

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

Mary Ann Browne Gray

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Mont Blanc and Other Poems

Mary Ann Browne Gray

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Gleanings of poetry if I may give
The name of beauty, passion, or of grace,
To the wild thoughts that, in a starlit hour,
In a pale twilight or a rosebud morn,
Glance o'er my spirit thoughts that are like light,
Or love, or hope, in their effects.

L. E. L. TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA SOPHIA. MADAM,

SHOULD these early efforts of my timid Muse succeed in obtaining the public approbation; the protection which Your ROYAL HIGHNESS has deigned to afford them will be my dearest honour; should they fail, my greatest consolation.

I have the honour to remain,
Madam,
Your Royal Highness's
Most Grateful and Faithful
Humble Servant, MARY ANN BROWNE.

The Elms,
Maidenhead Thicket, Berks.

PREFACE.

A FRIEND of the Authoress is requested to write a preface, and feels himself in the situation of a daw that undertakes to introduce a nightingale.

Those who have asked him if the young lady has received no assistance, he has referred to the internal evidence afforded by these poems, convinced that the genius which they display is of too decided a character to derive advantage from extraneous aid; but as this answer may not satisfy all, he adds, that they are the' entirely unassisted productions of the very young lady whose name they bear, and who has passed the few years of her life

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altogether in a state of country retirement, unacquainted with poets, except through their works, and guided by no other rules than her own feelings and imagination.

He would offer to these poems his tribute of praise; but it would want authority, and fall infinitely short of his opinion of their merit; and after all the public must be the judge. He will not deprecate the critics, believing that a second will not be found who could, in the mere wantonness of flippant criticism, barbarously nip the early bud of genius and savagely exult in the destruction of the fair hopes and aspirations of youth.

ISLEWORTH,

March, 22, 1827

MONT BLANC.

Around his waist are forests braced,
And an avalanche in his hand.

* * *

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill.

LORD BYRON.

MONARCH of mountains ! in thy cloudy robe,
Thou sit'st secure upon thy craggy throne,
Seeming to lord it over half the globe,
As if the world beneath were all thine own:
Encircled with thy pure, thine icy zone,
Thou lift'st towards heaven thy proud majestic breast;
Above this nether world thou stand'st alone,
And seem'st to dare the sun to touch thy vest;
Thou laugh'st and shak'st the storm from thy tremendous crest.

Thy cataract, rushing on with madd'ning force,
Leaps in its sport along thy fertile base :
No human eye can search its mighty source
No human thought its origin can trace
They can but see it rush into the vase
Heaven hath assign'd it in the vale below
They can but see it foam its desperate race
Amidst the scatter'd avalanche of snow
That thou hast shorn and thrown from thine exalted brow.

The sun is setting, and his parting beams
Their own pure beauties o'er thy bosom shed,
And light clouds float around thee, like the dreams
That wave their pinions o'er the sleeper's bed;
And round thy form so desolate and dread

MONT BLANC.

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A flood of soft and rosy sun–light plays,
And brightness o'er thy snowy breast is spread,
Like memory revelling in past pleasure's blaze,
Or calling back the calm of other happier days.

Faster and faster sinks the setting sun,
And now he reaches the horizon's verge;
His task is o'er, his daily race is run,
His flaming steeds their course no longer urge;
And now, like the low dash of distant surge,
The evening breezes sing their nightly song,
Solemn and low, as floats a funeral dirge;
The night–wind and its echoes creep along,
And the pines rustle that they walk their way among.

'Tis night, and all is silent, all is dark
No light is seen, and not a sound is heard,
Save 'tis a shepherd watchdog's distant bark,
Or the short twitter of some startled bird,
Until, as if by some enchanter stirr'd,
The moon slow rises in her bright array,
As, in obedience to the wizard word,
She came to chase the awful dark away,
And smile the night into a sweeter softer day.

Short is her reign; for o'er thee broods a storm
That wraps in darkness thy stupendous height;
Its circling clouds are gathering round thy form;
Onward it comes in awful gloomy state,
In its dun bosom bears its fatal freight,
And o'er all nature spreads its pall of black,
And, as it flies, it seems to gather weight,
Till, in the madness of its desperate track,
It seems to seize the moon and hurl her struggling back.

The thunder bursts in one tremendous crash
The lightning quivering leaps from rock to rock
Peal answering peal, and flash succeeding flash;
While thousand echoes each new valley mock,
Till nature, rous'd by the electric shock,
Sends forth her groans to swell the dreadful choir;
And now the clouds their prison'd stores unlock,
And pour their torrents forth to quench the fire
That else might melt the earth in its too furious ire.

The storm is nearly o'er the tempest clears
The lightnings distant and more distant stream,
The moon amidst the pris'ning clouds appears,
And looks forth with a trembling troubled beam;
And now the lightnings cease their baleful gleam,
The tempest sinks away to its abyss,

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And she once more resumes her silver dream,
And pours upon the earth a shower of bliss,
And nature meets her soft, her reconciling kiss.

Amidst these changes, *thou* hast stood unchanged;
And haply shalt for many a coming age.
Thou risest o'er the mountains round thee ranged,
As independent; and the tempest's rage
Cannot destroy thee; and thou oft shalt wage
War with the elements while time shall be
The wonder of the poet and the sage,
Till that day come, when heaven and earth shall flee,
And in the general wreck o'erwhelm thee even thee.

Mountain of mountains ! thy stupendous height,
On which the moon-beams now so softly shine,
Must bow before the Lord of power and might,
Must quake if touched by the hand divine;
Wrench'd from thy seat by mightier power than thine,
Hurl'd from thy throne of rocks, then even thou
Must all thy stedfast dignity resign;
And, headlong thrown, e'en thy gigantic brow
Must kiss the earth thou frownest proudly over now.

I turn to leave thee, King of thousand hills !
Lord of the valley that beneath thee lies !
I turn to leave thee and thy frozen rills,
Where the soft gentian opes its wild blue eyes ;
I leave thee, canopied beneath the skies,
And folded in thy robe of ermine snows ;
And when thou tak'st again the veil of dyes
The parting glance of day-light o'er thee throws,
I shall be far from thee and all thy tints of rose.

Thy fast-receding summit seems a pile
Of light clouds, resting 'gainst the summer sky,
Brighten'd by the soft moon-beams' gentle smile
That lights around thy fleecy drapery ;
And on thy diadem, the forests lie,
Seeming but emeralds in thy crystal crown ;
While, for a moment hanging awfully
Upon thy crest, as if it stopp'd to frown
Upon the scene beneath, the av'lanche totters down.

My lay is ended, but my hand still lingers
Upon my harp, however harsh its tone ;
And once again must my untutor'd fingers
Sweep o'er the chords I still may call my own.
Oh ! be the parting accents o'er thee thrown,
And be thy valley with their echoes filled !
Oh ! may they pierce thro' e'en thy snowy zone,

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

And reach thee, as they leave my heart, unchill'd,
And thro' th' electric chain of linking mountains thrill'd

May'st thou long lift aloft thy snowy crest
Pure and unruffled, as I leave it now ;
May calm long settle on thy peaceful breast,
And sweetest sunlight float around thy brow ;
And may the summer sun-set's ruddy glow
Throw its soft influence round thee like a spell ;
May thy blue gentians still upon thee blow,
And poets of thy wondrous beauties tell !
Monarch of rocks and hills ! for ever fare thee well !

ON READING AN ASSERTION

"THAT WOMAN WAS DEVOID OF SENSE, AND THAT SHE NEVER
DID ANY GOOD WITHOUT IT WAS TO LEAD TO EVIL."

