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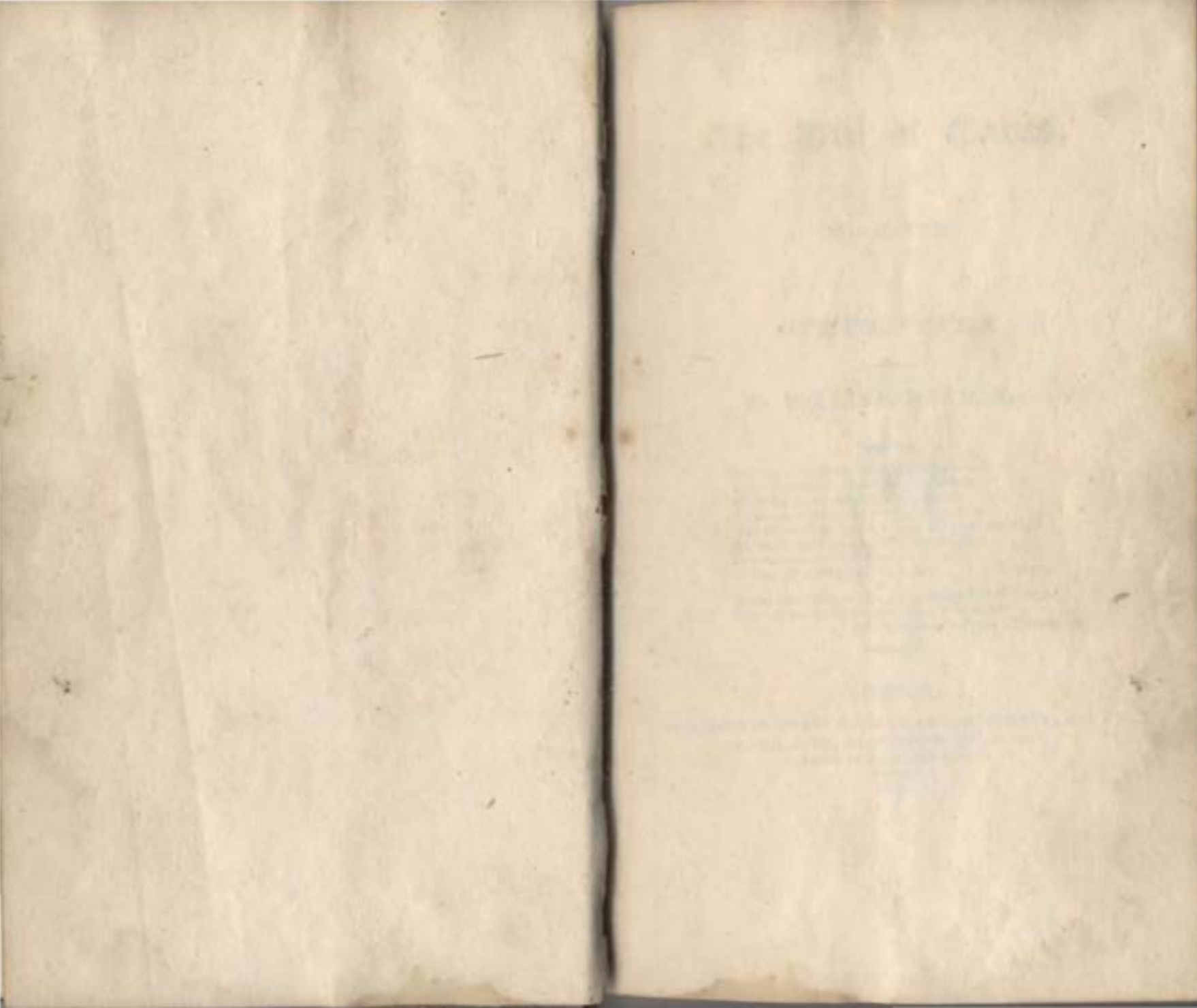
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*Elizabeth Fanning*

## The Hill of Caves,

12

TWO CANTOS.

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

By WILLIAM READ, Esq.

'Sore there are Poets which did never dream  
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream  
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose  
Those made not Poets, but the Poets those.  
And as courts make not Kings, but Kings the court,  
So, where the Muses and their train resort,  
Parnassus stands:—if I can be to thee  
A Poet, thou Parnassus art to me!" *Dedham.*

'Come, climb with me the cliff-crowned Hill of Caves,  
Rise o'er the world, its passions, and its slaves!"  
*Dr. Drummond's Glacis' Couarway.*

LONDON:

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1818.



TO  
ANNA DOROTHEA,  
BARONESS OF DUFFERIN AND CLANEBOY,  
AS A  
TRIBUTE OF RESPECT FOR HER VIRTUES,  
AND  
ADMIRATION OF HER TALENTS,  
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Cave Hill, or more poetically (and as DR. DRUMMOND in his Poem of 'The Giants' Causeway,' styles it,) the Hill of Caves, rises about 1200 feet above the level of the sea, three miles north of Belfast. Its precipitous cliffs terminate a line of mountain, which forms the western boundary of that interesting valley through which the river Lagan flows, between Lisburn and Belfast. The profile of the mountain, overhanging Carrickfergus Bay, presents, when viewed from the south, the correct proportions of a human head; and the caves which yawn in the face of the precipice are supposed to have been excavated by the Druids. A Druidical altar crowns the summit of the rock, from which circumstance the Tale in the First Canto takes its title.

I have not met with any person who could explain whence the sports and festivities practised here on Easter-Monday had their origin; but presume the usage to be some remains of superstition, which survived as a custom, when no longer regarded as a rite.

Aware of the insipidity of mere descriptive poetry, I have endeavoured to introduce incident and variety into the following Poem: but I think it necessary to observe, that all the smaller pieces, with the exception of those dated, were

written at a much earlier period than the present. Though this circumstance may perhaps fail to atone for their faults, it will, at least, in some measure serve to account for them.

The printing of these pages was nearly completed before I was induced to change my original intention of distributing them privately: and, though the sentiments of my friends have been favourable and flattering, I cannot but fear that the fate of this volume will prove to me how much the decisions of private partiality, may be at issue with the sterner justice of public opinion.

*January, 1818.*

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**The Will of Caves.**

CANTO I.



