats.

Down, indignation! hence, ideas foul!
 Away the shocking image from my soul!
 Let kindlier visitants attend my way,
 Beneath approaching Summer's fervid ray;
 Nor thankless glooms obtrude, nor car's annoy,
 Whilst the sweet theme is universal joy.



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SUMMER.

ARGUMENT.

*Turnip sowing.—Wheat ripening.—Sparrows.—Insects.
—The sky-lark.—Reaping, &c.—Harvest-field, Dairy-
maid, &c.—Labours of the barn.—The gander.—Night;
a thunder-storm.—Harvest home.—Reflections, &c.*

II.

THE FARMER'S life displays in every part
A moral lesson to the sensual heart.
Though in the lap of plenty, thoughtful still,
He looks beyond the present good or ill;
Nor estimates alone one blessing's worth,
From changeful seasons, or capricious earth;
But views the future with the present hours,
And looks for failures as he looks for showers;
For casual as for certain want prepares,
And round his yard the reeking haystack rears;
Or clover, blossom'd lovely to the sight,
His team's rich store through many a wintry night.
What tho' abundance round his dwelling spreads,
Though ever moist his self-improving meads
Supply his dairy with a copious flood,
And seem to promise unexhausted food;
That promise fails, when buried deep in snow,
And vegetative juices cease to flow.
For this, his plough turns up the destin'd lands,
Whence stormy Winter draws its full demands;
For this, the seed minutely small he sows,
Whence, sound and sweet, the hardy turnip grows,
But how unlike to APRIL's closing days!
High climbs the Sun, and darts his pow'ful rays;

Whitens the fresh-drawn mould, and pierces
through

The cumbrous clods that tumble round the plough.
O'er heaven's bright azure hence with joyful
eyes

The farmer sees dark clouds assembling rise;
Borne o'er his fields a heavy torrent falls,
And strikes the earth in hasty driving squalls.
'Right welcome down, ye precious drops,' he cries;
But soon, too soon, the partial blessing flies.
'Boy, bring thy harrows, try how deep the rain
Has forc'd its way.' He comes, but comes in vain;
Dry dust beneath the bubbling surface lurks;
And mocks his pain the more, the more he works:
Still midst huge clods he plunges on forlorn,
That laugh his harrows and the shower to scorn.
E'en thus the living clod, the stubborn fool
Resists the stormy lectures of the school,
Till tried with gentler means, the dunce to please,
His head imbibes right reason by degrees;
As when from eve till morning's wakeful hour,
Light constant rain, evinces secret pow'r,
And ere the day resumes its wonted smiles,
Presents a cheerful easy task for Giles.
Down with a touch the mellow'd soil is laid,
And yon tall crop next claims his timely aid;
Thither well pleas'd he hies, assured to find
Wild trackless haunts, and objects to his mind.
Shot up from broad rank blades that droop below
The nodding WHEAT-EAR forms a graceful bow,
With milky kernels starting full, weighed down,
Ere yet the sun hath ting'd its head with brow;
Whilst thousands in a flock, for ever gay,
Loud chirping sparrows welcome on the day,
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.

with a pole assails their close retreats,
and the grass-grown dewy border beats



On either side completely overspread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops his head.
Green covert, hail! for through the varying year
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.
Here Wisdom's placid eye delighted sees
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,
Just kindling there her never-dying fires,
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,
And heaven-directed thought his bosom warms.
Just where the parting bough's light shadows play,
Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching day,
Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his head.
The small dust-colour'd beetle climbs with pain
O'er the smooth plaintain-leaf, a spacious plain!
Thence higher still, by countless steps convey'd,
He gains the summit of a shivering blade.
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his distance from the ground.
The tender speckled moth here dancing seen
The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,
And all prolific Summer's sporting train.
Their little lives by various powers sustain.
But what can unassisted vision do?
What, but recoil where most it would pursue;
His patient gaze but finish with a sigh,
When musing waking speaks the sky-lark night
Just starting from the corn she cheerly sings,
And trusts with conscious pride her downy wings
Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and calls on Giles to mark her way.
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the wand'ring bird before his sight,
Yet oft beneath a cloud she sweeps along,
Lost for awhile, yet pours her varied song;

He views the spot, and as the cloud moves by,
 Again she stretches up the clear blue sky;
 Her form, her motion, undistinguish'd quite,
 Save when she wheels direct from shade to light;
 The flutt'ring songstress a mere speck became,
 Like fancy's floating bubbles in a dream;
 He sees her yet, but yielding to repose,
 Unwittingly his jaded eyelids close.

Delicious sleep! From sleep who could forbear,
 With no more guilt than Giles, and no more care?
 Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,
 Nor conscience once disturbs him with a sting;
 He wakes refresh'd from ev'ry trivial pain,
 And takes his pole and brushes round again.

Its dark-green hue, its sicklier tints all fail,
 And rip'ning harvest rustles in the gale.
 A glorious sight, if glory dwells below,
 Where Heaven's munificence makes all the show,
 O'er every field and golden prospect found,
 That glads the ploughman's Sunday morning's
 round.

When on some eminence he takes his stand,
 To judge the smiling produce of the land.
 Here Vanity slinks back, her head to hide:
 What is there here to flatter human pride?
 The tow'ring fabric, or the dome's loud roar,
 And stedfast colums, may astonish more,
 Where the charm'd gazer long delighted stays,
 Yet trac'd but to the architect the praise;
 Whilst here, the veriest clown that treads the
 sod,

Without one scruple gives the praise to God;
 And twofold joys possess his raptur'd mind,
 From gratitude and admiration join'd.

Here, midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
 NATURE herself invites the REAPERS forth;
 The keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,
 That ardour which in every breast



From infancy to age alike appears,
When the first sheaf its plummy top uprears.
No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows—
Children of want, for you the bounty flows!
And every cottage from the plenteous store
Receives a burden nightly at its door. [along:

Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips
Each sturdy mower emulous and strong;
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come, Health! come, Jollity! light-footed, come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own;
Each moisten'd brow, that scorns to wear a frown:
Th' unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants stray'd
E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid
Hies to the field, the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the Farmer quits his elbow-chair,
His cool brick-floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word,
To turn the swarth, the quivering load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumbrous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down;
Where oft the mastiff sculks with half-shut eye,
And rouses at the strangers passing by;
Whilst unrestrain'd the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

For, lo! encircled there, the lovely MAID,
In youth's own bloom and native smiles array'd;
Her hat awry, divested of her gown,
Her creaking stays of leather, stout and brown;

Invidious barrier! why art thou so high,
 When the slight converging of her neck slips by
 There half revealing to the eager sight
 Her full, ripe bosom, exquisitely white?
 In many a local tale of harmless mirth,
 And many a jest of momentary birth,
 She bears a part, and as she stops to speak,
 Strokes back the ringlets from her glowing cheek

Now noon gone by, and four declining hours,
 The weary limbs relax their boasted powers;
 Thirst rages strong, the fainting spirits fail,
 And ask the sov'reign cordial, home-brew'd ale;
 Beneath some shelt'ring heap of yellow corn
 Rest the hoop'd keg, and friendly cooling horn,
 That mocks alike the goblet's brittle frame,
 Its costlier potions, and its nobler name.

To Mary first the brimming draught is given
 By toil made welcome as the dews of heaven,
 And never lip that press'd its homely edge
 Has kinder blessings or a heartier pledge.
 Of wholesome viands here a banquet smiles,
 A common cheer for all;—e'en humble Giles,
 Who joys his trivial services to yield
 Amidst the fragrance of the open field;
 Oft doom'd in suffocating heat to bear
 The cobweb'd barn's impure and dusty air;
 To ride in murkystate the panting steed,
 Destin'd aloft th' unloaded grain to tread,
 Where, in his path as heaps on heaps are thrown,
 He rears, and plunges the loose mountain down.
 Laborious task! with what delight when done
 Both horse and rider greet th' unclouded sun!

Yet by th' unclouded sun are hourly bred
 The bold assailants that surround thine head,
 Poor patient Ball! and with insulting wing
 Piercing in thine ears, and dart the piercing sting;
 In thy behalf the crest-wav'd boughs avail
 No more than thy short-clipt remnant of a tail,



A moving mockery, a useless name,
A living proof of cruelty and shame.
Shame to the man, whatever fame he bore,
Who took from thee what man can ne'er restore,
Thy weapon of defence, thy chiefest good,
When swarming flies contending suck thy blood.
Nor thine alone the suff'ring, thine the care,
The fretful Ewe bemoans an equal share;
Tortured into sores, her head she hides,
Or angry brushes from her new-shorn sides.
Penn'd in the yard, e'en now at closing day,
Unruly Cows with mark'd impatience stay,
And vainly striving to escape their foes,
The pail kick down; a piteous current flows.

Is't not enough that plagues like these molest?
Must still another foe annoy their rest?
He comes, the pest and terror of the yard,
His full-fledg'd progeny's imperious guard;
The Gander;—spiteful, insolent, and bold.
At the colt's footlock takes his daring hold:
There, serpent-like, escapes a dreadful blow;
And straight attacks a poor defenceless cow:
Each booby goose th' unworthy strife enjoys,
And hails his prowess with redoubled noise.
Then back he stalks, of self-importance full,
Seizes the shaggy foretop of the bull,
Till whirl'd aloft he falls; a timely check,
Enough to dislocate his worthless neck:
For lo! of old, he boasts an honour'd wound;
Behold that broken wing that trails the ground!
Thus fools and braves kindred pranks pursue;
As savage quail, and oft as fatal too.
Happy the man that foils an envious elf,
Using the darts of spleen to serve himself.
As when by turns the strolling Swine engage
The utmost efforts of the bully's rage,
Whose nibbling warfare on the grunter's side
Is welcome pleasure to his bristly hide;

Gently he stoops, or stretch'd at ease along,
 Enjoys the insults of the gabbling throng,
 That march exulting round his fallen head,
 As human victors trample on their dead. [thou!

Still Twilight, welcome! Rest, how sweet art
 Now eve o'erhangs the western cloud's thick
 The far-stretch'd curtain of retiring light, [brow:
 With fiery treasures fraught; that on the sight
 Flash from its bulging sides, where darkness ours,
 In Fancy's eye, a chain of mould'ring tow'rs;
 Or craggy coasts just rising into view,
 Midst jav'lines dire, and darts of streaming blue.

Anon tir'd labourers bless their shelt'ring home
 When Midnight, and the frightful Tempest come.
 The Farmer wakes, and sees with silent dread
 The angry shafts of Heaven gleam round his bed;
 The bursting cloud reiterated roars,
 Shakes his straw-roof, and jars his bolted doors:
 The slow-wing'd storm along the troubled skies
 Spreads its dark course; the winds begin to rise;
 And full-leaf'd elms, his dwelling's shade by day,
 With mimic thunder give its fury way:
 Sounds in his chimney top a doleful peal,
 Midst pouring rain, or gusts of rattling hail;
 With tenfold danger low the tempest bends,
 And quick and strong the sulph'rous flame de-
 scends:

The fright'ned mastiff from his kennel flies,
 And cringes at the door with piteous cries—
 Where now's the trifer? where the child of
 pride?

These are the moments when the heart is tried!
 Nor lives the man with conscience e'er so clear,
 But feels a solemn, reverential fear;
 Feels too a joy relieve his aching breast,
 When the spent storm hath howl'd itself to rest.
Still welcome beats the long continued show'r,
 and *sleep protracted*, comes with double pow'r;



Calm dreams of bliss bring on the morning sun,
For every barn is filled, and Harvest done!

Now, ere sweet Summer bids its long adieu,
And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew,
The bustling day and jovial night must come,
The long accustom'd feast of HARVEST-HOME.
No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,
Can give the philosophic mind delight!
No triumph please while rage and death destroy:
Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.
And where the joy, if rightly understood,
Like cheerful praise for universal good?
The soul nor check nor doubtful anguish knows.
But free and pure the grateful current flows.
Behold the sound oak table's massy frame
Bestride the kitchen floor! the careful dame
And gen'rous host invite their friends around,
While all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground,
Are guests by right of custom:—old and young;
And many a neighbouring yeomen join the throng,
With artizans that lent their dex'trous aid,
When o'er each field the flaming sun beams play'd.

Yet Plenty reigns, and from her boundless hoard
Though not one jelly trembles on the board,
Supplies the feast with all that sense can crave;
With all that made our great forefathers brave,
Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavours tried,
And cooks had Nature's judgment set aside,
With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic lore,
The mansion echoes when the banquet's o'er
A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound,
As quick the frothing horn performs its round;
Care's mortal foe; that sprightly joys impart
To cheer the frame and elevate their hearts.
Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's produce lies
In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter rise,
And crackling Music, with the frequent Song,
Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.

Here once a year Distinction lowers its crest,
 The master, servant, and the merry guest,
 Are equal all; and round the happy ring
 The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
 And, warm'd with gratitude, he quits his place,
 With sun-burnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,
 Refills the jug his honour'd host to tend,
 To serve at once the master and the friend;
 Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
 His wits, his conversation, and his ale.

Such were the days—of days long past I sing,
 When Pride gave place to Mirth without a sting;
 Ere tyrant customs strength sufficient bore
 To violate the feelings of the poor;
 To leave them distanc'd in the mad'ning race
 Where'er Refinement shews its hated face:
 Nor causeless hatred;—tis the peasant's curse,
 That hourly makes his wretched station worse
 (2) Destroys life's intercourse; the social plan
 That rank to rank cements, as man to man:
 Wealth flows around him, fashion lordly reigns:
 Yet poverty is his, and mental pains.

Methinks I hear the mourner thus impart
 The stifled murmurs of his wounded heart:
 ' Whence come this change, ungracious, irksome,
 cold;
 Whence the new grandeur that mine eyes behold?
 The wind'ning distance which I daily see?
 Has Wealth done this?—then Wealth's a foe to
 me;

Foe to our rights; then leaves a pow'rful few
 The paths of emulation to pursue:—
 For emulation stoops to us no more:
 The hope of humble industry is o'er;
 The blameless hope, the cheering sweet presage
 Of more comfort for declining age.
 Sons share from this paternal hand
 Its with the labours of the land?



No ; tho' indulgent Heaven its blessing deigns,
Where's the small farm to suit my scanty means
Content, the Poet sings, with us resides ;
In lonely cots like mine the damsel hides ;
And will he then in raptur'd visions tell
That sweet Content with Want can ever dwell.
A barley loaf, 'tis true, my table crowns,
That fast diminishing in lusty rounds,
Stops Nature's cravings ; yet her sighs will flow
From knowing this,—that once it was not so.
Our annual feast, when Earth her plenty yields,
When crown'd with boughs the last load quits the
fields,

The aspect still of ancient joy puts on ;
The aspect only, with the substance gone :
The self-same Horn is still at our command,
But serves none now but the plebeian hand :
For *home-brew'd Ale*, neglected and debas'd,
Is quite discarded from the realms of taste.
Where unaffected Freedom charm'd the soul,
The *separate* table and the costly bowl,
Cool as the blast that checks the budding Spring
A mockery of gladness round them fling.
For oft the Farmer, ere his heart approves,
Yields up the custom which he dearly loves :
Refinement forces on him like a tide ;
Bold innovations down its current ride,
That bear no peace beneath their showy dress,
Nor add one tittle to his happiness.
His guests selected ; rank's punctilios known ;
What trouble waits upon a casual frown !
Restraint's foul manacles his pleasures maim ;
Selected guests selected phrases claim :
Nor reigns that joy, when hand in hand they join
That good old Master felt in shaking mine.
Heaven bless his memory ! bless his honour'd
name !

(The poor will speak his lasting worthy fame :)

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To souls fair-purpos'd strength and guidance gi
In pity to us still let goodness live :
Let labour have its due ! my cot shall be
From chilling want and guilty murmurs free :
Let labour have its due ;—then peace is mine,
And never, never shall my heart repine.'

AUTUMN.

ARGUMENT.

*Acorns.—Hogs in the wood.—Wheat-sowing.—The Church.—
Village girls.—The mad girl.—The bird-boy's hut.—Disap-
pointments; reflections, &c.—Euston-hall.—Fox-hunting.—
Old Trouncer.—Long nights.—A welcome to Winter.*

III.

AGAIN, the year's *decline*, midst storms and floods,
The thund'ring chase, the yellow fading woods,
Invite my song; that fain would boldly tell
Of upland coverts, and the echoing dell,
By turns resounding loud, at eve and morn
The swineherd's halloo, or the huntsman's horn.

No more the fields with scatter'd grain supply
The restless wand'ring tenants of the *STRY*;
From oak to oak they run with eager haste,
And wrangling share the first delicious taste
Of fallen *ACORNS*; yet but thinly found
Till the strong gale have shook them to the ground.
It comes; and roaring woods obedient wave:
Their home well pleas'd the jointadventurers leave.
The trudging sow leads forth her numerous young,
Playful, and white, and clean, the briars among,
Till briars and thorns increasing, fence them round,
Where last year's mould'ring leaves bestrew the
ground,

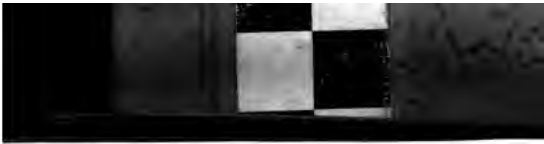
And o'er their heads, loud lash'd by furious squalls.
Bright from their cups the rattling treasure falls;
Hot thirsty food; whence doubly sweet and cool
The welcome margin of some rush-grown pool,
The wild duck's lonely haunt, whose jealous eye
Guards every point; who sits prepar'd to fly

On the calm bosom of her little lake,
 Too closely screen'd for ruffian winds to shake ;
 And as the bold intruders press around,
 At once she starts, and rises with a bound
 With bristles rais'd the sudden noise they hear,
 And ludicrously wild, and wing'd with fear,
 The herd decamp with more than swinish speed
 And snorting dash thro' sedge, and rush, and reed ;
 Through tangling thickets headlong on they go,
 Then stop, and listen for their fancied foe ;
 The hindmost still the growing panic spreads,
 Repeated fright the first alarm succeeds,
 'Till Folly's wages, wounds and thorns, they reap :
 Yet glorying in their fortunate escape,
 Their groundless terrors by degrees soon cease,
 And Night's dark reign restores their wonted peace.
 For now the gale subsides, and from each bough
 The roosting pheasant's short but frequent crow
 Invites to rest ; and huddling side by side,
 The herd in closest ambush seek to hide ;
 Seek some warm slope with shagged moss
 o'erspread,

Dry'd leaves their copious covering and their bed.
 In vain may *Giles*, thro' gathering glooms that fall,
 And solemn silence, urge his piercing call :
 Whole days and nights they tarry midst their store,
 Nor quit the woods till oaks can yield no more.

Beyond bleak *Winter's* rage, beyond the *Spring*
 That rolling Earth's unvarying course will bring,
 Who tills the ground looks on with mental eye,
 And sees nex *Summer's* sheaves and cloudless
 And even now, whilst Nature's beauty dies, [sky ;
 Deposits SEED, and bids new harvests rise ;
 Seed well prepar'd, and warm'd with glowing lime,
 Gainst earth-bred grubs, and cold, and lapse of
 time :

*For searching frosts and various ills invade,
 Whilst wintry months depress the springing blade.*



The plough moves heavily, and strong the soil,
And clogging harrows with augmented toil
Dive deep : and clinging mixes with the mould
A fatt'ning treasure from the nightly fold,
And all the cow-yard's highly valu'd store,
That late bestrew'd the blacken'd surface o'er.
No idling hours are here, when Fancy trims
Her dancing taper over outstretch'd limbs,
And in her thousand thousand colours drest,
Plays round the grassy couch of noontide rest :
Here *Giles* for hours of idleness atones
With strong exertion, and with weary bones,
And knows no leisure ; till the distant chime
Of Sabbath bells he hears at sermon time,
That down the brook sound sweetly in the gale,
Or strike the rising hill, or skim the dale.

Nor his alone the sweets of ease to taste :
Kind rest extends to all ;—save one poor beast,
That true to time and pace, is doom'd to plod,
To bring the Pastor to the HOUSE OF GOD :
Mean structure ; where no bones of heroes lie !
The rude inelegance of poverty
Reigns here alone : else why that roof of straw ?
Those narrow windows with the frequent flaw ?
O'er whose low cells the dock and mallow spread,
And rampant nettles lift the spiry head,
Whilst from the hollows of the tower on high
The grey-cap'd daws in saucy legions fly.

Round these low walls assembling neighbours
meet,
And tread departed friends beneath their feet ;
And new-briar'd graves that prompt the secret
sigh,
Snew each the spot where he himself must lie.
Midst timely greetings viltage news goes round,
Of crops late shorn, or crops that deck the ground
Experienc'd ploughmen in the circle join ;
While sturdy boys, in feats of strength to shine.

With pride elate their young associates brave
 To jump from hollow-sounding grave to grave ;
 Then close consulting, each his talent lends
 To plan fresh sports when tedious service ends.
 Hither at times, with cheerfulness of soul, [stroll,
 Sweet *village Maids* from neighbouring hamlets
 That like the light-heel'd does o'er lawns that rove,
 Look shyly curious ; rip'ning into love ;
 For love's their errand : hence the tints that glow
 On either cheek, an heighten'd lustre know :
 When, conscious of their charms, e'en Age looks
 sly,

And rapture beams from Youth's observant eye.

The pride of such a party, Nature's pride,
 Was lovely POLL ;* who innocently tried,
 With hat of airy shape and ribands gay,
 Love to inspire, and stand in Hymen's way :
 But, ere her twentieth summer could expand,
 Or youth was render'd happy with her hand,
 Her mind's serenity was lost and gone,
 Her eye grew languid, and she wept alone ;
 Yet causeless seem'd her grief ; for quick restrain'd,
 Mirth follow'd loud, or indignation reign'd :
 Whims wild and simple led her from her home,
 The heath, the common, or the fields to roam :
 Terror and joy alternate rul'd her hours ;
 Now blithe she sung, and gather'd useless flow'rs ;
 Now pluck'd a tender twig from every bough,
 To whip the hovering demons from her brow.
 Ill-fated Maid ! thy guiding spark is fled,
 And lasting wretchedness awaits thy bed—
 Thy bed of straw ! for mark, where even now
 O'er their lost child afflicted parents bow ;
 Their woe she knows not, but perversely coy.
 Inverted customs yield her sullen joy ;
 Her midnight meals in secrecy she takes,
 mutt'ring to the moon, that rising breaks

* *Mary Rayner, of Ixworth Thorpe.*



Through night's dark gloom —oh, how much
more forlorn

Her night, that knows of no returning dawn !—
Slow from the threshold, once her infant seat,
O'er the cold earth she crawls to her retreat ;
Quitting the cot's warm walls unhou's'd to lie,
Or share the swine's impure and narrow sty ;
The damp night air her shivering limbs assails ;
In dreams she moans, and fancied wrongs bewails.
When morning wakes, none earlier rous'd than
she,

When pendent drops fall glitt'ring from the tree ;
But nought her rayless melancholy cheers,
Or soothes her breast, or stops her streaming tears.
Her matted locks unornamented flow ;
Clasping her knees, and waving to and fro ;—
Her head bow'd down, her faded cheeks to hide ;—
A piteous mourner by the pathway side.
Some tufted molehill through the livelong day
She calls her throne ; there weeps her life away :
And oft the gaily passing stranger stays
His well-tim'd step, and takes a silent gaze,
Till sympathetic drops unbidden start,
And pangs quick springing muster round his heart ;
And soft he treads with other gazers round,
And fain would catch her sorrow's plaintive sound :
One word alone is all that strikes the ear,
One short, pathetic, simple word,—*Oh dear !*
A thousand times repeated to the wind,
That wafts the sigh, but leaves the pang behind !

For ever of the proffer'd parley shy,
She hears th' unwelcome foot advancing nigh ;
Nor quite unconscious of her wretched plight,
Gives one sad look, and hurries out of sight—
Fair promis'd sunbeams of terrestrial bliss,
Health's gallant hopes,—and are ye sunk to this ?
For in life's road though thorns abundant grow,
There still are joys poor Poll can never know,

Joys which the gay companions of her prime
Sip, as they drift along the stream of time ;
At eve to hear beside their tranquil home
The lifted latch, that speaks the lover come :
That love matur'd, next playful on the knee
To press the velvet lip of infancy ;
To stay the tottering step, the features trace ;—
Inestimable sweets of social peace !

O THOU, who bidst the vernal juices rise !
Thou, on whose blasts autumnal foliage flies !
Let Peace ne'er leave me, nor my heart grow cold,
Whilst life and sanity are mine to hold. [seed,

Shorn of their flow'rs that shed th' untreasur'd
The withering pasture, and the fading mead,
Less tempting grown, diminish more and more,
The dairy's pride ; sweet Summer's flowing store.
New cares succeed, and gentle duties press,
Where the fire-side, a school of tenderness,
Revives the languid chirp, and warms the blood
Of cold-nipt weaklings of the latter brood,
That from the shell just bursting into day,
Through yard or pond pursue their vent'rous way.

Far weightier cares and wider scenes expand ;
What devastation marks the new-sown land !
'From hungry woodland foes go, *Giles*, and guard
The rising wheat ; ensure its great reward :
A future sustenance, a Summer's pride,
Demand thy vigilance : then be it tried :
Exert thy voice, and wield thy shotless gun :
Go, tarry there from morn till setting sun.'

Keen blows the blast, or ceaseless rain descends ;
The half-stript hedge a sorry shelter lends.
O for a Hovel, e'er so small or low,
Whose roof, repelling winds and early snow
Might bring home's comforts fresh before his eyes !
No sooner thought, than see the structure rise,
In some sequester'd nook, embank'd around,
Sods for its walls, and straw in burdens bound :



Dried fuel hoarded is his richest store,
And circling smoke obscures his little door ;
Whence creeping forth, to duty's calls he yields,
And strolls the Crusoe of the lonely fields.
On whitethorns tow'ring, and the leafless rose,
A frost-nipt feast in bright vermilion glows :
Where clust'ring sloes in glossy order rise,
He crops the loaded branch ; a cumb'rous prize ;
And o'er the flame the sputt'ring fruit he rests,
Placing green sods to seat his coming guests ;
His guests by promise ; playmates young and gay :—
But ah ! *fresh pastimes* lure their steps away !
He sweeps his hearth, and homeward looks in vain,
Till feeling Disappointment's cruel pain,
His fairy revels are exchang'd for rage,
His banquet marr'd, grown dull his hermitage.
The field becomes his prison, till on high
Benighted birds to shades and coverts fly.
Midst air, health, daylight, can he prisoner be ?
If fields are prisons, where is Liberty ?
Here still she dwells, and here her votaries stroll ;
But disappointed hope untunes the soul :
Restraints unfelt whilst hours of rapture flow,
When troubles press, to chains and barriers grow.
Look then from trivial up to greater woes :
From the poor bird-boy with his roasted sloes,
To where the dungeon'd mourner heaves the sigh ;
Where not one cheering sunbeam meets his eye.
Though ineffectual pity thine may be,
No wealth, no pow'r, to set the captive free ;
Though *only* to thy ravish'd sight is given
The golden path that HOWARD trod to heaven ;
Thy slights can make the wretched more forlorn,
And deeper drive affliction's barbed thorn.
Say not, ' I'll come and cheer thy gloomy cell
With news of dearest friends ; how good, how well.
I'll be a joyful herald to thine heart :'
Then fail, and play the worthless trifler's part.

To sip flat pleasures from thy glass's brim,
 And waste the precious hour that's due to him
 In mercy spare the base unmanly blow :
 Where can he turn, to whom complain of you ?
 Back to past joys in vain his thoughts may stray,
 Trace and retrace the beaten worn-out way,
 The rankling injury will pierce his breast,
 And curses on thee break his midnight rest.

Bereft of song, and ever-cheering green,
 The soft endearments of the Summer scene,
 New harmony pervades the solemn wood,
 Dear to the soul, and healthful to the blood :
 For bold exertion follows on the sound
 Of distant sportsmen, and the chiding hound ;
 First heard from kennel bursting, mad with joy,
 Where smiling Euston boasts her good Fitzroy,
 Lord of pure alms, and gifts that wide extend ;
 The farmer's patron, and the poor man's friend.
 Whose mansion glitt'ring with the eastern ray,
 Whose elevated temple, points the way,
 O'er slopes and lawns, the park's extensive pride,
 To where the victims of the chase reside.
 Ingulf'd in earth, in conscious safety warm,
 Till lo ! a plot portends their coming harm.

In earliest hours of dark unhooded morn,
 Ere yet one rosy cloud bespeaks the dawn,
 Whilst far abroad the Fox pursues his prey,
 He's doom'd to risk the perils of the day,
 From his strong hold block'd out ; perhaps to bleed,
 Or owe his life to fortune or to speed.
 For now the pack, impatient rushing on,
 Range through the darkest coverts one by one ;
 Trace every spot ; whilst down each noble glade
 That guides the eye beneath a changeful shade,
 The loit'ring sportsman feels th' instinctive flame,
 And checks his steed to mark the springing game.

Midst intersecting cuts and winding ways
 The huntsman cheers his dogs, and anxious strays



Where every narrow riding, even shorn
Gives back the echo of his mellow horn :
Till fresh and lightsome, every power untried,
The starting fugitive leaps by his side,
His lifted finger to his ear he plies,
And the view halloo bids a chorus rise
Of dogs quick-mouth'd, and shouts that mingle loud,
As bursting thunder rolls from cloud to cloud.
With ears erect, and chest of vigorous mould,
O'er ditch, o'er fence, unconquerably bold,
The shining courser lengthens every bound,
And his strong foot-locks suck the moisten'd ground,
As from the confines of the wood they pour,
And joyous villages partake the roar.
O'er heath far stretch'd, or down, or valley low,
The stiff-limb'd peasant, glorying in the show,
Pursues in vain ; where youth itself soon tires,
Spite of the transports that the chase inspires ;
For who unmounted long can charm the eye,
Or hear the music of the leading cry ?

Poor faithful *Trouncer* ! thou canst lead no more ;
All thy fatigues and all thy triumphs o'er !
Triumphs of worth, whose honorary fame
Was still to follow true the hunted game ;
Beneath enormous oaks, Britannia's boast,
In thick impenetrable coverts lost,
When the warm pack in fault'ring silence stood,
Thine was the note that rous'd the list'ning wood,
Rekindling every joy with tenfold force,
Through all the mazes of the tainted course.
Still foremost thou the dashing stream to cross,
And tempt along the animated horse ;
Foremost o'er fen or level mead to pass,
And sweep the show'ring dew-drops from the grass ;
Then bright emerging from the mists below
To climb the woodland hill's exulting brow .

*Pride of thy race ! with worth far less than thine,
Full many human leaders daily shine !*

Less faith, less constancy, less generous zeal !—
 Then no disgrace mine humble verse shall feel,
 Where not one lying line to riches bows,
 Or poison'd sentiment from rancour flows ;
 Nor flowers are strewn around Ambition's car :—
 An honest dog's a nobler theme by far.
 Each sportsman heard the tidings with a sigh,
 When Death's cold touch had stopt his tuneful cry ;
 And though high deeds, and fair exalted praise,
 In memory liv'd, and flow'd in rustic lays,
 Short was the strain of monumental woe :
 ' Foxes rejoice ! here buried lies your foe.'*

In safety hous'd throughout Night's *lengthening*
 reign,

The Cock sends forth a loud and piercing strain ;
 More frequent as the glooms of midnight flee,
 And hours roll round that brought him liberty,
 When summer's early dawn, mild, clear, and bright,
 Chas'd quick away the transitory night :—
 Hours now in darkness veil'd ; yet loud the scream
 Of Geese impatient for the playful stream ;
 And all the feather'd tribe imprison'd raise
 Their morning notes of inharmonious praise ;
 And many a clamorous Hen and cockrel gay,
 When daylight slowly through the fog breaks way,
 Fly wantonly abroad : but ah, how soon
 The shades of twilight follow hazy noon,
 Short'ning the busy day !—day that slides by
 Amidst th' unfinish'd toils of HUSBANDRY ;
 Toils still each morn resum'd with double care,
 To meet the icy terrors of the year ;
 To meet the threats of Boreas undismay'd,
 And *Winter's* gathering frowns and hoary head.