Oh, why say that Woman is faithless and light,
And that wisdom alone to thy sex is confined ;
That her heart is as false as her beauty is bright,
And her loveliness lies in her face not her mind ?

Remember, 'twas Woman first lull'd thee to rest ;
Remember, 'twas she that first over thee hung,
That thou slept'st thy first sleep on a Woman's fond breast,
And thy first infant accents were caught from her tongue.

She guided thy steps in thy infantine years
She anxiously watch'd where thy careless feet stray'd
She hush'd all thy wailing she dried all thy tears
And delighted she saw thy young genius display'd.

And is not fair Woman the sweet'ner of life ?
With man she divides her enjoyments and cares,
The Friend or the Sister, the Daughter or Wife,
Alike in his pleasure or sorrow she shares.

She is like the fair woodbine that wreathes round the oak,
That derives its support from the tree's noble stem ;
And, tho' it be scathed by the lightning's dread stroke,
Still weaves of its flowrets a rich diadem.

'Tis Woman supports and consoles man's decline
She drops o'er his woes the pure pitying tear,
And her love, like a tendril, still round him will twine,
A tendril that Time cannot wither or sear.

'Tis she who will watch the last life-drop depart
From the cheek, where so often her smile has removed

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The dark cloud, then will feel the last throb of the heart,
And weep o'er the corse of the being she loved.

She will freely confess she is weaker than thee ;
But her weakness should move not thine anger, but love :
Oh, thou should'st remember those moments, when she
Hath cheer'd thee, and seem'd like a form from above.

To thee for instruction and strength she must cling,
For she does not pretend to be wise as thou art ;
Her impulses flow from affection's warm spring,
Her feelings are not from the head, but the heart.

Then why say she only by malice is stirr'd ?
No ! even her failings from kindness descend :
Oh, revoke the rude sentence recall the harsh word,
And Woman henceforth shall be ever thy friend.

ON READING "BLACKET'S REMAINS."

Martyr to genius ! rude misfortune's blast
Oft sear'd thee, as thy lowly cot it pass'd ;
The threatening tempests darkly o'er thee gloom'd,
And strove to crush the bud, ere yet it bloom'd ;
And, tho' sweet comfort's soul-reviving rays
Shone out to cheer thee in thy latter days,
They were but as the sun-beams smiling o'er
The shatter'd bark they cannot bring to shore ;
Like some light cloud above the thirsty fields,
Dropping the treasures that its bosom yields,
Dispensing all its store of balmy tears,
Until it fades away and disappears ;
So were thy talents in thy life's short day,
Till, like that cloud, they wept themselves away.

THE WITHERED ROSE.

I saw, at eve, a wither'd rose
The sun's warm ray had curl'd it ;
Its powerless leaves it could not close,
And dewy tears impearl'd it :

I saw a moon-beam gently rest
The withered flower it lighten'd ;
And though it could not dry its breast,
Those crystal drops it brighten'd.

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I looked again that moon-beam fair
Had gilded o'er its weeping,
And that sweet flow'ret calmly there
Beneath its ray was sleeping.

So when Misfortune's night-blast sears,
Fair Friendship's smile we borrow ;
And, tho' it cannot dry our tears,
'Twill chase the gloom of sorrow.

MY HARP.

My Harp had long hung on a withering tree,
The snow lay around it, and loud howl'd the blast ;
It had not been touch'd since I touch'd it for thee,
And the winter wind sigh'd thro' its strings as it pass'd.

No lay to its soft flowing tones had been sung,
No hand had awaken'd its heavenly strain,
Till the last leaf that fell from the oak where it hung,
Touch'd one of its strings and arous'd it again.

And the tones of that harp just as lovelily thrill'd,
As if touch'd by the fingers of beauty once more ;
And the air with harmonious music it fill'd,
Till it sank in the silence that bound it before.

So 'twas with my heart, for it long had been bound
In silence and misery, darkness and woe,
And the storm-blast of sorrow was howling around,
And my mind was congeal'd with adversity's snow.

Till a friendly voice whisper'd a once belov'd name,
And my heart leap'd for joy at the sweet soothing words;
And the mem'ry of love fill'd my soul with its flame,
And drew forth sweet tones from the long-silent chords.

And for one little moment my dream was renew'd,
And my soul with the joy of remembrance burn'd,
Till the sounds into silence again were subdued,
And my heart to its desolate darkness return'd.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Unworthy though I am to claim
Remembrance fond of one like thee,

MY HARP.

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Yet on this page I trace my name,
That thou may'st sometimes think of me.

Tho' many, worthier far, have placed
The tributes of their Friendship here,
Thou wilt not deem the page disgraced
By one who holds thee very dear.

'Midst many a gay and splendid flower,
The Violet sweetness still can breathe ;
And thus be this, tho' slight its power,
The Violet' in Affection's wreath.

Mary ! I soon shall be afar ;
Perhaps this meeting is our last ;
But be our love like evening's star,
Smiling when life's bright day is past.

And when my life has pass'd its prime,
Then will dear thoughts of thine and thee
Come floating on the waves of time,
Like flowers thrown o'er a troubled sea.

'Tis well that I should write this now;
What might it be in future years ?
Then I, bow'd down by earthly woe,
Might stain the spotless page with tears.

And these weak lines, that are but now
Affection's tribute ere we part,
Might then, wrung forth by sorrow, flow
The life-drops from a bleeding heart.

But we will turn from such sad themes,
And fly to those more fit for youth,
Although they be but morning dreams
To fade before the light of truth.

Then thou wilt not this lay despise;
Here thou in future years may'st see
My name ; and when it meets thine eyes,
Mary ! thou wilt remember me !

IMPROMPTU

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE RED ROSE.

The Rose that blooms in blushing crimson bright,
As Poets' legends tell us, once was white :
It turn'd its modest face towards the sky,

Pure and unstain'd by any earthly dye ;
It ceas'd that spotless look to heaven to raise,
And downwards on a streamlet fix'd its gaze ;
It saw its ivory petals mirror'd there,
And blush'd to see itself so very fair ;
The consciousness of beauty changed its hue,
And the *white* Rose the lovely *red* one grew.

ST. MARK'S EVE,

A FRAGMENT.

Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the church-way paths to glide.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

The Ladye stood by the ruin'd arch,
And list'd the sound of the breeze,
As it whistled along the mouldering wall,
Or murmur'd amid'st the trees.

'Twas the Eve of St. Mark, and she stood by the church,
And gazed with undaunted eye
On the ruin'd form of the ancient porch,
To mark what shades would pass by.

Twice before had she tried the spell,
And twice had she said the prayer ;
And now, the third and decisive time,
That Ladye was watching there.

For whoever will watch on the Eve of St. Mark,
Without a tremble or fear,
Shall see the forms pass thro' the church porch,
Of those who shall die in that year.

The moon was rising above the hill,
And her soft beam pensively smil'd,
And she look'd o'er the world that lay sleeping below,
Like a mother that hangs o'er her child.

The distant dog howl'd long and loud,
And shrilly whistled the blast,
And the Ladye stedfastly look'd around,
To mark each omen that pass'd.

ST. MARK'S EVE,

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

Pale was her cheek in the pale moon–light,
And her lily brow lay bare,
And many a jewel and many a gem
Was sparkling amid'st her hair.

A light cloud rose in the Heaven's blue vault,
And the night–breezes bore it along,
And carried it wrapp'd in their viewless arms,
And sang it their evening song.