## The Hill of Caves.

### CANTO I.

---

#### I.

Al! why should they whom Fancy's splendid wings  
Transport, like eagles soaring at the sun—  
Love, Rapture, Genius, breathing o'er their strings,  
Forget the scenes where first young Passion won  
Those silver tones, from soul to lyre that run—  
And give far lands the gilding of their rhyme?  
Though shunned by such, when I, my Country! shun  
To sing thy beauties, softened and sublime,  
Let silence seal my lips—ingratitude my crime!

#### B

## II.

I ask not inspiration from the Maids  
 That whilom sang on famed Parnassus hill;  
 I ask not laurel from Aonian shades,  
 Though dews Olympic on the leaves distil;  
 Nor hope to quaff Castalia's vaunted rill;  
 Nor trust the Dellian Archer to inspire:  
 My invocation more ambitious still—  
 I sue bright Beauty! should she fail to fire,  
 Can these impart a soul—a language to my lyre?

## III.

Say, when the storm-tost wanderer homeward steers,  
 What lends that magic to the far-seen shore?  
 Say, why the exile turns, with starting tears,  
 To haunts his hollow eye can mark no more?  
 Each scene doth wear the hue which Beauty wore,  
 As sunrise gilds the darkly-rolling sea:  
 Mead, woodland, valley, heath, and mountain hoar,  
 Proud Beauty! steal this latent charm from thee—  
 Be thou—for these he sings—the Bard's divinity!

## IV.

You that would climb with me the Hill of Caves,  
 No flowers need hope, but such as wildly grow;  
 For there the wanton red-rose never waves—  
 The lily scorns to bare her breast of snow:  
 Yet, blent with weeds, some blossoms haply blow  
 On violet bank, or primrose-tissued spot,  
 Whose golden cups with liquid gems o'erflow:  
 Take these, my Friends! in rustic garland wrought;  
 And, twined with these, the flower, maids call 'forget me not.'

## V.

Now to my theme, and thee, sweet Annadale!  
 Oft from thy lattice o'er the Lagan sheen,  
 As pensive Memory set her shadowy sail,  
 For days gone by, and pleasures that had been—  
 My glance, regardless of an humbler scene,  
 Hath fondly rested, where the Hill of Caves  
 Heaves his dark forehead in the blue serene;  
 And, towering tow'ards th' ethereal cope, engraves  
 A profile proud and high o'er broad Loch Carrick's waves.

## VI.

Dull were that vision, to the Arctic thrown  
 From Lagan's southern bank, which did not trace,  
 By Nature sculptured in the living stone,  
 The sleeping semblance of a giant face;  
 Touched with a godlike, seeming conscious grace,  
 Crowning the summit's Alpine majesty:  
 In dreams of fancy, gazing on that place,  
 Methought the Mountain Genius thus might lie,  
 Struck to an arid rock beneath th' offended sky.

## VII.

Or chance, that image on the nodding steep,  
 O'erhanging Dalriada's bastioned shore,  
 Bound in the silence of a marble sleep,  
 Had been some giant fugitive of yore,  
 When Odin whelmed amid the ocean roar  
 His impious clan—their Causeway,<sup>1</sup> and their throne:  
 Nor far he fled;—a lightning arrow bore  
 Swift to its mark, and seared his form to stone—  
 A beacon o'er the deep, stupendous and alone!

## VIII.

O, well I deem it is a peerless sight,  
 When evening mellows the meridian ray,  
 To mark that form amid a ring of light,  
 As sinks behind the ruby car of day!  
 Ten thousand glories o'er its forehead play,  
 Confronting heaven; and there Apollo, reins  
 The fierce flame-breathing coursers on their way,  
 Ere from his sight that scene of beauty wanes,  
 Yon steep-encircled vale of groves and glades contains!

## IX.

Sure, did the wild Tungusian mark that brow  
 Borne to the clouds above the mountain's breast,  
 No more his knee to Baikal's God<sup>2</sup> should bow,  
 Poised on the Shamane promontory's crest—  
 That flinty God who breaks the water's rest,  
 And bids the Spirit of the Tempest rave:  
 Ah me! the mariner by peril prest  
 May vainly hope to shun the whelming wave,  
 Should fierce Dianda frown, nor list his prayers to save.



## X.

Theme of my song! I've marked, on summer morn,  
 Ere glowed the noontide of a sultry day,  
 Deep floating mists, from ocean's bosom borne,  
 Unfold a fleecy line 'long Carrick's bay,  
 Till on the waves which lave thy base they lay:  
 Then through the vapoury waste thy summit rose,  
 Like a lone fortress in a troubled sea;  
 Or rock heaved upward by the earthquake's throes,  
 Round which the breaker foams, and clouds and tempests close.

## XI.

Then would a sunbeam on thy brow alight,  
 And change thee straightway to a floating isle,  
 Such as in waking-visions met his sight  
 Who sang so well of 'Faerie Lond' erewhile,  
 Where in the 'Bowre of Bliss' did sweetly smile  
 Young Pleasure, blushing on a bed of roses;  
 Transparent robes her glowing limbs beguile—  
 As lucid wave the lily's hue discloses,  
 Whilst, warm to Passion's gaze, the wanton nymph reposes.

## XII.

But with the fading mist illusion fades,  
 And all is cold reality; no more  
 That bright Morgana<sup>2</sup> Fancy paints, pervades  
 The altered scene:—yet, what on life's bleak shore  
 Were beautiful, did *she* not smile it o'er?  
 She tinges earth with hues of heaven—she flings  
 That glory round the lovely we adore—  
 Her magic mirror shows forbidden things,  
 As through the sounding spheres she waves her rain-bow wings!

## XIII.

Aspiring Mountain! could thy Genius speak,  
 What tales of other times would charm the ear!  
 For there are monuments on every peak  
 Which prove the hand of man once mighty here—  
 Altars on high, and caverns deep and drear,  
 Whereon old scars of mining steel remain:—  
 The mystic Druid, lonely and severe,  
 Thought human temples, as their builders, vain;  
 And worthier of a God this cliff-piled mountain fane.



## XIV.

And there the victors of their day repose—  
 Breasts that had burned with glory's sacred glow;  
 Yon Cairn, o'er which the wild weed idly grows,  
 Entombs them! Ye, who work a deadlier wo  
 Than poison-blasts—for they in deserts blow—  
 Ye chiefs, ye kings, behold, and blush for shame!  
 Those laid forgotten here—nor long ago,  
 Hoped their high deeds had purchased deathless fame—  
 And is *this* all survives?—a stone without a name!