Then welcome, *COLD* ; welcome, ye *snowy* nights !
 Heaven midst your rage shall mingle pure delights
 And confidence of hope the soul sustain,
 While devastation sweeps along the plain :

* Inscribed on a stone in Euston Park wall.



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AUTUMN.

45

**Nor shall the child of poverty despair,
But bless THE POWER that rules the *changing year* ;
Assur'd—though horrors round his cottage reign—
That *Spring* will come, and Nature smile again.**

WINTER.

ARGUMENT.

*Tenderness to cattle.—Frozen turnips.—The cow-yard.—Night.
—The farm-house.—Fire-side.—Farmer's advice and instruction.—Nightly cares of the stable.—Dobbin.—The post-horse.
—Sheep-stealing dogs.—Walks occasioned thereby.—The ghost.
—Lamb time.—Returning Spring.—Conclusion.*

IV.

With kindred pleasures mov'd, and cares oppress,
Sharing alike our weariness and rest ;
Who lives the daily partner of our hours,
Thro' every change of heat, and frost, and show'rs ;
Partakes our cheerful meals, partaking first
In mutual labour and in mutual thirst ;
The kindly intercourse will ever prove
A bond of amity and social love.

To more than man this generous warmth extends,
And oft the team and shiv'ring herd befriends ;
Tender solicitude the bosom fills,
And Pity executes what Reason wills :
Youth learns compassion's tale from every tongue,
And flies to aid the helpless and the young.

When now, unsparing as the scourge of war,
Blasts follow blasts, and groves dismantled roar,
Around their home the storm-pinch'd CATTLE lows,
No nourishment in frozen pastures grows ;
Yet frozen pastures every morn resound
With fair abundance thund'ring to the ground.
For though on hoary twigs no buds peep out,
And e'en the hardy bramble cease to sprout,
Beneath dread WINTER's level sheets of snow
Sweet nutritious Turnip deigns to grow.



Till now imperious want and wide-spread dearth
Bid Labour claim her treasures from the earth.
On GILES, and such as Giles, the labour falls,
To strew the frequent load where hunger calls.
On driving gales sharp hail indignant flies,
And sleet, more irksome still, assails his eyes ;
Snow clogs his feet ; or if no snow is seen,
The field with all its juicy store to screen,
Deep goes the frost, till every root is found
A rolling mass of ice upon the ground.
No tender ewe can break her nightly fast,
Nor heifer strong begin the cold repast,
Till Giles with pond'rous beetle foremost go,
And scatt'ring splinters fly at every blow ;
When pressing round him eager for the prize,
From their mixt breath warm exhalations rise.

If now in beaded rows drops deck the spray,
While Phoebus grants a momentary ray,
Let but a cloud's broad shadow intervene,
And stiffen'd into gems the drops are seen ;
And down the furrow'd oak's broad southern side
Streams of dissolving rime no longer glide.

Though Night approaching bids for rest prepare,
Still the flail echoes through the frosty air,
Nor stops till deepest shades of darkness come,
Sending at length the weary labourer home.
From him, with bed and nightly food supplied,
Throughout the yard, hous'd round on every side,
Deep-plunging Cows their rustling feast enjoy,
And snatch sweet mouthfuls from the passing boy,
Who moves unseen beneath his trailing load,
Fills the tall racks, and leaves a scatter'd road ;
Where oft the swine from ambush warm and dry
Bolt out, and scamper headlong to their sty,
When Giles, with well-known voice, already there,
Deigns them a portion of his evening care.

*Him, tho' the cold may pierce, and storms molest
Succeeding hours shall cheer with warmth and rest*

Gladness to spread, and raise the grateful smile,
 He hurls the faggot bursting from the pile,
 And many a log and rifted trunk conveys,
 To heap the fire, and to extend the blaze
 That quiv'ring strong through every opening flies,
 Whilst smoky columns unobstructed rise.
 For the rude architect, unknown to fame
 (Nor symmetry nor elegance his aim),
 Who spreads his floors of solid oak on high,
 On beams rough-hewn, from age to age that lie,
 Bade his *wide fabric* unimpair'd sustain
 Pomona's store, and cheese, and golden grain ;
 Bade from its central base, capacious laid,
 The well-wrought chimney rear its lofty head ;
 Where since hath many a savoury ham been stor'd,
 And tempests howl'd, and Christmas gambols
 roar'd.

Flat on the *hearth* the glowing embers lie,
 And flames reflected dance in every eye :
 There the long billet, forc'd at last to bend,
 While frothing sap gushes at either end,
 Throws round its welcome heat :—the ploughman
 smiles,

And oft the joke runs hard on sheepish *Giles*,
 Who sits joint tenant of the corner-stool,
 The converse sharing, though in duty's school ;
 For now attentively 'tis his to hear
 Interrogations from the Master's chair. [fled,

' Left ye your bleating charge, when daylight
 Near where the haystack lifts its snowy head ?
 Whose fence of bushy furze, so close and warm,
 May stop the slanting bullets of the storm.
 For, hark ! it blows ; a dark and dismal night :
 Heaven guide the trav'ler's fearful steps aright !
 Now from the woods, mistrustful and sharp-ey'd,
 The Fox in silent darkness seems to glide,
 Stealing around us, list'ning as he goes,

Chance the Cock or stamm'ring cockerel crows,



Or Goose, or nodding Duck, should darkling cry,
As if appriz'd of lurking danger nigh :
Destruction waits them, *Giles*, if e'er you fail
To bolt their doors against the driving gale.
Strew'd you (still mindful of th' unshelter'd head)
Burdens of straw, the cattle's welcome bed? [see,
Thine heart should feel, what thou may'st hourly
That duty's basis is humanity.

Of pain's unsavoury cup though thou may'st taste
(The wrath of Winter from the bleak north-east),
Thine utmost sufferings in the coldest day
A period terminates, and joys repay.
Perhaps e'en now, while here those joys we boast,
Full many a bark rides down the neighb'ring coast,
Where the high northern waves tremendous roar,
Drove down by blasts from Norway's icy shore.
The Sea-boy there, less fortunate than thou,
Feels all thy pains in all the gusts that blow :
His freezing hands now drench'd, now dry, by turns ;
Now lost, now seen, the distant light that burns,
On some tall cliff uprais'd, a flaming guide,
That throws its friendly radiance o'er the tide.
His labours cease not with declining day,
But toils and perils mark his watry way ;
And whilst in peaceful dreams secure *we* lie,
The ruthless whirlwinds rage along the sky,
Round his head whistling ;—and shalt thou repine,
While this protecting roof still shelters thine ?

Mild, as the vernal show'r, his words prevail,
And aid the moral precept of his tale :
His wond'ring hearers learn, and ever keep
These first ideas of the restless deep ;
And, as the opening mind a circuit tries,
Present felicities in value rise.

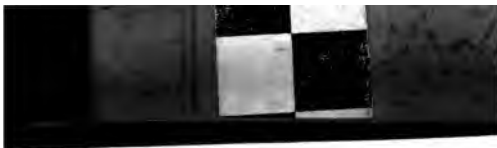
Increasing pleasures every hour they find,
The warmth more precious, and the shelter kind :
Warmth that long reigning bids the eyelids close
As through the blood its balmy influence goes,

When the cheer'd heart forgets fatigues and cares,
And drowsiness alone dominion bears.

Sweet then the ploughman's slumbers, hale and
When the last topic dies upon his tongue ; [young,
Sweet then the bliss his transient dreams inspire,
Till chilblains wake him, or the snapping fire :

He starts, and ever thoughtful of his team,
Along the glitt'ring snow a feeble gleam
Shoots from his lantern, as he yawning goes
To add fresh comforts to their night's repose ;
Diffusing fragrance as their food he moves
And pats the jolly sides of those he loves.
Thus full replenish'd, perfect ease possess,
From night till morn alternate food and rest,
No rightful cheer withheld, no sleep debarr'd,
Their each day's labour brings its sure reward.
Yet when from plough or lumb'ring cart set free,
They taste awhile the sweets of liberty :
E'en sober *Dobbin* lifts his clumsy heels
And kicks, disdainful of the dirty wheels :
But soon, his frolic ended, yields again
To trudge the road, and wear the clinking chain.

Short-sighted *Dobbin* !—thou canst only see
The trivial hardships that *encompass* thee :
Thy chains were freedom, and thy toils repose,
Could the poor *post-horse* tell thee all his woes ;
Shew thee his bleeding shoulders, and unfold
The dreadful anguish he endures for gold ;
Hired at each call of business, lust, or rage,
That prompt the trav'ler on from stage to stage.
Still on *his* strength depends their boasted speed ;
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed ;
And though he groaning quickens at command,
Their extra shilling in the rider's hand
Becomes his bitter scourge :—'tis *he* must feel
The double efforts of the lash and steel ;
Till when, up hill, the destined inn he gains,
And trembling under complicated pains,



Prone from his nostrils, darting on the ground,
His breath emitted floats in clouds around:
Drops chase each other down his chest and sides,
And spatter'd mud his native colour hides:
Through his swoln veins the boiling torrent flows,
And every nerve a separate torture knows.
His harness loosed, he welcomes eager-eyed
The pail's full draught that quivers by his side;
And joys to see the well-known stable door,
As the starv'd mariner the friendly shore.

Ah, well for him if here his suff'rings ceas'd,
And ample hours of rest his pains appeas'd!
But rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,
And shake refreshing slumber from his eyes,
Ere his exhausted spirits can return,
Or through his frame reviving ardour burn,
Come forth he must, tho' limping, maim'd, and sore;
He hears the whip; the chaise is at the door:—
The collar tightens, and again he feels
His half-heal'd wounds inflam'd; again the wheels
With tiresome sameness in his ears resound,
O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.
Thus nightly robb'd, and injur'd day by day,
His piece-meal murd'ers wear his life away.

What say'st thou, Dobbin! what though hounds
With open jaws the moment of thy fate, [await
No better fate attends *his* public race;
His life is misery and his end disgrace.
Then freely bear thy burden to the mill;
Obey but one short law,—thy driver's will.
Affection, to thy memory ever true,
Shall boast of mighty loads that Dobbin drew;
And back to childhood shall the mind with pride
Recount thy gentleness in many a ride
To pond, or field, or village fair, when thou
Held'st high thy braided mane and comely brow,
And oft the tale shall rise to homely fame
Upon thy gen'rous spirit and thy name.

Though faithful to a proverb, we regard
 The midnight chieftain of the farmer's yard,
 Beneath whose guardianship all hearts rejoice.
 Woke by the echo of his hollow voice ;
 Yet as the Hound may fault'ring quit the pack,
 Snuff the foul scent, and hasten yelping back ;
 And e'en the docile Pointer know disgrace,
 Thwarting the gen'ral instinct of his race ;
 E'en so the MASTIFF, or the meaner Cur,
 At times will from the path of duty err
 (A pattern of fidelity by day ;
 By night a *murderer*, lurking for his prey) ;
 And round the pastures or the fold will creep,
 And, coward-like, attack the peaceful *sheep* ;
 Alone the wanton mischief he pursues,
 Alone in reeking blood his jaws imbrues ;
 Chasing amain his frighten'd victims round,
 Till death in wild confusion strews the ground ;
 Then wearied out, to kennel sneaks away,
 And licks his guilty paws till break of day.

The deed discover'd, and the news once spread,
 Vengeance hangs o'er the unknown culprit's head :
 And careful Shepherds extra hours bestow
 In patient watchings for the common foe ;
 A foe most dreaded now, when rest and peace
 Should wait the season of the flock's increase.

In part these nightly terrors to dispel,
Giles, ere he sleeps, his little Flock must tell.
 From the fire-side with many a shrug he hies,
 Glad if the full-orb'd Moon salute his eyes,
 And through the unbroken stillness of the night
 Shed on his path her beams of cheering light.
 With sauntering step he climbs the distant stile,
 Whilst all around him wears a placid smile :
 There views the white-rob'd clouds in clusters driv'n,
 And all the glorious pageantry of heav'n.
Low, on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,
The rising vapours catch the silver light ;



Thence Fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
Passing the source of light; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
For yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky, still more serene)
Others, detach'd in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;
Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous 'semblance of a Flock at rest.
These, to the raptur'd mind, aloud proclaim
Their MIGHTY SHEPHERD's everlasting Name.

Whilst thus the loit'rer's utmost stretch of soul
Climbs the still clouds, or passes those that roll,
And loos'd *Imagination* soaring goes
High o'er his home, and all his little woes,
Time glides away; neglected Duty calls:
At once from plains of light to earth he falls,
And down a narrow lane, well known by day,
With all his speed pursues his sounding way,
In thought still half absorb'd, and chill'd with cold;
When, lo! an object frightful to behold;
A grisly SPECTRE, cloth'd in silver-gray,
Around whose feet the waving shadows play,
Stands in his path!—He stops, and not a breath
Heaves from his heart, that sinks almost to death.
Loud the owl halloos o'er his head unseen;
All else is silent, dismally serene:
Some prompt ejaculation whisper'd low,
Yet bears him up against the threat'ning foe;
And thus poor Giles, though half inclin'd to fly,
Mutters his doubts, and strains his steadfast eye.
'Tis not my crimes thou com'st here to reprove;
No murders stain my soul, no perjur'd love:
If thou'rt indeed what here thou seem'st to be,
Thy dreadful mission cannot reach to me.
By parents taught still to mistrust mine eyes,
Still to approach each object of surprise.

Lest Fancy's formful visions should deceive
 In moonlight paths, or glooms of falling eve,
 This then 's the moment when my heart should try
 To scan thy motionless deformity ;
 But oh, the fearful task ! yet well I know
 An aged ash, with many a spreading bough
 (Beneath whose leaves I've found a summer's
 bow'r,
 Beneath whose trunk I've weather'd many a
 show'r)
 Stands singly down this solitary way,
 But far beyond where now my footsteps stay.
 'Tis true, thus far I've come with heedless haste ;
 No reck'ning kept, no passing objects traced :—
 And can I then have reach'd that very tree ?
 Or is its reverend form assum'd by thee ?
 The happy thought alleviates his pain :
 He creeps another step ; then stops again ;
 Till slowly, as his noiseless feet draw near,
 Its perfect lineaments at once appear ;
 Its crown of shiv'ring ivy whispering peace,
 And its white bark that fronts the moon's pale face.
 Now, whilst his blood mounts upward, now he
 The solid gain that from conviction flows ; [knows
 And strengthen'd Confidence shall hence fulfil
 (With conscious Innocence more valued still)
 The dreariest task that winter nights can bring,
 By churchyard dark, or grove, or fairy ring :
 Still buoying up the timid mind of youth,
 Till loit'ring Reason hoists the scale of Truth.
 With these blest guardians Giles his course pursues,
 Till numbering his heavy-sided ewes,
 Surrounding stillness tranquillize his breast,
 And shape the dreams that wait his hours of rest.
 As when retreating tempests we behold,
 Whose skirts at length the azure sky unfold,
 And full of murmurings and mingled wrath,
Slowly unshroud the smiling face of earth,



Bringing the bosom joy: so WINTER flies!—
And see the Source of Life and Light arise!
A height'ning arch o'er southern hills he bends;
Warm on the cheek the slanting beam descends,
And gives the reeking mead a brighter hue,
And draws the modest *primrose* bud to view.
Yet frosts succeed, and winds impetuous rush,
And hail-stones rattle through the budding bush;
And night-fall'n Lambs require the shepherd's care,
And teeming Ewes, that still their burdens bear;
Beneath whose sides to-morrow's dawn may see
The milk-white strangers bow the trembling knee;
At whose first birth the pow'ful instinct's seen
That fills with champions the daisied green:
For ewes that stood aloof with fearful eye,
With stamping foot now men and dogs defy,
And obstinately faithful to their young,
Guard their first steps to join the bleating throng.

But casualties and death from damps and cold
Will still attend the well-conducted fold:
Her tender offspring dead, the dam aloud
Calls and runs wild amidst the unconscious crowd,
And orphan'd sucklings raise the piteous cry;
No wool to warm them, no defenders nigh.
And must her streaming milk then flow in vain?
Must unregarded innocence complain?
No;—ere this strong sollicitude subside,
Maternal fondness may be fresh apply'd,
And the adopted stripling still may find
A parent most assiduously kind.
For this he's doom'd awhile disguis'd to range
(For fraud or force must work the wish'd-for change);
For this his predecessor's skin he wears
Till cheated into tenderness and cares,
The unsuspecting dam, contented grown,
Cherish and guard the fondling as her own.
Thus all by turns to fair perfection rise:
Thus twins are parted to increase their size: -

Thus instinct yields as interest points the way,
Till the bright flock, augmenting every day,
On sunny hills and vales of springing flow'rs
With ceaseless clamour greet the vernal hours.

The humbler Shepherd here with joy beholds
The approv'd economy of crowded folds,
And, in his small contracted round of cares,
Adjusts the practice of each hint he hears :
For Boys with emulation learn to glow,
And boast their pastures and their healthful show
Of well-grown Lambs, the glory of the Spring ;
And field to field in competition bring.

E'en GILES, for all his cares and watchings past,
And all his contests with the wintry blast,
Claims a full share of that sweet praise bestow'd
By gazing neighbours, when along the road,
Or village green, his curly-coated throng
Suspends the chorus of the spinner's song ;
When Admiration's unaffected grace
Lips from the tongue, and beams in every face :
Delightful moments!—Sunshine, Health, and Joy,
Play round, and cheer the elevated Boy !
' Another SPRING !' his heart exulting cries ;
' Another YEAR ! with promis'd blessings rise !—
ETERNAL POWER ! from whom those blessings flow,
Teach me still more to wonder, more to know :
Seed-time and *Harvest* let me see again ;
Wander the *leaf-strown* wood, the *frozen* plain :
Let the first Flower, corn-waving Field, Plain, Tree,
Here round my home, still lift my soul to THEE :
And let me ever, midst thy bounties, raise
An humble note of thankfulness and praise !'

April, 22, 1798.



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NOTES.

Note (1), Page 16.

A fav'rite morsel with the Rook, &c.

In these verses, which have much of picturesque, there is a severe charge against *Rooks* and *Crows*, as very formidable depredators; and their destruction, as such, seems to be recommended. Such was the prevalent opinion some years back. It is less general now: and I am sure the humanity of the Author, and his benevolence to Animals in general, will dispose him to rejoice in whatever plea can be offered in stay of execution of this sentence. And yet more so, if it shall appear that *ROOKS*, at least, deserve not only mercy, but *protection* and *encouragement* from the Farmer.

I shall quote a passage from BEWICK'S interesting HISTORY OF BIRDS: the narrative part of which is often as full of information as the embellishments cut in wood are beautiful.—It is this:

Speaking of Birds of the PIR-KIND in general, he says, 'Birds of this kind' are found in every part of the known world, from Greenland to the Cape of Good Hope. In many respects they may be said to be of singular benefit to mankind: principally by destroying great quantities of noxious insects, worms, and reptiles. *ROOKS*, in particular, are fond of the erucæ of the *hedge-chaffer*, or chesnut brown beetle: for which they search with indefatigable pains. These insects,' he adds in a note, 'appear in hot weather in formidable numbers: disrobing the fields and trees of their verdure, blossoms, and fruit; spreading desolation and destruction wherever they go.—They appeared in great numbers in IRELAND during a hot summer, and committed great ravages. In the

year 1747 whole meadows and corn-fields were destroyed by them in **SUFFOLK**. The decrease of Rookeries in that county was thought to be the occasion of it. The many Rookeries with us is in some measure the reason why we have so few of these destructive animals.*

'Rooks,' he subjoins, 'are often accused of feeding on the corn just after it has been sown, and various contrivances have been made both to kill and frighten them away; but, in our estimation, the advantages derived from the destruction which they make among grubs, earth-worms, and noxious insects of various kinds, will greatly overpay the injury done to the future harvest by the small quantity of corn they may destroy in searching after their favourite food.†

'In general they are sagacious, active, and faithful to each other. They live in pairs; and their mutual attachment is constant. They are a clamorous race: mostly build in trees, and form a kind of society in which there appears something like a regular government. A sentinel watches for the general safety, and gives notice on the appearance of danger.'

Under the title, 'Rooks,' (p. 71.) Mr. BEWICK repeats his observations on the useful property of this Bird.

I confess myself solicitous for their safety and kind treatment. We have two which were lamed by being blown down in a storm (a calamity which destroys great numbers almost every spring). One of them is perfectly domesticated. The other is yet more remarkable; since although enjoying his natural liberty completely, he recognizes, even in his flights at a distance from the house, his adoptive home, his human friends, and early protectors.

The Rook is certainly a very beautiful and very sensible Bird; very confiding, and very much at

* Wallis's History of Northumberland.

† Mr. Bewick does not seem to have been quite aware that much of this mischief, as I have been informed by a sensible neighbouring Farmer and Tenant, is done in the grub-state of the chaffer, by *biting through the roots of grass, &c.* A latent, and imperceptibly, but rapidly spreading mischief, against which the rooks or birds of similar instinct are, in a manner, the sole protection.



tached. It will give me a pleasure, in which I doubt not that the Author of this delightful Poem will partake, if any thing here said shall avail them with the Farmer; and especially with the SUFFOLK FARMER. C. L.

Note (2), Page 32.

Destroys life's intercourse; the social plan.

'Allowing for the imperfect state of sublunary happiness, which is comparative at best, there are not, perhaps, many nations existing whose situation is so desirable; where the means of subsistence are so easy, and the wants of the people so few. The evident distinction of ranks, which subsists at *Otaheite*, does not so materially affect the felicity of the nation as we might have supposed. The simplicity of their whole life contributes to soften the appearance of distinctions, and to reduce them to a level. Where the climate and the custom of the country do not absolutely require a perfect garment; where it is easy at every step to gather as many plants as form not only a decent, but likewise a customary covering; and where all the necessaries of life are within the reach of every individual, at the expense of a trifling labour;—ambition and envy must in a great measure be unknown. It is true, the highest classes of people possess some dainty articles, such as pork, fish, fowl, and cloth, almost exclusively; but the desire of indulging the appetite in a few trifling luxuries can at most render individuals, and not whole nations, unhappy. Absolute want occasions the miseries of the lower class in some civilized states, and is the result of the unbounded voluptuousness of their superiors. At *Otaheite* there is not, in general, that disparity between the highest and the meanest man, that subsists in *England* between a reputable tradesman and a labourer. The affection of the *Otaheitants* for their chiefs, which they never failed to express upon all

occasions, gave us great reason to suppose that they consider themselves as one family, and respect their eldest born in the persons of their chiefs. The lowest man in the nation speaks as freely with his king as with his equal, and has the pleasure of seeing him as often as he likes. The king, at times, amuses himself with the occupations of his subjects; and not yet depraved by false notions of empty state, he often paddles his own canoe; without considering such an employment derogatory to his dignity. How long such a happy equality may last is uncertain: and how much the introduction of foreign luxuries may hasten its dissolution cannot be too frequently repeated to Europeans. If the knowledge of a few individuals can only be acquired at such a price as the happiness of nations, it were better for the discoverers and the discovered that the *South Sea* had still remained unknown to *Europe* and its restless inhabitants.'

Reflections on Otaheite: Cook's second Voyage.



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RURAL TALES.

RICHARD AND KATE;

OR

FAIR-DAY.

A SUFFOLK BALLAD.

- ‘ Come, Goody, stop your humdrum wheel,
Sweep up your orts, and get your hat;
Old joys reviv’d once more I feel,
 ’Tis Fair-day ;—ay, *and more than that.*
- ‘ Have you forgot, KATE, prithee say,
How many seasons here we’ve tarried ?
’Tis *Forty* years, this very day,
 Since you and I, old Girl, were *married !*
- ‘ Look out ;—the sun shines warm and bright,
The stiles are low, the paths all dry ;
I know you cut your corns last night :
 Come ; be as free from care as I.
- ‘ For I’m resolv’d once more to see
That place where we so often met ;
Though *few* have had more cares than we,
 We’re none just now to make us fret.’

KATE scorn'd to damp the generous flame
 That warm'd her aged Partner's breast :
 Yet, ere determination came,
 She thus some trifling doubts express'd.

' Night will come on ; when seated snug,
 And you've perhaps begun some tale,
 Can you then leave your dear stone mug ;
 Leave all the folk, and all the ale ?'

' Ay KATE, I wool ;—because I know,
 Though time has been we both could run,
 Such days are gone and over now ;—
 I only mean to see the fun.'

She straight slipp'd off the wall and band,*
 And laid aside her lucks and twitches :*
 And to the hutch† she reach'd her hand,
 And gave him out his Sunday breeches.

His mattock he behind the door,
 And hedging-gloves again replaced ;
 And look'd across the yellow moor,
 And urg'd his tott'ring Spouse to haste.

The day was up, the air serene,
 The firmament without a cloud ;
 The bee humm'd o'er the level green
 Where knots of trembling cowslips bow'd.

And Richard thus, with heart elate,
 As past things rush'd across his mind,
 Over his shoulder talk'd to Kate,
 Who snug tuck'd up, walk'd slow behind.

' When once a gigling mawther you,
 And I a red-faced chubby boy,
 Sly tricks you play'd me not a few ;
 For mischief was your greatest joy.

* Terms used in spinning.

† Hutch, a chest.



RICHARD AND KATE. 63

'Once, passing by this very tree,
A gotch* of milk I'd been to fill,
You shoulder'd me ; then laugh'd to see
Me and my gotch spin down the hill.'

'Tis true,' she said ; 'but here behold,
And marvel at the course of time ;
Though you and I are both grown old,
This tree is only in its prime !'

'Well, Goody, don't stand preaching now !
Folks don't preach sermons at a Fair :
We've rear'd ten Boys and Girls you know ;
And I'll be bound they'll all be there.'

Now friendly nods and smiles had they,
From many a kind Fair-going face :
And many a pinch Kate gave away,
While Richard kept his usual pace.

At length arriv'd amidst the throng,
Grand-children bawling hemm'd them round ;
And dragg'd them by the skirts along
Where gingerbread bestrew'd the ground.

And soon the aged couple spy'd
Their lusty Sons, and Daughters dear :—
When Richard thus exulting cried,
'Did'nt I tell you they'd be here ?'

The cordial greetings of the soul
Were visible in every face ;
Affection void of all control,
Govern'd with a resistless grace.

'Twas good to see the honest strife,
Which should contribute most to please ;
And hear the long-recounted life,
Of infant tricks, and happy days.

* A pitcher.

But now, as at some nobler places,
 Amongst the leaders 'twas decreed
 Time to begin the Dicky Races ;
 More fam'd for laughter than for speed.

Richard look'd on with wond'rous glee,
 And prais'd the lad who chanced to win ;
 ' Kate, wan't I such a one as he ?
 As like him, ay, as pin to pin ?

' Full fifty years are pass'd away
 Since I rode this same ground about :
 Lord ! I was lively as the day !
 I won the High-lows out and out !

' I'm surely growing young again ;
 I feel myself so kedge and plump.
 From head to foot I've not one pain ;
 Nay, hang me if I could'nt jump.'

Thus spoke the Ale in Richard's pate,
 A very little made him mellow ;
 But still he lov'd his faithful Kate,
 Who whisper'd thus, ' My good old fellow,

' Remember what you promis'd me :
 And see, the sun is getting low ;
 The Children want an hour ye see
 To talk a bit before we go.'

Like youthful lover most complying
 He turn'd, and chuckt her by the chin :
 Then all across the green grass hieing,
 Right merry faces, all akin,

Their farewell quart, beneath a tree
 That droop'd its branches from above ;
 Awaked the pure felicity
That waits upon Parental Love.



Kate view'd her blooming Daughters round,
And Sons, who shook her wither'd hand .
Her features spoke what joy she found,
But utterance had made a stand.

The Children toppled on the green,
And bowl'd their *fairings* down the hill ;
Richard with pride beheld the scene,
Nor could he for his life sit still.

A Father's uncheck'd feelings gave
A tenderness to all he said ;
My Boys, how proud am I to have
My name thus round the country spread !

' Through all my days I've labour'd hard,
And could of pains and crosses tell ;
But this is labour's great reward,
To meet ye thus, and see ye well.

' My good old Partner, when at home,
Sometimes with wishes mingles tears ;
Goody, says I, let what wool come,
We've nothing for them but our pray'rs.

' May you be all as old as I,
And see your Sons to manhood grow ;
And, many a time before you die,
Be just as pleas'd as I am now.'

(Then raising still his mug and voice),
' An Old Man's weakness don't despise !
I love you well, my Girls and Boys ;
God bless you all ;'—so said his eyes——

For, as he spoke, a big round drop
Fell bounding on his ample sleeve ;
A witness which he could not stop,
A witness which all hearts believe.

Thou, Filial Piety, wert there ;
And round the ring, benignly bright,
Dwelt in the luscious half-shed tear,
And in the parting word—*Good Night.*

With thankful hearts and strengthen'd love,
The poor old Pair, supremely blest,
Saw the sun sink behind the grove,
And gain'd once more their lowly rest.



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WALTER AND JANE ;

OR,

THE POOR BLACKSMITH.

A COUNTRY TALE.

BRIGHT was the summer sky, the mornings gay,
And Jane was young and cheerful as the day.
Not yet to Love but Mirth she paid her vows ;
And Echo mock'd her as she call'd her cows.
Tufts of green broom, that full in blossom vied,
And graced with spotted gold the upland side,
The level fogs o'erlook'd ; too high to share ;
So lovely Jane o'erlook'd the clouds of care ;
No meadow-flow'r rose fresher to the view,
That met her morning footsteps in the dew ;
Where, if a nodding stranger eyed her charms,
The blush of innocence was up in arms,
Love's random glances struck the unguarded mind,
And Beauty's magic made him look behind.

Duly as morning blush'd or twilight came,
Secure of greeting smiles and village fame,
She pass'd the straw-roof'd shed, in ranges where
Hung many a well-turn'd shoe and glitt'ring share ;
Where Walter, as the charmer tripp'd along,
Would stop his roaring bellows and his song.—

Dawn of affection ! Love's delicious sigh !
Caught from the lightnings of a speaking eye,
That leads the heart to rapture or to woe,
'Twas Walter's fate thy madd'ning power to know :

And scarce to know, ere in its infant twine,
 As the blast shakes the tendrils of the vine,
 The budding bliss that full of promise grew
 The chilling blight of separation knew.
 Scarce had he told his heart's unquiet case,
 And Jane to shun him ceas'd to mend her pace,
 And learnt to listen trembling as he spoke,
 And fondly judge his words beyond a joke ;
 When, at the goal that bounds our prospects here,
 Jane's widow'd mistress ended her career :
 Blessings attended her divided store,
 The mansion sold (Jane's peaceful home no more),
 A distant village own'd her for its queen,
 Another service, and another scene ;
 But could another scene so pleasing prove,
 Twelve weary miles from Walter and from Love ?
 The maid grew thoughtful : Yet to fate resign'd,
 Knew not the worth of what she'd left behind.

He, when at eve releas'd from toil and heat,
 Soon miss'd the smiles that taught his heart to beat,
 Each sabbath-day of late was wont to prove
 Hope's liberal feast, the holiday of Love :
 But now, upon his spirit's ebbing strength
 Came each dull hour's intolerable length.
 The next had scarcely dawn'd when Walter hied
 O'er hill and dale, Affection for his guide :
 O'er the brown heath his pathless journey lay,
 Where screaming lapwings hail'd the op'ning day.
 High rose the sun, the anxious lover sigh'd ;
 His slippery soles bespoke the dew was dried :
 Her last farewell hung fondly on his tongue
 As o'er the tufted furze elate he sprung ;
 Trifling impediments ; his heart was light,
 For love and beauty glow'd in fancy's sight ;
 And soon he gaz'd on Jane's enchanting face,
 Renew'd his passion,—but, destroy'd his peace.
 At whose shrine he bow'd, inflicted pain ;
 Conscience whisper'd, ' Never come again.'