And they placed it before the pale moon–beams,
And it rested a moment there,
Like the fair lamp of brightest love,
Blotted by clouds of care.

The cloud pass'd away, and the moon again
Shone on the ivy–wrapt tower ;
And the wind died away to a murmuring moan,
And the dock toll'd the midnight hour.

The chill dew fell on the Ladye's brow,
As she sat on a broken stone,
And she whisper'd again the midnight spell,
And she fear'd not to sit there alone.

The Ladye turn'd and look'd on the church,
And as she gazed on that pile,
A rushing sound like the night–blast swept
Along the ruin'd aisle

* * * * *
* * * * *

* * * * *
* * * * *

Not mine to tell what tale she heard,
Or to open the scroll of fate ;
But the Ladye was found at the blush of the morn,
A clay–cold corpse at the gate.

STANZAS.

Lay me not 'neath a stately pile,
Proudly 'mid others rising ;
Bury me not in the fretted vault ;
They are below my prizing:
But carry me to the grass–grown grave,

STANZAS.

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

Where *she* is sleeping before me ;
And let that grave with flowers be strown,
And a willow waving o'er me.

Let no storied marble tell
Of the dust that lies beneath it ;
Let no sculptur'd mourner be there,
Nor chissell'd garland enwreath it ;
But plant it with flowers of fleeting bloom,
As the fittest and fairest token,
To tell the pensive passer-by
The heart that lies there was broken.

TEARS.

**The tear most sacred shed for others pain,
That starts at once bright pure from pity's mine,
Already polish'd by the hand divine !
LORD BYRON.**

What is that tear that sorrowless tear
That rests on the infant's cheek awhile,
'Till the fond parent coming near
Soon chases away the drop by her smile ?
'Tis the morning dew upon the flower,
Whose leaves awhile may the gem retain,
'Till the sun-beam at its rising hour
Will dry the lovely blossom again.

What is that beautiful crystal that flows
Down the yet unfurrow'd, tho' weeping cheek ;
The tear that is shed for another's woes,
That peace to the sorrowing heart can speak ?
'Tis the dew that gently falls to earth
In the gloom of night and the twilight of eve,
That calls new buds and blossoms forth,
And refreshes the feverish earth beneath.

What are those drops that heavily roll
From the eye to which weeping hath long been denied,
That ease the grief of the woe-laden soul,
As if half its sorrow away it had sigh'd ?
'Tis the shower that falls from the dark heavy cloud
That long had obscured the bright bosom of day,
And, reliev'd from its sadd'ning, dark'ning load,
The sun's smiling beam will soon chase it away.

TEARS.

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What are those tears those penitent tears
That dim the contrite sinner's eye,
That calm the guilty's rising fears,
And reach the throne of Mercy on high ?
They are the cooling torrents that dash,
When the thunder peal is rolling above,
That quench the lightnings angry flash,
As tears the heavenly mercy move.

What is that gem that falls on the bed,
Where the dying saint is breathing his last,
Who brightness around him still can shed,
And a parting smile on that tear-drop cast ?
'Tis the dewy balm of the summer's night,
As it weeps for the sun when 'tis sinking to rest,
Which throws a ray of parting light
To illumine that dew-drop's crystal breast.

LOVES.

**Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and Saints above ;
For love is Heaven, and Heaven is love.
SCOTT.**

There is a love by Nature fix'd,
Deep planted in the human heart ;
It is a feeling pure unmix'd
That cannot from the breast depart.

It is the love the mother bears
To the sweet babe she lulls to rest
The object of her tenderest cares
The fondest thought that warms her breast.

There is a love, so fond, so true,
No art the magic tie can sever ;
'Tis ever beauteous, ever new,
Its chain, once link'd, is link'd for ever.

It is the first delightful thrill
That dawns within the maiden's heart,
That Time's cold wing can never chill,
Or force its silver tie apart.

There is a love, a passionate beam,
Too fond, too warm, too bright to last,

LOVES.

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The frenzy of a fever'd dream,
That burns a moment then is past.

'Tis like the lightning's lurid glare,
That streams its blaze of fatal light
Flames for an instant thro' the air,
Then sinks away in deepest night.

There is a love, whose feeling rolls
In pure unruffled calmness on,
The meeting of congenial souls,
Of hearts whose currents flow in one.

It is a blessing that is felt
But by united minds that flow,
As sun-beams into sun-beams melt,
To light a frozen world below.

There is a love, that o'er the war
Of jarring passions pours its light
And sheds its influence, like the star
That brightest burns in darkest night.

It is a love but known to those
Who, hand in hand, amidst the strife,
Together have withstood their foes,
Together shared the storms of life.

It is so true, so fix'd, so strong,
It parts not with the parting breath ;
In the soul's flight 'tis borne along,
And holds the heart-strings, e'en in death.

'Tis never quench'd by sorrow's tide;
No ! tis a flame caught from above,
A tie that death cannot divide
'Tis the bright torch of wedded love.

But there is one love, not of earth,
Tho' sullied by the streaming tear;
It is a star of heavenly birth,
And only shines unshaken *there* .

'Tis when this clay resigns its breath,
And the soul quits its frail abode,
That, rising from the bed of death,
This love is pure the love of God.

HEBREW MELODY.

I saw thy raven hair
 Bound by a jewell'd band,
And many a circlet fair
 Was on thy beauteous hand,
And a bright chain of Ophir's gold
Was round that neck of Phidian mould.

I saw those tresses twine
 Around thy forehead even ;
I saw thy dark eyes shine
 As blaze the stars in heaven ;
I gazed upon thy bosom fair
And not one thorn, one grief was there.

I saw that bosom's snow
 Stain'd by the crimson gore ;
I heard that voice in woe,
 That sang so sweet before :
I saw thy raven tresses torn ;
I heard thee made the ruffian's scorn.

I saw those beauties sold
 To heed the Assyrian's beck,
And for thy chain of gold,
 Was iron round thy neck ;
But tho' they might to slavery send,
Thy lofty soul they could not bend.

No ; they who were thy Lords
 Might sharpen sorrow's dart,
And they might tear the chords
 That bound thy noble heart ;
But unto them it was not given
To keep thy soul from finding heaven.

FORGET ME NOT.

Farewell ! farewell ! my ever dear !
 Although to part must be our lot ;
Oh wipe away the starting tear,
 And think of the Forget-me-not

Last night we sat in yonder bower
 We walk'd beside that lowly grot

We pluck'd a lovely simple flower,
The brilliant blue Forget-me-not.

And when in distant lands I roam,
Far from this dear and hallow'd spot,
And exile from my native home,
Oh ! think of the Forget-me-not.

When I return in happier hour,
And visit thy beloved cot,
Again we'll walk and pluck that flower,
The Lover's flower Forget-me-not.

FRAGMENT.

I walk'd in the morn, when the beautiful shower
Had left its tears on many a flower,
When many a pearly diadem
Was hanging upon the rose's stem,
And the fair lily's bell was set
With a bright dewy coronet ;
And there the jessamine was budding,
With silver stars its leaves bestudding,
And one rain-drop of lustre meek
Was laid on a rose's smiling cheek ;
And the rising sun with its welcome glance
Had waked the buds from their evening trance,
And the ivy that circled the mouldering stone
Shone with a brilliancy not its own ;
Flowers with nature's tears bedew'd,
That the pencil of heaven itself had blued,
Thro' their covert of green leaves flash,
Like a tearful eye thro' its long dark lash ;
The sun-beam dries the gentle showers,
And refresh'd are the beautiful smiling flowers.