## XV.

Yet, o'er the records of the monument  
 Oblivion oft in mercy sweeps her wing;  
 Though Flattery's tropes, miscalling crime, have lent  
 A mocking lustre—false as that foul ring  
 In darkness round the reptile glittering—  
 To deeds which Truth would otherwise translate!  
 When victors climb to thrones, and poets sing  
 Their guilty fame, what eye but marks with hate  
 Fields drenched in gore, towns sacked, and cities desolate?

## XVI.

And through such scenes Ambition's progress leads—  
 Her drum is echoed by the Widow's cry;  
 The bloody rule—the rightful ruler bleeds;  
 Chains, broken sceptres, skulls, domes flaming high,  
 Shine on her flag in crimson marquetry!  
 But *they*, perchance, in this unsculptured Cairn,  
 Free having found, had kept their birthright free,  
 Spite of invader fierce, or tyrant stern:  
 Such should not nameless sleep beneath the mountain fern!

## XVII.

Borne downward darkling on the tide of Time,  
 Even Empires merge in thy unfathomed sea,  
 Forgetfulness! where Virtue sinks with Crime—  
 Their stain or lustre ever lost in thee;  
 Yea, things that Earth deemed writ by Destiny!  
 Yet relics, like moth-mouldered scrolls, are here,  
 Which glowing Fiction loves to lean on, free  
 From History's cold rebuke, and eye severe—  
 As thus, in vision-hues, she bids the past appear.

## The Druid's Shrine.

## XVIII.

OTHAL, who swayed the Western Isles,  
Which stud like gems the ocean foam,  
Had turned his plumed and plaided files  
From Norway's hills victorious home;  
And trophies shone in tower and dome,  
And Chiefs and Bards were gathered far,  
And Beauty came, in rosy bloom,  
To blush beneath the northern star:  
One youth from rocky Albin steers,  
Her sceptre's hope of future years.

## XIX.

'O'er billows kissed by morning's dyes,  
With broad wings spread upon the breeze,  
How fleetly fair our galley flies—  
A snow-white swan on summer seas!

And soon the clustering Hebrides  
Shall glad our sight, where Othal's towers  
Ring loud to Love and Valour's praise;  
And harps are sweet in Ladies' bowers!  
Thus Irial\* said, as o'er the sea  
His dark eye flashed exultingly.

## XX.

But winds and waves are faithless ever,  
As Lover's vow, or Leman's tear;  
Though smooth their seeming, trust them never—  
Those lead to death, and these despair!  
Ere eve, the breeze which blew so fair  
Was hushed; the sails flapped loose, as tossed  
The galley idly in the air;  
The shadow of a tempest crossed  
The troubled deep; and, passing by,  
Each gust was like a spirit's sigh!

## XXI.

Then burst the cloud which o'er them hung;—  
On ocean's breast a moment's brightness  
Flashed far; the pealing thunder rung  
"Thwart Heaven; each forehead reeled with lightness—

An instant rolled each eye-ball sightless;  
 And darkly now and fiercely speeds  
 The impetuous blast; in foamy whiteness  
 Leap the mad waves, like battle steeds,  
 Whose silver manes toss high and far  
 Amid the sable storm of war!

## XXII.

Borne wildly on the tempest's wing,  
 The groaning pinnace rides the wave;  
 Now sweeps the cloud with rapid swing—  
 Now plunges to a gulping grave:  
 And, though the mariners were brave,  
 When Death thus made his visage bare,  
 And fainting Hope saw nought to save—  
 The boldest eye—the sternest there—  
 Seen in the lightning's passing blaze,  
 Looked frozen in its fixed amaze!—

## XXIII.

All, save young Irial's;—sternly bright,  
 As lion's glance at hunter's spear,  
 His seemed to catch a bolder light  
 From that which fired the hemisphere!

He felt—but feeling was not fear—  
 Each coming billow might o'erwhelm:—  
 When sunk the pilot in despair,  
 He firmly grasped the abandoned helm,  
 And looked, his keen eye heaven-ward cast,  
 As half exulting in the blast!

## XXIV.

Behold! a beacon gleams afar—  
 Unknown the land from whence it glows:  
 Perchance that lone and lovely star  
 Deceives them to their country's foes—  
 More dread than breaker's rage were those!  
 Yet now the warring surge and gale  
 Had chafed them to a dark repose:  
 But shattered mast, and shivered sail,  
 Forbade return;—the tempest's roar  
 'Twas sweet to change for that still shore!

## XXV.

That point of Innisfail they won,  
 Where Dalriada's<sup>4</sup> peaks aspire:  
 The anchor cast, the mooring done,  
 They hasten tow'rds the friendly fire;



But, gazing upward on that pyre,  
 They marked, illumined with its rays,  
 A frantic host in white attire  
 Dance wildly round the ruddy blaze;  
 And, echoed by the cliffs along,  
 Thus pealed their deep-toned mystic song.

### Anthem.

#### 1.

SOUL of Ocean, Earth, and Air,—  
 Awful Spirit, hear our prayer!  
 The comet is thy fiery car—  
 The black eclipse thy shadow makes;  
 And, as thou stepp'st from star to star,  
 Beneath thy foot each axis shakes:  
 Lo! panting on thine altar lies  
 A captive chief—his heart beats high;  
 That heart is pierced—he shudders—dies—  
 So let thy foes and Ullin's die!

#### 2.

Thou, whose tongue the thunder utters,  
 When through vaulted Heaven it mutters;  
 Thou, whose eye the lightning flashes,  
 When on earth thy glance is bent;  
 Thou, whose breath the billow dashes  
 'Gainst the scowling firmament;—  
 On hostile Albin's loftiest peak  
 Thus may thy sacred altars glow—  
 Thus may her warriors' life-blood reek—  
 Thus blush upon her mountain snow!

#### 3.

By the hosts which here adore thee—  
 By the gore that reeks before thee—  
 By thy rites, in darkness sped—  
 Light of battle, lend thine aid!  
 When bucklers ring, and blades are red,  
 Be thou our buckler and our blade!  
 Thy holy groves on steeps shall nod,  
 Where foes pursue the savage game;  
 The waste shall own a present God,  
 The trembling rocks repeat thy name!



## XXVI.

When slept those steeps, whose towery line  
 That death-song echoed, passing o'er,  
 Which scared gaunt wolves, who sought the shrine  
 Of death, where oft they gorged before—  
 A voice exclaimed—'No more, no more  
 Our God accepts the sacrifice;  
 Unworthy streams this victim's gore—  
 No columned fume ascends the skies!  
 Ere thrice the silver moon return  
 A worthier gift must bleed and burn.