For now, his tide of gladness to oppose,
A clay-cold damp of doubts and fears arose ;
Clouds, which involve, midst love and reason's strife,
The poor man's prospect when he takes a wife.
Though gay his journeys in the summer's prime,
Each seem'd the repetition of a crime ;
He never left her but with many a sigh,
When tears stole down his face, she knew not why.
Severe his task those visits to forego,
And feed his heart with voluntary woe,
Yet this he did ; the wan moon circling found
His evenings cheerless, and his rest unsound ;
And saw th' unquenched flame his bosom swell :
What were his doubts, thus let the story tell.

A month's sharp conflict only serv'd to prove
The pow'r, as well as truth, of Walter's love.
Absence more strongly on his mind portray'd
His own sweet, injur'd, unoffending maid.
Once more he'd go ; full resolute awhile,
But heard his native bells on every stile ;
The sound recall'd him with a pow'ful charm,
The heath wide open'd, and the day was warm ;
There, where a bed of tempting green he found,
Increasing anguish weigh'd him to the ground ;
His well-grown limbs the scatter'd daisies press'd,
While his clinch'd hand fell heavy on his breast.

' Why do I go in cruel sport to say,
" I love thee, Jane—appoint the happy day ?"
Why seek her sweet ingenuous reply,
Then grasp her hand and proffer—poverty ?
Why, if I love her and adore her name,
Why act like time and sickness on her frame ?
Why should my scanty pittance nip her prime,
And chase away the rose before its time ?
I'm young, 'tis true ; the world beholds me free ;
Labour ne'er shew'd a frightful face to me ;
Nature's first wants hard labour should supply.
But should it fail, 'twill be too late to fly.

Some summers hence, if nought our loves annoy,
 The image of my Jane may hiep her joy;
 Or, blooming boys with imitative swing
 May mock my arm, and make the anvil ring:
 Then if in rags—But, O my heart, forbear,—
 I love the girl, and why should I despair?
 And that I love her all the village knows:
 Oft from my pain the mirth of others flows;
 As when a neighbour's steed with glancing eye
 Saw his par'd hoof supported on my thigh,
 Jane pass'd that instant—mischief came of course;
 I drove the nail awry and lam'd the horse:
 The poor beast limp'd: I bore a master's frown,
 A thousand times I wish'd the wound my own.
 When to these tangling thoughts I've been resign'd,
 Fury or languor has possess'd my mind:
 All eyes have stared, I've blown a blast so strong;
 Forgot to smite at all, or smote too long.
 If at the alehouse door, with careless glee,
 One drinks to Jane, and darts a look on me,
 I feel that blush which her dear name will bring,
 I feel,—but, guilty love, 'tis not thy sting!
 Yet what are jeers? the bubbles of an hour;
 Jane knows what love can do, and feels its pow'r;
 In her mild eye fair Truth her meaning tells;
 'Tis not in looks like her's that falsehood dwells.
 As water shed upon a dusty way
 I've seen midst' downward pebbles devious stray;
 If kindred drops an adverse channel keep,
 The crystal friends toward each other creep;
 Near, and still nearer, rolls each little tide,
 Th' expanding mirror swells on either side:
 They touch—'tis done—receding bound'ries fly,
 An instantaneous union strikes the eye:
 So 'tis with us: for Jane would be my bride;
 Shall coward fears then turn the bliss aside?
 As thus he spoke he heard a gentle sound,
 And a jarring footstep on the ground.



Asham'd of grief, he bade his eyes unclose,
And shook with agitation as he rose ;
All unprepared the sweet surprise to bear,
His heart beat high, for Jane herself was there.—

Flush'd was her cheek ; she seem'd the full-
blown flower,
For warmth gave loveliness a double power ;
Round her fair brow the deep confusion ran,
A waving handkerchief became her fan,
Her lips, where dwelt sweet love and smiling
ease,

Puff'd gently back the warm assailing breeze.
' I've travell'd all these weary miles with pain,
To see my native village once again ;
And shew my true regard for neighbour Hind ;
Not like you, Walter, *she* was always kind.'
'Twas thus, each soft sensation laid aside,
She buoy'd her spirits up with maiden pride ;
Disclaim'd her love, e'en while she felt the sting ;
' What, come for Walter's sake ! ' 'Twas no such
thing.

But when astonishment his tongue releas'd,
Pride's usurpation in an instant ceas'd :
By force he caught her hand as passing by,
And gaz'd upon her half-averted eye ;
His heart's distraction, and his boding fears
She heard, and answer'd with a flood of tears ;
Precious relief ; sure friends that forward press
To tell the mind's unspeakable distress.
Ye Youths, whom crimson'd health and genuine
fire

Bear joyous on the wings of young desire,
Ye, who still bow to Love's almighty sway,
What could true passion, what could Walter say ?
Age, tell me true, nor shake your locks in vain,
Tread back your paths, and be in love again ;
In your young days did such a favouring hour
Shew you the littleness of wealth and power.

Advent'rous climbers of the mountain's brow,
 While Love, their master, spreads his couch below.
 ' My dearest Jane,' the untaught Walter cried,
 As half repell'd he pleaded by her side ;
 ' My dearest Jane, think of me as you may—'
 Thus—still unutter'd what he strove to say,
 They breath'd in sighs the anguish of their minds,
 And took the path that led to neighbour Hind's.

A secret joy the well-known roof inspir'd,
 Small was its store, and little they desir'd ;
 Jane dried her tears ; while Walter forward flew
 To aid the Dame ; who to the brink updrew
 The ponderous bucket as they reach'd the well,
 And scarcely with exhausted breath could tell
 How welcome to her cot the blooming pair,
 O'er whom she watch'd with a maternal care.
 ' What ails thee, Jane ?' the wary matron cried ;
 With heaving breast the modest maid replied,
 Now gently moving back her wooden chair
 To shun the current of the cooling air ;
 ' Not much, good Dame ; I'm weary by the way.
 Perhaps, anon, I've something else to say.'
 Now, while the seed-cake crumbled on her knee,
 And snowy jasmine peeped in to see,
 And the transparent lilac at the door,
 Full to the sun its purple honours bore,
 The clam'rous hen her fearless brood display'd,
 And march'd around : while thus the matron said,
 ' Jane has been weeping, Walter—prithce why ?
 I've seen her laugh, and dance, but never cry.
 But I can guess ; with *her* you should have been,
 When late I saw you loitering on the green ;
 I'm an old woman, and the truth may tell—
 I say then, boy, you have not used her well.'
 Jane felt for Walter—felt his cruel pain,
 While Pity's voice brought forth her tears again.
 ' *scold him, Neighbour, he has much to say,*
 ' *he came and met me by the way.'*



The Dame resum'd—'Why then, my children, why
Do such young bosoms heave the piteous sigh?
The ills of life to you are yet unknown—
Death's severing shaft, and Poverty's cold frown:
I've felt them both, by turns;—but as they pass'd,
Strong was my trust, and here I am at last.

When I dwelt young and cheerful down the lane
(And, though I say it, I was much like Jane),
O'er flowery fields with Hind, I lov'd to stray,
And talk, and laugh, and fool the time away:
And Care defied—who not one pain could give,
Till the thought came of how we were to live,
And then Love plied his arrows thicker still;
And prov'd victorious—as he always will.

We brav'd life's storm together; while that drone,
Your poor old uncle, Walter, liv'd alone.

He died the other day: when round his bed

No tender soothing tear Affection shed—

Affection! 'twas a plant he never knew—

Why should he feast on fruits he never grew?

Walter caught fire: nor was *he* charm'd alone

With conscious truth's firm elevated tone;

Jane from her seat sprang forward, half afraid,

Attesting with a blush what Goody said.

Her Lover took a more decided part—

(O! 'twas the very chord that touch'd his heart)—

Alive to the best feelings man can prize,

A bridegroom's transport sparkled in his eyes;

Love, conquering power, with unrestricted range

Silenced the arguments of time and change;

And led his vot'ry on, and bade him view,

And prize the light-wing'd moments as they flew:

All doubts gave way, all retrospective lore,

Whence cooler reason tortur'd him before;

Comparison of times, the lab'rer's hire,

And many a truth reflection might inspire,

Sunk powerless. 'Dame, I am a fool,' he cried;

'Alone I might have reason'd till I died.

I caus'd those tears of Jane's—but as they fell
 How much I felt none but ourselves can tell.
 While dastard fears withheld me from her sight,
 Sighs reign'd by day and hideous dreams by night;
 'Twas then the soldier's plume and rolling drum
 Seem'd for a while to strike my sorrows dumb;
 To fly from care then half resolv'd I stood,
 And without horror mus'd on fields of blood,
 But hope prevail'd.—Be then the sword resign'd;
 And I'll make shares for those that stay behind.
 And you, sweet Girl,'—He would have added more,
 Had not a glancing shadow at the door
 Announced a guest, who bore with winning grace
 His well-tim'd errand pictur'd in his face.
 Around with silent reverence they stood;
 A blameless reverence—the man was good.
 Wealth he had some, a match for his desires,
 First on the list of active Country 'Squires.
 Seeing the youthful pair with downcast eyes,
 Unmov'd by summer flowers and cloudless skies,
 Pass slowly by his gate; his book resign'd,
 He watch'd their steps and follow'd far behind,
 Bearing with inward joy, and honest pride,
 A trust of Walter's kinsman ere he died,
 A hard-earn'd mite, deposited with care,
 And with a miser's spirit worshipp'd there.
 He found what oft the generous bosom seeks,
 In the Dame's court'seys and Jane's blushing
 cheeks,
 That consciousness of worth, that freeborn grace,
 Which waits on virtue in the meanest place.
 ' Young man, I'll not apologize to you,
 Nor name intrusion, for my news is true;
 'Tis duty brings me here: your wants I've heard,
 And can relieve: yet be the dead rever'd.
 Here, in this purse (what should have cheer'd a
 wife),
 ' *half the savings of your uncle's life!*'



I know your history, and your wishes know,
And love to see the seeds of virtue grow.
I've a spare shed that fronts the public road;
Make that your shop; I'll make it your abode.
Thus much from me—the rest is but your due;
That instant twenty pieces sprung to view.

Goody, her dim eyes wiping, rais'd her brow,
And saw the young pair look they knew not how;
Perils and power while humble minds forego,
Who gives them half a kingdom gives them woe;
Comforts may be procur'd and want defied,
Heav'ns! with how small a sum, when right applied!
Give Love and honest Industry their way,
Clear but the sun-rise of life's little day,
Those we term poor shall oft that wealth obtain,
For which th' ambitious sigh, but sigh in vain:
Wealth that still brightens, as its stores increase;
The calm of conscience, and the reign of peace.

Walter's enamour'd soul, from news like this,
Now felt the dawns of his future bliss;
E'en as the red-breast shelt'ring in a bower,
Mourns the short darkness of a passing shower,
Then, while the azure sky extends around,
Darts on a worm that breaks the moisten'd ground,
And mounts the dripping fence, with joy elate,
And shares the prize triumphant with his mate;
So did the youth;—the treasure straight became
An humble servant to love's sacred flame:
Glorious subjection!—Thus his silence broke:
Joy gave him words; still quick'ning as he spoke.

Want was my dread, my wishes were but few;
Others might doubt, but Jane those wishes knew:
This gold may rid my heart of pains and sighs,
But her true love is still my greatest prize.
Long as I live, when this bright day comes round,
Beneath my roof your noble deeds shall sound;
But, first, to make my gratitude appear,
I'll shoe your honour's horses for a year;

If clouds should threaten when your corn is down,
I'll lend a hand, and summon half the town ;
If good betide, I'll sound it in my songs,
And be the first avenger of your wrongs :
Though rude in manners, free I hope to live :
This ale 's not mine, no ale have I to give ;
Yet, Sir, though Fortune frown'd when I was born,
Let's drink eternal friendship from this horn.
How much our present joy to you we owe,
Soon our three bells shall let the neighbours know ;
The sound shall raise e'en stooping age awhile,
And every maid shall meet you with a smile ;
Long may you *live*'—the wish like lightning flew ;
By each repeated as the 'Squire withdrew.
' Long may *you* live,' his feeling heart rejoind ;
Leaving well-pleas'd such happy souls behind.
Hope promis'd fair to cheer them to the end,
With Love their guide, and Goody for their friend.



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THE MILLER'S MAID.

A TALE.

NEAR the high road upon a winding stream
An honest Miller rose to wealth and fame :
The noblest virtues cheer'd his lengthen'd days,
And all the country echoed with his praise :
His wife, the doctress of the neighb'ring poor,
Drew constant pray'rs and blessings round his door

One summer's night (the hour of rest was come)
Darkness unusual overspread their home ;
A chilling blast was felt : the foremost cloud
Sprinkled the bubbling pool ; and thunder loud,
Though distant yet, menaced the country round,
And fill'd the heavens with its solemn sound.

Who can retire to rest when tempests lour—
Nor wait the issue of the coming hour ?

Meekly resign'd she sat, in anxious pain ;
He fill'd his pipe, and listen'd to the rain
That batter'd furiously their strong abode,
Roar'd in the damm, and lash'd the pebbled road :
When, mingling with the storm, confus'd and wild,
They heard, or thought they heard, a screaming
child : [roar,

The voice approach'd ; and 'midst the thunder's
Now loudly begg'd for mercy at the door.

Mercy was *there* : the Miller heard the call ;
His door he open'd ; when a sudden squall
Drove in a wretched Girl ; who weeping stood,
Whilst the cold rain dripp'd from her in a flood.
With *kind officiousness* the tender Dame
Rous'd up the dying embers to a flame ;

Dry clothes procur'd, and cheer'd her shivering
 guest,

And sooth'd the sorrows of her infant breast.
 But as she stript her shoulders, lily-white,
 What marks of cruel usage shock'd their sight!
 Weals, and blue wounds, most piteous to behold
 Upon a Child yet scarcely ten years old.

The Miller felt his indignation rise,
 Yet, as the weary stranger clos'd her eyes,
 And seem'd fatigued beyond her strength and years,
 'Sleep, Child,' he said, 'and wipe away your tears.
 They watch'd her slumbers till the storm was done;
 When thus the generous man again begun:
 'See, flutt'ring sighs that rise against her will,
 And agitating dreams disturb her still!
 Dame, we should know before we go to rest,
 Whence comes this Girl, and how she came distressed.
 Wake her, and ask; for she is sorely bruised:
 I long to know by whom she's thus misus'd.

'Child, what's your name? how came you in
 the storm?

Have you no home to keep you dry and warm?
 Who gave you all those wounds your shoulders
 show?

Where are your parents? Whither would you go?

The stranger, bursting into tears, look'd pale,
 And this the purport of her artless tale.
 'I have no parents, and no friends beside:
 I well remember when my mother died—
 My brother cried; and so did I that day;
 We had no father—he was gone away.
 That night we left our home new clothes to wear;
 The Work-house found them; we were carried
 there.

We lov'd each other dearly; when we met
 We always shar'd what trifles we could get.
 He was older by a year than me:—
 from me and was sent to sea.



“ Good bye, dear Phœbe,” the poor fellow said!
Perhaps he'll come again ; perhaps he 's dead.
When I grew strong enough I went to place,
My mistress had a sour ill-natured face ;
And though I've been so often beat and chid,
I strove to please her, Sir ; indeed, I did.
Weary and spiritless to bed I crept,
And always cried at night before I slept.
This morning I offended ; and I bore
A cruel beating, worse than all before.
Unknown to all the house I ran away,
And thus far travell'd through the sultry day ;
And, O don't send me back ! I dare not go—
' I send you back !' the Miller cried, ' no, no.'
Th' appeals of wretchedness had weight with him,
And sympathy would warm him every limb ;
He mutter'd, glorying in the work begun,
' Well done, my little wench ; 'twas nobly done '
Then said, with looks more cheering than the fire,
And feelings such as pity can inspire,
' My house has childless been this many a year ;
While you deserve it you shall tarry here.'
The orphan mark'd the ardour of his eye,
Blest his kind words, and thank'd him with a sigh.
Thus was the sacred compact doubly seal'd ;
Thus were her spirits rais'd, her bruises heal'd :
Thankful, and cheerful too, no more afraid,
Thus little Phœbe was the Miller's Maid.
Grateful they found her ; patient of control :
A most bewitching gentleness of soul
Made pleasure of what work she had to do :
She grew in stature, and in beauty too.
Five years she pass'd in this delightful home ;
Five happy years : but, when the sixth was come,
The Miller, from a market town hard by,
Brought home a sturdy youth his strength to try
To raise the sluice gates early every morn,
To heave his powder'd sacks, and grind his corn.

And meeting Phoebe, whom he lov'd so dear,
 'I've brought you home a husband, Girl; d'ye hear.
 He begg'd for work; his money seem'd but scant:
 Those that will work 'tis pity they should want.
 So use him well, and we shall shortly see
 Whether he merits what I've done, like thee.'

Now throbb'd her heart—a new sensation quite—
 Whene'er the comely stranger was in sight:
 For he at once assiduously strove
 To please so sweet a maid, and win her love.
 At every corner stopp'd her in her way;
 And saw fresh beauties opening every day.
 He took delight in tracing in her face
 The mantling blush, and every nameless grace,
 That sensibility would bring to view,
 When love he mention'd—love and honour true.
 But Phoebe still was shy; and wish'd to know
 More of the honest youth, whose manly brow
 She verily believ'd was truth's own throne,
 And all his words as artless as her own:
 Most true she judg'd; yet, long the youth forbore
 Divulging where, and how, he liv'd before;
 And seem'd to strive his history to hide,
 Till fair esteem enlisted on his side.
 The Miller saw, and mention'd, in his praise.
 The prompt fidelity of all his ways:
 Till in a vacant hour, the dinner done,
 One day he joking cried, 'Come here, my son!
 'Tis pity that so good a lad as you
 Beneath my roof should bring disorders new'
 But here 's my Phoebe—once so light and airy—
 She'd trip along the passage like a fairy—
 Has lost her swiftness quite, since here you came:
 And yet I can't perceive the Girl is lame!
 The obstacles she meets with still fall thicker:
 Old as I am I'd turn a corner quicker.'—
 The youth blush'd deep, and Phoebe hung her head.
 The good man smil'd, and thus again he said:



' Not that I deem it matter of surprise,
That you should love to gaze at Phœbe's eyes ;
But be explicit, Boy, and deal with honour :
I feel my happiness depend upon her.
When here you came you'd sorrow on your brow,
And I've forborne to question you till now.
First, then say what thou art.' He instant bow'd,
And thus in Phœbe's hearing spoke aloud :
' Thus far experienced, Sir, in you I find
All that is generous, fatherly, and kind ;
And while you look for proofs of real worth,
You'll not regard the meanness of my birth.
When, pennyless and sad, you met with me,
I'd just escaped the dangers of the sea ;
Resolv'd to try my fortune on the shore,
To get my bread, and trust the waves no more.
Having no home, nor parents left behind,
I'd all my fortune, all my friends to find.
Keen disappointment wounded me that morn !
For, trav'ling near the spot where I was born,
I at the well-known door where I was bred,
Inquir'd who still was living who was dead :
But first, and most, I sought with anxious fear
'Tidings to gain of her who once was dear ;
A Girl, with all the meekness of the dove,
The constant sharer of my childhood's love ;
She call'd me brother—which I heard with pride,
Though now suspect we are not so allied.
Thus much I learn'd (no more the churls would
She went to service, and she ran away, [say],
And scandal added'——' Hold !' the Miller cried,
And, in an instant stood at Phœbe's side ;
For he observed, while listening to the tale,
Her spirits falter'd, and her cheeks turn'd pale ;
Whilst her clasp'd hands descended to her knee,
She, sinking, whisper'd forth, ' O God, 'tis he !'
*The good Man, though he guess'd the pleasing truth,
Was far too busy to inform the Youth*

But stirr'd himself amain to aid his Wife,
 Who soon restor'd the trembler back to life.
 Awhile insensible she still appear'd ;
 But, ' Oh my Brother ! ' was distinctly heard :
 The astonish'd Youth now held her to his breast ;
 And tears and kisses soon explain'd the rest.

Past deeds now from each tongue alternate fell :
 For news of dearest import both could tell.
 Fondly, from childhood's tears to youth's full prime,
 They match'd the incidents of jogging time ;
 And prov'd, that when with Tyranny oppress'd,
 Poor Phœbe groan'd with wounds and broken rest,
 George felt no less : was harass'd and forlorn :
 A rope's-end follow'd him both night and morn :
 And in that very storm when Phœbe fled,
 When the rain drench'd her yet unshelter'd head ;
 That very storm he on the ocean brav'd,
 The vessel founder'd, and the boy was sav'd !
 Mysterious Heaven !—and O with what delight—
 She told the happy issue of her flight :
 To his charm'd heart a living picture drew ;
 And gave to hospitality its due !
 The listening host observ'd the gentle pair,
 And ponder'd on the means that brought them
 there :

Convinced, while unimpeach'd their Virtue stood,
 'Twas Heaven's high will that he should do them
 good.

But now the anxious dame impatient grown,
 Demanded what the youth had heard or known,
 Whereon to ground those doubts but just ex-
 prest ;—

Doubts, which must interest the feeling breast ;
 ' Her brother wert thou, George ?—how, prythee,
 say,

Canst thou forego, or cast that name away ?'

' No living proofs have I,' the youth replied,
 ' *But we by closest ties are not allied :*



But in my memory live, and ever will,
A mother's dying words—I hear them still :
She said, to one who watch'd her parting breath,
“ Don't separate the children at my death,
They're not both mine : But——” here the scene
was clos'd,

She died ; and left us helpless and expos'd ;
Nor Time hath thrown, nor Reason's opening
power,

One friendly ray on that benighted hour.'

Ne'er did the Chieftains of a warring state
Hear from the oracle their half-told fate
With more religious fear, or more suspense,
Than Phœbe now endur'd :—for every sense
Became absorb'd in this unwelcome theme ;
Nay every meditation, every dream,
Th' inexplicable sentence held to view,
“ They're not both mine,” was every morning
new :

For, till this hour, the Maid had never prov'd
How far she was enthral'd, how much she lov'd :
In that fond character he first appear'd ;
His kindness charm'd her, and his smiles endear'd :
This dubious mystery the passion crost ;
Her peace was wounded, and her lover lost.
For George, with all his resolution strove
To check the progress of his growing love ;
Or, if he e'er indulg'd a tender kiss,
Th' unravell'd secret robb'd him of his bliss.
Health's foe, Suspense, so irksome to be borne,
An ever-piercing and retreating thorn,
Hung on their hearts, when Nature bade them rise,
And stole Content's bright ensign from their eyes.

The good folks saw the change, and griev'd to
find

These troubles labouring in Phœbe's mind ;
They lov'd them both ; and with one voice propos'd
The only means whence Truth might be disclos'd.

That, when the summer months should shrink the
 rill,

And scarce its languid stream would turn the mill,
 When the spring broods, and pigs, and lambs were
 rear'd

(A time when George and Phœbe might be spar'd),
 Their birth-place they should visit once again,
 To try with joint endeavours to obtain
 From record, or tradition, what might be
 To chain, or set their chain'd affections free :
 Affinity beyond all doubt to prove ;
 Or clear the road for Nature and for Love.

Never, till now, did Phœbe count the hours,
 Or think May long, or wish away its flowers ;
 With mutual sighs both fann'd the wings of Time ;
 As we climb hills and gladden as we climb,
 And reach at last the distant promis'd seat,
 Casting the glowing landscape at our feet.
 Oft had the morning rose with dew been wet,
 And oft the journeying sun in glory set,
 Beyond the willow'd meads of vigorous grass,
 The steep green hill, and woods they were to pass ;
 When now the day arriv'd : impatience reign'd ;
 And George,—by trifling obstacles detain'd,—
 His bending blackthorn on the threshold prest,
 Survey'd the windward clouds, and hop'd the best.
 Phœbe, attir'd with every modest grace,
 While health and beauty revell'd in her face,
 Came forth ; but soon evinc'd an absent mind,
 For, back she turn'd for something left behind ;
 Again the same, till George grew tir'd of home,
 And peevishly exclaim'd, ' Come, Phœbe, come.
 Another hindrance yet he had to feel :
 As from the door they tripp'd with nimble heel,
 A poor old man, foot-founder'd and alone,
 Thus urgent spoke, in Trouble's genuine tone :
 ' My pretty Maid, if happiness you seek,
 May disappointment never fade your cheek —



Your's be the joy ;—yet, feel another's woe :
O leave some little gift before you go.'
His words struck home ; and back she turn'd again,
(The ready friend of indigence and pain),
To banish hunger from his shatter'd frame ;
And close behind her, lo, the miller came,
With jug in hand, and cried, ' George, why such
haste ?

Here ; take a draught ; and let that soldier taste.
' Thanks for your bounty, Sir ;' the veteran said ;
Threw down his wallet, and made bare his head ;
And straight began, though mix'd with doubts and
Th' unprepar'd history of his latter years. [fears,
' I cross'd th' Atlantic with our regiment brave,
Where sickness sweeps whole regiments to the
grave ;

Yet I've escap'd ; and bear my arms no more ;
My age discharg'd me when I came on shore.
My wife, I've heard,'—and here he wip'd his eyes,—
' In the cold corner of the church-yard lies.
By her consent it was I left my home :
Employment fail'd, and poverty was come ;
The bounty tempted me ;—she had it all :
We parted ; and I've seen my betters fall.
Yet, as I'm spar'd, though in this piteous case,
I'm travelling homeward to my native place ;
Though should I reach that dear remember'd spot,
Perhaps old Grainger will be quite forgot.'

All eyes beheld young George with wonder start :
Strong were the secret bodings of his heart ;
Yet not indulg'd : for he with doubts survey'd
By turns the stranger, and the lovely maid.
' Had you no children ?'—' Yes, young man ; I'd
A boy, if still he lives, as old as you : [two:
Yet not my own ; but likely so to prove ;
Though but the pledge of an unlawful love :
I cherish'd him, to hide a sister's shame :
He shar'd my best affections, and my name.

But why, young folks, should I detain you here?
Go: and may blessings wait upon your cheer,
I too will travel on;—perhaps to find
The only treasure that I left behind.
Such kindly thought my fainting hopes revive!—
Phœbe, my cherub, art thou yet alive?

Could nature hold!—Could youthful love for-
bear!

George clasp'd the wond'ring maid, and whisper'd,
'There!

You're mine for ever!—O, sustain the rest;
And hush the tumult of your throbbing breast.
Then to the Soldier turn'd, with manly pride,
And fondly led his long-intended bride:
'Here, see your child; nor wish a sweeter flow'r.
'Tis George that speaks; thou'lt bless the happy
hour!—

Nay, be composed; for all will yet be well,
Though here our history's too long to tell.'—

A long-lost father found, the mystery clear'd,
What mingled transports in her face appear'd!
The gazing veteran stood with hands uprais'd—
'Art thou *indeed* my child! then, God be
prais'd.'

O'er his rough cheeks the tears profusely spread:
Such as fools say become not men to shed;
Past hours of bliss, regenerated charms,
Rose, when he felt his daughter in his arms:
So tender was the scene, the generous dame
Wept, as she told of Phœbe's virtuous fame,
And the good host, with gestures passing strange,
Abstracted seem'd through fields of joy to range:
Rejoicing that his favour'd roof should prove
Virtue's asylum, and the nurse of love;
Rejoicing that to him the task was given,
While his full soul was mounting up to Heav'n.

*But now, as from a dream his reason sprung,
And heartiest greetings dwelt upon his tongue:*



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THE MILLER'S MAID.

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The sounding kitchen floor at once receiv'd
The happy group, with all their fears reliev'd :
' Soldier,' he cried, ' you've found your girl ; 'tis
But suffer *me* to be a father too ; [true :
For, never child that blest a parent's knee,
Could shew more duty than she has to me.
Strangely she came ; Affliction chas'd her hard :
I pitied her ;—and this is my reward !
Here sit you down ; recount your perils o'er :
Henceforth be this your home ; and grieve no more :
Plenty hath shower'd her dew-drops on my head ;
Care visits not my table, nor my bed.
My heart's warm wishes thus then I fulfil :—
My dame and I can live without the Mill :
George, take the whole ; I'll near you still remain,
To guide your judgment in the choice of grain :
In virtue's path commence your prosperous life ;
And from my hand receive your worthy wife.
Rise, Phœbe ; rise, my girl !—kneel not to me ,
But to that Pow'r who interpos'd for thee.
Integrity hath mark'd your favourite youth ;
Fair budding Honour, Constancy, and Truth :
Go to his arms ;—and may unsullied joys
Bring smiling round me, rosy girls and boys !
I'll love them for thy sake. And may your days
Glide on, as glides the stream that never stays ;
Bright as whose shingled bed, till life's decline,
May all your worth, and all your virtues shine !'

THE WIDOW
TO
HER HOUR-GLASS.

COME, friend, I'll turn thee up again :
Companion of the lonely hour !
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
And cloth'd with leaves my humble bower,
 Since thou hast stood
 In frame of wood,
On chest or window by my side :
At every birth still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear,—
 And, when my husband died.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand,
And seen the growing mountain rise,
And often found Life's hopes to stand
On props as weak in Wisdom's eyes :
 Its conic crown
 Still sliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again ;
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still fil't'ring through,
 And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin and sometimes sing,
' For now and then my heart will glow)
Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing :
By thee the noontide hour I know :
 Though silent thou,
 Still shalt thou flow,



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THE HOUR-GLASS.

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And jog along thy destined way :
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When earth her yellow harvest yields,
Thou gett'st a holiday.

Steady as truth, on either end
Thy daily task performing well,
Thou'rt meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the heart without a bell :
Come, lovely May !
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain ;
Curl inward here, sweet woodbine flow'r ;
' Companion of the lonely hour,
' I'll turn thee up again.'

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MARKET-NIGHT.

- ‘ O WINDS, howl not so long and loud ;
Nor with your vengeance arm the snow :
Bear hence each heavy-loaded cloud ;
And let the twinkling star-beams glow.
- ‘ Now sweeping floods rush down the slope,
Wide scattering ruin.—Stars, shine soon !
No other light my Love can hope :
Midnight will want the joyous *Moon*.
- ‘ O guardian Spirits !—Ye that dwell
Where woods, and pits, and hollow ways,
The lone night-trav’ler’s fancy swell
With fearful tales, of older days,—
- ‘ Press round him :—guide his willing steed
Through darkness, dangers, currents, snows ;
Wait where, from shelt’ring thickets freed,
The dreary heath’s rude whirlwind blows.
- ‘ From darkness rushing o’er his way,
The thorn’s white load it bears on high !
Where the short furze all shrouded lay,
Mounts the dried grass ;—earth’s bosom dry.
- ‘ Then o’er the hill with furious sweep
It rends the elevated tree——
Sure-footed beast thy road thou’lt keep :
Nor storm nor darkness startles thee !
- ‘ O blest assurance, (trusty steed,)
To thee the buried road is known ;
Home, all the spur thy footsteps need,
When loose the frozen rein is thrown.



'Between the roaring blasts that shake
The naked elder at the door,
Though not one prattler to me speak,
Their sleeping sighs delight me more.

'Sound is their rest :—they little know
What pain, what cold, their Father feels ;
But dream, perhaps, they see him now,
While each the promis'd orange peels.

'Would it were so !—the fire burns bright,
And on the warming trencher gleams ;
- In Expectation's raptur'd sight
How precious his arrival seems !

'I'll look abroad !—'tis piercing cold !—
How the bleak wind assails his breast !
Yet some faint light mine eyes behold .
The storm is verging o'er the west.

'There shines a *star* !—O welcome sight !—
Through the thin vapours bright'ning still !
Yet, 'twas beneath the fairest night
The murd'rer stain'd yon lonely hill.