And this is like the sorrowing mind :
Grief often leaves a balm behind ;
And so on earth the soul appears
Refresh'd by salutary tears ;
And even if sorrow through life should remain,
We shall meet with peace in heaven again ;
And every tear of dark distress
Shall be dried by the Sun of Righteousness.

FROM A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND IN ADVERSITY.

Why heave that sigh, my only love ?
Is, then, the scene so sad before thee,

FRAGMENT.

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

That nothing can the thoughts remove
That spread their dark'ning influence o'er thee ?

Believe me, thou art still as dear
As when thou wast in wealth and riches ;
Oh, wipe away that starting tear ;
It is it is thy wife beseeches !

Oh think upon those early days,
When thou to strains I sung would'st listen ;
When thy fond look was my best praise,
And with sweet tears thine eyes would glisten.

Believe me, love, 'tis still the same,
The fruit is here, tho' fall'n the blossom :
Time tempers, but not cools the flame
That burns within the faithful bosom.

There is a thought may still beguile
In joy or grief we've never parted.
Oh, if I could but see thee smile,
I should not be quite broken-hearted !

Oh, cease to heave the struggling sigh !
Oh, dash away that tear, my dearest !
Believe me, happier days are nigh ;
When night is darkest, dawn is nearest ;

Look on our infant's artless wile,
That strives to chase away thy sorrow ;
Canst thou not from that babe's sweet smile,
One ray of joy to cheer thee borrow.

There is a something in my breast,
That says we are not quite forsaken,
That says once more we shall be blest,
And joy's soft tone again shall waken.

Perchance the parting beam of life
Will shed a peaceful sunshine o'er us ;
Then hand in hand we'll quit the strife,
With a bright thornless path before us.

TO MY SISTER,

WITH AN IVY WREATH, ON HER BIRTH-DAY,
Sept. 25th 1826.

Another year hath roll'd away ;
Summer gives place to Autumn's gloom,

TO MY SISTER,

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

And lengthen'd night and shorten'd day
Proclaim my sister's birthday come.

Then, Martha, while thine hand receives
The wreaths that mine for thee hath twin'd,
Read in their dark-green shining leaves
A useful lesson to thy mind.

Virtue, like them, is ever green,
Like them, fresh graces can impart,
Enlivening the gloomiest scene,
And lightening the heaviest heart.

That ivy deck'd its parent tree,
On whose young bosom it was born ;
And so shall virtue be to thee,
Gracing thy life's fair opening morn.

In later times it still shall twine,
Encircling its native stem ;
It shall support thy life's decline,
Its leaves thy emerald diadem.

'Twill guide thee in the way of love,
'Twill grace thee when those locks are snow ;
And in the blessed realms above,
'Twill be the crown to bind thy brow.

"OH BELIEVE NOT, MY DEAREST."

Oh, believe not, my dearest, I ever could leave thee,
Or cause thee to weep when life sinks in decay ;
Oh, think not, my love, that I e'er could deceive thee :
The sun brightest beams at the closing of day.

As, the ivy encircles the ruin'd old cloister,
And clings all the closer the nearer its end ;
So thee in my arms, love, I fondly will foster,
And still prove myself thine unchangeable friend.

Oh, believe not, my love, when thine head is grown hoary,
I'll leave thee for those in the bloom of their youth ;
The snow of the locks is a bright crown of glory,
When found in the way of the sun-beam of truth.

But believe that I'll love and most fondly will cherish,
And, as time steals upon us, but more will adore ;
As roses scent sweetest when nearest to perish,

"OH BELIEVE NOT, MY DEAREST."

My passion more fragrant shall burn than before.

TO THE MAID OF ERIN.

Oh Maid of Erin ! do not weep,
Or heave for me one sigh ;
But let the precious tear-drop sleep
Within thy gentle eye.

Oh keep it in thine eye of blue ;
Resume thy self-command,
Till thy soft sigh shall waft the dew
To thine own emerald land.

Alas ! too late; the little gem
Falls o'er a rose-bud fair,
And, pendant on the flow'ret's stem,
It hangs, and glitters there.

As the bright sun recalls the rain
Back to its native heaven,
And in soft dew the show'r again
To thirstier fields is given :

So, Maid of Erin, by thy smile
The fallen tear reclaim,
And for thine own, thy suffering isle,
Oh ! weep it o'er again.

STANZAS TO MARY.

Nay ; do not strive to check my tears,
But let them flow unheeded on ;
The cherish'd hope of future years,
The being I adored is gone.

Oh Mary ! can it really be,
Thy form relentless death hath struck ;
Were there no flowers less fair than thee,
For his unsparing hand to pluck ?

Must that fond cheek no longer glow
With smiles to chase away my gloom ?
Must that angelic form lie low,
And wither in the silent tomb ?

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

Thou wast a being moulded of
All that the heart of man reveres,
A form too fair for human love
An eye too bright for human tears.

I was in sorrow and disgrace :
To share them thou did'st not repine ;
And if a smile illumed my face,
'Twas but reflected there from thine.

Yes ; in adversity, to me
Thou clung'st with more than woman's love
Oh ! 'twas scarce sin to worship thee,
Thou wast so like a saint above !

Thou wast so pure, that thou would'st not
Believe that others were less free
From sin, and scarce beheld the blot
All other eyes could trace in me.

Oh could I e'er have lov'd thee less,
Grief had not quite o'ercome my heart ;
Had'st thou another liv'd to bless,
Then anger might have claim'd a part.

But oh ! I could not brook to think
That thou and all thy gentle charms
Must into cold oblivion sink,
And moulder in death's ruthless arms.

But yet perchance 'twas well that thou
Should'st fall ere age and earthly care
Had cast their shadows o'er thy brow,
Or sorrow traced one wrinkle there.

Perhaps twas well that thou should'st die,
Ere sin and shame were known to thee ;
Ere tears had dimm'd thy deep blue eye,
Except 'twere those that flow'd for me,

Ere thorns beset thy earthly lot,
And bid thee at thy fate repine,
Ere to thine eyes life seem'd a blot,
As now its prospects are to mine.

Yes ! thou art happy, and I wrong'd
Thy spirit when I shed a tear :
My selfish heart had almost long'd
To call thee from thy blessed sphere.

Submission is but vainly taught
To hearts the fiend Despair has riven ;
And every pure and hallow'd thought
Of mine has fled with thee to heaven.

TO MARY,

ON SEEING HER PORTRAIT.

Oh take that portrait from my sight;
I cannot bear to gaze
On eyes that only mock the light
Hers shed on happier days.
And smiles so sweet so like her own
That I should think the living one
Was shedding there its rays ;
And I should cherish the dear thought
'Till I awoke and found her not.

My Mary ! does thy blessed soul
Inhabit some bright sphere ?
Or does it roam from pole to pole,
Or is it lingering near ?
Perhaps, e'en while I vainly weep,
Thy spirit guarding watch may keep
O'er him who once was dear ;
Once! my fair guardian Angel ; thou
May'st well retain thine office *now* ;

For ne'er before did spirit need
So much a spirit's care ;
And ne'er did human heart yet bleed
For one so young and fair.
Oh ! in mine anguish, succour me,
If from thy bless'd Eternity
One moment thou can'st spare :
'Twill not be long 'twill soon be past
Despair can not for ever last !

I shall not soon forget the smile
Upon thy patient face,
When I was by, tho' death the while
There fix'd his dwelling-place ;
The eye that beam'd when I was near,
But ah ! so faintly, that a tear
Had lent it better grace ;
And those fond lips that, tho' in pain,
Refused to murmur or complain.