## XXVII.

'The flower of proud Lismora's stem  
 Sheds in yon cave the captive's tear;  
 Soon, stead of regal diadem,  
 Her brow a flaming crown shall bear:  
 That victim, won by Ullin's spear,  
 May soothe the wrath of Heaven; and he  
 Who holds her past his kingdom dear,  
 Must never hail his daughter free;—  
 No! when he seeks that form of light,  
 Her passing shade shall blast his sight!"

## XXIX.

Then had the shipwrecked Warriors fled,  
 But swiftness boots not, should they fly;  
 Each path alike to peril led:—  
 Outlived they flood and field, to lie  
 Beneath a frantic Druid's eye,  
 With bosom bared to murderous knife?  
 Forbid, the valiant thus should die—  
 'Mid foemen give them life for life!  
 In stern despair, they rose to seek  
 Their fate upon the mountain peak.

## XXX.

With toil they scaled the beetling crest,  
 Where oak-wreathed Druids stood around,  
 Whose arms were folded on their breast,  
 And looks bent darkly to the ground:  
 At bold intruding footsteps' sound—  
 Like lightning breaking forth from gloom—  
 Keen flashed their eyes 'neath brows which frowned:  
 Escaped, they seemed, from trance or tomb,  
 Ere withering sights had yet resigned  
 Their empire o'er the severed mind.

## XXXI.

Relaxed each brow, when 'midst them passed,  
 Wet, weary, worn—but fierce, though faint—  
 The pale survivors of the blast:  
 Then from the altar one was sent,  
 Who led them to the royal tent  
 Where Ullin's King, enthroned in state,  
 That night with all his nobles spent—  
 Awaiting the award of Fate:  
 And now he heard, with sullen scowl,  
 Heaven's blood-bribed auspices were foul.

## XXXII.

'Doth then,' he cried in scornful rage,  
 'A cloud o'erhang the book of doom?  
 This hand shall tear it from the page—  
 This sword shall penetrate the gloom,  
 Though holy altars idly fume—  
 And carve its own bright destiny!  
 Ere wanes a month, this helmet plume  
 Shall soar, a bird of victory,  
 Amid the deepening clouds of war—  
 Whilst heroes writhe beneath my car!—

## XXXIII.

Then, turning to the wanderers, said,  
 When told their fortune in the storm—  
 'Warriors! howe'er to Erin led,  
 The name of stranger hath a charm  
 To melt the heart, and check the arm:  
 Take then your right—the soldier's couch;  
 And share his cup, secure from harm;  
 Not here the treacherous wolf dares crouch;  
 But, when the golden morn thrice glows,  
 Ye answer—are ye Ullin's foes?'

## XXXIV.

Two tedious suns had dawned and set:  
 Suspense—that worm, which coiling round  
 The heart, defies us to forget—  
 Her sting, long threatening ere it wound—  
 Was torture! nor the deadly sound  
 Denouncing fate, by steel or stake,  
 So irks the brave; yet Irial found  
 His soul for others' woe awake;  
 One fear alone could claim a sigh—  
 Not death—but, to dishonoured die!

## XXXV.

And it was night—yet sleep sent not  
 Forgetfulness to seal his eyes;  
 On dark and desperate deeds he thought:  
 The hour approached for sacrifice—  
 That hour the captive Virgin dies!  
 He sees her at the altar kneel—  
 He hears her supplicating cries—  
 He shuddered as the uplifted steel  
 On Fancy's vision flashed—'Hold! hold!'—  
 He panted—and his blood ran cold.

## XXXVI.

Stung by that waking dream, he rose  
 To seek his friends, and prompt their flight:  
 The morn before, unmarked by foes,  
 Was planned the purpose of the night:  
 The rising moon shone broad and bright,  
 And wooed her image in the water,  
 As Irial had the cave in sight  
 Which held Lismora's lovely daughter:  
 A shadow crossed his path—'Now wo  
 Betide thee, shouldst thou prove a foe!'

## XXXVII.

'Ha—hush! thou stepp'st the brink of danger'—  
 A voice suppressed and hollow said:  
 'Yet will I prove thy friend, bold stranger!  
 If trusted in this hour of dread.  
 Sore Heaven thy steps hath hither led—  
 I blest the hope thy coming gave!  
 Thy galley's sail is prompt to spread—  
 The west-wind curls the lubric wave—  
 Thy hand awaits—away, away!  
 They marvel at thy long delay.

## XXXVIII.

'But, there is one 'twere base to fly;  
 One, that in childhood joyed to cling  
 About my neck, and weep, whilst I  
 The plaintive song she loved would sing—  
 A Cherub round me fluttering!  
 Fair as the purple-tinctured even,  
 And pure as yet untasted spring,  
 And guiltless as the Saint forgiven.  
 Chieftain! thou wilt not blench to aid  
 A helpless and a captive Maid?



## XXXIX.

'In bold Lismora's halls of glory  
 Her smile a hundred Bards could fire,  
 As rose her line's heroic story  
 Responsive to the golden wire:  
 'Twas mine to lead that gifted choir,  
 Ere breach of truce in Ullin's King  
 Betrayed me to the victor's ire,  
 In other halls with grief to string  
 A sullen harp, whose altered tone  
 Still echoed dull as dungeon stone.

## XL.

'I gained, 'twere idle how to say,  
 The cavern key, since star-rise hour,  
 Which bars young Cara from the day,  
 At mercy of the Tyrant's power:  
 My guards where yonder summits lower  
 All reckless rest: this bow I brought,  
 And quiver, from my prison bower;  
 And, when to fly, my harp I caught,  
 A thrill came o'er the chords, more sweet  
 Than mingling sighs when lovers meet!

## XLI.

'Through sleeping tents then swiftly past—  
 Noiseless as doth a spirit glide  
 In midnight mist; a shroud o'er-cast  
 The sky, as if my flight to hide:  
 But, when I won the mountain side,  
 Where lay the thickest of the foe,  
 The moon streamed forth a sudden tide  
 Of dazzling light—enough to show  
 The slumbering tempest round me—then  
 She hid behind her cloud again.