'Mercy, kind Heaven ! such thoughts dispel !
No voice, no footstep can I hear !
(Where night and silence brooding dwell,
Spreads thy cold reign, heart-chilling Fear.)

'Distressing hour ! uncertain fate !
O Mercy, Mercy, guide him home !—
Hark !—then I heard the distant gate ——
Repeat it, Echo ; quickly, come !

'One minute now will ease my fears——
Or, still more wretched must I be ?
No : surely Heaven has spar'd our tears :
I see him, cloth'd in snow ;——'tis he.——

‘ Where have you stay’d ? put down your load.
How have you borne the storm, the cold ?
What horrors did I not forbode——
That beast is worth its weight in gold.’

Thus spoke the joyful wife ;—then ran
And hid in grateful steams her head :
Dapple was hous’d, the hungry man
With joy glanc’d o’er the children’s bed.

‘ What, all asleep !—so best ;’ he cried :
‘ O what a night I’ve travell’d through !
Unseen, unheard, I might have died ;
But Heaven has brought me safe to you.

‘ Dear partner of my nights and days,
That smile becomes thee !—Let us then
Learn, though mishap may cross our ways,
It is not ours to reckon when.’



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THE
FAKENHAM GHOST.
A BALLAD.

THE lawns were dry in Euston park ;
 (Here truth* inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
 Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
 And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
 And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
 But follow'd faster still ;
And echo'd to the darksome copse
 That whisper'd on the hill ;

Where clam'rous rooks, yet scarcely hush'd,
 Bespoke a peopled shade ;
And many a wing the foliage brush'd,
 And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer
 That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
 And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew ; and darker fears
 Came o'er her troubled mind ;
When now, a short quick step she hears
 Come patting close behind.

* This Ballad is founded on a fact. The circumstance occurred perhaps long before I was born ; but is still related by my Mother, and some of the oldest inhabitants in that part of the country.
H. H.

She turn'd ; it stopp'd !—nought could she see
 Upon the gloomy plain !
 But, as she strove the sprite to flee,
 She heard the same again.

Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame :
 For, when the path was bare,
 The trotting Ghost kept on the same !
 She mutter'd many a pray'r.

Yet once again, amidst her fright
 She tried what sight could do ;
 When through the cheating glooms of night
 A MONSTER stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
 It follow'd down the plain !
 She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
 And said her pray'rs again.

Then on she sped : and hope grew strong,
 The white park gate in view ;
 Which pushing hard, so long it swung
 That *Ghost* and all pass'd through.

Loud fell the gate against the post !
 Her heart-strings like to crack :
 For, much she fear'd the grisly ghost
 Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
 As it had done before :—
 Her strength and resolution spent
 She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband much surpris'd :
 Out came her daughter dear :
 God-natur'd souls ! all unadvis'd
 Of what they had to fear.



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THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night,
Some short space o'er the green ;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An *ass's foal* had lost its dam
Within the spacious park ;
And simple as the playful lamb,
Had follow'd in the dark.

No goblin he ; no imp of sin :
No crimes had ever known.
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor :
The matron learn'd to love the sound
That frighten'd her before.

A favourite the Ghost became ;
And 'twas his fate to thrive ;
And long he liv'd and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale ;
And some conviction too :—
Each thought some other goblin tale,
Perhaps, was just as true.

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FRENCH MARINER.

A BALLAD

AN old French Mariner am I,
Whom time hath render'd poor and gray ;
Hear, conquering Britons, ere I die,
What anguish prompts me thus to say.
I've rode o'er many a dreadful wave,
I've seen the reeking blood descend
I've heard the last groans of the brave ;
The shipmate dear, the steady friend.
'Twas when De Grasse the battle join'd
And struck, on April's fatal morn
I left three smiling boys behind,
And saw my country's lily torn.
There, as I brav'd the storms of fate,
Dead in my arms my brother fell ;
Here sits forlorn his widow'd mate,
Who weeps whene'er the tale I tell.
Thy reign, sweet Peace, was o'er too soon ;
War, piecemeal, robs me of my joy :
For, on the bloodstain'd first of June
Death took my eldest favourite Boy.
The other two enraged arose,
' Our country claims our lives,' they said.
With them I lost my soul's repose,
That fatal hour my last hope fled.
With Brueys the proud Nile they sought :
Where one in ling'ring wounds expir'd ;
While yet the other bravely fought
The Orient's magazine was fir'd.



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THE FRENCH MARINER.

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And must I mourn my country's shame ?

And envious curse the conquering foe ?

No more I feel that thirst of fame ;—

All I can feel is private woe.

E'en all the joy that vict'ry brings,

(Her bellowing guns, and flaming pride)

Cold, momentary comfort flings

Around where weeping friends reside :

Whose blighted bud no sun shall cheer,

Whose lamp of life no longer shine :

Some parent, brother, child, most dear,

Who ventur'd, and who died like mine.

Proud-crested fiend, the world's worst foe,

Ambition ! canst thou boast one deed,

Whence no unsightly horrors flow,

Nor private peace is seen to bleed ?

Ah ! why do these old eyes remain

To see succeeding mornings rise !

My wife is dead, my children slain,

And poverty is all my prize.

Yet shall not poor enfeebled age

Breathe forth revenge ;—but rather say,

O God, who seest the battle's rage,

Take from men's hearts that rage away !

From the vindictive tongue of strife,

Bid hatred and false glory flee ;

That babes may meet advancing life,

Nor feel the woes that light on me.

'Ingenuous trust, and confidence of Love.'

THE Bat began with giddy wing
His circuit round the shed, the tree ;
And clouds of dancing gnats to sing
A summer-night's serenity.
Darkness crept slowly o'er the East !
Upon the barn-roof watch'd the cat ;
Sweet breath'd the ruminating beast
At rest where DOLLY musing sat.
A simple Maid, who could employ
The silent lapse of evening mild,
And lov'd its solitary joy :
For Dolly was Reflection's child.
He who had pledg'd his word to be
Her life's dear guardian, far away,
The flow'r of Yeoman Cavalry,
Bestrode a steed with trappings gay.
And thus from memory's treasur'd sweets,
And thus from love's pure fount she drew
That peace, which busy care defeats
And bids our pleasures bloom anew.
Six weeks of absence have I borne
Since HENRY took his fond farewell :
The charms of that delightful morn
My tongue could thus for ever tell
He at my window whistling loud
Arous'd my lightsome heart to go :
Day conqu'ring climb'd from cloud to cloud,
The fields all wore a purple glow.



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DOLLY.

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We stroll'd the bord'ring flow'rs among ;
One hand the bridle held behind ;
The other round my waist was flung :
Sure never Youth spoke half so kind !

The rising lark I could but hear ;
And jocund seem'd the song to be :
But sweeter sounded in my ear,
Will Dolly still be true to me ?

From the rude Dock my skirt had swept
A fringe of clinging burrs so green ;
Like them our hearts still closer crept,
And hook'd a thousand holds unseen.

High o'er the road each branching bough
Its globes of silent dew had shed ;
And on the pure-wash'd sand below
The dimpling drops around had spread.

The sweet-briar oped its pink-eyed rose,
And gave its fragrance to the gale ;
Though modest flow'rs may sweets disclose,
More sweet was Henry's earnest tale.

He seem'd, methought, on that dear morn,
To pour out all his heart to me ;
As if, the separation borne,
The coming hours would joyless be.

A bank rose high beside the way,
And full against the morning sun ;
Of heav'nly blue there violets gay
His hand invited one by one.

The posey with a smile he gave ;
I saw his meaning in his eyes :
The wither'd treasure still I have ;
My bosom holds the fragrant prize.

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With his last kiss he would have vow'd ;
But blessings crowding forced their way
Then hunted he his courser proud ;
His time elaps'd he could not stay.

Then first I felt the parting pang ;—
Sure the worst pang the lover feels !
His horse unruly from me sprang,
The pebbles flew beneath his heels ;

Then down the road his vigour tried,
His rider gazing, gazing still ;
' My dearest, I'll be true,' he cried :—
And, if he lives, I'm sure he will.

Then haste, ye hours, haste, eve and morn,
Yet strew your blessings round my home
Ere winter's blast shall strip the thorn
My promis'd joy, my love, will come.



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LINES,

OCCASIONED BY

A VISIT TO WHITTLEBURY FOREST,

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

IN AUGUST, 1800.

Addressed to my Children.

GENIUS of the forest shades !
Lend thy pow'r, and lend thine ear !
A stranger trod thy lonely glades,
Amidst thy dark and bounding deer ;
Inquiring childhood claims the verse,
O let them not inquire in vain ;
Be with me while I thus rehearse
The glories of thy sylvan reign.

Thy dells by wint'ry currents worn,
Secluded haunts, how dear to me !
From all but nature's converse borne,
No ear to hear, no eye to see.
Their honour'd leaves the green oaks rear'd,
And crown'd the upland's graceful swell ;
While answering through the vale was heard
Each distant heifer's tinkling bell.

Hail, greenwood shades, that stretching far,
Defy e'en summer's noontide pow'r,
When August in his burning car
Withholds the cloud, withholds the show'r.



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WHITTLEBURY FOREST.

Now at the dark wood's stately side,
Well pleas'd I met the sun again ;
Here fleeting Fancy travell'd wide !
My seat was destin'd to the main -
For, many an oak lay stretch'd at length,
Whose trunks (with bark no longer sheath'd)
Had reach'd their full meridian strength
Before your father's father breath'd !

Perhaps they'll many a conflict brave.
And many a dreadful storm defy ;
Then groaning o'er the adverse wave
Bring home the flag of victory.
Go, then, proud oaks ! we meet no more !
Go, grace the scenes to me denied,
The white cliffs round my native shore,
And the loud ocean's swelling tide.

' Genius of the forest shades,'
Sweet, from the heights of thy domain,
When the gray ev'ning shadow fades,
To view the country's golden grain !
To view the gleaming village spire
Midst distant groves unknown to me ;
Groves, that grown bright in borrow'd fire,
Bow o'er the peopled vales to thee !

Where was thy elfin train that play
Round Wake's huge oak, their favourite tree ?
May a poor son of song thus say,
Why were they not reveal'd to me ?
Yet, smiling fairies left behind,
Affection brought you to my view ;
To love and tenderness resign'd,
I sat me down and thought of you.

When morning still unclouded rose,
Refresh'd with sleep and joyous dreams,
Where fruitful fields with woodlands close,
I trac'd the birth of various streams.

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From beds of clay, here creeping rills
Unseen to parent Ouse would steal;
Or, gushing from the northward hills,
Would glitter through Toves' winding dale.

But ah! ye cooling springs, farewell!
Herds, I no more your freedom share;
But long my grateful tongue shall tell
What brought your gazing stranger there.
'Genius of the forest shades,
'Lend thy power, and lend thine ear;
Let dreams still lengthen thy long glades,
And bring thy peace and silence here.



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SONG
FOR A HIGHLAND DROVER,
RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.

Now fare-thee-well, England ; no further I'll
 roam ;
But follow my shadow that points the way home :
Your gay southern shores shall not tempt me to
 stay ;
For my Maggy's at home, and my children at play !
'Tis this makes my bonnet sit light on my brow,
Gives my sinews their strength and my bosom its
 glow.

Farewell, mountaineers ! my companions, adieu ;
Soon, many long miles when I'm sever'd from you,
I shall miss your white horns on the brink of the
 bourne,
And o'er the rough heaths, where you'll never
 return :
But in brave English pastures you cannot complain,
While your Drover speeds back to his Maggy again.

O Tweed ! gentle Tweed, as I pass your green
 vales,
More than life, more than love my tir'd spirit in-
 hales ;
There Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
With her bare-footed lasses and mountains so blue :
To the mountains away ; my heart bounds like
 the hind ;
For none is so sweet, and my Maggy so kind.

As day after day I still follow my course,
And in fancy trace back every stream to its
 source,

Hope cheers me up hills, where the road lies be-
fore

O'er hills just as high, and o'er tracks of wild
moor ;

The keen polar star nightly rising to view ;
But Maggy's my star, just as steady and true.

O ghosts of my fathers ! O heroes look down !
Fix my wandering thoughts on your deeds of
renown,

For the glory of Scotland reigns warm in my breast,
And fortitude grows both from toil and from rest ;
May your deeds and your worth be for ever in
view,

And may Maggy bear sons not unworthy of you.

Love, why do you urge me, so weary and poor ?
I cannot step faster, I cannot do more ;
I've pass'd silver Tweed ; e'en the Tay flows be-
hind ;

Yet fatigue I'll disdain ;—my reward I shall find ;
Thou, sweet smile of innocence, thou art my prize ;
And the joy that will sparkle in Maggy's blue eyes.

She'll watch to the southward ;—perhaps she will
sigh,

That the way is so long and the mountains so
high ;

Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk she may see,
And will say in her fondness, ' That surely is he ?'
Good wife you're deceiv'd ; I'm still far from my
home :

Go, sleep, my dear Maggy,—to-morrow I'll come.



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A WORD
TO
TWO YOUNG LADIES.

WHEN tender rose-trees first receive
On half-expanded leaves, the shower ;
Hope's gayest pictures we believe,
And anxious watch each coming flower.

Then, if beneath the genial sun
That spreads abroad the full-blown May,
Two infant stems the rest out-run,
Their buds the first to meet the day—

With joy their opening tints we view,
While morning's precious moments fly :
My pretty maids, 'tis thus with you,
The fond admiring gazer, I.

Preserve, sweet buds, where'er you be,
The richest gem that decks a wife—
The charm of *female modesty* ;
And let sweet music give it life.

Still may the favouring Muse be found :
Still circumspect the paths ye tread :
Plant moral truths in Fancy's ground ;
And meet old age without a dread.

Yet, ere that comes, while yet ye quaff
The cup of health without a pain,
I'll shake my gray hairs when you laugh,
And, when you sing, be young again.

Both the young Ladies had addressed to me a few complimentary lines (and I am sorry that those of the elder sister were never in my possession); in return for which I sent the above. It was received on the day on which the younger completed her ninth year. Surely it cannot be ascribed to vanity, if, in gratitude to a most amiable family, I here preserve verbatim an effort of a child nine years old. I have the more pleasure in doing it, because *I know* them to be her own. R. B.

'Accept, dear Bard, the Muse's genuine thought,
And take not ill the tribute of my heart:—
For thee the laureat wreath of praise I'll bind;
None that have read thy commendable mind
Can let it pass unnoticed—nor can I—
For by thy lays I know thy sympathy.' F. P.





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ON HEARING
OF
THE TRANSLATION
OF
PART OF THE FARMER'S BOY
INTO LATIN

By the Rev. Mr. C——.

HEY Giles! in what new garb art drest?
For Lads like you methinks a bold one;
I'm glad to see thee so carest;
But, hark ye!—don't despise your old one.

Thou'rt not the first by many a Boy
Who've found abroad good friends to own 'em;
Then, in such coats have shewn their joy
E'en their *own Fathers* have not known 'em.

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NANCY :—A SONG.

You ask me, dear Nancy, what makes me presume
 That you cherish a secret affection for me ?
 When we see the flow'rs bud, don't we look for
 the bloom ?

Then, sweetest, attend while I answer to thee.

When we young men with pastimes the twilight
 beguile,
 I watch your plump cheek till it dimples with joy.
 And observe, that whatever occasions the smile,
 You give me a glance ; but provokingly coy.

Last month, when wild strawberries, plucked in the
 grove,
 Like beads on the tall seeded grass you had
 strung,
 You gave me the choicest ; I hoped 'twas for love ;
 And I told you my hopes while the nightingale
 sung.

Remember the viper :—'twas close at your feet,
 How you started, and threw yourself into my
 arms ;
 Not a strawberry there was so ripe nor so sweet
 As the lips which I kiss'd to subdue your alarms.

As I pull'd down the clusters of Nuts for my Fair,
 What a blow I receiv'd from a strong bending
 bough ;
 Nancy and other gay lasses were there,
 Of them shew'd such compassion as you.



And was it compassion?—by heaven 'twas more!
A tell-tale betrays you ;—that blush on your
cheek : [o'er,
Then come, dearest maid, all your trifling give
And whisper what candour will teach you to
speak.

Can you stain my fair honour with one broken
vow ?

Can you say that I've ever occasion'd a pain ?
On truth's honest base let your tenderness grow :
I swear to be faithful, again and again.

ROSY HANNAH.

A SPRING o'erhung with many a flow'r,
The gray sand dancing in its bed,
Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head :
A rosy lass approach'd my view ;
I caught her blue eye's modest beam :
The stranger nodded 'How d'ye do ?'
And leap'd across the infant stream.

The water heedless pass'd away :
With me her glowing image stay'd :
I strove from that auspicious day,
To meet and bless the lovely maid.
I met her where beneath our feet
Through downy moss the wild-thyme grew ;
Nor moss elastic, flow'rs though sweet,
Match'd Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain ;
And when the pale moon rising gave
New glories to her cloudy train.
From her sweet cot upon the moor
Our plighted vows to heaven are flown ;
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And rosy Hannah is my own.



SONG.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG ROVER.

ROVER, awake! the gray cock crows!
Come, shake your coat and go with me!
High in the east the green hill glows;
And glory crowns our shelt'ring tree.
The sheep expect us at the fold:
My faithful Dog, let's haste away,
And in his earliest beams behold,
And hail, the source of cheerful day.

Half his broad orb o'erlooks the hill,
And, darting down the valley flies:
At every casement welcome still;
The golden summons of the skies.
Go, fetch my staff; and o'er the dews
Let echo waft thy gladsome voice.
Shall we a cheerful note refuse
When rising morn proclaims, 'Rejoice!'

Now then we'll start; and thus I'll sling
Our store, a trivial load to bear:
Yet, ere night comes, should hunger sting,
I'll not encroach on Rover's share.
The fresh breeze bears its sweets along;
The lark but chides us while we stay:
Soon shall the vale repeat my song;
Go, brush before, away, away.

HUNTING SONG.

Ye darksome woods where echo dwells,
Where every bud with freedom swells
 To meet the glorious day :
The morning breaks ; again rejoice ;
And with old Ringwood's well-known voice
 Bid tuneful echo play.

We come, ye groves, ye hills, we come :
The vagrant fox shall hear his doom,
 And dread our jovial train.
The shrill horn sounds, the courser flies,
While every sportsman joyful cries,
 ' There's Ringwood's voice again.'

Ye meadows, hail the coming throng :
Ye peaceful streams that wind along,
 Repeat the hark-away :
Far o'er the downs, ye gales that sweep,
The daring oak that crowns the steep,
 The roaring peal convey.

The chiming notes of cheerful hounds,
Hark ! how the hollow dale resounds ;
 The sunny hills how gay.
But where's the note, brave dog, like thine ?
Then urge the steed, the chorus join,
 'Tis Ringwood leads the way.



LUCY:—A SONG.

Thy favourite Bird is soaring still :
My Lucy, haste thee o'er the dale ;
The stream 's let loose, and from the mill
All silent comes the balmy gale ;
 Yet, so lightly on its way,
 Seems to whisper, ' Holiday.'

The pathway flowers that bending meet
And give the meads their yellow hue,
The May-bush and the meadow sweet
Reserve their fragrance all for you.
 Why then, Lucy, why delay ?
 Let us share the holiday.

Since there thy smiles, my charming maid,
Are with unfeigned rapture seen,
To beauty be the homage paid !
Come, claim the triumph of the green.
 Here's my hand, come, come away ;
 Share the merry holiday.

A promise too my Lucy made,
(And shall my heart its claim resign ?)
That ere May-flowers again should fade,
Her heart and hand should both be mine.
 Hark ye, Lucy, this is May ;
 Love shall crown our holiday.

WINTER SONG.

DEAR Boy, throw that icicle down,
And sweep this deep snow from the door :
Old Winter comes on with a frown ;
A terrible frown for the poor.
In a season so rude and forlorn
How can age, how can infancy bear
The silent neglect and the scorn
Of those who have plenty to spare ?

Fresh broach'd is my cask of old ale,
Well-tim'd now the frost is set in ;
Here's Job come to tell us a tale,
We'll make him at home to a pin.
While my wife and I bask o'er the fire,
The roll of the seasons will prove,
That Time may diminish desire,
But cannot extinguish true love.

O the pleasures of neighbourly chat,
If you can but keep scandal away,
To learn what the world has been at,
And what the great orators say ;
Though the wind through the crevices sing,
And hail down the chimney rebound ;
I'm happier than many a king
While the bellows blow bass to the sound.

Abundance was never my lot :
But out of the trifle that's given,
That no curse may alight on my cot,
I'll distribute the bounty of Heaven ;



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PEACE.

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The fool and the slave gather wealth :
But if I add nought to my store,
Yet while I keep conscience in health,
I've a mine that will never grow poor.

P E A C E .

HALT! ye legions, sheathe your steel :
Blood grows precious ; shed no more :
Cease your toils ; your wounds to heal :
Lo ! beams of mercy reach the shore !
From realms of everlasting light
The favour'd guest of Heaven is come :
Prostrate your Banners at the sight,
And bear the glorious tidings home.

The plunging corpse with half-clos'd eyes,
No more shall stain th' unconscious brine ;
Yon pendant gay, that streaming flies,
Around its idle staff shall twine.
Behold ! along th' etherial sky
Her beams o'er conquering navies spread ;
Peace ! Peace ! the leaping sailors cry,
With shouts that might arouse the dead.

Then forth Britannia's thunder pours ;
A vast reiterated sound !
From line to line the cannon roars,
And spreads the blazing joy around.
Return, ye brave ! your country calls ;
Return, return, your task is done :
While here the tear of transport falls,
To grace your laurels nobly won.

Albion Cliffs—from age to age,
That bear the roaring storm of heav'n,
Did ever fiercer warfare rage,
Was ever piece more timely given ?
Wake ! sounds of joy : rouse, generous isle ;
Let every patriot bosom glow :
Beauty, resume thy wonted smile,
And, Poverty, thy cheerful brow.

Boast, Briton, of thy glorious guests ;
Peace, Wealth, and Commerce, all thine own,
Still on contented labour rests
The basis of a lasting throne.
Shout, Poverty ! 'tis Heaven that saves ;
Protected Wealth, the chorus raise,
Ruler of war, of winds, and waves,
Accept a prostrate nation's praise.



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ON REVISITING
THE
PLACE OF MY NATIVITY.

THOUGH winter's frowns had damp'd the beaming
eye,
Though twelve successive summers heav'd the sigh,
The unaccomplish'd wish was still the same ;
Till May in new and sudden glories came !
My heart was rous'd ; and Fancy, on the wing,
Thus heard the language of enchanting spring :—
' Come to thy native groves and fruitful fields !
Thou know'st the fragrance that the wild flow'r
yields ;
Inhale the breeze that bends the purple bud,
And plays along the margin of the wood.
I've cloth'd them all ; the very woods where thou
In infancy learn'd'st praise from every bough.
Would'st thou behold again the vernal day ?
My reign is short ;—this instant come away :
Ere Philomel shall silent meet the morn ;
She hails the green, but not the rip'ning corn.
Come, ere the pastures lose their yellow flow'rs :
Come now, with heart as jocund as the hours.'
Who could resist the call ?—that Giles had done,
Nor heard the birds, nor seen the rising sun ;
Had not Benevolence, with cheering ray,
And Greatness stoop'd, indulgent to display
Praise which does surely not to Giles belong.
But to the objects that inspir'd his song.
Immediate pleasure from those praises flow'd ;
Remoter bliss within his bosom glow'd.

Now tasted all ;—for I have heard and seen
The long remember'd voice, the church, the
green :—

And oft by friendship's gentle hand been led
Where many a hospitable board was spread.
These would I name—but each, and all can feel
What the full heart would willingly reveal :
Nor needs be told ; that at each season's birth,
Still the enamell'd, or the scorching earth
Gave, as each morn or weary night would come,
Ideal sweetness to my distant home :
Ideal now no more :—for, to my view
Spring's promise rose, how admirably true !
The early chorus of the cheerful grove
Gave point to gratitude, and fire to love.
O Memory ! shield me from the world's poor strife ;
And give those scenes thine everlasting life !



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WILD FLOWERS;
OR
PASTORAL AND LOCAL POETRY.

ABNER
AND
THE WIDOW JONES,
A FAMILIAR BALLAD.

WELL! I'm determined; that's enough:—
Gee, Bayard! move your poor old bones,
I'll take to-morrow, smooth or rough,
To go and court the Widow Jones.

Our master talks of stable-room,
And younger horses on his grounds;
'Tis easy to foresee thy doom,
Bayard, thou'lt go to feed the hounds.

But could I win the widow's hand,
I'd make a truce 'twixt death and thee;
For thou upon the best of land
Should'st feed, and live, and die with me.

And must the pole-axe lay thee low?
And will they pick thy poor old bones?
No—hang me if it shall be so,—
If I can win the Widow Jones.

Twirl went his stick ; his curly pate
A bran-new hat uplifted bore ;
And Abner, as he leap'd the gate,
Had never look'd so gay before.

And every spark of love reviv'd
That had perplex'd him long ago,
When busy folks and fools contriv'd
To make his Mary answer—*no*.

But whether, freed from recent vows,
Her heart had back to Abner flown,
And mark'd him for a second spouse,
In truth is not exactly known.

Howbeit, as he came in sight,
She turn'd him from the garden stile,
And downward look'd with pure delight
With half a sigh and half a smile.

She heard his sounding step behind,
The blush of joy crept up her cheek,
As cheerly floated on the wind,
“ Hoi ! Mary Jones—what won't you speak ? ”

Then, with a look that ne'er deceives,
She turn'd, but found her courage fled ;
And scolding sparrows from the eaves
Peep'd forth upon the stranger's head.

Down Abner sat, with glowing heart,
Resolv'd, whatever might betide,
To speak his mind, no other art
He ever knew, or ever tried.

And gently twitching Mary's hand,
The bench had ample room for two,
His first word made her understand
The plowman's errand was to woo.



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ABNER AND THE WIDOW JONES. 123

- " My Mary—may I call thee so?
" For many a happy day we've seen,
" And if not mine, aye, years ago,
" Whose was the fault? you might have been!
- " All that's gone by: but I've been musing,
" And vow'd, and hope to keep it true,
" That she shall be my own heart's choosing
" Whom I call wife.—Hey, what say you?
- " And as I drove my plough along,
" And felt the strength that's in my arm,
" Ten years, thought I, amidst my song,
" I've been head-man at Harewood farm.
- " And now, my own dear Mary's free,
" Whom I have lov'd this many a day,
" Who knows but she may think on me?
" I'll go hear what she has to say.
- " Perhaps that little stock of land
" She holds, but knows not how to till,
" Will suffer in the widow's hand,
" And make poor Mary poorer still.
- " That scrap of land, with one like her,
" How we might live! and be so blest!
" And who should Mary Jones prefer?
" Why, surely, him who loves her best!
- " Therefore I'm come to night, sweet wench,
" I would not idly thus intrude,"—
Mary look'd downward on the bench,
O'erpower'd by love and gratitude.
- And lean'd her head against the vine,
With quick'ning sobs of silent bliss,
Till Abner cried, " You must be mine,
" You must,"—and seal'd it with a kiss.

She talk'd of shame, and wip'd her cheek,
 But what had shame with them to do,
 Who nothing meant but truth to speak,
 And downright honour to pursue?

His eloquence improv'd apace,
 As manly pity fill'd his mind;
 " You know poor Bayard; here's the case,—
 " He's past his labour, old, and blind:

" If you and I should but agree
 " To settle here for good and all,
 " Could you give all your heart to me,
 " And grudge that poor old rogue a stall!

" I'll buy him, for the dogs shall never
 " Set tooth upon a friend so true;
 " He'll not live long, but I for ever
 " Shall know I gave the beast his due.

" 'Mongst all I've known of plows and carts,
 " And ever since I learned to drive,
 " He was not match'd in all these parts;
 " There was not such a horse alive!

" Ready, as birds to meet the morn,
 " Were all his efforts at the plough;
 " Then, the mill-brook with hay or corn,
 " Good creature! how he'd spatter through!

" He was a horse of mighty pow'r,
 " Compact in frame, and strong of limb;
 " Went with a chirp from hour to hour;
 " Whip-cord! 'twas never made for him.

" I left him in the shafts behind,
 " His fellows all unhook'd and gone,
 " *He neigh'd, and deem'd the thing unkind,*
 " *Then, starting, drew the load alone!*



- “ But I might talk till pitch-dark night,
“ And then have something left to say ;
“ But, Mary, am I wrong or right,
“ Or, do I throw my words away ?
- “ Leave me, or take me and my horse ;
“ I’ve told thee truth, and all I know :
“ Truth *should* breed truth ; that comes of course ;
“ If I sow wheat, why wheat will grow.”
- “ Yes, Abner, but thus soon to yield,
“ Neighbours would flee and look behind ’em ;
“ Though, with a husband in the field,
“ Perhaps, indeed, I should not mind ’em.
- “ I’ve known your generous nature well,
“ My first denial cost me dear ;
“ How this may end we cannot tell,
“ But, as for Bayard, bring him here.
- “ Bless thee for that,” the plowman cried,
At once both starting from the seat,
He stood a guardian by her side,
But talk’d of home,—’twas growing late.
- Then step for step within his arm,
She cheer’d him down the dewy way ;
And no two birds upon the farm
E’er prated with more joy than they.
- What news at home ? The smile he wore
One little sentence turn’d to sorrow ;
An order met him at the door,
“ Take Bayard to the dogs to-morrow.”
- Yes, yes, thought he ; and heav’d a sigh,
Die when he will he’s not your debtor :
I must obey, and he *must* die,—
That’s if I can’t contrive it better.

He left his Mary late at night,
And had succeeded in the main,
No sooner peep'd the morning light
But he was on the road again!

Suppose she should refuse her hand?
Such thoughts will come, I know not why;
Shall I, without a wife or land,
Want an old horse? then wherefore buy?

From bush to bush, from stile to stile,
Perplex'd he trod the fallow ground,
And told his money all the while
And weigh'd the matter round and round.

"I'll borrow," that's the best thought yet;
Mary shall save the horse's life.—
Kind-hearted wench! what, run in debt
Before I know she'll be my wife?

These women wo'nt speak plain and free.—
Well, well, I'll keep my service still;
She has not *said* she'd marry me,
But yet I dare to say she will.

But while I take this shay-brain'd course,
And like a fool run to and fro,
Master, perhaps, may sell the horse!
Therefore this instant home I'll go.

The nightly rain had drench the grove
He plung'd right on with headlong pace;
A man but half as much in love
Perhaps had found a cleaner place.

The day rose fair; with team a-field,
He watch'd the farmer's cheerful brow;
And in a lucky hour reveal'd
His secret at his post, the plough



ABNER AND THE WIDOW JONES. 127

And there without a whine began,
“ Master, you’ll give me your advice ;
I’m going to marry—If I can—
“ And want old Bayard ; what’s his price ?

“ For Mary Jones last night agreed,
“ Or near upon’t, to be my wife :
“ The horse’s value I don’t heed,
“ I only want to save his life.”

“ Buy him, hey ! Abner ! trust me I
“ Have not the thought of gain in view ;
“ Bayard’s best days we’ve seen go by ;
“ He shall be cheap enough to you.”

The wages paid, the horse brought out,
The hour of separation come ;
The farmer turn’d his chair about,
“ Good fellow, take him, take him home.

“ You’re welcome, Abner, to the beast,
“ For you’ve a faithful servant been ;
“ They’ll thrive I doubt not in the least,
“ Who know what work and service mean.”

The maids at parting, one and all,
From different windows different tones ;
Bade him farewell with many a bawl,
And sent their love to Mary Jones.

He wav’d his hat, and turn’d away,
When loud the cry of children rose ;
“ Abner, good bye !” they stopt their play ;
“ There goes poor Bayard ! there he goes !”

Half choak’d with joy, with love, and pride,
He now with dainty clover fed him,
Now took a short triumphant ride,
And then again got down and led him.

And hobbling onward up the hill,
The widow's house was full in sight,
He pull'd the bridle harder still,
"Come on, we shan't be there to-night."