Oh Spirit ! if thou hast the power

TO MARY,

To temper my distress,
If thou can'st lighten this dark hour
From thoughts of bitterness,
Look from thy radiant sphere above,
And cheer the object of thy love ;
Thy joy will not be less :
Then, my short life of sorrow o'er,
Mary ! we'll meet to part no more.

TO MRS. HANNAH MORE.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. *PROV. xxxi. 29.*

The Virtues a garland of praises were twining,
And many a favourite name had call'd o'er,
When they hail'd one that purer and brighter was shining,
And they placed the blest wreath on the brow of our MORE.

Hail, glorious woman ! The sweet chord of feeling,
In ages to come, shall awake at thy name,
And fond recollections of thee shall be stealing
Thro' hearts thou hast warm'd with thy heaven-born flame.

Oh ! what are the names that are with'ring before thee ?
They will be but as meteors that blaze and expire ;
But mild shall the glory be fame, shall spread o'er thee,
And hallow'd for ever the tones of thy lyre.

Thou art like the fair rose that hath drank the sweet shower,
And, revived and refresh'd by its dews and its rain,
In incense and soft grateful fragrance, the flower
Breathes back the rich treasure to heaven again.

It is said, that the eagle, thro' summer skies flying,
Ever fixes his gaze on the bright orb of day,
And they say, that when wounded, and even when dying,
He turns to the glory that lighted his way.

And so 'tis with thee, for thy path hath been glorious ;
Thou hast look'd up to heav'n for support as thou trod :
And that view in thy death o'er the tyrant victorious
Shall lift up thy soul to thy Father and God.

STANZAS.

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

Hast thou not seen when winter hath bound
In icy chains the river ;
When not a flower adorn'd the ground,
And nature seem'd sleeping for ever ;
When the earth had thrown off her robe of green
Hast thou not gazed on such a scene ?

Hast thou not sometimes found a bud,
When that dark season prevaded,
That over the snow that lay round it stood,
Tho' every other was faded ?
And did'st thou not prize it, in that dark hour,
More than if blown in a summer bow'r ?

Hast thou not known an hour of woe,
When sorrow of peace had bereft thee ;
When thy heart to the world was as cold as the snow,
And not one blessing seem'd left thee ?
Hath not a hope sprung up in thy mind
That still could bloom thro' the tempest unkind ?

Yes ; that heav'nly hope will still cling
Round the heart, and will never forsake it,
Prized far more than in life's young spring ;
And tho' sorrow should well nigh break it,
Still would Hope's flower unblasted be placed
A blossoming bud in a desolate waste.

Hast thou not, on a winter's night,
Oft on the stars been gazing ?
Have they not seem'd to shed fairer light,
As if their orbs brighter were blazing ?
And hast thou not forgot, in their glow,
The stormy world that lay below ?

Is it not thus with the broken heart,
That from earthly joy is riven ?
Do not the thoughts of the world depart,
When that heart is fix'd on heaven ?
Yes ; when the soul lies in sorrow and night,
Then is the prospect of heav'n most bright.

YESTERDAY.

And thou I lov'd art gone
Far over the dark sea ;
That heart is left alone
That only throb'd for thee.

YESTERDAY.

The morning sun is bright,
The flowers around are gay ;
But where is the soft light
Thou shed'st on Yesterday ?

We stood amid these bowers,
When last I said adieu,
Surrounded by fair flowers
Of many a brilliant hue.
I kiss'd away the tear
That dimm'd thine eye's bright ray ;
But thou no more art near,
And past is Yesterday.

The summer sun had set
Deep in the murm'ring sea ;
But his beams linger'd yet
They loved to look on thee.
The Zephyrs kiss'd thy lip,
As if they wooed thy stay ;
And on those waves a ship
Rode gaily Yesterday.

But thou and that tall bark
Alike are pass'd and gone;
Over the waters dark
Ye both are sailing on.
Yes ; thou art gone afar :
My dream is pass'd away ;
For hidden is the star
That smiled on Yesterday.

"I SPEAK NOT OF BEAUTY."

**"What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind and harmony within ?"**

I speak not of beauty; it is not a face
That can win the affection of hearts such as mine :
I never the sweetness, some fancy, could trace
In features so cold and insensate as thine.

Thy cheek may be spread with a soft rosy glow ;
But it blooms for thine own selfish pleasures alone :
Thy heart may be pure ; but then 'tis as the snow
That chills the kind hand that would make it its own.

"I SPEAK NOT OF BEAUTY."

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

Thine eye may be bright ; but it hath not the art
That can throw a soft spell o'er the soul it enslaves
That can cast its bright fetters around the young heart,
As the sun-beams are thrown o'er the swift-flowing waves.

And round thy soft lip may lurk many a wile,
And thy cheek with its blushes all bright may appear ;
But to me there's no charm in the cold frozen smile,
That at sympathy's call cannot melt to a tear.

Thy diamonds may shine in thy dark flowing hair,
And thy gems mock the lustre that beams in thine eye,
And those tresses may wave o'er that bosom so fair ;
That hath never yet heav'd with one pitying sigh.

Oh! give me the jewel that falls from the eye,
That weeps for the grief of another alone ;
Oh ! give me the cheek that can smile itself dry,
As soon as those sorrows and woes are its own.

Oh ! give me a breast that is fair as the snows,
Yet warm as the sun-beam that melts them again ;
And while it possesses the sweets of the rose,
As pure as the dew on its leaves may remain.

Oh ! give me the maid with a heart that can feel,
Whose soul with the chain of affection is twin'd,
And a brow on which pity hath set her soft seal ;
Oh ! give me the maid with a sensitive mind.

OCEAN :

GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. LINFITT OF BURNHAM
ACADEMY.

If ever to mortals sensations are given,
As pledges of purer ones hoped for in heav'n ;
They are those which arise, when, with humble devotion,
We gaze upon thee, thou magnificent Ocean !

Bernard Barton

Oh ! how I love to stand on some high rock,
And gaze upon the foaming wild abyss
Of Ocean all unshaken by the shock
Of billows beating 'gainst the precipice !
To gaze upon the whirl, and hear the hiss
Of thousand surges bursting at its base !
To me there is a horrid charm in this

OCEAN :

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

A charm to see the white foam run its race,
And, as one wave dissolves, another take its place.

Unbounded Ocean ! many a ship o'er thee
Hath swept, and many another still shall sweep :
Yet of their track no traces can we see ;
Still wildly o'er thy breast the billows leap
Still over thee, unfathomable deep !
The surges lift their foaming crests in scorn ;
Still over thee, the winds their revels keep ;
And, as the gallant bark along is borne,
Thou closest o'er its way untrodden and untorn.

I oft have seen thee when the deep red West
Was mirror'd in thee, and a glossy lake,
Calm and unruffled, seem'd thy peaceful breast,
And not an angry billow was awake,
When not a breath of air was felt to shake
Thy quiet surface, and the view on shore
Seem'd of thy gentle beauty to partake,
While the serene blue sky smiled sweetly o'er,
And the whole scene around a heavenly aspect wore.

And I have gazed upon thee when thy waves
Rose up tumultuously, to try their might
With winds and storms, when billows left their caves
To swell the noises of that dreadful fight ;
E'en 'midst the horrors of a stormy night,
When surges roar'd, and the winds wildly blew,
I have gazed on thee with a stern delight,
And felt as if a part of thee, and drew
More pleasure from thee as the tempest louder grew.