## XLII.

'That host doth fierce Siornah lead,  
 Thy fated country to invade;  
 But human victims burn and bleed  
 To purchase their Avenger's aid!—  
 Ere yet they draw the battle blade,  
 And bale to Albin's valleys bear:  
 Within one hour the captive Maid  
 Shall look upon the altar's glare—  
 Nor know for whom that altar blazes  
 Till on the naked knife she gazes!



## XLIII.

'Now to the prison cave we fly!  
 As Irial and the Bard drew near,  
 Her lily cheek, and earth-ward eye,  
 Seemed fading in a still despair;  
 And crowding o'er her bosom fair—  
 Like radiance breaking through a cloud—  
 Rich tresses shed their sunshine there,  
 As wildly, mocking bands, they flowed:  
 A lamp burned o'er her couch, and shed  
 Its lustre on that drooping head.

## XLIV.

And there, two Hags of Hatred sleeping,  
 Looked like the Demons of the Cell,  
 Who held that Angel, calmly weeping  
 O'er silent griefs, by cursed spell;  
 And oh! the diamond drops which fell  
 So lucid from their lovely spring,  
 Had paid an empire's ransom well—  
 Seen down that young cheek glittering;  
 For Valour's soul would value them  
 O'er those which studded a diadem!

## XLV.

The Virgin turned with timid eye,—  
 Snatched quick the lamp that near her shone,—  
 Flung back her braids of orient die,—  
 Gazed fearful as the startled fawn,  
 Which shrinks from all it looks upon:  
 But, when the light o'er Conra's face—  
 Her Father's best-loved Bard—was thrown,  
 A glow of wonder warmed with grace  
 That marble cheek; and eyes long dull,  
 Beamed through wet lashes beautiful!

## XLVI.

'Say, Conra! art thou come to save  
 From dread and death Lismora's Child?  
 To snatch her from a living grave  
 Whom thy sweet harp hath oft beguiled  
 Of tears—till at those tears she smiled?  
 Even then, the shadows o'er me flew  
 Of storms that since have ravaged wild—  
 Hope's sunshine promise proved less true!  
 But, break not *that* thy presence gave me—  
 Oh Conra! wilt thou—canst thou save me?

## XLVII.

'Yes, injured Maid! this warrior Youth  
 Hath vowed to fall or set thee free:  
 Repose thy safety on his truth—  
 Hasten! haste! nor gaze thus doubtingly.  
 O'er yon far-frowning summit—see!  
 The moon turns pale—red flames arise:  
 Thou know'st it not—they blaze for thee—  
 Thou art the destined sacrifice!  
 Dost thou doubt me—dost thou falter?—  
 Oh, mark once more yon mountain altar!

## XLVIII.

The keepers of that dismal cell  
 Are chained to earth—but were they men  
 They had not woke, with strife and yell,  
 To look upon the light again—  
 Their sepulchre had been that den!  
 In silence down the seaward hill,  
 The fugitives fled swiftly then:  
 All slumbered, save the brawling rill,  
 Whose waters with the moonshine blending,  
 Seemed silver from the rocks descending.

## XLIX.

Speed, Irial, Cara, Conra—speed!  
 The hour is come of impious rites—  
 They whet the blade by which ye bleed—  
 The mountain's brow is crowned with lights—  
 His echo in that shout unites  
 Which tells your doom: away—nor thus  
 Look back upon a scene that blights!  
 The knife itself gleams tremulous,  
 As conscious of its destined deed—  
 Speed, Irial, Cara, Conra—speed!

## L.

They now had gained the gentler slope  
 Extending downward to the deep,  
 Supporting that faint Maid with hope  
 They ceased to feel: From steep to steep  
 Far-flaming torches wildly leap,  
 As meteors fire the midnight sky:  
 Their splendour broke the eagle's sleep—  
 He fled his craig, and seemed on high  
 Some Spirit poised on dusky wing,  
 In the moon's circle hovering!

## LI.

All seemed confusion, as they threw  
 Short glances backward in their flight:  
 But now, their foes that path pursue  
 Where foot-prints meet the torches' light—  
 The fugitives are now in sight!  
 For life—for freedom—forward straining—  
 They bear the Maid—but ah! in spite  
 Of utmost effort, on them gaining,  
 Rush their fell foes behind; and raise  
 A cry in which the blood-bound bays!

## LII.

Now friendly blades, unsheathed to save,  
 Against the coming torches gleam;  
 And Irial's foot is in the wave,  
 And gore hath dimmed his faulchion's beam;  
 From foremost foeman's heart that stream  
 Is gushing; breast-high through the billow  
 He bursts—and, in her death-like dream,  
 His shoulder is young Cara's pillow:  
 Another step—the bark they gain!—  
 Let Druids gnash their teeth in vain!

## LIII.

That host was rushing through the water,  
 As rose the galley's swelling sail,  
 With blades which thirsted for the slaughter,  
 And torches waving in the gale;  
 Kind Heaven—they may not now avail!  
 But lo! careering tow'rds the shore,  
 In white-plumed crest, and glittering mail—  
 His charger's flank embossed with gore—  
 A Warrior, madly wroth, draws near,  
 And fiercely shakes his flashing spear.

## LIV.

'Twas stern Siornah, Ullin's King:—  
 Quick seized the Bard his bow, and drew  
 An arrow to its point—the string  
 Snapped ere that winged avenger flew;  
 Not so the Tyrant scapes his due!  
 A chord rent swiftly from the harp  
 Now twangs upon the sounding yew;  
 The shaft is smooth—the steel is sharp—  
 No more that Chief through blood shall roam—  
 His own is on the white sea-foam!



## LV.

So let the Bard who sings of fame  
 Be bold to do the deed he sings—  
 His lyre, illumed by Glory's flame,  
 Wound Tyrants deep as scorpion stings—  
 Or death-spell muttered o'er the strings!  
 It dawns—the galley, fleet and free,  
 Glides stately as the west-wind springs:  
 And Conra, gazing pensively,  
 As o'er the bounding waves they flew,  
 Thus bade his fathers' land adieu.

## 1.

FAREWELL, native Isle! and ye forest-clad mountains—  
 This Harp which your echoes have hailed, as it rung  
 In your sweet-scented meads, by your clear-gushing fountains,  
 Though wild were its numbers, must now be unstrung!  
 Alas! whilst this bosom with anguish is burning—  
 Like the nest-rifled nightingale's—sad were its swell;  
 Then sleep, Harp of Sorrow! till welcomed returning  
 By smiles from the vales we are bidding farewell!