She met them with a smile so sweet,
The stable-door was open thrown;
The blind horse lifted high his feet,
And loudly snorting, laid him down.

O Victory! from that stock of laurels
You keep so snug from camps and thrones,
Spare us *one twig* from all their quarrels
From Abner and Widow Jones.



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TO

MY OLD OAK TABLE.

FRIEND of my peaceful days! substantial friend,
Whom wealth can never change, nor int'rest bend
I love thee like a child. Thou wert to me
The dumb companion of my misery,
And oftner of my joys;—then as I spoke,
I shar'd thy sympathy, Old Heart of Oak!
For surely when my labour ceas'd at night,
With trembling, feverish hands and aching sight,
The draught that cheer'd me and subdu'd my care,
On thy broad shoulders thou wert proud to bear
O'er thee, with expectation's fire elate,
I've sat and ponder'd on my future fate:
On thee, with winter muffins for thy store,
I've lean'd, and quite forgot that I was poor.

Where dropp'd the acorn that gave birth to thee?
Canst thou trace back thy line of ancestry?
We're match'd, old friend, and let us not repine,
Darkness o'erhangs thy origin and mine;
Both may be truly honourable: yet,
We'll date our honours from the day we met;
When, of my worldly wealth the parent stock,
Right welcome up the Thames from Woolwich
Dock

Thou cam'st, when hopes ran high and love was
young;

But soon our olive-branches round thee sprung;
Soon came the days that tried a faithful wife,
The noise of children, and the cares of life.
Then, midst the threat'nings of a wintry sky,
That cough which blights the bud of infancy.

The dread of parents, Rest's inveterate foe,
Came like a plague, and turn'd my songs to woe.

Rest! without thee what strength can long
survive,

What spirit keep the flame of Hope alive?
The midnight murmur of the cradle gave
Sounds of despair; and chilly as the grave
We felt its undulating blast arise,
Midst whisper'd sorrows and ten thousand sighs.
Expiring embers warn'd us each to sleep,
By turns to watch alone, by turns to weep,
By turns to hear, and keep from starting wild,
The sad, faint wailings of a dying child.

But Death, obedient to Heav'n's high command,
Withdrew his jav'lin, and unclench'd his hand;
The little sufferers triumph'd over pain,
Their mother smil'd, and bade me hope again.
Yet Care gain'd ground, Exertion triumph'd less,
Thick fell the gathering terrors of Distress;
Anxiety, and Griefs without a name,
Had made their dreadful inroads on my frame;
The creeping Dropsy, cold as cold could be,
Unnerv'd my arm, bow'd my head to thee.
Thou to thy trust, old friend, hast not been true;
These eyes the bitterest tears that ever knew
Let fall upon thee; now all wip'd away;
But what from memory shall wipe out that day?
The great, the wealthy of my native land,
To whom a guinea is a grain of sand,
I thought upon them, for my thoughts were free,
But all unknown were then my woes and me.

Still, Resignation was my dearest friend,
And Reason pointed to a glorious end;
With anxious sighs, a parent's hopes and pride,
I wish'd to live—I trust I could have died!
*But winter's clouds pursu'd their stormy way,
And March brought sunshine with the length'ning
day,*



And bade my heart arise, that morn and night
Now throbb'd with irresistible delight.
Delightful 'twas to leave disease behind,
And feel the renovation of the mind!
To lead abroad upborne on Pleasure's wing,
Our children, midst the glories of the spring;
Our fellow sufferers, our only wealth,
To gather daisies in the breeze of health!

'Twas then, too, when our prospects grew so
fair,

And Sabbath bells announc'd the morning pray'r,
Beneath that vast gigantic dome we bow'd,
That lifts its flaming cross above the cloud;
Had gain'd the centre of the checquer'd floor;—
That instant, with reverberating roar
Burst forth the pealing organ——mute we
stood;—

The strong sensation boiling through my blood;
Rose in a storm of joy, allied to pain,
I wept, and worshipp'd GOD, and wept again;
And felt, amidst the fervor of my praise,
The sweet assurances of better days.

In that gay season, honest friend of mine.
I mark'd the brilliant sun upon thee shine;
Imagination took her flights so free,
Home was delicious with my book and thee,
The purchas'd nosegay, or brown ears of corn,
Were thy gay plumes upon a summer's morn,
Awakening memory, that disdains control,
They spoke the darling language of my soul:
They whisper'd tales of joy, of peace, of truth,
And conjur'd back the sunshine of my youth.
Fancy presided at the joyful birth,
I pour'd the torrent of my feelings forth;
Conscious of truth in Nature's humble track,
And wrote "The Farmer's Boy," upon thy back!
Enough, old Friend:—thou'rt mine; and shalt
partake,

While I have pen to write, or tongue to speak,
Whatever fortune deals me.—Part with thee!
No, not till death shall set my spirit free;
For know, should plenty crown my life's decline,
A most important duty may be thine:
Then, guard me from Temptation's base control,
From apathy and littleness of soul,
The sight of thy old frame, so rough, so rude,
Shall twitch the sleeve of nodding Gratitude;
Shall teach me but to venerate the more
Honest Oak Tables and their guests—the poor:
Teach me unjust distinctions to deride,
And falsehoods gender'd in the brain of Pride;
Shall give to fancy still the cheerful hour,
To intellect its freedom and its power;
To Hospitality's enchanting ring
A charm, which nothing but thyself can bring.
The man who would not look with honest pride
On the tight bark that stemm'd the roaring tide,
And bore him, when he bow'd the trembling knee,
Home, through the mighty perils of the sea,
I love him not.—He ne'er shall be my guest;
Nor sip my cup, nor witness how I'm blest;
Nor lean, to bring my honest friend to shame,
A sacrilegious elbow on thy frame;
But thou through life a monitor shalt prove,
Sacred to Truth, to Poetry, and Love.

Dec. 1803.



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THE HORKEY.

A PROVINCIAL BALLAD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the descriptive ballad which follows, it will be evident that I have endeavoured to preserve the style of a gossip, and to transmit the memorial of a custom, the extent or antiquity of which I am not acquainted with, and pretend not to enquire.

In Suffolk husbandry the man who, (whether by merit or by sufferance I know not) goes foremost through the harvest with the scythe or the sickle, is honoured with the title of "*Lord*," and at the Horkey, or harvest-home feast, collects what he can, for himself and brethren, from the farmers and visitors, to make a "*frolick*" afterwards, called "*the largess spending*." By way of returning thanks, though perhaps formerly of much more, or of different signification, they immediately leave the seat of festivity, and with a very long and repeated shout of "*a largess*," the number of shouts being regulated by the sums given, seem to wish to make themselves heard by the people of the surrounding farms. And before they rejoin the company within, the pranks and the jollity I have endeavoured to describe, usually take place. These customs, I believe, are going fast out of use; which is one great reason for my trying to tell the rising race of mankind that such were the customs when I was a boy.

I have annexed a glossary of such words as

may be found by general readers to require explanation. We will add a short extract from Sir Thomas Brown, of Norwich, M. D. who was born three years before Milton, and outlived him eight years.

“It were not impossible to make an original reduction of many words of no general reception in England, but of common use in Norfolk, or peculiar to the East Angle counties; as, Baund, Bunny, Thurk, Enemis, Matchly, Sammodithee, Mawther, Kedge, Seele, Straft, Clever, Dere, Nicked, Stingy, Noncare, Feft, Thepes, Gosgood, Kamp, Sibret, Fangast, Cothish, Thokish, Bideowe, Paxwax. Of these, and some others, of no easy originals, when time will permit, the resolution shall be attempted; which to effect, the Danish language, new, and more ancient, may prove of good advantage: which nation remained here fifty years upon agreement, and have left many families in it, and the language of these parts had surely been more commixed and perplex, if the fleet of Hugo de Bones had not been cast away, wherein three-score thousand soldiers, out of Britany and Flanders, were to be wafted over, and were, by King John’s appointment, to have a settled habitation in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk.” Tract the viii. on Languages, particularly the Saxon. Folio, 1686, page 48.



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THE HORKEY.

A PROVINCIAL BALLAD.

What gossips prattled in the sun,
Who talk'd him fairly down,
Up, memory! tell; 'tis Suffolk fun,
And lingo of their own.

Ah! Judie Twitchet!* though thou'rt dead,
With thee the tale begins;
For still seem thrumming in my head
The rattling of thy pins!

Thou Queen of knitters; for a ball
Of worsted was thy pride;
With dangling stockings great and small
And world of clack beside!

“ We did so laugh; the moon shone bright;
“ More fun you never knew;
“ 'Twas Farmer Cheerum's Horkey night,
“ And I, and Grace, and Sue—— —

“ But bring a stool, sit round about,
“ And boys, be quiet, pray;
“ And let me tell my story out;
“ 'Twas sitch a merry day!

“ The butcher whistled at the door,
“ And brought a load of meat;
“ Boys rubb'd their hands, and cried, ‘there's
“ more,’
“ Dogs wagg'd their tails to see't

* Judie Twitchet was a real person who lived many years with my mother's cousin Bannock, at Honington.

- " On went the boilers till the hake*
 " Had much ado to bear 'em;
 " The magpie talk'd for talking sake,
 " Birds sung;—but who could hear 'em?
- " Creak went the Jack; the cats were scar'd
 " We had not time to heed 'em
 " The owd hins cackled in the yard,
 " For we forgot to feed 'em!
- " Yet 'twas not I, as I may say,
 " Because as how, d'ye see;
 " I only help'd there for the day;
 " They cou'dn't lay't to me.
- " Now Mrs. Cheerum's best lace cap
 " Was mounted on her head;
 " Guests at the door began to rap,
 " And now the cloth was spread.
- " Then clatter went the earthen plates—
 " 'Mind Judie,' was the cry;
 " I could have cop't† them at their pates!
 " 'Trenchers for me,' said I.
- " 'That look so clean upon the ledge,
 " ' And never mind a fall;
 " ' Nor never turn a sharp knife's edge;—
 " ' But fashion rules us all.'
- " Home came the jovial Horkey load,
 " Last of the whole year's crop;
 " And Grace amongst the green boughs rode
 " Right plump upon the top.
- " This way and that the waggon reel'd,
 " And never queen rode higher;
 " Her cheeks were colour'd in the field,
 " And ours before the fire.

* Sliding pot-hook.

† Thrown.



- “ The laughing harvest-folks and John,
“ Came in and look’d askew;
“ ’Twas my red face that set them on,
“ And then they leer’d at Sue.
- “ And farmer Cheerum went, good man,
“ And broach’d the Horkey beer;
“ And sitch a mort* of folk began
“ To eat up our good cheer.
- “ Says he, ‘ Thank God for what’s before us;
“ ‘ That thus we meet agen.’
“ The mingling voices, like a chorus,
“ Joined cheerfully, ‘ Amen.’—
- “ Welcome and plenty, there they found ’em
“ The ribs of beef grew light;
“ And puddings—till the boys got round ’em,
“ And then they vanish’d quite!
- “ Now all the gusts, with Farmer Crouder,
“ Began to prate of corn;
“ And we found out they talk’d the louder,
“ The oftner pass’d the Horn.
- “ Out came the nuts; we set a cracking;
“ The ale came round our way;
“ By gom, we women fell a clacking
“ As loud again as they.
- “ John sung ‘ Old Benbow’ loud and strong,
“ And I, ‘ The Constant Swain,’
“ Cheer up my Lads,’ was Simon’s song,
“ ‘ We’ll conquer them again.’
- “ Now twelve o’clock was drawing nigh,
“ And all in merry cue;
“ I knock’d the cask, ‘ O, ho!’ said I,
“ ‘ We’ve almost conquer’d you.’”

* Such a number.

" My Lord* begg'd round, and held his hat,
 " Says Farmer Gruff, says he,
 " 'There's many a Lord, Sam, I know that,
 " 'Has begg'd as well as thee.'

" Bump in his hat the shillings tumbl'd
 " All round among the folks;
 " 'Laugh if you wool,' said Sam, and mumb'l'd,
 " 'You pay for all your jokes.'

" Joint stock you know among the men,
 " To drink at their own charges;
 " So up they got full drive, and then
 " Went to halloo largess.†

" And sure enough the noise they made!!
 —" But let me mind my tale;
 " We follow'd them, we wor'nt afraid,
 " We'ad all been drinking ale.

" As they stood hallooin' back to back,
 " We, lightly as a feather,
 " Went sliding round, and in a crack
 " Had pinn'd their coats together.

" 'Twas near upon't as light as noon;
 " 'A largess,' on the hill,
 " They shouted to the full round moon,
 " I think I hear 'em still!

" But when they found the trick, my stars!
 " They well knew who to blame,
 " Our giggles turn'd to ha, ha, ha's
 " And arter us they came,

" Grace by the tumbril made a squat,
 " Then ran as Sam came by,
 " They said she could not run for fat;
 " *I know she did not try.*

* *The leader of the reapers.*

† *See advertisement.*



"Sue round the neat-house* squalling ran,

"Where Simon scarcely dare;

"He stopt,—for he's a fearful man——

"'By gom there's suffent† there!

"And off set John, with all his might,

"To chase me down the yard,

"Till I was nearly gran'd‡ outright;

"He hugg'd so woundly hard.

"Still they kept up the race and laugh,

"And round the house we flew;

"But hark ye! the best fun by half

'Was Simon arter Sue.

"She car'd not, dark nor light, not she,

"So, near the dairy door

"She pass'd a clean white hog, you see,

"They'd kilt the day before.

"High on the spirket§ there it hung,—

"'Now Susie—what can save ye?'

"Round the cold pig his arms he flung,

"And cried, 'Ah! here I have ye.'

"The farmers heard what Simon said,

"And what a noise! good lack!

"Some almost laugh'd themselves to dead,

"And others clapt his back.

"We all at once began to tell

"What fun we had abroad;

"But Simon stood our jeers right well;

—"He fell asleep and snor'd.

"Then in his button-hole upright,

"Did farmer Crouder put,

"A slip of paper twisted tight,

"And held the candle to t.

* Cow-house. † Something. ‡ Strangled. § An iron hook

- "It smok'd, and smok'd beneath his nose,
 "The harmless blaze crept higher;
 "Till with a vengeance up he rose,
 "Grace, Judie, Sue! fire, fire!

 "The clock struck one—same talk'd of parting,
 "Some said it was a sin,
 "And hitch'd their chairs;—but those for starting
 "Now let the moonlight in.

 "Owd women, loitering for the nonce*
 "Stood praising the fine weather;
 "The menfolks took the hint at once
 "To kiss them altogether,

 "And out ran every soul beside,
 "A shanny pated! crew;
 "Owd folks could neither run nor hide,
 "So some ketch'd one, some tew,

 "They skriggl'd† and began to scold,
 "But laughing got the master;
 "Some quack'ling‡ cried, 'let go your hold;'
 "The farmers held the faster.

 "All innocent, that I'll be sworn,
 "There wor'nt a bit of sorrow,
 "And women, if their gowns are torn,
 "Can mend them on the morrow.

 "Our shadows helter skelter danc'd
 "About the moonlight ground;
 "The wandering sheep, as on we pranc'd
 "Got up and gaz'd around,

 "And well they might—till Farmer Cheerum,
 "Now with a hearty glee,
 "Bade all good morn as he came near 'em.
 "And then to bed went he.

* the purpose.

† struggle quick.

‡ Giddy, thoughtless.

§ Choking.



“ Then off we stroll'd this way and that,
“ With merry voices ringing ;
“ And Echo answered us right pat,
“ As home we rambled singing.

“ For, when we laugh'd, it laugh'd again,
“ And to our own doors follow'd !
“ ‘ Yo, ho ! ’ we cried ; ‘ Yo, ho ! ’ so plain
“ The misty meadow halloo'd.

“ That's all my tale, and all the fun,
“ Come, turn your wheels about ;
“ My worsted, see !—that's nicely done,
“ Just held my story out ! !”

Poor Judie !—Thus Time knits or spins
The worsted from Life's ball !
Death stopt thy tales, and stopt thy pins,
—And so he'll serve us all.

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THE
BROKEN CRUTCH.

A TALE.

“ I TELL you, Peggy,” said a voice behind
A hawthorn hedge, with wild briars thick entwin’d,
Where unseen travellers down a shady way
Journey’d beside the swaths of new-mown hay,
“ I tell you, Peggy, ’tis a time to prove
“ Your fortitude, your virtue, and your love.
“ From honest poverty our lineage sprung,
“ Your mother was a servant quite as young: —
“ You weep; perhaps she wept at leaving home,
“ Courage, my girl, nor fear the days to come.
“ Go still to church, my Peggy, plainly dress,
“ And keep a living conscience in your breast;
“ Look to yourself, my lass, the maid’s best fame,
“ Beware, nor bring the Meldrums into shame:
“ Be modest, to the voice of age attend,
“ Be honest, and you’ll always find a friend:
“ Your uncle Gilbert, stronger far than I,
“ Will see you safe; on him you must rely;
“ I’ve walk’d too far; this lameness, oh! the pain,
“ Heav’n bless thee, child! I’ll halt me back
again;
“ But when your first fair holiday may be,
“ Rise with the lark, and spend your hours
with me.”

*Young Herbert Brooks, in strength and man-
hood bold,
Ho, round the meads, his own possessions
stroll’d,*



O'erheard the charge, and with a heart so gay,
Whistled his spaniel and pursu'd his way.
Soon cross'd his path, and short obeisance paid,
Stout Gilbert Meldum and a country maid;
A box upon his shoulder held full well
Her worldly riches, but the truth to tell
She bore the chief herself; that nobler part,
That beauteous gem, an uncorrupted heart.
And then that native loveliness! that cheek!
It bore the very tints her betters seek;
At such a sight the libertine would glow,
With all the warmth that he can ever know;
Would send his thoughts abroad without control.
The glimmering moon-shine of his little soul.

"Above the reach of justice I shall soar,
"Her friends may weep, not punish; they're too
poor:

"That very thought the 'rapture' will eunchance,
"Poor, young, and friendless; what a glorious
chance!

"A few spare guineas may the conquest make,—

"I love the treachery for treachery's sake,

"And when her wounded honour jealous glows,

"I'll cut away ten thousand oaths and vows,

"And tell my comrades, with a manly stride,

"How I, a girl out-witted and out-lied."

Such was not Herbert—he had never known
Love's genuine smiles nor suffer'd from his frown,

And as to that most honourable part

Of planting daggers in a parent's heart,

A novice quite:—he past his hours away,

Free as a bird and buxom as the day;

Yet, should a lovely girl by chance arise, [eyes.

Think not that Herbert Brooks would shut his

On thy calm joys with what delight I dream,

Thou dear green valley of my native stream!

Fancy o'er thee still waves th' enchanting wand
And every nook of thine is fairy land,

And ever will be, though the axe should smite
 In Gain's rude service, and in Pity's spite,
 Thy clustering alders, and at length invade
 The last, last poplars, that compose thy shade:
 Thy stream shall then in native freedom stray,
 And undermine the willows in its way,
 These, nearly worthless, may survive this storm,
 This scythe of desolation call'd "Reform."
 No army past that way! yet are they fled,
 The boughs that, when a school-boy, screen'd my
 head:

I hate the murderous axe; estranging more
 The wauding vale from what it was of yore,
 Than e'en mortality in all its rage,
 And all the change of faces in an age.
 "Warmth," will they term it, that I speak so free!
 They strip thy shades,—thy shades so dear to me!
 In Herbert's days woods cloth'd both hill and dale!
 But peace, Remembrance! let us tell the tale.

His home was in the valley, elms grew round
 His moated mansion, and the pleasant sound
 Of woodland birds that loud at day-break sing,
 With the first cuckoos that proclaim the spring,
 Flock'd round his dwelling; and his kitchen smoke
 That from the towering rookery upward broke,
 Of joyful import to the poor hard by,
 Stream'd a glad sign of hospitality;
 So fancy pictures; but its day is o'er;
 The moat remains, the dwelling is no more!
 Its name denotes its melancholy fall,
 For village children call the spot "Burnt-Hall."
 But where's the maid, who in the meadow-way
 Met Herbert Brooks amongst the new-mown hay?
 Th' adventure charm'd him, and next morning

rose

*The Sabbath, with its silence and repose, [sky
 The bells ceas'd chiming, and the broad blue
 fill'd on his peace, and met his tranquil eye*



Inverted, from the foot-bridge on his way
To that still house where all his fathers lay;
There in his seat, each neighbour's face he knew—
The stranger girl was just before his pew!
He saw her kneel, with meek, but cheerful air,
And whisper the response to every prayer;
And, when the humble roof with praises rung,
He caught the Hallelujah from her tongue,
Rememb'ring with delight the tears that fell
When the poor father bade his child farewell;
And now, by kindling tenderness beguil'd,
He blest the prompt obedience of that child,
And link'd his fate with hers:—for, from that
Whether the weeks past cheerily away, [day,
Or deep revolving doubts procur'd him pain,
The same bells chim'd—and there she was again!
What could be done? they came not there to woo,
On holy ground,—though love is holy too.

They met upon the foot-bridge one clear morn,
She in the garb by village lasses worn;
He, with the unbutton'd frock that careless flew,
And buskin'd to resist the morning dew;
With downcast look she curtsied to the ground,
Just in his path—no room to sidle round.

“ Well, pretty girl, this early rising yields
“ The best enjoyment of the groves and fields,
“ And makes the heart susceptible and meek,
“ And keeps alive that rose upon your cheek.
“ I long'd to meet you, Peggy, though so shy,
“ I've watch'd your steps and learn'd your history;
“ You love your poor lame father, let that be
“ A happy presage of your love for me.
“ Come then, I'll stroll these meadows by your
 side,
“ I've seen enough to wish you for my bride,
“ And plainly tell you so.—Nay, let me hold
“ *This guiltless hand, I prize it more than gold;*

“Of that I have my share, but now pursue
 “Such lasting wealth as I behold in you.
 “My lands are fruitful and my gardens gay,
 “My household cheerful as the summer’s day;
 “One blessing more will crown my happy life,
 “Like Adam, pretty girl, I want a wife.”

Need it be told his suit was not denied,
 With youth, and wealth, and candour on his side?
 Honour took charge of love so well begun,
 And accidental meetings, one by one,
 Increas’d so fast midst time’s unheeded flight,
 That village rumour married them outright;
 Though wiser matrons, doubtful in debate,
 Pitied deluded Peggy’s hapless fate.
 Friends took th’ alarm, “And will he then
 disgrace

“The name of Brooks with this plebeian race?
 Others, more lax in virtue, not in pride,
 Sported the wink of cunning on one side;
 “He’ll buy, no doubt, what Peggy has to sell,
 “A little gallantry becomes him well.”
 Meanwhile the youth with self-determin’d aim,
 Disdaining fraud, and pride’s unfeeling claim,
 Above control pursued his generous way,
 And talk’d to Peggy of the marriage day.
 Poor girl! she heard with anguish and with doubt,
 What her too knowing neighbours preach’d about,
 That Herbert would some nobler match prefer,
 And surely never, never marry her;
 Yet, with what trembling and delight she bore
 The kiss, and heard the vow, “I’ll doubt no more;”
 “Protect me, Herbert, for your honour’s sake,
 “You will,” she cried, “nor leave my heart to
 break.”

Then wrote to uncle Gilbert, joys, and fears
 And hope, and trust, and sprinkled all with tears.
Rous’d was the dormant spirit of the brave,
on lameness rose to succour and to save;



For, though they both rever'd young Herbert's
name,

And knew his unexceptionable fame;
And though the girl had honestly declar'd
Love's first approaches, and their counsel shar'd,
Yet, that he truly meant to take for life
The poor and lowly Peggy for a wife;
Or, that she was not doom'd to be deceiv'd,
Was out of bounds:—*it could not* be believ'd.

“Go, Gilbert; save her; I, you know, am lame;
“Go, brother, go; and save my child from shame.
“Haste, and I'll pray for your success the while,
“Go go;”—then bang'd his crutch upon the
stile:—

It snapt.—E'n Gilbert trembled while he smote,
Then whipt the broken end beneath his coat;
“Aye, aye, I'll settle them; I'll let them see
“Who's to be conqu'ror this time, I or he!”

Then off he set, and with enormous strides,
Rebellious mutterings and oaths besides,
O'er clover-field and fallow, bank and brier,
Pursu'd the nearest cut, and fann'd the fire
That burnt within him.—Soon the Hall he spied,
And the grey willows by the water side;
Nature cried “halt!” nor could he well refuse;
Stop, Gilbert, breathe awhile, and ask *the news*,
“News?” cried a stooping grandame of the vale,
“Aye, rare news too; I'll tell you such a tale;
“But let me rest; this bank is dry and warm;
“Do you know Peggy Meldrum at the farm;
“Young Herbert's girl? He'as cloth'd her all in
white,

“You never saw so beautiful a sight!
“Ah! he's a fine young man, and such a face!
“I knew his grandfather and all his race;
“*Herode a tall white horse, and looked so big.*
“*But how shall I describe his hat and wig!*”

"Plague take his wig," cried Gilbert, "and his hat,
 "Where's Peggy Meldrum? can you tell me
 that?"

"Aye; but have patience man, you'll hear anon,
 "For I shall come to her as I go on,
 "So hark'ye friend; his grandfather I say,"—
 "Poh, poh,"—cried Gilbert, as he turn'd away.
 Her eyes were fix'd, her story at a stand,
 The snuff-box lay half open in her hand;
 "You great ill-manner'd clown! but I must bear it
 "You oaf; to ask the news, and then won't hear it!"
 But Gilbert had gained forty paces clear,
 When the reproof came murmuring on his ear.

Again he asked the first that past him by;
 A cow-boy stopt his whistle to reply.
 "Why, I've a mistress coming home, that's all,
 "They're playing Meg's diversion at the Hall;
 "For master's gone with Peggy, and his cousin,
 "And all the lady-folks, about a dozen,
 "To church, down there; he'll marry one no
 doubt.

"For that it seems is what they're gone about;
 "I know it by their laughing and their jokes,
 "Tho they worn't ask'd in church like other folks."

Gilbert kept on, and at the Hall-door found
 The winking servants, where the jest went round:
 All expectation; aye, and so was he,
 But not with heart so merry and so free.
 The kitchen table never clear from beef.
 Where hunger found its solace and relief,
 Free to all strangers, had no charms for him,
 For agitation worried every limb;
 Ale he partook, but appetite had none,
 And greyhounds watch'd in vain to catch the bone.
 All sounds alarm'd him, and all thoughts perplex'd
With dogs, and beef, himself and allthings vex'd,
Till with one mingled caw above his head,
Their gliding shadows o'er the court-yard spread,



The rooks by thousands rose: the bells struck up;
He guess'd the cause, and down he set his cup,
And listening, heard, amidst the general hum,
A joyful exclamation, "Here they come!"—
Soon Herbert's cheerful voice was heard above,
Amidst the rustling hands-maids of his love,
And Gilbert follow'd without thought or dread,
The broad oak-stair case thunder'd with his tread;
Light tript the party, gay as gay could be,
Amidst their bridal dresses—there came he!
And with a look that guilt could ne'er withstand,
Approach'd his niece and caught her by the hand,
"Now are you married, Peggy, yes or no?
"Tell me at once, before I let you go!"
Abrupt he spoke and gave her arm a swing,
But the same moment felt the wedding ring,
And stood confus'd.—She wip'd th' empassion'd
tear,

"I am, I am: but is my father here?"
Herbert stood by, and sharing with his bride,
That perturbation which she strove to hide;
"Come, honest Gilbert, you're too rough this time,
'Indeed here's not the shadow of a crime,
'But where's your brother? When did you
arrive?"

"We waited long, for Nathan went at five!"

All this was Greek to Gilbert, downright Greek;
He knew not what to think, nor how to speak.
The case was this; that Nathan with a cart
To fetch them both at day-break was to start,
And so he did—but ere he could proceed,
He suck'd a charming portion with a reed,
Of that same wedding-ale, which was that day
To make the hearts of all the village gay;
Brim full of glee he trundled from the Hall,
And as for sky larks, he out-sung them all;
*Till growing giddy with his morning cup,
He stretch'd beneath a hedge, the reins gave up.*

The horse graz'd soberly without mishap,
 And Nathan had a most delightful nap
 For three good hours - Then, doubting, when he
 woke,

Whether his conduct would be deem'd a joke,
 With double haste perform'd just half his part,
 And brought the lame John Meldrum in his cart;
 And at the moment Gilbert's wrath was high,
 And while young Herbert waited his reply,
 The sound of rattling wheels was at the door;
 "There's my dear father now,"—they heard no
 more,

The bridegroom glided like an arrow down,
 And Gilbert ran, though something of a clown,
 With his best step; and cheer'd with smiles and
 pray'rs

They bore old John in triumph up the stairs:
 Poor Peggy, who her joy no more could check
 Clung like a woodbine round his neck,
 And all stood silent—Gilbert, off his guard,
 And marvelling at virtue's rich reward,
 Loss'd the one loop that held his coat before,
 Down thumt the broken crutch upon the floor!
 They started, half alarm'd, scarce knowing why,
 But thro' the glist'ning rapture of his eye [fears,
 The bridegroom smil'd, then chid their simple
 And rous'd the blushing Peggy from her tears;
 Around the uncle in a ring they came,
 And mark'd his look of mingled pride and shame.

"Now honestly, good Gilbert, tell us true
 "What meant this cudgel? What was it to do?
 "I know your heart suspected me of wrong,
 "And that most true affection urg'd along
 "Your feelings and your wrath; you were beside
 "Till now the rightful guardian of the bride.
 "*But why this cudgel?*"—"Guardian! that's the

case,

to day you had not seen my face,



“But John about the girl was so perplex’d,
“And I, to tell the truth, so mortal vex’d,
“That when he broke this crutch, and stamp’d
and cried,

“For John and Peggy, Sir, I could have died,
“I know I could; for she was such a child,
“So tractable, so sensible, and mild,
“That if between you roguery had grown,
“(Begging your pardon,) twould have been
your own;

“She would not hurt a fly.—So off I came
“And had you only sought to blast her fame,
“Been base enough to acts as hundreds would,
“And ruin a poor maid—because you could,
“With this same cudgel,(you may smile or frown)
“An’ please you Sir, I meant to knock you down.”

A burst of laughter rang throughout the hall,
And Peggy’s tongue, though overborne by all,
Pour’d its warm blessings, for, without control
The sweet unbridled transport of her soul
Was obviously seen, till Herbert’s kiss
Stole, as it were, the eloquence of bliss.

“Welcome, my friends; good Gilbert, here’s
my hand;

“Eat, drink, or rest, they’re all at your command:

“And whatsoever pranks the rest may play,

“Still you shall be the hero of to-day, [teaz’d.

“Doubts might torment, and blunders may have

“But ale can cure them; let us all be pleas’d

“Thou, venerable man, let me defend

“The father of my new dear bosom friend,

“You broke your crutch, well, well, worse luck
might be,

“I’ll be your crutch, John Meldrum, lean on me,

“And when your lovely daughter shall complain,

“Send Gilbert’s wooden argument again.