And I have seen thy billows madly foam,
And chase upon thy breast in hideous throng,
As if they left for ever their deep home,
Thy sunken rocks and hidden caves among ;
While, as the wind wax'd stronger and more strong,
The roaring surges, like wild horses, rose
To whirl the chariot of the storm along,
To deal around them shipwreck, death, and woes,
And rise to Heaven itself, as if its deadliest foes.

By Man the earthly wild may be reclaim'd :
Unmeasur'd Ocean ! who can rule o'er thee !
Thy waves still roll untameable untam'd :
None can control thee ; thou art wild and free :
No earthly power can calm thee ; thou must be
Kept in subjection but by One alone :
HE, who once calm'd the raging of the sea,
And still to thee, proud Ocean ! will be known ;

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

HE holds thee in His hand, thy might is all His own.

Thou hast thy creatures too, a populous world
Of uncouth beings monsters of the Deep,
That are born there and die : thy billows curl'd,
Mount over caverns where the white pearls sleep ;
And, hid within thy depths, the sea-weeds creep,
And grow beneath the surf that wildly raves,
Unmindful of the storms that o'er them leap,
And the rude winds that lash the dreadful waves,
Until, like beaten hounds, they howling seek thy caves.

Above thee glides the happy mariner,
All health and life ; beneath thee is his tomb :
He rides upon thy waters' angry stir,
And little thinks of what shall be his doom :
He knows not of the dreadful death to come ;
Nor thinks, perchance, the next returning wave
Shall sweep him from the deck and bear him home
To the recesses of some coral cave,
That serves at once for winding-sheet, and hearse, and grave.

GOD is in every thing ; His voice is heard
In the light murmur of the water-fall
In the gay music of each singing bird,
That tells there is a Providence o'er all ;
But most from thee, oh Ocean ! does HE call,
And in thy wonders admiration claim ;
And where 'twixt nations stands thy liquid wall,
HE builds the lasting altar of his fame,
And writes on thee in waves His Everlasting Name.

Farewell, vast Ocean ! beautiful art thou
In calm and tempest : now Calm reigns o'er thee ;
Serene and quiet is thy glossy brow,
Thou glorious mirror of the Deity !
And how sublimely grand art thou, when HE,
In foaming characters, upon thy face
Writes His almighty anger ! Thou, proud Sea
Art the wide page the chosen tablet-place
On which HE chooses His tremendous wrath to trace.

Oh Ocean ! it is o'er thy trackless way,
HE shews himself most mighty : there HE wields
The sceptre that the winds and waves obey :
HE rides in storms above thy watry fields.
Thou seemest most His own ; to Man HE yields
Part of the rule o'er earth, but over thee
HE shows His anger, and His mercy shields
The seaman over many a stormy sea,
And there sweeps many a one into Eternity.

OCEAN :

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

Farewell, vast Ocean ! thou hast borne me home :
Now, not a wave disturbs thy quiet breast ;
But o'er that breast I never more shall roam,
For now my weary wanderings shall find rest ;
I go to meet the beings I love best
Beings from whom I've long been torn apart.
Yes ; I again shall see them and be blest ;
And they shall heal the wounds of this worn heart :
I ne'er shall tempt thee more tho' beautiful thou art.

Farewell ! perchance full many a year will pass,
Before I shall look on thy face again :
Say, wilt thou be the clear pellucid glass
That now I leave thee ? wilt thou be so then ?
Or wilt thou, in thine anger and disdain,
Throw thy white foam upon this very spot,
While o'er thee tempests shall assert their reign ?
Thou art all silent and thou answerest not.
Farewell, wide Sea ! this eve will long be unforgot.

I am not young ; my life has pass'd its prime.
Perhaps I ne'er again shall tread this shore.
Life is a billow on the sea of time
That, once burst, foams and rises never more :
Perchance mine soon may melt amid the roar
Of tempests rising on that boundless sea ;
Then will my grief and sorrow all give o'er ;
Then shall *Life's* joy or misery cease to be,
And I shall be resolv'd in vast Eternity.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER,

ON COMPLETING HER EIGHTIETH YEAR.

And thou art grown old, and thy beauty is fled,
And the hey-day of life and enjoyment is o'er :
On thy once nut-brown locks Time his snow-show'r hath shed,
And thine eyes are grown dim, and thou now art fourscore.

Yet think not we love thee the less, for the set
Of the sun of thy beauty, that once shone so fair ;
That orb is below the horizon, and yet
Its beams shed a lustre and brilliancy there.

The morning may shine all unclouded and bright,
And the sun in his glory all fair may arise ;
But it has not the glow that the farewell of light
Can shed on the breast of the evening skies.

And so, tho' the gay face of beauty is flown,

TO MY GRANDMOTHER,

And the joys of thy youth are all faded away ;
The remembrance of kind acts is over thee thrown,
And angels shall hail thee to mansions of day.

"THE LAST TIME I STOOD BY THIS RIVER"

The bird that wanders all day long,
At sunset seeks her nest :
I've wandered long. My native home !
Now take me to thy rest.

C.

The last time I stood by this river,
The sun was just sinking to rest ;
I parted and parted for ever,
From the maiden I clasp'd to my breast.

Fair flowers around us were blowing,
That long since have faded away ;
And a beam on the cottage was glowing
That has sunk in the arms of decay.

That elm, that now rises in glory,
Was then but a sapling plant ;
That shepherd, whose head is grown hoary,
A youth in industry and want.

The face of the earth seems remoulded,
Since I last saw my own native clime ;
And full many a change is yet folded
Within the broad bosom of Time.

But there is one object unalter'd
The sun with his heaven-lit flame ;
The last time I o'er the hill falter'd
'Twas blazing and burning the same.

It hath gazed on full many a nation,
When scatter'd in sorrow and woe ;
It hath look'd o'er the gloom of creation,
And smiled on our sufferings below.

It hath risen in the morn in its brightness,
It hath blazed thro' its heav'nly course still,
It hath sunk in the eve in its brightness,
Behind the dark shade of that hill.

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

So 'tis with the good the world's given,
Its brightest of dreams will decay ;
But the hope that is fixed in heaven
Can never be faded away.

'T will rise in the blaze of its splendour
'T will roll thro' its luminous course ;
In grief, cheering comfort 't will render
Thy lasting and brilliant resource.

No gloom from thy heart can divide it
Still lit by its soul-cheering ray ;
It will sink but when thou sink'st beside it,
As the sun only sets with the day.

O'er the clouds of thy sorrow 'twill lighten,
Illuming the shadow beneath ;
And thy evening hour 't will brighten,
Shining e'en in the Valley of Death.

"I SAW THEE IN LIGHT."

I saw thee in light and in loveliness shining
Thy beauty all glorious thy features all fair ;
And the modest white pearl with the rose-bud was twining,
Around the bright curls of thy rich auburn hair.

I saw those fair locks on the summer breeze streaming,
I heard thy soft voice sweet and gentle and low,
And saw thy bright eyes 'neath thy fair forehead beaming,
Two violet buds in their mansion of snow.

I saw those blue eyes dimm'd with sorrow and weeping,
And the smiles that once beam'd there in beauty effaced,
And thy bosom, where joy had been tranquilly sleeping,
The fingers of woe with her sad name had traced.

And I saw thee when all thy dark troubles were ended,
And thou had'st surrender'd thy innocent breath,
And thy pure, happy soul to thy God was ascended,
And thy beautiful features were smiling in death.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is that pure hallow'd light
That warms but burns not with its rays ;

"I SAW THEE IN LIGHT."