## 2.

Erin's blue hills have faded—and sun-set shall roll  
 A dark sea between us; yet, distance and years  
 Can but colour her image more deep on my soul—  
 For 'twill warm in my sighs, and shine brighter through tears.  
 Thou wast prized, lovely Land! ere my first hopes had perished;  
 And since, as the grave of some dear one who fell;  
 But never—O never! so faithfully cherished,  
 As now, that I breathe thee an Exile's farewell!

## LVI.

IEANE! such the strains thy Bards of old  
 Sang, o'er the sculptured Harp impassioned bent;  
 Their shining vestments falling fold on fold  
 To earth, as snow-wreaths from the cliff's descent:  
 O'er their broad temples silvery tresses sprent,  
 Seemed glory with the circling oak entwined;  
 And—like the Prophet forms kind Heaven once sent  
 To bare the curtailed future for mankind—  
 Their glowing glances shone like sun-bursts of the mind!



## LVII.

Ye vanished masters of Hibernia's Lyre!  
 Who erst in Tara's trophied halls did string  
 Those speaking chords which set the soul on fire,  
 Till from its prison-cage it strove to spring,  
 And beat the heart with wild impatient wing—  
 Forgive, that with this feeble hand I sought—  
 Like distant streamlet faintly echoing  
 The cataract—to wake the tones ye taught;  
 These Erin's Harp forgets, as she hath been forgot!

## LVIII.

Long through her ivy-fettered chords the breeze  
 Of midnight whispered—none could set her free!  
 And long that tide of soul was doomed to freeze,  
 Which flowed unmatched in her wild melody.  
 But *now*, thy Country's day-star shines on thee—  
 Loved Harp, awake! it burns ascendant now,  
 And gilds thy kindling chords effulgently!  
 Awake! Wit, Valour, Beauty claim thy vow—  
 And MOORE hath broke thy trance—thy Genius wreathed his brow!

END OF CANTO I.

## The Hill of Caves.

## CANTO II.

F

## The Mill of Caves.

### CANTO II.

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#### I.

AWAY! Aurora opes the eastern port,  
Crowned with fresh roses culled in Eden's bowers;  
Incense her breath, her eye-beam full of sport,  
Health in her train, and all the laughing hours:  
Away! the mountain-path is pranked with flowers  
Which court thy feet; the Sun o'erlooks the wave,  
And first beholds you steep basaltic towers,  
Which brighten up, as they his welcome gave—  
Whilst Night, on noiseless wing, seeks dark Cuchullin's cave.

## II.

Heath-mantled Hill, thou'rt won: and lo! a world  
 Of life and loveliness salutes the view,  
 As Nature's magic map lies far unfurled—  
 Bound in a circle of cerulean blue:  
 There, Strangford's lake a hundred islands strew,  
 'Mong which her waves of molten silver play;  
 Here, Carrick frowns, where blazoned banners flew  
 O'er tower and battlement, in proud array,  
 To welcome great Nassau on glory's stainless way!

## III.

And fair yon vale of beauty doth expand  
 Beneath the shadow of thy awful brow:  
 Westward unfolds that mirror of the land—  
 Lough Neagh's shining bosom; lone and low  
 Shane's Castle—once a terror to the foe—  
 Moulders upon her shores: aspiring proud,  
 Far to the northward, peaks are tipped with snow—  
 Where vast Benmore delays the passing cloud,  
 And Rathlin's surge-lashed rocks roar to the storm aloud.

## IV.

Like giant bastions, dark and distant spreading,  
 Lo! Caledonia's cold blue mountains rise,  
 To bar the ocean-surge, too wildly heading,  
 Or piled so high to prop the Arctic skies:—  
 Hail! land of worth—hail! race of enterprise—  
 Famed all alike in battle and in song:  
 One lyre of thine did echo Erin's sighs,  
 When heart and harp-strings both were breaking: long  
 Her sons shall love the Bard who felt her Exile's wrong!

## V.

Here placid Lagan, from her silver urn—  
 A flood of quivering crystal, pure and bright—  
 Glides through the vale with many a sinuous turn;  
 Her sun-lit windings glancing on the sight,  
 Shine like a circling serpent in the light,  
 Who rolls his wavy volumes o'er the plain:  
 Through all her course the loveliest meads invite—  
 Now lost in groves—now gliding forth again—  
 She flows reluctant on, and mingles with the main.



## VI.

I've seen thy waters, o'er the green bank straying,  
 Like youthful hopes of rapture pass away!  
 Yet oft methought they looked as if delaying,  
 To hold the landscape in that fond delay,  
 Which imaged on thy glassy surface lay!  
 And I have seen reflected forms thereon—  
 Dear to my soul—the young—the fair—the gay!  
 Albeit the wave reflecting these be gone,  
 Not Lethe's flood from me can steal the simplest one.

## VII.

Fast by the brink of this romantic tide,  
 And, eastward, washed by Neptune's emerald wave,  
 A city flourisheth in Fortune's pride—  
 BELFAST the name an unknown founder gave;  
 'Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:—  
 By every breeze on ocean's bosom fanned  
 Her noble fleets the bounding billows cleave,  
 And laden with the wealth of every land—  
 From Norway's icy rocks to India's burning sand.

\* *Shenstone.*

## VIII.

Yet do some thankless tenants harbour there,  
 Who, wronging Freedom, cry they are not free;  
 Nor turn one candid glance to climates where  
 Oppression seals the bond of slavery:  
 Accursed with sight which nought but ill can see—  
 Accursed with speech which nought but ill can speak—  
 They torture terms, and call *that* Liberty  
 Where Law is laughed at—Justice worse than weak—  
 And deem restraint from crime a bond the brave should break.

## IX.

Those wights are goaded by a Demon Dwarf,  
 Who hides beneath his cloak the traitor's knife;  
 Disordered on his brow a bloody scarf  
 Is bound—that once, in treacherous midnight strife,  
 He stripped from butchered Loyalty, with life:  
 Men name him REVOLUTION: in his hand  
 A mirror globe he bears, with mischief rife,  
 Wherein the Caitiff grasps the Noble's land—  
 And all things, upside-down, in foul reflection stand.



## X.

But they, so fooled, are trivial in repute—  
 Nor dim for sounder heads, and better hearts,  
 That fairer fame *their* poison would pollute—  
 Thou friend of Justice, Science, and the Arts!  
 Let maniacs trace o'er folly's erring charts  
 By false degrees for latitudes of good,  
 Nor glean the truth which history's page imparts—  
 That nought so perfect stands, hath ever stood,  
 As this all-shielding code they sigh to blot with blood!