“If still you wonder that I take a wit”

“From the unpolish’d walks of humble life,

" I'll tell you on what ground my love began,
 " And let the wise confute it if they can.
 " I saw a girl, with nature's untaught grace,
 " Turn from my gaze a most engaging face;
 " I saw her drop the tear, I knew full well
 " She felt for you much more than she could
 " I found her understanding, bright as day,
 " Through all impediments still forc'd its way
 " On that foundation shall my soul rely,
 " The rock of genuine humility.
 " Call'd as she is to act a nobler part,
 " To rule my household, and to share my heart
 " I trust her prudence, confident to prove
 " Days of delight, and still unfading love;
 " For, while her inborn tenderness survives,
 " That heav'nly charm of mothers and of wives
 " I'll look for joy:—Here come the neighbours
 " Broach the old barrel, feast them great
 small,
 " For I'm determin'd while the sun's so bright
 " That this shall be a wedding-day outright:
 " How cheerly sound the bells! my charms
 come,
 " Expand your heart, and know yourself at home
 " Sit down, good John;"—"I will," the old
 cried,
 " And let me drink to you, Sir, and the bride
 " My blessing on you: I am lame and old,
 " I can't make speeches, and I wo'nt be bold;
 " But from my soul I wish, and wish with pain
 " That brave good gentlemen would not disdain
 " The poor, because they're poor: for, if they
 " Midst crimes that parents never can forgive
 " If, like the forest beast they wander wild,
 " To rob a father, or to crush a child,
 " Nature will speak, aye, just as Nature feels
 " And wish—a Gilbert Meldrum at their heels



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SHOOTER'S HILL.*

HEALTH! I seek thee;—dost thou love
The mountain top or quiet vale,
Or deign o'er humbler hills to rove
On showery June's dark south-west gale?
If so, I'll meet all blasts that blow,
With silent step, but not forlorn;
Though, goddess, at thy shrine I bow,
And woo thee each returning morn.

I seek thee where, with all his might,
The jovous bird his rapture tells,
Amidst the half-excluded light,
That gilds the fox-glove's pendant bells;
Where, cheerly up this bold hill's side
The deep'ning groves triumphant climb;
In groves Delight and Peace abide,
And Wisdom marks the lapse of time.

To hide me from the public eye,
'To keep the throne of Reason clear,
Amidst fresh air to breathe or die,
I took my staff and wander'd here.
Suppressing every sigh that heaves,
And coveting no wealth but thee,
I nestle in the honied leaves,
And hug my stolen liberty.

* *Sickness may be often an incentive to poetical composition. I found it so; and I esteem the following lines only because they remind me of past feelings which I would not willingly forget.*

O'er eastward uplands; gay or rude,
 Along to Erith's ivied spire,
 I start, with strength and hope renew'd,
 And cherish life's rekindling fire.
 Now measure vales with straining eyes,
 Now trace the church-yard's humble names;
 Or, climb brown heaths, abrupt that rise,
 And overlook the winding Thames.

I love to mark the flow'ret's eye,
 To rest where pebbles form my bed.
 Where shapes and colours scatter'd lie
 In varying millions round my head.
 The soul rejoices when alone.
 And feels her glorious empire free;
 Sees GOD in every shining stone,
 And revels in variety.

Ah me! perhaps within my sight,
 Deep in the smiling dales below,
 Gigantic talents, Heav'n's pure light,
 And all the rays of genius glow
 In some lone soul, whom no one sees
 With power and will to say "Arise,"
 Or chase away the slow disease,
 And Want's foul picture from his eyes.

A worthier man by far than I,
 With more of industry and fire,
 Shall see fair virtue's meed pass by,
 Without one spark of fame expire!
 Bleed not my heart, it will be so,
 The throb of care was thine full long;
 Rise, like the Psalmist from his woe,
 And pour abroad the joyful song.

Sweet Health, I seek thee! hither bring
 Thy balm that softens human ills;
 Come, on the long-drawn clouds that fling
 Their shadows o'er the Surrey Hills.



Yon green-topt hills, and far away
Where late as now I freedom stole,
And spent one dear delicious day
On thy wild banks, romantic Mole.

Aye, there's the scene!* beyond the sweep
Of London's congregated cloud,
The dark-brow'd wood, the headlong steep,
And valley-paths without a crowd!
Here, Thames I watch thy flowing tides,
Thy thousand sails am proud to see;
But where the Mole all silent glides
Dwells Peace—and Peace is wealth to me.

Of Cambriam mountains still I dream,
And mouldering vestiges of war;
By time-worn cliff or classic stream
Would rove,—but prudence holds a bar.
Come then, O Health, I'll strive to bound
My wishes to this airy stand;
'Tis not for me to trace around
The wonders of my native land.

Yet, the loud torrent's dark retreat,
Yet Grampian hills shall Fancy give,
And, towering in her giddy seat,
Amidst her own creation live,
Live, if thou'lt urge my climbing feet,
Give strength of nerve and vigorous breath,
If not, with dauntless soul I meet.
The deep solemnity of death.

This far-seen monumental tower
Records th' achievements of the brave,
And Angra's subjugated power,
Who plunder'd on the eastern wave.

* Box-Hill, and the beautiful neighbourhood of Dorking in Surrey.

I would not that such turrets rise
To point out where my bones are laid;
Save that some wandering bard might prize
The comforts of its broad cool shade.

O Vanity! since thou'rt decreed
Companion of our lives to be,
I'll seek the moral songster's meed,
An earthly immortality;
Most vain! O let me, from the past
Remembering what to man is given,
Lay Virtue's broad foundations fast
Whose glorious turrets reach to Heav'n.



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VISIT TO RANELAGH.

To Ranelagh, once in my life,
By good-natur'd force I was driv'n;
The nations had ceas'd their long strife,
And PEACE* beam'd her radiance from Heav'n.
What wonders were there to be found
That a clown might enjoy or disdain?
First we trac'd the gay ring all around
Aye—and then we went round it again.

A thousand feet rustled on mats,
A carpet that once had been green:
Men bow'd with their outlandish hats,
With corners so fearfully keen!
Fair maids, who at home in their haste
Had left all clothing else but a train,
Swept the floor clean, as slowly they pac'd,
And then—walk'd round and swept it again.

The music was truly enchanting!
Right glad was I when I came near it;
But in fashion I found I was wanting:—
'Twas the fashion to walk and not hear it!
A fine youth, as beauty beset him,
Look'd smilingly round on the train;
"The king's nephew," they cried, as they met him;
Then—we went round and met him again.

* A grand Fete, in honour of the peace of 1802.

Huge paintings of Heroes and Peace
 Seem'd to smile at the sound of the fiddle,
 Proud to fill up each tall shining space
 Round the lanthorn* that stood in the middle.
 And GEORGE's head too; Heav'n screen him!
 May he finish in peace his long reign!
 And what did we when we had seen him?
 Why—we went round and saw him again.

A bell rang, announcing new pleasures,
 A crowd in an instant prest hard,
 Feathers nodded, perfumes shed their treasures,
 Round a door that led into the yard.
 'Twas peopled all o'er in a minute,
 As a white flock would cover a plain!
 We had seen every soul that was in it,
 Then we went round and saw them again.

But now came a scene worth the showing,
 The fireworks! midst laughs and huzzas.
 With explosions the sky was all glowing,
 Then down stream'd a million of stars;
 With a rush the bright rockets ascended,
 Wheels spurted blue fires like a rain;
 We turn'd with regret when 'twas ended,
 Then—star'd at each other again.

There thousands of gay lamps aspir'd
 To the tops of the trees and beyond;
 And, what was most hugely admir'd,
 They look'd all up-side-down in a pond!
 The blaze scarce an eagle could bear;
 And an owl had most surely been slain;
 We return'd to the circle, and there——
 And there we went round it again.

* The intervals between the pillars in the centre of the Rotunda were filled up by transparent paintings.



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VISIT TO RANELAGH.

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'Tis not wisdom to love without reason,
Or to censure without knowing why:
I had witness'd no crime, nor no treason,
"O Life, 'tis thy picture," said I.
'Tis just thus we saunter along,
Months and years bring their pleasure or pain;
We sigh midst the right and the wrong;
—And then we go round them again!

LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN AT CLARE-HALL, HERTS.

JUNE 1804.

WELCOME silence! welcome peace!
O most welcome, holy shade!
Thus I prove as years increase,
My heart and soul for quiet made.
Thus I fix my firm belief
While rapture's gushing tears descend;
That every flower and every leaf
Is moral Truth's unerring friend.

I would not for a world of gold
That Nature's lovely face should tire;
Fountain of blessings yet untold;
Pure source of intellectual fire!
Fancy's fair buds, the gems of song,
Unquicken'd midst the worlds rude strife,
Shall sweet retirement render strong,
And morning silence bring to life.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy;
From Nature and her changes flow
An everlasting tide of joy.

I grant that summer heads will burn,
That keen will come the frosty night;
But both shall please; and each in turn
Yield Reason's most supreme delight,

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
To Rural Gods, or prostrate fall;
Did I not see, did I not feel,
That one GREAT SPIRIT governs all.

O heav'n permit that I may lie
Where o'er my corse green branches wave;
And those who from life's tumult fly
With kindred feelings press my grave.



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THE

WOODLAND HALLÓ.

(PERHAPS) ADAPTED FOR MUSIC.

IN our cottage, that peeps from the skirts of the
wood,

I am mistress, no mother have I;
Yet blithe are my days, for my father is good,
And kind is my lover hard by;
They both work together beneath the green shade,
Both woodmen, my father and Joe.
Where I've listen'd whole hours to the echo that
made
So much of a laugh or—Halló.

From my basket at noon they expect their supply,
And with joy from my threshold I spring;
For the woodlands I love, and the oaks waving
high,

And Echo that sings as I sing.
Though deep shades delight me, yet love is my
food,

As I call the dear name of my Joe;
His musical shout is the pride of the wood,
And my heart leaps to hear the—Halló.

Simple flowers of the grove, little birds live at ease,
I wish not to wander from you;

I'll still dwell beneath the deep roar of your trees,
For I know that my Joe will be true.

The trill of the robin, the coo of the dove,
Are charms that I'll never forego;

But resting through life on the bosom of love,
Will remember the Woodland Halló.

BARNHAM WATER.

FRESH from the hall of Bounty sprung,*
With glowing heart and ardent eye,
With song and rhyme upon my tongue,
And fairy visions dancing by,
The mid-day sun in all his pow'r
The backward valley painted gay;
Mine was a road without a flower,
Where one small streamlet cross'd the way.

What was it rous'd my soul to love?
What made the simple brook so dear?
It glided like the weary dove,
And never brook seem'd half so clear.
Cool pass'd the current o'er my feet,
Its shelving brink for rest was made,
But every charm was incomplete,
For Barnham Water wants a shade.

There, faint beneath the fervid sun,
I gaz'd in ruminating mood;
For who can see the current run
And snatch no feast of mental food?
"Keep pure thy soul," it seem'd to say,
"Keep that fair path by wisdom trod,
That thou may'st hope to wind thy way
"To fame worth boasting, and to God."

* On a sultry afternoon, late in the summer of 1802, Euston-Hall lay in my way to Thetford, which place I did not reach until the evening, on a visit to my sister: the
much of their interest except they could be read.
er at least at a corresponding season of the



Long and delightful was the dream,
A waking dream that Fancy yields,
I'll with regret I left the stream
And plung'd across the barren fields;
To where of old rich abbeys smil'd
In all the pomp of gothic taste,
By fond tradition proudly styl'd,
The mighty "City in the East."

Near, on a slope of burning sand,
The shepherd boys had met to play,
To hold the plains at their command,
And mark the traveller's leafless way
The traveller with a cheerful look
Would every pining thought forbear,
If boughs but shelter'd Barnham brook
He'd stop and leave his blessing there.

The Danish mounds of partial green,
Still, as each mouldering tower decays,
Far o'er the bleak unwooded scene
Proclaim their wondrous length of days.
My burning feet, my aching sight,
Demanded rest,—why did I weep?
The moon arose, and such a night!
Good Heav'n! it was a sin to sleep.

All rushing came thy hallow'd sighs,
Sweet Melancholy, from my breast;
'Tis here that eastern greatness lies,
"That Might, Renown, and Wisdom rest!
Here funeral rites the priesthood gave
"To chiefs who sway'd prodigious powers,
The Bigods and the Mowbrays brave,
"From Framlingham's imperial towers.

Full of the mighty deeds of yore,
I bade good night the trembling beam;
Fancy e'en heard the battle's roar,
Of what but slaughter could I dream?

Bless'd be that night, that trembling beam,
Peaceful excursions Fancy made ;
All night I heard the bubbling stream,
Yet Barnham Water wants a shade.

Whatever hurts my country's fame,
When wits and mountaineers deride,
To me grows serious, for I name
My native plains and streams with pride.
No mountain charms have I to sing,
No loftier minstrel's rights invade,
From trifles oft *my* raptures spring ;
—Sweet Barnham Water wants a shade.



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MARY'S EVENING SIGH.

How bright with pearl the western sky !
How glorious far and wide,
Yon lines of golden clouds that lie
So peaceful side by side !
Their deep'ning tints, the arch of light,
All eyes with rapture see ;
E'en while I sigh I bless the sight
That lures my love from me.

Green hill, that shad'st the valley here,
Thou bear'st upon thy brow
The only wealth to Mary dear,
And all she'll ever know.
There, in the crimson light I see,
Above thy summit rise,
My Edward's form, he looks to me
A statue in the skies.

Descend my love, the hour is come,
Why linger on the hill ?
The sun hath left my quiet home,
But thou canst see him still ;
Yet why a lonely wanderer stray,
Alone the joy pursue ?
The glories of the closing day
Can charm thy Mary too.

Dear Edward, when we stroll'd along
Beneath the waving corn,
And both confess'd the power of song,
And bless'd the dewy morn ;

Your eye o'erflow'd, "How sweet," you cried,
(My presence then could move)
"How sweet, with Mary by my side,
"To gaze and talk of love!"

Thou art not false! that cannot be;
Yet I my rivals deem
Each woodland charm, the moss, the tree,
The silence, and the stream;
Whate'er my love, detains thee now,
I'll yet forgive thy stay;
But with to-morrow's dawn come thou,
We'll brush the dews away.



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GOOD TIDINGS,

OR,

NEWS FROM THE FARM.

How vain this tribute: vain, this lowly lay:
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires!
The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind!

Thomson

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GOOD TIDINGS:

OR,

NEWS FROM THE FARM.

WHERE'S the Blind Child, so admirably fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
That waves in ev'ry breeze? he's often seen
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
With others match'd in spirit and in size,
Health on their cheeks and rapture in their eyes;
That full expanse of voice, to childhood dear,
Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here:
And, hark! that laugh is his, that jovial cry;
He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
And runs the giddy course with all his might,
A very child in every thing but sight;
With circumscrib'd but not abated pow'rs,—
Play! the great object of his infant hours;—
In many a game he takes a noisy part,
And shows the native gladness of his heart;
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
The new suggestion and the quick assent;
The grove invites, delight thrills every breast—
To leap the ditch and seek the downy nest
Away they start, leave balls and hoops behind,
And one companion leave——the boy is blind!
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay.
That childish fortitude awhile gives way,
He feels his dreadful loss—yet short the pain,
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again;

Pond'ring how best his moments to employ,
 He sings his little songs of nameless joy,
 Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
 And plucks by chance the white and yellow flow'r;
 Smoothing their stems, while resting on his knees,
 He binds a nosegay which he never sees;
 Alone the homeward path then feels his way,
 Lifting his brow against the shining day,
 And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,
 Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

She blest *that* day, which he remembers too,
 When he could gaze on heav'n's ethereal blue,
 See the green Spring, and Summer's countless dies,
 And all the colours of the morning rise.—

' When was this work of bitterness begun ?

' How came the blindness of your only son ?

Thus pity prompts full many a tongue to say,

But never, till she slowly wipes away

Th' obtruding tear that trembles in her eye,

This dagger of a question meets reply:—

" My boy was healthy, and my rest was sound.

" When last year's corn was green upon the
 ground :

" From yonder town infection found its way ;

" Around me putrid dead and dying lay,

" I trembled for his fate : but all my care

" Avail'd not, for he breath'd the tainted air ;

" Sickness ensu'd—in terror and dismay

" I nurs'd him in my arms both night and day,

" When his soft skin from head to foot became

" One swelling purple sore, unfit to name :

" Hour after hour, when all was still beside,

" When the pale night-light in its socket died,

" Alone I sat ; the thought still sooths my heart,

" That surely I perform'd a mother's part

" Watching with such anxiety and pain

" Till he might smile and look on me again ;



“ But that was not to be— ask me no more : [door !”
“ God keep small-pox and blindness from your
Now, ye who think, whose souls abroad take
wing,

And trace out human troubles to their spring,
Say, should Heav'n grant us, in some hallow'd
hour,

Means to divest this demon of his power,
To loose his horrid grasp from early worth,
To spread a saving conquest round the earth,
Till ev'ry land shall bow the grateful knee,
Would it not be a glorious day to see ?—
That day is come ! my soul, in strength arise,
Invoke no muse, no power below the skies ;
To Heav'n the energies of verse belong,
Truth is the theme, and truth shall be the song ;
Arm with conviction ev'ry joyful line,
Source of all mercies, for the praise is thine !

Sweet beam'd the star of peace upon those days
When Virtue watch'd my childhood's quiet ways,
Whence a warm spark of Nature's holy flame
Gave the farm-yard an honourable name,
But left one theme unsung : then, who had seen
In herds that feast upon the vernal green,
Or dreamt that in the blood of kine there ran
Blessings beyond the sustenance of man ?
We tread the meadow, and we scent the thorn,
We hail the day-spring of a summer's morn
Nor mead at dawning day, nor thymy heath,
Transcends the fragrance of the heifer's breath :
May that dear fragrance as it floats along
O'er ev'ry flow'r that lives in rustic song ;
May all the sweets of meadows and of kine
Embalm, O Health ! this offering at thy shrine.

Dear must that moment be when first the mind,
Ranging the paths of science unconfin'd,
Strikes a new light ; when, obvious to the sense,
Springs the fresh spark of bright intelligence.

So felt the towering soul of MONTAGU,
 Her sex's glory, and her country's too,
 Who gave the spotted plague one deadly blow,
 And bade its mitigated poison flow
 With half its terrors; yet, with loathing still,
 We hous'd a visitant with pow'r to kill.
 Then when the healthful blood, though often tried,
 Foil'd the keen lancet by the Severn side,
 Resisting, uncontaminated still,
 The purple pest and unremitting skill;
 When the plain truth tradition seem'd to know,
 By simply pointing to the harmless Cow,
 Though wise distrust to reason might appeal,
 What, when hope triumph'd, what did JENNER feel!
 Where even hope itself could scarcely rise
 To scan the vast, inestimable prize?
 Perhaps supreme, alone, triumphant stood
 The great, the conscious power of doing good,
 The power to will, and wishes to embrace
 Th' emancipation of the human race;
 A joy that must all mortal praise outlive,
 A wealth that grateful nations cannot give.
 Forth sped the truth immediate from his hand,
 And confirmations sprung in ev'ry land;
 In ev'ry land, on beauty's lily arm,
 On infant softness, like a magic charm,
 Appear'd the gift that conquers as it goes;
 The dairy's boast, the simple, saving *Rose!*
 Momentous triumph—fiend! thy reign is o'er;
 Thou, whose blind rage hath ravag'd ev'ry shore,
 Whose name denotes destruction, whose foul
 breath
 For ever hov'ring round the dart of death,
 Fells, mercilessly fells, the brave and base,
 Through all the kindreds of the human race.
 Who has not heard, in warm, poetic tales,
 Of eastern fragrance and Arabian gales?

There dwelt, beside a brook that creeps along
 Midst infant hills and meads unknown to song,
 One to whom poverty and faith were giv'n,
 Calm village silence, and the hope of heav'n :
 Alone she dwelt ; and while each morn brought
 peace

And health was smiling on her years' increase,
 Sudden and fearful, rushing through her frame,
 Unusual pains and feverish symptoms came.
 Then, when, debilitated, faint, and poor,
 How sweet to hear a footstep at her door !
 To see a neighbour watch life's silent sand,
 To hear the sigh, and feel the helping hand !
 Soon woe o'erspread the interdicted ground,
 And consternation seiz'd the hamlets round :
 Uprose the pest—its widow'd victim died ;
 And foul contagion spread on ev'ry side ;
 The helping neighbour for her kind regard,
 Bore home *that* dreadful tribute of reward,
Home, where six children, yielding to its pow'r,
 Gave hope and patience a most trying hour ;
 One at her breast still drew the living stream,
 And, sense of danger never marr'd his dream ;
 Yet all exclaim'd, and with a pitying eye,
 " Whoe'er survives the shock, *that child will die !*" .
 But vain the fiat,—Heav'n restor'd them all,
 And destin'd one of riper years to fall.
 Midnight beheld the close of all his pain,
 His grave was clos'd when midnight came again ;
 No bell was heard to toll, no funeral pray'r,
 No kindred bow'd, no wife, no children there ;
 Its horrid nature could inspire a dread
 That cut the bonds of custom like a thread
 The humble church-tow'r higher seem'd to shew,
 Illumin'd by their trembling light below ;
 The solemn night-breeze struck each shiv'ring
 cheek ;

Religious reverence forbade to speak :



The starting Sexton his short sorrow chid
When the earth murmur'd on the coffin lid,
And falling bones and sighs of holy dread
Sounded a requiem to the silent dead!

' Why tell us tales of woe, thou who didst give
Thy soul to rural themes, and bade them live?
What means this zeal of thine, this kindling fire
The rescu'd infant and the dying sire?
Kind heart, who o'er the pictur'd Seasons glow'd,
When smiles approv'd the verse, or tears have
flow'd,

Was then the lowly minstrel dear to thee?
Himself appeals—What, if *that child* were HE?
What, if those midnight sighs a farewell gave,
While hands, all trembling, clos'd his father's
grave!

Though love enjoin'd not infant eyes to weep,
In manhood's zenith shall his feelings sleep?
Sleep not my soul! indulge a nobler flame;
Still the destroyer persecutes thy name.

Seven winters cannot pluck from memory's store
That mark'd affliction which a brother bore;
That storm of trouble bursting on his head,
When the fiend came, and left *two children* dead!
Yet, still superior to domestic woes,
The native vigour of his mind arose,
And, as new summers teem'd with brighter views,
He trac'd the wand'rings of his darling Muse,
And all was joy—this instant all is pain,
The foe implacable returns again,
And claims a sacrifice; the deed is done —
Another child has fall'n another son!*
His young cheek even now is scarcely cold,
And shall his early doom remain untold?
No; let the tide of passion roll along,
Truth *will* be heard, and God will bless the song

* I had proceeded thus far with the Poem, when the above fact became a powerful stimulus to my feelings, and the earnestness of my exhortations.

Indignant Reason, Pity, Joy, arise,
 And speak in thunder to the heart that sighs:
 Speak loud to parents;—knew ye not the time
 When age itself, and manhood's hardy prime,
 With horror saw their short-liv'd friendships end,
 Yet dar'd not visit e'en the dying friend?
 Contagion, a foul serpent lurking near,
 Mock'd Nature's sigh and Friendship's holy tear.
 Love ye your children?—let that love arise,
 Pronounce the sentence, and the serpent dies;
 Bid welcome a mild stranger at your door,
 Distress shall cease, those terrors reign no more.
 Love ye your neighbours?—let that love be shown:
 Risk not *their* children while you guard your own;
 Give not a foe dominion o'er your blood;
 Plant not a poison, e'en to bring forth good;
 For, woo the pest discreetly as you will,
 Deadly infection must attend him still.
 Then, let the serpent die! this glorious prize
 Sets more than life and health before our eyes,
 For beauty triumphs too! Beauty! sweet name,
 The mother's feelings kindling into flame!
 For, where dwells she, who, while the virtues grow,
 With cold indifference marks the arching brow?
 Or, with a lifeless heart and recreant blood,
 Sighs not for daughters fair, as well as good?
 That sigh is nature, and cannot decay,
 'Tis universal as the beams of day;
 Man knows and feels its truth; for, Beauty's call
 Rouses the coldest mortal of us all;
 A glance warms age itself, and gives the boy
 The pulse of rapture and the sigh of joy.
 And is it then no conquest to insure
 Our lilies spotless and our roses pure?
 Is it no triumph that the lovely face
 Inherits every line of Nature's grace?
 That the sweet precincts of the laughing eye
 Rude scars, no foul deformity?



Our boast, old Time himself shall not unpair,
Of British maids pre-eminently fair ;
But, as he rolls his years on years along,
Shall keep the record of immortal song ;
For song shall rise with ampler power to speak
The new-born influence of Beauty's cheek,
Shall catch new fires in every sacred grove,
Fresh inspiration from the lips of Love,
And write for ever on the rising mind—
DEAD IS ONE MORTAL FOE OF HUMAN KIND !

Yes, we have conquer'd ! and the thought should
raise

A spirit in our prayers as well as praise,
For who will say, in Nature's wide domain
There lurk not remedies for every pain ?
Who will assert, where Turkish banners fly,
Woe still shall reign—the plague shall never die ?
Or who predict, with bosom all unblest
An everlasting fever in the West ?
Forbid it Heav'n !—Hope cheers us with a smile,
The sun of mercy's risen on our isle :
Its beams already, o'er th' Atlantic wave,
Pierce the dark forests of the suffering brave :
There, e'en th' abandon'd sick imbib'd a glow,
When warrior nations, resting on the bow,
Astonish'd heard the joyful rumour rise,
And call'd the council of their great and wise :
The truth by female pray'rs was urg'd along,
Youth ceas'd the chorus of the warrior song,
And present ills bade present feelings press
With all the eloquence of deep distress ;
Till forth their chiefs* o'er dying thousands trod
To seek the white man and his bounteous God :
Well sped their errand ; with a patriot zeal
They spread the blessing for their country's weal.

* The chiefs of the Cherokee Indians, in North America, have applied to the government of the United States for information on the subject of Vaccine Inoculation, and have spread the practice in the Woods.

Where India's swarthy millions crowd the strand,
 And round that isle, which crowns their pointed
 land,

Speeds the good angel with the balmy breath,
 And checks the dreadful tyranny of death :
 Whate'er we hear to hurt the peace of life,
 Of Candian treachery and British strife,
 The sword of commerce nations bought and sold,
 They owe to England more than mines of gold ;
 England has sent a balm for private woe ;
 England strikes down the nations' bitterest foe,

Europe, amidst the clangor of her arms,
 While life was threaten'd with a thousand harms,
 And Charity was freezing to its source,
 Still saw fair Science keep her steady course ;
 And, while whole legions fell, by friends deplor'd,
 New germs of life sprung up beneath the sword,
 And spread amain.—Then, in our bosoms, why
 Must exultations mingle with a sigh ?

Thought takes the retrospect of years just fled,
 And, conjuring up the spirits of the dead,
 Whispers each dear and venerated name
 Of the last victims ere the blessing came,
 Worthies, who through the lands that gave them
 birth

Breath'd the strong evidence of growing worth ;
 Parents, cut down in life's meridian day,
 And childhood's thousand thousand swept away ;
 Life's luckless mariners ! ye, we deplore
 Who sunk within a boat's length of the shore.*
 A stranger youth, from his meridian sky,
 Buoyant with hopes, came here—but came to die !
 O'er his sad fate I've ponder'd hours away,
 It suits the languor of a gloomy day :

* So lately as the year 1793, the small-pox was carried to the Isle of France by a Dutch ship, and there destroyed five thousand four hundred persons in six weeks.



He left his bamboo groves, his pleasant shore,
He left his friends to hear new oceans roar,
All confident, ingenuous, and bold,
He heard the wonders by the white men told ;
With firm assurance trod the rolling deck,
And saw his isle diminish to a speck,
Plough'd the rough waves, and gain'd our northern
clime,

In manhood's ripening sense and nature's prime.
Oh! had the fiend been vanquish'd ere he came,
The gen'rous youth had spread my country's fame,
Had known that honour dwells among the brave ,
And England had not prov'd the stranger's grave :
Then, ere his waning sand of life had run,
Poor ABBA THULE might have seen his son! *

Rise, exultation! spirit, louder speak!
Pity, dislodge thy dewdrops from my cheek ;
Sleep sound, forefathers ; sleep, brave stranger boy,
While truth impels the current of my joy :
To all mankind, to all the earth 'tis giv'n,
Conviction travels like the light of heav'n :
Go, blessing, from thy birth-place still expand,
For that dear birth-place is my native land!
A nation consecrates th' auspicious day,
And wealth, and rank, and talents lead the way '
Time, with triumphant hand, shall truth diffuse,
Nor ask the unbought efforts of the Muse.
Mothers! the pledges of your loves caress,
And heave no sighs but sighs of tenderness.
Fathers, be firm! keep down the fallen foe,
And on the memory of domestic woe
Build resolution,—Victory shall increase
Th' incalculable wealth of private peace ;
And such a victory, unstain'd with gore,
That strews its laurels at the cottage door,

* Lee Boo, second son of the King of the Pelew Islands,
was brought to England by Capt. Wilson, and died of the
Small-pox at Rotherhithe, in 1784.

Sprung from the farm, and from the yellow mead,
Should be the glory of the pastoral road.

In village paths, hence may we never find
Their youth on crutches, and their children blind ;
Nor, when the milk-maid, early from her bed,
Beneath the may-bush that embow'rs her head,
Sings like a bird, e'er grieve to meet again
The fair cheek injur'd by the scars of pain ;
Pure, in her morning path, where'er she treads,
Like April sunshine and the flow'rs it feeds,
She'll boast new conquests ; Love, new shafts to
fling ;

And Life, an uncontaminated spring.
In pure delight didst thou, my soul, pursue
A task to conscience and to kindred due,
And, true to feeling and to Nature, deem
The dairy's boast thy own appropriate theme ;
Hail now the meed of pleasureable hours,
And, at the foot of Science, strew thy flow'rs !



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THE
BANKS OF WYE.



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[This poem is stated by the Author to have been written under the following circumstances:—"A party of friends in Gloucestershire proposed to themselves a short excursion down the Wye, and through part of South Wales." The Author was invited to accompany them, and the following journal is a descriptive account of the scenery in that romantic district, through which they passed during their ten days' excursion. The whole exhibits the language and feelings of a man who had never before seen a mountainous country; and of this the Author is desirous that the reader should be apprised.]



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THE

BANKS OF WYE.

BOOK I.

The Vale of Uley—Forest of Dean—Raes—Wilton Castle—Goodrich Castle—Courtfield, Welsh Bicknor, Coldwell—Glaner's Song—Coldwell Rocks—Symon's Yat—Great Downard—New Wier—Martin's Well—The Coracle—Arrival at Monmouth.

“Rouse from thy slumber, Pleasure calls, arise,
Quit thy half-rural bower, a while despise
The thralldom that consumes thee. We who
dwell

Far from thy land of smoke advise thee well.
Here Nature's bounteous hand around shall fling
Scenes that thy Muse hath never dared to sing,
When sickness weigh'd thee down, and strength
declined;

When dread eternity absorb'd thy mind,
Flow'd the predicting verse, by gloom o'erspread,
That 'Cambrian mountains' thou shouldst never
tread,

That 'time-worn cliff and classic stream to see,
Was wealth's prerogative, despair for thee.

Come to the proof; with us the breeze inhale,
Renounce despair, and come to Severn's vale;
And where the **COTSWOLD HILLS** are stretch'd
along,

Seek our green dell, as yet unknown to song:
Start hence with us, and trace, with raptur'd eye,
The wild meanderings of the beauteous **WYE**;
*Thy ten days' leisure ten days' joy shall prove,
And rock and stream breathe amity and love.*”

Such was the call ; with instant ardour hail'd,
 The siren Pleasure caroll'd and prevail'd ;
 Soon the deep dell appear'd, and the clear brow
 Of ULEY BURY* smiled o'er all below,
 O'er mansion, flock, and circling woods that hung
 Round the sweet pastures where the sky-lark sung.
 O for the fancy, vigorous and sublime,
 Chaste as the theme, to triumph over time !
 Bright as the rising day, and firm as truth,
 To speak new transports to the lowland youth,
 That bosoms still might throb, and still adore,
 When his who strives to charm them beats no more !

ONE August morn, with spirits high,
 Sound health, bright hopes, and cloudless sky,
 A cheerful group their farewell bade
 To DURSLEY tower, to ULEY's shade ;
 And where bold STINCHCOMBE's greenwood side
 Heaves in the van of highland pride,
 Scour'd the broad vale of Severn ; where
 The foes of verse shall never dare
 Genius to scorn, or bound its power,
 There blood-stain'd BERKELEY's turrets lower,
 A name that cannot pass away,
 Till time forgets the " Bard" of GRAY.