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

It is not passion's maddening flight
It is not frenzy's frantic blaze.

It is the day-beam of the soul
The calm content within the breast
Each angry passion to control,
And lull each anxious care to rest.

As flies the magnet to the pole
The same in darkness clouds and dearth,
So turns congenial soul to soul,
And Friendship's sunny light hath birth.

And when our course is nearly done,
And all our earthly trials past,
We turn to Friendship's setting sun,
And see it smiling to the last.

ENNISFALL.

When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown ;
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

MOORE.

When last I took a sad farewell
Of thee my native Ennisfall,
The cold pale moon-light softly fell
On the grey turrets of thy hall.

Faded away were those sweet flowers
That once around thee used to blow,
And on thy wither'd leafless bowers
There hung pure wreaths of Winter's snow.

But tho' without thee all was dead,
There were warm hearts within thee then,
Hearts that around blest influence shed
Forms I must never see again.

And it was hard from them to part,
To wander on a foreign shore
To leave those dearest to my heart,
Perhaps to meet them never more

ENNISFALL.

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

But tho' I wander'd forth alone,
And though thou wert no longer fair,
Bright hopes around my heart were thrown
That sweetly bloom'd and flourish'd there.

It was before Affliction's storm
Had quench'd in tears their living light,
When Youth's affections all were warm,
And Life appear'd all fair all bright.

'Twas then I left thee, Ennisfall,
While rainbow Hope before me shone ;
I am return'd at last and all
The friends I lov'd are past and gone.

'Twas on a clear cold winter's night,
I wept for thee my parting tear ;
The summer round thee now is bright,
And yet thou art not half so dear.

For they are gone whose lov'd smile threw
A beauty o'er the darkest scene,
And I am left alone to view,
With vacant eye, thy bowers of green.

Thy flowers thy leaves are nought to me ;
Thy wreath is dead around my heart ;
I little care for thine and thee,
However fair and bright thou art.

Thy flow'rets, by the winter chill'd,
Bloom'd when fair Spring resum'd her reign ;
My hope, by disappointment kill'd,
Can never bud and smile again.

STANZAS,

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

And can it be true, that thy pure happy spirit
Hath fled from these regions of darkness and death,
In the beautiful mansions of light to inherit
The glorious palm and the amaranth wreath ?

Oh ! where are the roses the lilies the graces
That to every beholder could passion impart ?
Decay and destruction are filling their places,
And on thy soft bosom hath Death fix'd his dart.

Oh ! where is the hand never backward in bringing

STANZAS,

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

Relief to the wretch to the traveller rest ?
Perhaps round those fingers the earth-worm is clinging,
And Corruption has fix'd her abode on that breast.

Oh ! where are the chords of that heart, whose soft numbers
Re-echoed to Friendship and Pity alone ?
The hand of Oblivion is spreading her slumbers
O'er their liveliest note, and their loveliest tone.

The oak that upon the bleak mountain is growing,
The storm in its rudeness the firmer may bind ;
But the primrose beneath in the lowly vale blowing
Cannot brook the rough blast and the tempest unkind.

So fared it with thee, for the rest could recover,
Again in new rigour and health to arise ;
But the bolt of the Tyrant, in passing them over,
Marked out thy fair form for its beautiful prize.

Farewell to thy spirit! 'tis fled to its heaven,
As flew the fair dove to the cherishing ark :
The storms of the world from its refuge have driven
The diamond, 'tis fled and the casket is dark.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

Friendship's like the moon,
All our sorrows lightening
But Love is as the sun,
Burning while 'tis brightening.

Love will not allow
Another friend beside us ;
But Friendship serves to show
Other stars to guide us.

Friendship's moon-beam fair,
If Misfortune sear us,
Still is smiling there,
Calmly resting near us.

But if the slightest cloud
Should pass before Love's day,
He'll suddenly enshroud
And steal himself away.

Love is like a flower,
Delicate and bright,

But faded in an hour,
Vanish'd ere the night.

But Friendship, like the tree
Always green before us,
Tho' not so gay as Love may be,
Still spreads its shelter o'er us.

SONG.

And can'st thou believe that my passion has perish'd,
Tho' the torrent that first overwhelm'd me is gone :
No ; first in this heart thy dear image is cherish'd,
Tho' the stream of affection run silently on.

As the lamps that enliven the tombs of the dead,
And all the dark vault with their brilliancy fill,
So love round this heart its blest radiance has shed,
And my passion burns brightly tho' hiddenly still.

THE MOURNER TO NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

One fatal remembrance –one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting.

MOORE.

Roll on, sad year ! thou canst not bring
Aught that can bless, or injure me,
Roll on ; and on thy heavy wing
Bear either joy or misery.
None can affect my heart : 'tis sear
Its feelings long ago are gone.
It cannot hail thee now, sad year !
It only asks thee to roll on ;
It only longs to see thee o'er,
As many a one hath roll'd before.

If thou canst any feeling cast
Around that heart tis rather joy,
To think another year is past
Of life, that grief will soon destroy ;
To think the year that saw my crime,

SONG.

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

Is past with all its load of pain
A bubble on the sea of time
That never can appear again :
'Tis gone ; and thou, New Year ! art come,
Perchance, to bear me to the tomb.

'Twas with a smile I hail'd that year,
Nor knew how full of woe 'twould be ;
I greet *thy* coming with a tear,
Say has thy store a hope for me ?
A hope for me ! vain useless thought !
None shall e'er touch this heart again :
With that deceitful guide, I sought
For peace and all my search was vain.
Sorrow may wound despair decay
But blasted hope is worse than they.

'Tis only dark futurity
That is untinged by grief or sin.
How little know I what may be
The store of woe thou hast within !
Scarcely had dawn'd thy earliest day,
Before it heard the voice of woe ;
Scarce had its morn commenced her sway,
Ere guilt had sullied o'er its snow.
That sigh that told of grief was mine ;
That guilt my heart that dared repine.

Perchance thou art the last new year
This tear-dimm'd eye shall ever see ;
Perhaps another happier sphere,
Ere thou art flown, my rest may be ;
For there is nought in this dark scene
To tempt my sorrowing soul to stay :
With joy 'twill leap the gulf between
It and the realms of endless day.
May its repinings be forgiven
And my sad heart find rest in heav'n !

"THEY MAY TALK OF THEIR FLOWERS."

They may talk of their flowers, and the crimson that blushes,
The Queen of the garden, the rose on its tree ;
But while I'm possess'd of thy innocent blushes,
I care for none else, they're the roses for me.

They may talk of their diamond that beams in the mine ;
It sparkling and glowing and brilliant may be ;

"THEY MAY TALK OF THEIR FLOWERS."

But while thy dear eyes with benevolence shine,
I care for none else, they're the diamonds for me.

They may talk, if they will, of their Venus resplendent
With beauty and life, as she sprang from the sea ;
They may talk of the cestus, her graceful attendant ;
But Love is the cestus that binds me to thee.

LAMENT FOR A HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN.

'Tis he ! Our noble Chieftain lies
Stretch'd on the turf before our eyes ;
His life-blood on the heathery ground
Drops slowly from the stiff'ning wound.
Tho' the hostile army flieth,
Widely scatter'd o'er the plain,
Icy cold in death he lieth,
Mingling with the lowly slain.
He is gone our glorious chief
Lasting be our tears and grief !