## XI.

BELFAST! it were not well to leave unsung  
 One virtue, cancelling many a crimson stain;  
 Sweet in the sight of Heaven, from whence it sprung—  
 The stay of wretchedness—the balm of pain;—  
 Angels record it thine!—to thee in vain  
 None tell their griefs—none turn unheard from thee;  
 Thou lovest to bid the mourner smile again—  
 To feed the hungry—set the captive free:  
 In Heaven thy cause is urged by soft-eyed Charity!

## XII.

Dear native Down! thy cultured bosom courts  
 My fondest gaze—receding south away:  
 Yet, now, I view the scenes of infant sports,  
 As spots the sun made pleasant yesterday—  
 But where his laughing beams no longer play!  
 Hence let my glance, with falcon swiftness fly,  
 Till perched on Morne's magnificent array,  
 Where mountains piled on mountains awe the eye—  
 Crowned by Slieve Donard's peak, which meets the leaning sky.

## XIII.

Yes! I have seen Morne's heaven-ward summit towering  
 Like a vast giant set to guard the strand;  
 And as I gazed, the marshalled tempest, lowering,  
 Turbaned his brow in clouds, and gave his hand  
 The thunderbolt to hurl from land to land;—  
 Then burst his muttered threat along the deep!  
 The pilot heard that mountain voice unmanned—  
 On ruffled plumes the eagle fled the steep,  
 Whose rocked foundations broke the burrowed fox's sleep.

## XIV.

Now, tell me—ye who o'er the world have wandered—  
 What lovelier scenes than *these* have met your gaze?  
 Ye who on Delphi's sacred brow have pondered—  
 Ye who have marked Vesuvius' midnight blaze—  
 Ye who have hailed the Glaciers with amaze—  
 Floods banked with gold, and crowned with amber foam—  
 If from your hearts those magic haunts could raze  
 That holy love the Patriot bears his home—  
 Unblessed hath been your toil—ah! wherefore did ye roam?

## XV.

My Country! were thy green hills turned to stone,  
 Which now with sunny bosoms court the sky—  
 Thy laughing vallies desolate and lone—  
 Thy woodlands leafless—and thy fountains dry—  
 Dear wert thou yet to me! Nor question—why?  
 Thou heartless stranger in thy Fathers' land,  
 Whose lot might idly claim *thy* smile or sigh!  
 If peril scowled, would'st thou her champion stand?  
 O no!—the loveless heart had still a nerveless hand!

## XVI.

That Mount I sing reveals a living scene  
 When April comes so gay and debonair—  
 Like young coquet, now frowning, now serene—  
 And lures a thousand idle truants here,  
 Who while the day in revelry and cheer,  
 And cull the first-born blossoms of the dell,  
 Wherewith to die for many an urchin peer  
 The snowy egg;\* ye simple joys that swell  
 The pulse in life's young morn—be ever blest your spell!

## XVII.

Yes! sport ye reckless ones! your sunny hour,  
 Gay as the rich-plumed songsters of the spring:  
 Too soon Delight resigns her magic power;  
 And Hope forgets to wave her golden wing—  
 Though *now* so full of sweet imagining!  
 The day—alas! that any could foreshow—  
 The day shall come when Disappointment's sting  
 May rankle in a heart of cureless wo.—  
 But this is not my theme—ye livelier numbers flow!

\* Among the juvenile sports of Easter Monday, rolling hard-boiled eggs, stained in a variety of colours, is one of the principal.

## XVIII.

What notes proclaim the bliss of Easter morn!  
 The Heavens are sheen, the birds are blithely singing—  
 Buds bathed in dew are glistening on the thorn,  
 The far flocks bleat, the merry bells are ringing—  
 The streamlets gush, the primrose banks are springing—  
 The huntsman's horn is echoing through the dale—  
 The clear cascade its diamond sparkles flinging—  
 The milkmaid carols in the fragrant vale—  
 And all these mirthful sounds give music to the gale!

## XIX.

Now group on group is seen to follow far,  
 Like to a Persian army in array;  
 On foot, on steed, coach, jingle, cart, and car—  
 Tow'rd the high Hill of Caves they wend away;  
 But, at the base each equipage must stay;  
 Proud steep! thou well dost ape that summit bright  
 Where whilom strung his lyre the God of Day;  
 For wheels—save those which hurl the car of light  
 O'er crimson-skirted clouds—can conquer neither height!

## XX.

Here might you mark life's anxious, ardent strugglers,  
 Of every hue—whate'er their cast or calling—  
 Musicians, pedlars, show-men, dupes and jugglers—  
 Not Babel tower had echoed to such bawling!  
 Carousing, begging, singing, laughing, brawling,  
 The fiddle's flourish, and the bag-pipe's grunting—  
 Shrill barking curs, and embryo caitiffs squalling,  
 Maids screaming out, for men are most insulting—  
 Here brays a panniered ass, there boys are badger-hunting.

## XXI.

With laugh, and jest, and antic feat, they rise  
 The mountain's side: but many a grievous trip  
 Doth send more woful music to the skies,  
 From luckless wight foredoomed by Fate to slip;  
 Whilst youthful imps the giddy pathway skip,  
 And gibe at those whom time hath tardier made;  
 Too fat to climb, with bottle at the lip,  
 Some think their fellows' toil but ill repaid—  
 Who pity them in turn, and scorn the midway shade.



## XXII.

Nor these the sagest—they who love to climb  
 Up steepes of solid earth, or slippery fame—  
 And, trust me, this is truth, though told in rhyme—  
 Will find the climate as they rise grow breme;  
 Keen cutting winds assail th' unsheltered frame  
 On mountain summits; and their virgin snow  
 That foot which sullies is consigned to shame:  
 Yet, when the sun shines o'er them, few below  
 Would deem it soothly said—they *glare*, but never *glow*!

## XXIII.

Full many a well-heaped basket lines the way,  
 Where tempting fruits, and witching liquids spread;  
 But, such must grieving gaze as cannot pay—  
 For that grim guard, with mob-cap muffled head,  
 Scans through an eye by fell suspicion fed  
 Each lounge near, lest such should slyly spring,  
 Unstored with coin, by lawless longing led,  
 Upon that nest of luxury I sing—  
 Now foul may him befall would do so base a thing!