Quitting fair Glo'ster's northern road,
 To gain the pass of FRAMILODE,
 Before us DEAN's black forest spread,
 And MAY HILL, with his tufted head,
 Beyond the ebbing tide appear'd ;
 And Cambria's distant mountains rear'd
 Their dark blue summits far away ;
 And SEVERN, 'midst the burning day,
 Curved his bright line, and bore along
 The mingled Avon, pride of song.

The trembling steeds soon ferried o'er,
 Neigh'd loud upon the forest shore ;

*Bury, or Burg, the Saxon name for a hill, particularly for
 a hill or partially formed by art.



Domains that once, at early morn,
Rang to the hunter's bugle horn,
When barons proud would bound away ;
And even kings would hail the day,
When crested chiefs their bright-arm'd train
Of javelin'd horsemen roused amain,
And chasing wide the wolf or boar,
Bade the deep woodland valleys roar.
But *we* no dang'rous chase pursued ;
Sound wheels and hoofs their tasks renew'd ;
Behind roll'd SEVERN, gleaming far,
Around us roar'd no sylvan war,
'Mid depths of shade, gay sunbeams broke
Through noble FLAXLEY'S bow'rs of oak ;
And many a cottage, trim and gay,
Whisper'd delight through all the way ;
On hills exposed, in dells unseen,
To patriarchal MITCHEL DEAN.
Rose-cheek'd *Pomona* here was queen,
Though *Ceres* edged *her* fields between,
And on each hill-top, mounted high,
Her sickle waved in ecstasy ;
Till, *Ross*, thy charms all hearts confess
Thy peaceful walks, thy hours of rest
And contemplation. Here the mind
(Its usual luggage left behind)
Feels all its dormant fires revive,
And sees "the *Man of Ross*" alive ;
And hears the Twick'nham Bard again
To KYRLE'S high virtues lift his strain ;
Whose own hand clothed this far-famed hill
With rev'rend elms, that shade us still ;
Whose mem'ry shall survive the day
When elms and empires feel decay.
KYRLE die, by BARD ennobled ? Never :
The Man of Ross shall live for ever ;
And long that spire shall time defy,
To grace the flow'ry-margin'd WYE,

Scene of the morrow's joy, that prest
 Its unseen beauties on our rest
 In dreams ; but who of dreams would tell
 Where truth sustains the song so well ?

The morrow came, and Beauty's eye
 Ne'er beam'd upon a lovelier sky ,
 Imagination instant brought,
 And dash'd amidst the train of thought,
 Tints of the bow. The boatman stript ;
 Glee at the helm exulting tript,
 And waved her flower-encircled wand,
 " Away, away, to Fairy Land."
 Light dipt the oars ; but who can name
 The various objects dear to fame,
 That changing, doubling, wild, and strong,
 Demand the noblest powers of song ?
 Then, O forgive the vagrant Muse,
 Ye who the sweets of Nature choose ;
 And thou, whom destiny hath tied
 To this romantic river's side,
 Down gazing from each close retreat,
 On boats that glide beneath thy feet,
 Forgive the stranger's meagre line,
 That seems to slight that spot of thine ;
 For he, alas ! could only glean
 The changeful outlines of the scene ;
 A momentary bliss ; and here
 Links memory's power with rapture's tear.

Who curb'd the barons' kingly power * ?
 Let hist'ry tell that fateful hour
 At home, when surly winds shall roar,
 And prudence shut the study door.

* Henry the Seventh gave an irrevocable blow to the dangerous privileges assumed by the barons, in abolishing *theserres* and retainers, by which every malefactor could shelter himself from the law, on assuming a nobleman's livery, and attending upon them.



DE WILTONS here, of mighty name,
The whelming flood, the summer stream,
Mark'd from their towers.—The fabric falls,
The rubbish of their splendid halls
Time in his march hath scatter'd wide,
And blank oblivion strives to hide *.

A while the grazing herd was soen,
And trembling willow's silver green,
Till the fantastic current stood
In line direct for **PENCRAIG WOOD** ;
Whose bold green summit welcome bade,
Then rear'd behind his nodding shade.
Here, as the light boat skimm'd along,
The clarionet, and chosen song,
(That mellow, wild, *Æolian* lay,
"Sweet in the Woodlands,") roll'd away
Their echoes down the stream, that bore
Each dying close to every shore,
And forward cape, and woody range,
That form the never-ceasing change,
To him who floating, void of care,
Twirls with the stream, he knows not where.
Till bold, impressive, and sublime,
Gleam'd all that's left by storms and time
Of **GOODRICH TOWERS**. The mould ring pile
Tells noble truths,—but dies the while.
O'er the steep path, through brake and brier,
His batter'd turrets still aspire,
In rude magnificence. 'Twas here
LANCASTRIAN HENRY spread his cheer,
When came the news that **HAL** was born,
And **MONMOUTH** hail'd th' auspicious morn :
A boy in sports, a prince in war,
Wisdom and valour crown'd his car ;
Of France the terror, England's glory,
As *Stratford's* bard has told the story.

* The ruins of Wilton Castle stand on the opposite side of the river, nearly fronting the town of Ross.

No butler's proxies snore supine,
 Where the old monarch kept his wine ;
 No Welsh ox roasting, horns and all,
 Adorns his throng'd and laughing hall ;
 But where he pray'd, and told his beads,
 A thriving ash luxuriant spreads.

No wheels by piecemeal brought the pile ;
 No barks embowell'd Portland Isle ;
 Dig, cried Experience, dig away,
 Bring the firm quarry into day ;
 The excavation still shall save
 Those ramparts which its entrails gave.
 " Here **KINGS** shall dwell," the builders cried,
 " Here England's foes shall lower their pride ;
 " Hither shall suppliant nobles come,
 " And **THIS** be England's *royal* home."
 Vain hope ! for on the Gwentian shore
 The regal banner streams no more !
 Nettles, and vilest weeds that grow,
 To mock poor grandeur's head laid low,
 Creep round the turrets valour raised,
 And flaunt where youth and beauty gazed.

Here fain would strangers loiter long,
 And muse as fancy's woof grows strong ;
 Yet cold the heart that could complain,
 Where **POLLETT** * struck his oars again ;
 For lovely as the sleeping child,
 The stream glides on sublimely wild.
 In perfect beauty, perfect ease.
 —The awning trembled in the breeze,
 And scarcely trembled, as we stood
 For **RUERDEAN** Spire and **BISHOP'S WOOD**.
 The fair domains of **COURTFIELD** † made
 A paradise of mingled shade

* The boatman.

† A seat belonging to the family of Vaughan, which is not mentioned in the pages of history. According to tradition, it is the place where Henry the Fifth was nursed, under the care of the Countess of Salisbur.



Round BICKNOR's tiny church, that cowers
Beneath his host of woodland bowers.

But who the charm of words shall fling
O'er RAVEN CLIFF, and COLDWELL Spring,
To brighten the unconscious eye,
And wake the soul to ecstasy?

Noon scorch'd the fields; the boat lay-to;
The dripping oars had nought to do,
Where round us rose a scene that might
Enchant an idiot—glorious sight!
Here, in one gay according mind,
Upon the sparkling stream we dined;
As shepherds free on mountain heath,
Free as the fish that watch'd beneath
For falling crumbs, where cooling lay
The wine that cheer'd us on our way.
Th' unruffled bosom of the stream
Gave every tint and every gleam;
Gave shadowy rocks, and clear blue sky,
And double clouds of various dye;
Gave dark green woods, or russet brown,
And pendent corn-fields, upside down.

A troop of gleaners changed heir shade
And 'twas a change by music made;
For slowly to the brink they drew,
To mark our joy, and share it too.
How oft, in childhood's flow'ry days,
I've heard the wild impassion'd lays
Of such a group, lays strange and new,
And thought, was ever song so true!
When from the hazel's cool retreat
They watch'd the summer's trembling heat,
And through the boughs rude urchins play'd,
Where matrons, round the laughing maid,
Prest the long grass beneath! And here
Perhaps they shared an equal cheer;
*Enjoy'd the feast with equal glee,
And raised the song of revelry:*

Yet half abash'd, reserved, and shy,
Watch'd till the strangers glided by.

GLEANER'S SONG.

DEAR ELLEN, your tales are all plentifully
stored

With the joys of some bride, and the wealth of
her lord:

Of her chariots and dresses,

And worldly caresses,

And servants that fly when she's waited upon:

But what can she boast if she weds unbelov'd?

Can she e'er feel the joy that one morning I
proved,

When I put on my new-gown and waited for John?

These fields, my dear Ellen, I knew them of yore,
Yet to me they ne'er look'd so enchanting before;

The distant bells ringing,

The birds round us singing,

For pleasure is pure when affection is won:

They told me the troubles and cares of a wife;

But I loved him; and that was the pride of my life,

When I put on my new-gown and waited for John.

He shouted and ran, as he leapt from the stile;

And what in my bosom was passing the while?

For love knows the blessing

Of ardent caressing,

When virtue inspires us and doubts are all gone.

The sunshine of Fortune you say is divine;

True love and the sunshine of Nature were mine,

When I put on my new-gown and waited for John.

Never could spot be suited less

For memorials of distress;



THE BANKS OF WYE. 191

None, cries the sage, more fit is found,
They strike at once a double wound
Humiliation bids you sigh,
And think of poor mortality.

Close on the bank, and half o'ergrown,
Beneath a dark wood's sombrous frown,
A monumental stone appears
Of one who, in his blooming years,
While bathing spurn'd the grassy shore,
And sunk, 'midst friends, to rise no more ;
By parents witness'd.—Hark ! their shrieks !
The dreadful language horror speaks !
But why in verse attempt to tell
That tale the stone records so well ?
Nothing could damp th' awaken'd joy,
Not e'en thy fate, ingenuous boy ;
The great, the grand of Nature strove,
To lift our hearts to life and love.

HAIL ! COLDWELL ROCKS ; frown, frown away ;
Thrust from your woods your shafts of grey :
Fall not, to crush our mortal pride,
Or stop the stream on which we glide.
Our lives are short, our joys are few :
But, giants, what is time to you ?
Ye who erect, in many a mass,
Rise from the scarcely dimpled glass,
That with distinct and mellow glow
Reflects your monstrous forms below ;
Or in clear shoals, in breeze or sun,
Shakes all your shadows into one ;
Boast ye o'er man in proud disdain,
A silent, everlasting reign ?
Bear ye your heads so high in scorn
Of names that puny man hath borne ?

Proud rocks ! had Cambria's bards but here
Their names engraven, deep and clear,
That such as gaily wind along
Might greet with shouts those sires of song.

And trace the fame that mortals crave
 To LIGHT and LIFE beyond the grave !
 Then might ye boast your *wreathes* entwined
 With trophies of the deathless MIND ;
 Then would your fronts record on high,
 " We perish !—MAN can never die !"

Not nameless quite ye lift your brows,
 For each the navigator knows ;
 Not by King Arthur, or his knights,
 Bard famed in lays, or chief in fights ;
 But former tourists, just as free,
 (Though surely not so blest as we,)
 A group of wranglers from the bar,
 Suspending *hers* their *mimic* war—
 Mark'd towering BEARCROFT'S ivy crown,
 And grey VANSITTART'S waving gown :
 And who's that giant by his side ?
 " SERGEANT ADAIR," the boatman cried.
 Yet strange it seems, however true,
 That *hers*, where law has nought to do,
 Where rules and bonds are set aside,
 By wood, by rock, by stream defied ;
 That *hers*, where nature seems at strife
 With all that tells of busy life,
 Man should by *names* be carried still
 To Babylon against his will.

But how shall memory rehearse,
 Or dictate the untoward verse
 That truth demands ? Could he refuse
 Thy unsought honours, darling Muse,
 Who *thus*, in idle, happy trim
 Rode just where friends would carry him,
 And *thus* hath since his cares beguiled
 By rhymes as joyous, and as wild ?
 Truth he obeys. The generous band,
 That spread his board and grasp'd his hand,
 In native mirth, as here they came,
 Gave a bluff rock his humble name :



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THE BANKS OF WYE

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A yew-tree clasps its rugged base;
The boatman knows its reverend face
With POLLETT'S memory and his fee,
Rests the result that time shall see.
Yet, whether time shall sweep away
The fragile whimsies of a day;
Or future travellers rest the oar,
To hear the mingled echoes roar;
A stranger's triumph! He will feel
A joy that death alone can steal.
And should he cold indifference feign,
And treat such honours with disdain;
Pretending pride shall not deceive him,
Good people all, pray don't believe him;
In such a spot to leave a name,
At least is no opprobrious fame;
This rock perhaps uprear'd his brow,
Ere human blood began to flow.

Nor let the wandering stranger fear
That WYE here ends her wild career;
Though closing boughs,—though hills may seem
To bar all egress to the stream,
Some airy height he climbs amain,
And finds the silver eel again.

No fears we form'd, no labours counted,
Yet SYMMON'S YAT must be surmounted;
A tower of rock, that seems to cry,
"Go round about me, neighbour WYE."
On went the boat, and up the steep
Her straggling crew began to creep,
To gain the ridge, enjoy the view,
Where the fresh gales of summer blew.
The gleaming WYE, that circles round
Her four mile course, again is found;
And, crouching to the conquerer's pride,
Bathes his huge cliffs on either side;
*Seen at one glance, when from his brow
The eye surveys twin gulfs below.* N

Whence comes thy name? What Syon he,
 Who gain'd a monument in thee?
 Perhaps a wild-wood hunter,—born
 Peril, and toil, and death, to scorn;
 Or warrior, with his powerful lance,
 Who scaled the cliff to mark th' advance
 Of rival arms; or humble swain,
 Who sought for pasture here in vain;
 Or venerable bard, who strove
 To tune his harp to themes of love;
 Or with a poet's ardent flame
 Sung to the winds his country's fame?

Westward GREAT DOWARD, stretching wide,
 Upheaves his iron-bowell'd side;
 And by his everlasting mound
 Prescribes th' imprison'd river's bound,
 And strikes the eye with mountain force:
 But, stranger, mark thy rugged course
 From crag to crag, unwilling, slow,
 To NEW WIER forge, that smokes below.
 Here rush'd the keel like lightning by;
 The helmsman watch'd with anxious eye;
 And oars alternate touch'd the brim,
 To keep the flying boat in trim,

Forward quick changing, changing still,
 Again rose cliff, and wood, and hill,
 Where mingling foliage seem'd to strive
 With dark-brown saplings, flay'd alive*,
 Down to the gulf beneath; where oft
 The toiling wood-boy dragg'd aloft
 His stubborn faggot from the brim,
 And gazed, and tugg'd with sturdy limb;
 And where the mind repose would seek,
 A barren, storm-defying peak,
 The Little DOWARD, lifted high
 His rocky crown of royalty.

* The custom is here alluded to of stripping the bark from
 the tree, which gives an almost indescribable,
 † the most agreeable, effect to the landscape.



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THE BANKS OF WYE

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Hush! not a whisper! Oars, be still!
Comes that soft sound from yonder hill?
Or is the sound so faint though near
It scarcely strikes the list'ning ear?
E'en so; for down the green bank fell
An ice-cold stream from MARTIN'S WELL,
Bright as young beauty's azure eye,
And pure as infant chastity;
Each limpid draught suffused with dew
The dipping glass's crystal hue;
And as it trembling reach'd the lip,
Delight sprung up at every sip.

Pure, temperate joys, and calm, were these;
We toss'd upon no Indian seas;
No savage chiefs, with tawny crew,
Came jabbering in the bark canoe
Our strength to dare, our course to turn;
Yet boats a South Sea chief would burn
Sulk'd in the alder shade. Each bore,
Devoid of keel, or sail, or oar,
An upright fisherman, with eye
Of Bramin-like solemnity;
Who scann'd the surface either way,
And cleaved it like a fly at play;
And crossways bore a balanced pole,
To drive the salmon from his hole:
Then heedful leap'd, without parade,
On shore, as luck or fancy bade;
And o'er his back, in gallant trim,
Swung the light shell that carried him;
Then down again his burden threw,
And launch'd his whirling bowl anew;
Displaying, in his bow'ry station,
The infancy of navigation.

Soon round us spread the hills and dales
Where GEOFFREY spun his magic tales,
And call'd them history. The land
Whence ARTHUR sprung, and all his band

Of gallant knights. Sire of romance,
 Who led the fancy's mazy dance,
 Thy tales shall please, thy name still be,
 When Time forgets my verse and me.

Low sunk the sun, his ev'ning beam
 Scarce reach'd us on the tranquil stream;
 Shut from the world, and all its din,
 Nature's own bonds had closed us in;
 Wood, and deep dell, and rock, and ridge,
 From smiling Ross to MONMOUTH BRIDGE;
 From morn till twilight stole away,
 A long, unclouded, glorious day.

BOOK II.

Henry the Fifth—Morning on the water—Landoga—Ballad, "The Maid of Landoga"—Tintern Abbey—Wind-Cliff—Arrival at Chepstow—Persfeld—Ballad, "Morris of Persfeld"—View from Wind-Cliff—Chepstow Castle by Moonlight.

HARRY of MONMOUTH, o'er thy page,
 Great chieftain of a daring age!
 The stripping soldier burns to see
 The spot of thy nativity;
 His ardent fancy can restore
 Thy castle's turrets (now no more);
 See the tall plumes of victory wave,
 And call old valour from the grave;
 Twang the strong bow, and point the lance,
 That pierced the shatter'd hosts of France,
 When nations, in the days of yore,
 Shook at the rampant lion's roar.
~~Shook at the rampant lion's roar.~~
~~Shook at the rampant lion's roar.~~ were all we could command
 ; moor'd upon the strand;



www.thelibraryof.com THE BANKS OF WYE.

The midnight current, by her side,
Was stealing down to meet the tide;
The wakeful steersman ready lay,
To rouse us at the break of day:
It came—how soon! and what a sky,
To cheer the bounding traveller's eye!
To make him spurn his couch of rest,
To shout upon the river's breast,
Watching by turns the rosy hue
Of early cloud or sparkling dew.

These living joys the verse shall tell:
HARRY, and MONMOUTH, fare-ye-well.

On upland farm, and airy height,
Swept by the breeze, and clothed in light,
The reapers, early from their beds,
Perhaps were singing o'er our heads.
For, stranger, deem not that the eye
Could hence survey the eastern sky;
Or mark the streak'd horizon's bound,
Where first the rosy sun wheels round.
Deep in the gulf beneath were we,
Whence climb'd blue mists o'er rock and tree;
A mingling, undulating crowd,
That form'd the dense or fleecy cloud;
Slow from the darken'd stream upborne,
They caught the quickening gales of morn;
There bade their parent WYE good day,
And, tinged with purple, sail'd away.

The MUNNO* join'd us all unseen.

TROY HOUSE, and BEAUFORT'S bowers of green
And nameless prospects, half defined,
Involved in mist, were left behind.
Yet as the boat still onward bore,
The ramparts of the eastern shore
Cower'd the high crest to many a sweep,
And bade us o'er each minor steep

* The river Munno, or Mynnow, falls into the Wye at Monmouth.

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Mark the bold KYMIN's sunny brow,
 That, gleaming o'er our fogs below,
 Lifted amain, with giant power,
 E'en to the clouds his NAVAL TOWER*;
 Proclaiming to the morning sky
 Valour, and fame, and victory.

THE air resign'd its hazy blue,
 Just as LANDOGA came in view.
 Delightful village! one by one,
 Thy climbing dwellings caught the sun.
 So bright the scene, the air so clear,
 Young Love and Joy seem'd station'd here;
 And each with floating banners cried,
 "Stop, friends, you'll meet the rushing tide.
 Rude fragments, torn, disjoined, wild,
 High on the Glo'ster shore are piled.
 No mouldering fane, the boast of years,
 Unstain'd by time, the wreck appears:
 With pouring wrath, and hideous swell,
 Down foaming from a woodland dell,
 A summer flood's resistless pow'r
 Raised the grim ruin in an hour!
 When that o'erwhelming tempest spread
 Its terrors round the guilty head,
 When earth-bound rocks themselves gave way,
 When crash'd the postrate timbers lay,
 O, it has been a noble sight,
 Crouching beyond the torrent's might,
 To mark th' uprooted victims bow,
 The grinding masses dash below,
 And hear the long deep peal the while
 Burst over Tintern's roofless pile!
 Then, as the sun regain'd his power,
 When the last breeze from hawthorn bower

The Kymin Pavillion, erected in honour of the British
 and their unparalleled victories.

THE BANKS OF WYE.

Or Druid oak, had shook away
The rain-drops 'midst the gleaming day,
Perhaps the sigh of hope return'd,
And love in some chaste bosom burn'd,
And softly trill'd, the stream along,
Some rustic maiden's village song.

THE MAID OF LANDOGA.

RETURN, my Llewellyn! the glory
That heroes may gain o'er the sea,
Though nations may feel
Their invincible steel,
By falsehood is tarnish'd in story;
Why tarry, Llewellyn, from me?

Thy sails, on the fathomless ocean,
Are swell'd by the boisterous gale;
How rests thy tired head
On the rude rocking bed?
While here not a leaf is in motion,
And melody reigns in the dale.

The mountains of Monmouth invite thee ;
The WYE, O how beautiful here!
This woodbine, thine own,
Hath the cottage o'ergrown.
O what foreign shore can delight thee,
And where is the current so clear?

Can lands, where false pleasure assails thee
And beauty invites thee to roam ;
Can the deep orange grove
Charm with shadows of love
Thy love at LANDOGA bewails thee ;
Remember her truth and thy home.

ADIEU, LANDOGA, scene most dear,
 Farewell we bade to ETHELL'S WIER;
 Round many a point then bore away,
 Till morn was changed to beauteous day:
 And forward on the lowland shore,
 Silent, majestic ruins, wore
 The stamp of holiness; this strand
 The steersman hail'd, and touch'd the land.

SUDDEN the change; at once to tread
 The grass-grown mansions of the dead!
 Awful to feeling, where, immense,
 Rose ruin'd, gray magnificence;
 The fair-wrought shaft all ivy-bound,
 The towering arch with foliage crown'd,
 That trembles on its brow sublime,
 Triumphant o'er the spoils of time,
 Here, grasping all the eye beheld,
 Thought into mingling anguish swell'd,
 And check'd the wild excursive wing,
 O'er dust or bones of priest or king;
 Or raised some BLOOD-STAIN'D warrior's ghost
 To shout before his banner'd host.
 But all was still.—The chequer'd floor
 Shall echo to the step no more;
 Nor airy roof the strain prolong
 Of vesper chant or choral song.

TINTERN, thy name shall hence sustain
 A thousand raptures in my brain;
 Joys, full of soul, all strength, all eye,
 That cannot fade, that cannot die.

No loitering here, lone walks to steal;
 [redacted] was the early hunter's meal;
 [redacted] time and tide, stern couple, ran
 [redacted] endless race, and laugh'd at man,



Deaf had we shouted, "turn about,"
Or, "wait a while, till we come out;"
To humour them we check'd our pride,
And ten cheer'd hearts stow'd side by side,
Push'd from the shore with current strong,
And "Hey for Chepstow," steer'd along.

AMIDST the bright expanding day,
The solemn, deep, dark shadows lay
Of that rich foliage, tow'ring o'er
Where princely abbots dwelt of yore.
The mind, with instantaneous glance,
Beholds his barge of state advance.
Borne proudly down the ebbing tide,
She sweeps the waving boughs aside;
She wins with flowing pendants drest;
And as the current turns south-west,
She strikes her oars, where, full in view,
Stupendous WIND-CLIFF greets her crew.
But, Fancy. let thy day-dreams cease;
With fallen greatness be at peace.
Enough; for WIND-CLIFF still was found
To hail us as we doubled round.

Bold in primeval strength he stood;
His rocky brow, all shagg'd with wood,
O'erlook'd his base, where doubling strong,
The inward torrent pours along;
Then ebbing turns. and turns again
(To meet the Severn and the Main),
Beneath the dark shade sweeping round
Of beetling PERSFIELD'S fairy ground,
By buttresses of rock upborne,
The rude APOSTLES all unshorn.*

Long be the slaughter'ring axe defied:
Long may they bear their waving pride;

* Twelve projecting rocks so named, fringed with foliage nearly to the water's edge.

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Tree over tree, bower over bower,
 In uncurb'd nature's wildest power;
 Till WYE forgets to wind below,
 And genial spring to bid them grow.

And shall we e'er forget the day,
 When our last chorus died away?
 When first we hail'd, and moor'd beside
 Rock-founded CHEPSTOW'S mouldering pride?
 Where that strange bridge, light, trembling, high,
 Strides like a spider o'er the WYE;
 When, for the joys the morn had giv'n,
 Our thankful hearts were raised to Heav'n?
 Never:—that moment shall be dear,
 While hills can charm, or sun-beams cheer.

POLLETT, farewell! thy dashing oar
 Shall lull us into peace no more;
 But where KYRLE trimm'd his infant green,
 Long mayst thou with thy bark be seen;
 And happy be the hearts that glide
 Through such a scene, with such a guide.

THE verse of gravel walks that tells,
 With pebble-rocks and mole-hill swells,
 May strain description's bursting cheeks,
 And far outrun the goal it seeks.
 Not so when ev'ning's purpling hours
 Hied us away to Persfield's bowers:
 Here no such danger waits the lay;
 Sing on, and truth shall lead the way.
 Here sight may rage, and hearts may glow,
 Yet shrink from the abyss below;
 Here echoing precipices roar,
 As youthful ardour shouts before;
 Here a sweet paradise shall rise
 At once to greet poetic eyes.

Why do's HE dispell, unkind,
 Set illusion from the mind,



YON GIANT*, with the goggling eye
Who strides in mock sublimity?
Giants identified may frown;
Nature and taste would knock them down;
Blocks that usurp some noble station,
As if to curb imagination,
Which, smiling at the chisel's power,
Makes better monsters every hour.

Beneath impenetrable green.
Down, 'midst the hazel stems, was seen
The turbid stream, with all that past;
The lime-white deck, the gliding mast;
Or skiff with gazers darting by,
Who raised their hands in ecstacy
Impending cliffs hung overhead;
The rock-path sounded to the tread,
Where twisted roots, in many a fold,
Through moss, disputed room for hold.

THE stranger who thus steals one hour
To trace thy walks from bower to bower,
Thy noble cliffs, thy wildwood joys,
Nature's own work that never cloy,
Who, while reflection bids him roam,
Calls not this paradise his home,
Can ne'er, with dull unconscious eye,
Leave them behind without a sigh.
Thy tale of truth then, Sorrow, tell,
Of him who bade this home farewell;
MORRIS of PERSFIELD.—Hark, the strains!
Hark! 'tis some hoary bard complains!
The deeds, the worth, he knew so well,
The force of nature bids him tell.

* An immense giant of stone, who, to say the best of him occupies a place where such personages are least wanted or wished.

MORRIS OF PERSFIELD.

Who was lord of yon beautiful seat;
Yon woods which are towering so high?
Who spread the rich board for the great,
Yet listen'd to pity's soft sigh?
Who gave with a spirit so free,
And fed the distress'd at his door?
Our MORRIS of PERSFIELD was he,
Who dwelt in the hearts of the poor.

But who e'en of wealth shall make sure,
Since wealth to misfortune has bow'd?
Long cherish'd untainted and pure,
The stream of his charity flow'd.
But all his resources gave way;
O what could his feelings control?
What shall curb, in the prosperous day,
Th' excess of a generous soul?

He bade an adieu to the town;
O, can I forget the sad day?
When I saw the poor widows kneel down,
To bless him, to weep, and to pray.
Though sorrow was mark'd in his eye,
The trial he manfully bore;
Then passed o'er the bridge of the Wye,
To return to his Persfield no more.

'Twas true that another might feel;
That poverty still might be fed;
Yet long we rung out the dumb peal,
For to us noble Morris was dead.
He had not lost sight of his home,
Yon domain that so lovely appears,



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When he heard it, and sunk overcome;
He felt it—and burst into tears.

The lessons of prudence have charms,
And slighted, may lead to distress;
But the man who benevolence warms
Is an angel who lives but to bless.
If ever man merited fame,
If ever man's failings went free,
Forgot at the sound of his name,
Our Morris of Persfield was he.

Cleft from the summit, who shall say
When Wind-Clift's other half gave way?
Or when the sea-waves, roaring strong,
First drove the rock-bound tide along?
To studious leisure be resign'd,
The task that leads the wilder'd mind,
From time's first birth throughout the range
Of nature's everlasting change.
Soon from his all-commanding brow,
Lay Persfield's rocks and woods below.
Back over Monmouth who could trace
The Wye's fantastic mountain race?
Before us sweeping far and wide,
Lay out-stretch'd Severn's ocean tide,
Through whose blue mists, all upward blown,
Broke the faint lines of heights unknown;
And still (though clouds would interpose)
The Cotswold promontories rose
In dark succession: Stinchcombe's brow,
With Berkeley Castle crouch'd below;
And stranger spires on either hand,
From Thornbury, on the Glo'ster strand,
With black-brow'd woods, and yellow fields,
(The boundless wealth that summer yields,
Detain'd the eye, that glanced again
O'er Kingroad anchorage to the main.

Or was the bounded view prefer'd,
 Far, far beneath, the spreading herd
 Low'd, as the cow-boy stroll'd along,
 And cheerly sung his last new song.
 But cow-boy, herd, and tide, and spire
 Sunk into gloom.—The tinge of fire,
 As westward roll'd the setting day
 Fled like a golden dream away.
 Then Chepstow's ruin'd fortress caught
 The mind's collected store of thought ;
 A dark, majestic, jealous frown
 Hung on his brow and warn'd us down.
 'Twas well ; for he has much to boast,
 Much still that tells of glories lost,
 Though rolling years have form'd the sod,
 Where once the bright-helm'd warrior trod
 From tower to tower, and gazed around.
 While all beneath him slept profound.
 E'en on the walls where paced the brave,
 High o'er his crumbling turrets wave
 The rampant seedlings.—Not a breath
 Pass'd through their leaves ; when, still as death
 We stopp'd to watch the clouds—for night
 Grew splendid with increasing light,
 Till, as time loudly told the hour,
 Gleam'd the broad front of Marten's Tower,*
 Bright silver'd by the moon.—Then rose
 The wild notes sacred to repose ;
 Then the lone owl awoke from rest,
 Stretch'd his keen talons, plumed his crest,
 And, from his high embattled station,
 Hooted a trembling salutation.
 Rocks caught the " halloo" from his tongue
 And Persfield back the echoes flung
 Triumphant o'er th' illustrious dead,
 Their history lost, their glories fled.

* Henry Marten, whose signature appears upon the death-warrant of Charles the First, finished his days here in prison.



BOOK III.

Departure for Ragland—Ragland Castle—Abergavenny—Expedition up the “Pen-y-Vale,” or Sugar-Loaf Hill—Invocation to the Spirit of Burns—View from the Mountain—Castle of Abergavenny—Departure for Brecon—Pembrokes of Crick-howel—Tre-Tower Castle—Jane Edwards.

PEACE to your white-wall'd cots, ye vales;
Untainted fly your summer gales:
Health, thou from cities lov'st to roam,
O make the Monmouth hills thy home!
Great spirits of her bards of yore,
While harvests triumph, torrents roar,
Train her young shepherds, train them high
To sing of mountain liberty:
Give them the harp and modest maid;
Give them the sacred village shade;
Long be Llandenny, and Llansoy,
Names that import a rural joy,
Known to our fathers, when May day
Brush'd a whole twelvemonth's care away.

For diff'rent joys possess'd the mind,
When Chepstow fading sunk behind,
And, from a belt of woods full grown
Arose immense thy turrets brown,
Majestic RAGLAND! Harvests wave
Where thund'ring hosts their watch-word gave,
When cavaliers, with downcast eye,
Struck the last flag of loyalty*:
Then, left by gallant WORC'STER's band,
To devastation's cruel hand
The beauteous fabric bow'd, fled all
The splendid hours of festival.