Beside him lies his faithful serf,
Bleeding and lifeless, on the turf,
He, who still near his master kept,
Watch'd o'er him when fatigued he slept
Sought with him, the hottest battle
Shielded him he lov'd so well
Unappall'd heard cannon rattle
Then with his brave Chieftain fell.
Mac Morven did not die alone ;
Mourn them both they both are gone.

We will not bear them to his hall,
Nor lay them 'neath the funeral pall ;
We will not chant the Coronach,
It would not call their spirits back.
Lay them both beneath the heather,
Each wrapp'd in his bloody plaid ;
They will soundly sleep together,
'Neath that weeping birch tree's shade.
Their rest will be as quiet there,
As 'neath piles of marble fair.

Oh strew no flowers upon the grave :
There will the purple heather wave ;
And summer suns and vernal showers
Refresh its hardy leaves and flowers.
Now the sun's last light diminish'd
Scarcely shows the western hill :
Now our mournful task is finish'd ;

But we linger near them still.
They are sleeping 'neath the turf
Farewell, brave Chief, and faithful serf !

"FAREWELL, THOU FALSE ONE !"

Then farewell, thou false one ! Ah ! who'd have thought Sin
In that fond seeming heart could have e'er been a guest ?
And that Folly and Vice could be rankling within
The fair snowy bounds of that beautiful breast ?

Thy form by thy beauty was all lighted up ;
But within it was sorrow, beneath it was death :
As the blush that is thrown o'er the winebibber's cup ;
But colours the woe that is lurking beneath.

The heaven, when 'tis seen in the day-time afar,
May seem faultless in beauty, and shining in light ;
But deprived of each beautiful fair-beaming star,
Oh how dark would it be in the gloom of the night

And it is as thee ; for thy beauty may glow
Without virtue, e'en bright 'neath the blaze of thy heaven ;
But when Pleasure's gay sun is quick sinking below
The horizon of life, oh ! how dark will be even !

Oh! who would have thought that the soft smiling rays
Which thy bright-beaming eyes oft upon me would dart,
Could e'er have become the volcano's wild blaze,
To consume all the hopes of this once happy heart ?

Then farewell, thou false one ! for ever I'm gone ;
I leave thee the sport of thy hopes and thy fears
To brood o'er thy folly and suffering alone ;
To heave penitent sighs, and shed penitent tears.

STANZAS.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe ;
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
Mocks but the rose that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.

Lord Byron.

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

Nay ; ask not for a mirthful air,
I ne'er will sing of joy again ;
Dejected driven to despair
As I for ever must remain ;

Nor bid me tell of happier days,
When hope was young, and life look'd sweet ;
When all my light was pleasure's blaze,
And joys were smiling at my feet.

But let me sing of wounded peace,
A mind by passion's conflict torn,
Of lost content, of ruin'd ease,
And hopes that died as soon as born,

Of fancy's self-destroying dreams,
Of disappointment's fatal dart,
These, and these only, are the themes
That suit a woe-worn broken heart.

That heart is sick with hope deferr'd ;
Its dreams are false its prospects vain
And friendship's voice is never heard,
To calm my wilder'd fev'rish brain.

Despair within my bosom preys ;
You see not but I *feel* the smart :
Like Ætna's wild internal blaze,
It silently consumes my heart.

Sometimes reflection's lurid beam
Will dart like madness o'er my mind ;
And, as a baleful meteor stream
To show the dreadful wreck behind.

And sometimes hope's delusive light
Will, for an instant, o'er me roll,
And with its sunshine-ray make bright
Even the darkness of *my* soul.

But soon of joy I lose the trace :
That beam allow'd me but to see
The cavity the dreadful space
That lies between my peace and me.

Then go ; and follow pleasure's course ;
And leave me to my tears and sighs,
And to the torture of remorse
That ever-dying never dies.

"FAREWELL, THOU FALSE ONE !"

GREECE:

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO C. T. ROBERTSON, ESQ.

Oh, let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious,
To think how man hath curst
What Heaven hath made so glorious !

MOORE,

The flowers still bloom in fair Ionia's isles ;
On Marathon the summer sun still smiles ;
The zephyr in the balmy evening breathes,
And sighs and whispers o'er fair flow'ry wreaths ;
The nightingale, from waving cypress boughs.
Pours to the blushing rose melodious vows ;
But yet a something breathes throughout the scene,
That says, more lovely still it once hath been ;
A something, like the sad dejected air
That hangs around fond beauty in despair.
Oh, Greece ! what is it makes thy present state
So beautiful, and yet so desolate ?
Renders thy sons so servile and so weak,
And steals the rose from every daughter's cheek,
And makes thee tho' so lovely only seem
The fading image of some glorious dream ?

Yet why enquire ? I've but to look around,
To see thy sons in foreign fetters bound,
To see those once brave spirits now so tame,
Wounded and broken Grecian but in name ;
To see the gath'ring weeds that freely wave
Above the tomb of thy departed brave ;
To see the ivy that uncultur'd twines
Around thy ruin'd fanes, and mouldering shrines ;
To look on temples, time had spared, defaced
By ruthless hands, and by the Turk laid waste ;
These to the question silently reply,
For but one glance thrown o'er them, " Tyranny !"

And it is so. Upon thy Marathon,
Where once thy valour nobly, proudly, shone,
Now the insulting Moslem casts his chain,
And thy sons crouch submissive to his reign.
And where is Sparta ? Where is Sparta's King
Low in the dust they both are mouldering.
Nought but her ruins stand, and the wild grass
Grows o'er the grave of her Leonidas.

GREECE:

And Athens too, where fair Minerva reign'd
Where eloquent Demosthenes enchain'd
The list'ning ear, where glorious Phocion spoke ;
Is she too sunk beneath the oppressor's yoke?
No not quite fall'n: but ah, how sadly changed
By Moslem feet her marble pavement ranged :
Her heroes and her orators are gone
And there insensibly she moulders on.

Departed days of grandeur and of bliss !
Are ye and all your greatness come to this ?
Rise ! rise, ye Grecians ! burst the servile yoke,
And break your fetters, as your fathers broke.
Oh think upon your sires' "Thermopylae ;
And make a glorious effort to be free !"
Oh, Grecia ! cease beneath thy foes to weep ;
Thy spirits are not dead they only sleep ;
And they will rise and wipe away thy tears,
And Liberty will reign thro' future years.
Yes ! they will rouse themselves, and every nerve
Be strain'd to crush the tyrants that they serve ;
And thou shalt break, at length thy galling chain,
Shake off those tyrants, and be Greece again !

"TO-MORROW, DEAR DEPARTED ONE !"

**Oh ! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead ?
LORD BYRON.**

To-morrow, dear departed one !
I'll seek thy lonely grave,
Where the meek primrose opes its buds,
And weeping willows wave.

It was a bright and blushing morn,
My dearest, when you died :
That summer-day that dawn'd so fair,
I was to be thy bride.

I wove myself a bridal wreath
Of flowers of brightest bloom :
I wore them not, for they were laid
To wither on thy tomb.

Were they not emblems of the hopes
That once so sweetly bloom'd

"TO-MORROW, DEAR DEPARTED ONE !"

Mont Blanc and Other Poems

Around my heart? But now they're gone,
With thee they're all entomb'd.

To-morrow evening, then, lost Love !
When the last sun-beam sets,
I'll weave that grave an April wreath
A wreath of violets

I planted there two fair rose trees :
One sunk in quick decay ;
But leaf by leaf, and flower by flower,
The other drops away.

Then I will love that lonely tomb,
And that slow-fading tree
The emblems of my wither'd hope,
My blighted love and me.

VERSES