* This castle, with a garrison commanded by the Marquis of Worcester, was the last place of strength which held out for the unfortunate Charles the First.

No smoke ascends; the busy hum
 Is heard no more; no rolling drum,
 No high-toned clarion sounds alarms,
 No banner wakes the pride of arms*;
 But ivy, creeping year by year,
 Of growth enormous, triumphs here.
 Each dark festoon with pride upheaves
 Its glossy wilderness of leaves
 On sturdy limbs, that, clasping, bow
 Broad o'er the turrets' utmost brow,
 Encompassing, by strength alone,
 In fret-work bars, the sliding stone,
 That tells how years and storms prevail,
 And spreads its dust upon the gale.

The man who could unmoved survey
 What ruin, piecemeal, sweeps away;
 Works of the pow'ful and the brave,
 All sleeping in the silent grave;
 Unmoved reflect, that here were sung
 Carols of joy, by beauty's tongue,
 Is fit, where'er he deigns to roam,
 And hardly fit—to stay at home.
 Spent here in peace,—one solemn hour
 (Midst legends of the YELLOW TOWER,
 Truth and tradition's mingled stream,
 Fear's start, and superstition's dream)
 Is pregnant with a thousand joys,
 That distance, place, nor time, destroys:
 That with exhaustless stores supply
 Food for reflection till we die.

ONWARD the rested steeds pursued
 The cheerful rout, with strength renew'd,
 For onward lay the gallant town,
 Whose name old custom hath clipp'd down,

* These magnificent ruins, including the citadel, occupy a tract of ground not less than one-third of a mile in circumference.



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THE BANKS OF WYE.

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With more of music left than many,
So handily to ABERGANY.
And as the sidelong, sober light
Left valleys darken'd, hills less bright,
Great BLORENGE rose to tell his tale;
And the dun peak of PEN-Y-VALE
Stood like a sentinel, whose brow
Scowl'd on the sleeping world below;
Yet even sleep itself outspread
The mountain paths we meant to tread,
'Midst fresh'ning gales all unconfined,
Where Usk's broad valley shrinks behind.

Joyous the crimson morning rose,
As joyous from the night's repose
Sprung the light heart. The glancing eye
Beheld, amidst the dappled sky,
Exulting PEN-Y-VALE. But how
Could females climb his gleaming brow,
Rude toil encount'ring? how defy
The wint'ry torrent's course, when dry,
A rough-scoop'd bed of stones? or meet
The powerful force of August heat?
Wheels might assist, could wheels be found
Adapted to the rugged ground:
'Twas done; for prudence bade us start
With three Welsh ponies, and a cart;
A red-cheek'd mountaineer, a wit,
Full of rough shafts, that sometimes hit,
Trudg'd by their side, and twirl'd his thong,
And cheer'd his scrambling team along.
At ease to mark a scene so fair,
And treat their steeds with mountain air,
Some rode apart, or led before,
Rock after rock the wheels upbore;
The careful driver slowly sped,
To many a bough we duck'd the head

And heard the wild inviting calls
 Of summer's tinkling waterfalls,
 In wooded glens below; and still,
 At every step the sister hill,
 BLORENCE, grew greater; half unseen
 At times from out our bowers of green,
 That telescopic landscapes made,
 From the arch'd windows of its shade;
 For woodland tracts begirt us round;
 The vale beyond was fairy ground,
 That verse can never paint. Above
 Gleam'd (something like the mount of Jove
 But how much, let the learned say,
 Who take Olympus in their way)
 Gleam'd the fair, sunny, cloudless peak
 That simple strangers ever seek.
 And are they simple? Hang the dunce
 Who would not doff his cap at once
 In ecstasy, when, bold and new,
 Bursts on his sight a mountain view.

Though vast the prospect here became,
 Intensely as the love of fame
 Glow'd the strong hope, that strange desire,
 That deathless wish of climbing higher,
 Where heather clothes his graceful sides,
 Which many a scatter'd rock divides,
 Bleach'd by more years than hist'ry knows,
 Moved by no power but melting snows,
 Or gushing springs, that wash away
 Th' embedded earth that forms their stay.
 The heart distends, the whole frame feels,
 Where, inaccessible to wheels,
 The utmost storm-worn summit spreads
 Its rocks grotesque, its downy beds;
 Here no false feeling sense belies,
Man lifts the weary foot, and sighs;
Laughter is dumb; hilarity
akes at once th' astonish'd eye;



THE BANKS OF WYE.

E'en the closed lip, half useless grown,
Drops but a word, "Look down ; look down."

Good Heav'ns! must scenes like these expand
Scenes so magnificently grand,
And millions breathe, and pass away,
Unbless'd throughout their little day,
With one short glimpse? By place confined,
Shall many an anxious, ardent mind,
Sworn to the Muses, cower its pride,
Doom'd but to sing with pinions tied?

SPIRIT of BURNS! the daring child
Of glorious freedom, rough and wild,
How have I wept o'er all thy ills,
How blest thy Caledonian hills!
How almost worshipp'd in my dreams
Thy mountain haunts — thy classic streams!
How burnt with hopeless, aimless fire,
To mark thy giant strength aspire
In patriot themes! and tuned the while
Thy "Bonny Doon," or "Balloch Mile."
Spirit of BURNS! accept the tear
That rapture gives thy mem'ry here
On the bleak mountain top. Here thou
Thyself hadst raised the gallant brow
Of conscious intellect, to twine
Th' imperishable verse of thine,
That charms the world. Or can it be,
That scenes like these were nought to thee?
That Scottish hills so far excel,
That so deep sinks the Scottish dell,
That boasted PEN-Y-VALE had been
For thy loud northern lyre too mean;
Broad-shoulder'd BLORENCE a mere knoll,
And SKYRID, let him smile or scowl,
A dwarfish bully, vainly proud,
Because he breaks the passing cloud?

If even so, thou bard of fame,
 The consequences rest the same:
 For, grant that to thy infant sight
 Rose mountains of stupendous height;
 Or grant that Cambrian minstrels taught
 'Mid scenes that mock the lowland thought;
 Grant that old Talliesen flung
 His thousand raptures as he sung
 From huge Plyulimon's awful brow,
 Of Cader Idris, capt with snow;
 Such Alpine scenes with them or thee
 Well suited.—These are Alps to me.

Long did we, noble Blorenge, gaze
 On thee, and mark the eddying haze
 That strove to reach thy level crown,
 From the rich stream, and smoking town;
 And oft, old Skyrid, hail'd thy name,
 Nor dared deride thy holy fame*.
 Long follow'd with untiring eye
 Th' illumin'd clouds, that o'er the sky
 Drew their thin veil, and slowly sped,
 Dipping to every mountain's head,
 Dark mingling, fading, wild, and thence,
 Till admiration, in suspense,
 Hung on the verge of sight. Then sprung,
 By thousands known, by thousands sung,
 Feelings that earth and time defy,
 That cleave to immortality.

A light gray haze enclosed us round:
 Some momentary drops were found,
 Borne on the breeze; soon all dispell'd;
 Once more the glorious prospect swell'd
 Interminably fair. Again
 Stretch'd the Black Mountain's dreary chain!

* A prodigious cleft, or separation in the hill, tradition says
 caused by the earthquake at the crucifixion; it was there-
 named the Holy Mountain.



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THE BANKS OF WYE.

When eastward turn'd the straining eye,
Great Malvern met the cloudless sky:
Dark in the south uprose the shores,
Where Ocean in his fury roars,
And rolls abrupt his fearful tides,
Far still from Mendip's fern-clad sides;
From whose vast range of mingling blue
The weary, wand'ring sight withdrew,
O'er fair Glamorgan's woods and downs,
O'er glittering streams, and farms and towns,
Back to the Table Rock, that lowers
O'er old Crickhowel's ruin'd towers
Here perfect stillness reign'd. The breath
A moment hush'd, 'twas mimic death.
The ear, from all assaults released,
As motion, sound, and life, had ceased.
The beetle rarely murmur'd by,
No sheep-dog sent his voice so high,
Save when, by chance, far down the steep,
Crept a live speck, a straggling sheep:
Yet one lone object, plainly seen
Curved slowly, in a line of green,
On the brown heath: no demon fell,
No wizard foe, with magic spell,
To chain the senses, chill the heart,
No wizard guided Powel's cart;
He of our nectar had the care,
All our ambrosia rested there.
At leisure, but reluctant still,
We join'd him by a mountain rill;
And there on springing turf, all seated,
Jove's guests were never half so treated;
Journeys they had, and feastings many,
But never came to Abergany;
Lucky escape: — the wrangling crew,
Mischief to cherish or to brew,
Was all their sport; and when, in rage,
They chose 'midst warriors to engage,

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Loud for their fiery steeds they cried,
And dash'd th' opposing clouds aside,
Whirl'd through the air, and foremost stood
Midst mortal passions, mortal blood!
Beneath us frown'd no deadly war,
And Powel's wheels were safer far;
As on them without flame or shield,
Or bow to twang, or lance to wield,
We left the heights of inspiration,
And relish'd a mere mortal station;
Our object not to fire a town,
Or aid a chief, or knock him down;
But safe to sleep, from war and sorrow,
And drive to Brecknock on the morrow.

Heavy and low'ring, crowds on crowds,
Drove adverse hosts of dark'ning clouds,
Low o'er the vale, and far away,
Deep gloom o'erspread the rising day;
No morning beauties caught the eye,
O'er mountain top, or stream, or sky,
As round the castle's ruin'd tower
We mused for many a solemn hour;
And half-dejected, half in spleen,
Computed idly, o'er the scene,
How many murders there had dyed
Chiefs and their minions, slaves of pride;
When, perjury, in every breath,
Pluck'd the huge falchion from its sheath,
And prompted deeds of ghastly fame,
That hist'ry's self might blush to name*.

At length through each retreating shower,
Burst, with a renovating power,
Light, life, and gladness; instant fled
All contemplation on the dead.

*History of Brecknockshire, the castle of Ab
beod as having been the scene of the most sh*



Who hath not mark'd, with inward joy,
The efforts of the diving boy;
And, waiting while he disappear'd
Exulted, trembled, hoped, and fear'd?
Then felt his heart, 'midst cheering cries,
Bound with delight to see him rise!
Who hath not burnt with rage, to see
Falsehood's vile cant, and supple knee;
Then hail'd, on some courageous brow,
The power that works her overthrow;
That, swift as lightning, seals her doom,
"Hence, miscreant! vanish!—truth is come?"
So Pen-y-Vale upheaved his brow,
And left the world of fog below;
So Skyrid, smiling, broke his way
To glories of the conqu'ring day;
With matchless grace, and giant pride,
So Blorengé turn'd the clouds aside,
And warn'd us, not a whit too soon,
To chase the flying car of noon,
Where herds and flocks unnumber'd fed
Where Usk her wand'ring mazes led.

Here on the mind, with powerful sway,
Press'd the bright joys of yesterday;
For still, though doom'd no more t' inhale
The mountain air of Pen-y-Vale,
His broad dark striking woods o'erhung
Cottage and farm, where careless sung
The labourer, where the gazing steer
Low'd to the mountains, deep and clear.

Slow less'ning Blorengé, left behind
Reluctantly his claims resign'd,
And stretch'd his glowing front entire,
As forward peep'd Crickhowel spire;
*But no proud castle's turrets gleam'd;
No warrior Earl's gay banner stream'd;
E'en of thy palace, (grief to tell!)
A tower—without a dinner bell;*

An arch—where jav'lin'd sentries bow'd
 Low to their chief, or fed the crowd,
 Are all that mark where once a train
 Of Barons graced thy rich domain,
 Illustrious Pembroke!* drain'd thy bowl,
 And caught the nobleness of soul—
 The harp-inspired, indignant blood
 That prompts to arms and hardihood.

To muse upon the days gone by,
 Where desolation meets the eye,
 Is double life; truth, cheaply bought,
 The nurse of sense, the food of thought,
 Whence judgment, ripen'd, forms, at will,
 Her estimates of good or ill;
 And brings contrasted scenes to view,
 And weighs the old rogues with the new;
 Imperious tyrants, gone to dust,
 With tyrants whom the world hath cursed
 Through modern ages.—By what power
 Rose the strong walls of old Tre-Tower
 Deep in the valley; whose clear rill
 Then stole through wilds, and wanders still
 Through village shades, unstain'd with gore,
 Where war-steeds bathe their hoofs no more?
 Empires have fallen, armies bled,
 Since you old wall, with upright head,
 Met the loud tempest; who can trace
 When first the rude mass, from its base,
 Stoop'd in that dreadful form? E'en thou,
 Jane, with the placid silver brow,
 Know'st not the day, though thou hast seen
 A hundred† springs of cheerful green,

* Part of the original palace of the powerful Earls of Pembroke is still undemolished by time.

† Jane Edwards, or, as she pronounced it, Etwarts, a tall bony, upright woman, leaning both hands on the head of her ~~chair~~ in her manners venerably impressive, was then at ~~the~~ me hundred. She was living in 1800, then one and two.



A hundred winters' snows increase
That brook,—the emblem of thy peace.
Most venerable dame! and shall,
The plund'rer, in his gorgeous hall,
His fame with Moloch-frown prefer,
And scorn thy harmless character,
Who scarcely hear'st of his renown,
And never sack'd or burnt a town?
But should he crave, with coward cries,
To be Jane Edwards when he dies,
Thou'lt be the Conqueror, old lass,
So take thy alms, and let us pass.

Forth, from the calm sequester'd shade,
Once more approaching twilight, bade;
When, as the sigh of joy arose,
And while e'en fancy sought repose,
One vast transcendent object sprung,
Arresting every eye and tongue.
Strangers, fair Brecon! wondering, scan
The peaks of thy stupendous Vann:
But how can strangers, chain'd by time,
Through floating clouds his summit climb?
Another day had almost fled;
A clear horizon, glowing red,
Its promise on all hearts impress'd,
Bright sunny hours, and Sabbath rest.

BOOK IV.

The Gaer, a Roman Station—Brunless Castle—The Hay—Funeral Song, "Mary's Grave"—Clifford Castle—Return by Hereford, Malvern Hills, Cheltenham and Gloucester, to Uley—Conclusion.

'Tis sweet to hear the soothing chime,
And, by thanksgiving, measure time,
When hard wrought poverty a while
Upheaves the bending back to smile;
When servants hail, with boundless glee,
The sweets of love and liberty.

Seldom has worship cheer'd my soul
With such invincible control!
It was a bright benignant hour,
The song of praise was full of power;
And, darting from the noon-day sky,
Amidst the tide of harmony,
O'er aisle and pillar glancing strong,
Heav'n's radiant light inspired the song.
The word of peace, that can disarm
Care with its own peculiar charm,
Here flow'd a double stream, to cheer
The Saxon* and the Mountaineer,
Of various stock, of various name,
Now join'd in rights, and join'd in fame.

Ye who religion's duty teach,
What constitutes a Sabbath breach?
Is it, when joy the bosom fills,
To wander o'er the breezy hills?
Is it, to trace around your home
The footsteps of imperial Rome?
Then guilty ~~guilty~~ let us plead,
Who, ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~rested~~ ~~steed~~,

formed alternately in English and



In thought absorb'd, explored, with care,
The wild lanes round the silent Gaer*,
Where conquering eagles took their stand;
Where heathen altars stain'd the land,
Where soldiers of Augustus pined,
Perhaps, for pleasures left behind,
And measured, from this lone abode,
The new-form'd, stony, forest road,
Back to Caerleon's southern train,
Their barks, their home, beyond the main:
Still by the Vann reminded strong
Of Alpine scenes, and mountain song,
The olive groves, the cloudless sky,
And golden vales of Italy.

With us 'twas peace, we met no foes;
With us far diff'rent feelings rose.
Still onward inclination bade:
The wilds of Mona's Druid shade,
Snowdon's sublime and stormy brow,
His land of Britons stretch'd below.
And Penman Mawr's huge crags, that greet
The thund'ring ocean at his feet,
Were all before us. Hard it proved
To quite a land so dearly loved;
Forego each bold terrific boast
Of northern Cambria's giant coast.
Friends of the harp and song! forgive
The deep regret that, whilst I live,
Shall dwell upon my heart and tongue:
Go, joys untasted! themes unsung!
Another scene, another land,
Hence shall the homeward verse demand.

* A road must have led from Abergavenny, through the Vale of the Usk, north-west to the "Gaer," situated two miles north-west of Brecon, on a gentle eminence, at the conflux of the rivers Esker and Usk. Mr. Wyndham traced parts of the walls, which he describes as exactly resembling those at Caerleon; and Mr. Lemon found several bricks, bearing the inscription of LEG. II. AVG.

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Yet fancy wove her flow'ry chain,
 Till "farewell Brecon" left a pain,
 A pain that travellers may endure;
 Change is their food, and change their cure.
 Yet oh, how dream-like, far away,
 To recollect so bright a day!
 Dream-like those scenes the townsmen love,
 Their tumbling Usk, their Priory Grove,
 View'd while the moon cheer'd, calm bright,
 The freshness of a summer's night.

High o'er the town, in morning smiles,
 The blue Vann heaved the deep defiles,
 And ranged, like champions for the fight,
 Basking in sun-beams on our right,
 Rose the Black Mountains, that surround
 That far-famed spot of holy ground,
 Llanthony, dear to monkish tale,
 And still the pride of Ewais Vale.
 No road-side cottage smoke was seen,
 Or rarely, on the village green:
 No youths appear'd, in spring-tide dress,
 In ardent play, or idleness.
 Brown waved the harvest, dale and slope
 Exulting bore a nation's hope;
 Sheaves rose as far as sight could range,
 And every mile was but a change
 Of peasants lab'ring, lab'ring still,
 And climbing many a distant hill.
 Some talk'd, perhaps, of spring's bright hour,
 And how they piled, in Brunless Tower*,
 The full-dried hay. Perhaps they told
 Tradition's tale, and taught how old
 The ruin'd castle! False or true,
 They guess'd it—just as others do.

* The only remaining tower of Brunless Castle now makes an excellent hay-loft; and almost every building on the site is composed of fragments.



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THE BANKS OF WYE.

Lone tower! though suffer'd yet to stand,
Dilapidation's wasting hand
Shall tear thy pond'rous walls, to guard
The slumb'ring steed, or fence the yard;
Or wheels shall grind thy pride away
Along the turnpike road to HAY,
Where fierce GLENDOW'R'S rude mountaineers
Left war's attendants, blood and tears,
And spread their terrors many a mile,
And shouted round the flaming pile.
May Heav'n preserve our native land
From blind ambition's murdering hand;
From all the wrongs that can provoke
A people's wrath, and urge the stroke
That shakes the proudest throne! Guard, Heaven
The sacred birthright thou hast given;
Bid justice curb, with strong control,
The desperate passions of the soul.

Here ivy'd fragments, lowering, throw
Broad shadows on the poor below.
Who, while they rest, and when they die,
Sleep on the rock-built shores of WYE.

To tread o'er nameless mounds of earth,
To muse upon departed worth,
To credit still the poor distress'd,
For feelings never half express'd
Their hopes, their faith, their tender love,
Faith that sustain'd, and hope that strove,
Is sacred joy; to heave a sigh,
A debt to poor mortality.
Funereal rites are closed; 'tis done;
Ceased is the bell; the priest is gone;
What then if bust or stone denies
To catch the pensive loit'rer's eyes,
What course can poverty pursue
What can the poor pretend to do?
O boast not, quarries, of your store;
Boast not, O man, of wealth or lore;

222 THE BANKS OF WYE.

The flowers of nature here shall thrive,
Affection keep those flowers alive.
And they shall strike the melting heart,
Beyond the utmost power of art;
Planted on graves, their stems entwine
And every blossom is a line
Indelibly impress'd, that tends,
In more than language comprehends,
To teach us, in our solemn hours,
That we ourselves are dying flowers.

What if a father buried here
His earthly hope, his friend most dear,
His only child? Shall his dim eye,
At poverty's command, be dry?
No, he shall muse, and think, and pray,
And weep his tedious hours away;
Or weave the song of woe to tell
How dear that child he loved so well.

MARY'S GRAVE.

No child have I left, I must wander alone,
No light-hearted Mary to sing as I go,
Nor loiter to gather bright flowers newly blown,
She delighted, sweet maid, in these emblems
of woe.

Then the stream glided by her, or playfully boil'd
O'er its rock-bed unceasing, and still it flows
free;

But her infant life was arrest'd, unsoil'd
As the dew-drop, when shook by the wing of
the bee.

Sweet flowers were her treasures, and flowers
shall be mine;

*I bring them from Radnor's green hills to her
grave:*



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THE BANKS OF WYE.

Thus planted in anguish, oh let them entwine
O'er a heart once as gentle as Heav'n e'er gave.
Oh, the glance of her eye, when at mansions of
wealth

I pointed, suspicious, and warn'd her of harm;
She smiled in content, 'midst the bloom of her
health,
And closer and closer still hung on my arm.

What boots it to tell of the sense she possess'd,
The fair buds of promise that mem'ry endears?
The mild dove, affection, was queen of her breast,
And I had her love, and her truth, and her
tears;

She was mine. But she goes to the land of the
good,

A change which I must, and yet dare, not de-
plore:

I'll bear the rude shock like the oak of the wood;
But the green hills of Radnor will charm me
no more.

RUINS of greatness, all farewell;
No Chepstows here, no Raglands tell,
By mound, or foss, or mighty tower,
Achievements high in hall or bower;
Or give to fancy's vivid eye
The helms and plumes of chivalry.
CLIFFORD has fall'n, howe'er sublime.
Mere fragments wrestle still with time;
Yet as they perish, sure and slow,
And rolling dash the stream below,
They raise tradition's glowing scene,
The clue of silk, the wrathful queen,
And link, in mem'ry's firmest bond,
The love-lorn tale of Rosamond*.

* Clifford Castle is supposed to have been the birth-place of
Fair Rosamond.

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How placid, how divinely sweet,
 The flow'r-grown brook that, by our feet,
 Winds on a summer's day; e'en where
 Its name no classic honours share,
 Its spring untraced, its course unknown,
 Seaward, for ever rambling down!
 Here, then, how sweet, pellucid, chaste;
 'Twas this bright current bade us taste
 The fulness of its joy. Glide still,
 Enchantress of PLYNLIMON HILL,
 Meandering WYE! Still let me dream,
 In raptures, o'er thy infant stream;
 For could th' immortal soul forego
 Its cumbrous load of earthly woe,
 And clothe itself in fairy guise,
 Too small, too pure, for human eyes,
 Blithe would we seek thy utmost spring,
 Where mountain-larks first try the wing;
 There, at the crimson dawn of day,
 Launch a scoop'd leaf, and sail away,
 Stretch'd at our ease, or crouch below,
 Or climb the green transparent prow,
 Stooping where oft the blue-bell sips
 The passing stream, and shakes and dips;
 And when the heifer came to drink,
 Quick from the gale our bark would shrink,
 And huddle down amidst the brawl
 Of many a five-inch waterfall,
 Till the expanse should fairly give
 The bow'ring hazel room to live;
 And as each swelling junction came,
 To form a riv'let worth a name,
 We'd dart beneath, or brush away
 Long-beaded webs, that else might stay
 Our silent course; in haste retreat,
 Where whirlpools near the bull-rush meet;
 Wheel round the ox of monstrous size;
 below his shadowy flies;

And sport amidst the throng ; and when
 We met the barks of giant men,
 Avoid their oars, still undescried,
 And mock their overbearing pride ;
 Then vanish by some magic spell,
 And shout, " Delicious WYE, farewell !"

'Twas noon, when o'er thy mountain stream
 The carriage roll'd, each pow'rful gleam
 Struck on thy surface, where, below,
 Spread the deep heav'n's azure glow
 And water-flowers, a mingling crowd,
 Wav'd in the dazzling silver cloud.
 Again farewell ! The treat is o'er !
 For me shall Cambria smile no more ;
 Yet truth shall still the song sustain,
 And touch the springs of joy again.

Hail ! land of cyder, vales of health !
 Redundant fruitage, rural wealth ;
 Here, did *Pomona* still retain
 Her influence o'er a British plain,
 Might temples rise, spring blossoms fly,
 Round the capricious deity ;
 Or autumn sacrifices bound,
 By myriads, o'er the hallowed ground,
 And deep libations still renew
 The fervours of her dancing crew.
 Land of delight ! let mem'ry strive
 To keep thy flying scenes alive ;
 Thy grey-limb'd orchards, scattering wide
 Their treasures by the highway side :
 Thy half-hid cottages, that show
 The dark green moss, the resting bough,
 At broken panes, that tape and flies,
 Illumes and shades the maiden's eyes
 At day-break, and, with whisper'd joy,
 Wakes the light-hearted shepherd boy :
 These, with thy noble woods and dells,
 The hazel coppse, the village bells,

Charm'd more the passing sultry hours
Than HEREFORD, with all her towers.

Sweet was the rest, with welcome cheer
But a far nobler scene was near ;
And when the morrow's noon had spread,
O'er orchard stores, the deep'ning red,
Behind us rose the billowy cloud,
That dims the air to city crowd.

And deem not that, where cyder reigns,
The beverage of a thousand plains,
Malt, and the liberal harvest horn,
Are all unknown, or laugh'd to scorn ;
A spot that all delights might bring
A palace for an eastern king,
CANFROME, shall from her vaults display
John Barleycorn's resistless sway.
To make the odds of fortune even,
Up bounc'd the cork of "*seventy-seven*,"
And sent me back to school ; for *then*,
Ere yet I learn'd to wield the pen ;
(The pen that should all crimes assail,
The pen that leads to fame—or jail ;)
Then steam'd the malt, whose spirit bears
The frosts and suns of thirty years !

Through LADBURY, at decline of day,
The wheels that bore us, roll'd away
To cross the MALVERN HILLS. 'Twas night ;
Alternate met the weary sight
Each steep, dark, undulating brow,
And WORC'STER'S gloomy vale below.
Gloomy no more, when eastward sprung
The light that gladdens heart and tongue ;
When morn glanc'd o'er the shepherd's bed,
And cast her tints of lovely red
Wide o'er the vast expanding scene,
And mix'd her hues with mountain green ;
Passing from a height so fair,
-iles of unpolluted air,



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Where cultivation triumphs wide,
O'er boundless views on every side.
Thick planted towns, where toils ne'er cease,
And far spread silent village peace ;
As each succeeding pleasure came,
The art acknowledg'd MALVERN's fame.

Oft glancing thence the Cambria still,
Thou yet wert seen, my fav'rite hill,
Delightful PEN-Y-VALE ! Nor shall
Great MALVERN's high imperious call
Wean me from thee, or turn aside
My earliest charm, my heart's strong pride.

Boast MALVERN, that thy springs revive
The drooping patient, scarce alive ;
Where, as he gathers strength to toil,
Not e'en thy heights his spirit foil,
But nerve him on to bless, t' inhale,
And triumph in the morning gale ;
Or noon's transcendent glories give
The vigorous touch that bids him live.
Perhaps e'en now he stops to breathe,
Surveying the expanse beneath ?
Now climbs again, where keen winds blow,
And holds his beaver to his brow ;
Waves to the *Wrecker* his pale hand,
And, borrowing Fancy's magic wand,
Skims over WORC'STER's spires away,
Where sprung the blush of rising day ;
And eyes with joy, sweet *Hagley Groves*,
That taste reveres and virtue loves ;
And stretch'd upon thy utmost ridge,
Marks Severn's course, and UPTON-bridge,
That leads to home, to friends, or wife,
And all thy sweets, domestic life :
While starts the tear, his bosom glows,
That consecrated *Avon* flows
Down the blue distant vale, to yield
Its stores by TEWKESBURY's deadly field.

And feels whatever can inspire,
From history's page or poet's fire.

BRIGHT vale of Severn! shall the song
That wildly devious roves along,
The charms of nature to explore,
On history rest, or themes of yore?
More joy the thoughts of home supply,
Short be the glance at days gone by,
Though gallant TEWKESBURY, clean and gay,
Hath much to tempt the traveller's stay,
Her noble abbey, with its dead,
A powerful claim: a silent dread,
Sacred as holy virtue springs
Where rests the dust of chiefs and kings;
With his who by foul murder died,
The fierce Lancastrian's hope and pride,
(When brothers brothers could destroy)
Heroic Margaret's *red-rose* boy.

Muse, turn thee from the field of blood,
Rest to the brave, peace to the good;
Avon, with all thy charms, adieu!
For CHELTENHAM mocks thy pilgrim crew;
And like a girl in beauty's power,
Flirts in the fairings of an hour.

Queen of the valley! soon behind
Gleam'd thy bright fanes, in sun and wind,
Fair Glo'ster. Though thy fabric stands,
The boast of Severn's winding sands,
If grandeur, beauty, grace, can stay
The traveller on his homeward way.
There rests the Norman prince who rose
In zeal against the Christian's foes,
Yet doom'd at home to pine and die,
Of birthright robb'd, and liberty;
His tide of wrongs he could not stem,
His brothers filch'd his diadem.
*There sleeps the king who aim'd to spurn
The daring Scots, at Bannockburn,*



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But turn'd him back, with humbled fame,
And *Berkley's* "shrieks" declare his name.

Cease, cease the lay—the goal is won—
Yet memory still shall revel on.
Fast clos'd the day, the last bright hour,
The setting sun, on *DURSLEY* tower,
Welcom'd us home, and forward bade,
To *ULRY* valley's peaceful shade.

Who so unfeeling, who so bold,
To judge that fictions, idly told,
Deform my verse, that only tries
To consecrate realities?
If e'er the unworthy thought should come,
Let strong conviction strike them dumb.
Go to the proof; your steed prepare,
Drink nature's cup, the rapture share;
If dull you find your devious course,
Your tour is useless—sell your horse.

Ye who, ingulph'd in trade, endure
What gold alone can never cure;
The constant sigh for scenes of peace,
From the world's trammels free release,
Wait not, (for reason's sake attend),
Wait not in chains till times shall mend;
Till the clear voice, grown hoarse and gruff,
Cries, "Now I'll go, I'm rich enough;"
Youth, and the prime of manhood, seize,
Steal ten days absence, ten days ease;
Bid ledgers from your minds depart;
Let mem'ry's treasures cheer the heart;
And when your children round you grow,
With opening charms and manly brow,
Talk of the *WYE* as some old dream,
Call it the wild, the wizard stream;
Sink in your broad arm-chair to rest,
And youth shall smile to see you bless'd.

Artists, betimes your powers employ,
And take the pilgrimage of joy;

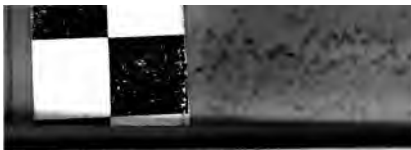
THE BANKS OF WYE.

The eye of genius may behold
 A thousand beauties here untold ;
 Rock, that defies the winter's storm,
 Wood, in its most imposing form,
 That climbs the mountain, bows below,
 Where deep th' unsullied waters flow.
 Here *Gilpin's* eye, transported, scann'd
 Views by the tricks of fancy plann'd ;
Gray here, upon the stream reclin'd,
 Stor'd with delight his ardent mind.
 But let the vacant trifer stray
 From thy enchantments far away ;
 For should, from fashion's rainbow train,
 The idle and the vicious vain,
 In sacrilege presume to move
 Through these dear scenes of peace and love,
 The *spirit of the stream* would rise
 In wrathful mood, and tenfold size,
 And nobly guard his *COLDWELL SPRING*,
 And bid his inmost caverns ring ;
 Loud thund'ring on the giddy crew,
 " My stream was never meant for you."
 But ye, to nobler feelings born,
 Who sense and nature dare not scorn,
 Glide gaily on, and ye shall find
 The blest serenity of mind
 That springs from silence ; or shall raise
 The hand, the eye, the voice of praise.
 Live then, sweet stream ! and henceforth be
 The darling of posterity ;
 Lov'd for thyself, for ever dear,
 Like beauty's smile, and virtue's tear,
 Till Time his striding race give o'er,
 And verse itself shall charm no more.

THE END.

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