## XXIV.

Hard by, and gazing on that merchandise,  
 An elf, with watering teeth, pulls forth his store,  
 Late won by well-conned task—O envied prize!  
 Yet won, ere long, to grieve his heart right sore—  
 So Fortune tantalizeth evermore!  
 On fruit and coin his looks alternate rest—  
 But, early read in scoundrel niggard lore,  
 To squander pence it pains his little breast,  
 And, gnawed too soon by care, he trembles to be blest.

## XXV.

A mid-aged wight—full fain as he to hoard  
 The glittering trash—observes with anxious eye  
 The freaks of Chance upon the chequered board;—  
 He tempts her frown—a week's hard wages fly!  
 Close clinging to his coat, and ripe to cry,  
 His urchin son doth see his wealth's decay—  
 Right sad to think how hunger, by and by,  
 Shall pinch, for this, the little troop who play  
 At home—nor bode of tears to-morrow must survey!

## XXVI.

Behold that graceless slave with shirtless back,  
 Shoe down of heel, and kibe-betraying hose,  
 Hat void of rim, surtout like tattered sack,  
 All blood-shot eye, and purple-spotted nose!  
 With silver, won by midnight guilt, he goes  
 To yonder jar, which burning liquor fills,  
 And down his throat a brimming bumper throws,  
 Till at his heart like liquid flame it thrills;—  
 The subtlest draught, I ween, Intemperance distills.

## XXVII.

Such recreant knave escaped to other climes  
 (For in his own he dare no more delay)  
 Adds daily to his catalogue of crimes—  
 Assuming characters to suit each day:  
 Sometimes a cripple crawling by the way;  
 Anon, a war-maimed veteran sues thy aid,  
 The robber's ruffian garb his next array—  
 Which, flapping, shows the midnight moon his blade:—  
 A scaffold-scene concludes the guilty masquerade!

## XXVIII.

Now to the breezy top the foremost reach—  
 Panting and wearied with the toilsome way:  
 Note well that damsel shy, whom no soft speech,  
 Though slyly said as sighing swain could say,  
 Before might answer better gain than—nay!  
 Yet now the youth may boldly grasp at bliss—  
 (Lovers like chiefs should choose a favouring day,)  
 Faint with fatigue she rests her arm on his—  
 And, through a half-feigned frown, smiles at the stolen kiss!

## XXIX.

Leave those to talk of love! and hasten where,  
 With bounding hearts, yon merry circle wheels—  
 Some, lightly springing, seem to leap on air,  
 Some beat the earth with iron-studded heels;  
 Whilst the sly maid her taper leg reveals,  
 As though unwitting, to the graceful knee:  
 Hibernia's planxties, Caledonia's reels,  
 Are plied by those who quaff the cup of glee  
 Sparkling from Pleasure's fount, and feel its luxury!

## XXX.

The dance is o'er— but hark! the plaintive tone  
 Of minstrel string is breathing in the wind:  
 There sits neglected on the gray cairn-stone  
 His country's latest Bard—poor—aged—blind;  
 Ah! why is Fate to Genius thus unkind?  
 Sorrow hath chased the sunshine from his cheek—  
 Her shadow length'ning as his day declined:  
 Yet through the cloud ethereal flashes break—  
 And gleam along the lyre, and bid its Spirit speak!

## XXXI.

Conched at his feet an Irish wolf-dog lay—  
 Last, like himself, of once a valued race,  
 Whose glancing eye of fire flashed every way—  
 Sagacious, fierce, and matchless in the chase:  
 Full oft would he regard his master's face,  
 With pointed ear, as anxious to obey  
 Whate'er of wish or will he there might trace;  
 Nor would he leave that foot by night or day  
 Which faithfully he led o'er moor and mountain gray.

## XXXII.

And close beside there stood a pensive Boy,  
 Who bore that Minstrel's harp where'er he went;  
 The passion-breathing lay, a painful joy  
 To his rapt spirit in its sadness sent:  
 Won by the charm of song, his soul scarce bent  
 To aught of earth—eccentric, warm, and wild!  
 He fled his home of love and calm content—  
 Forsook his kindred—by that harp beguiled,  
 Which dearer grew than all to Nature's way-ward child.

## XXXIII.

And he knew moments—that unfriended Youth—  
 Which blood-bought crowns were idly pledged to buy,  
 Although his ragged weeds might raise the ruth—  
 Perchance the mirth of many a butterfly,  
 Decked in its gaudy garments passing by!  
 Moments that but the sons of song can know—  
 Pure gleams of more than earth-born ecstasy—  
 Which light the soul's bold wing to Heaven, and throw  
 A magic colouring o'er even this dark world of woe!



## XXXIV.

Again the Harper's withered fingers swept  
 Th' awaking chords: an old and lofty lay  
 He chose, o'er which have royal Virgins wept;  
 And lion Valour—roused from lethargy—  
 Hath grasped the burnished blade, whose living ray  
 Seemed borrowed from the hero's glance of ire!  
 That theme was dear to Erin's happier day,  
 When History's Muse enraptured strung her lyre—  
 And sang immortal deeds, and wrote with pen of fire!

King Ahod's Daughter.<sup>6</sup>

## 1.

WHY droops, so sad and lily wan,  
 King Ahod's young and lovely Daughter?  
 The dawning dream of her peace is gone—  
 Too soon to weep hath Sorrow taught her!  
 Why pine the peerless Maids of Meath,  
 And leave unwove the rosy wreath

Which bound their brightly braided hair  
 Round foreheads arched and ivory fair?  
 The rosebud, o'er those temples twined,  
 Which seemed to blush on polished snow,  
 Is withered, rent—and unconfined  
 Their radiant tresses flow!  
 Turgesius the tyrant—the infidel Dane—  
 Hath but wiped from his faulchion the heart's-blood stain  
 Of lovers and brothers, and kindred most dear—  
 Then ask not why Beauty should beam through a tear!  
 That relentless Chief, with the gore-reeking hand,  
 Hath cast his stern eye on the pride of the land;  
 And her Father, with age and with ills bowed down,  
 Marks the cloud of disgrace o'er the star of his crown.

## 2.

As the sun on earth, doth Woman's eye  
 Shed light on love, on hope, on pleasure;  
 More dear to the soul her tender sigh,  
 Than gales which waft Arabia's treasure:  
 And Clona's eyes, of sparkling blue,  
 Shed sunshine on a Father's breast—

And o'er a faithful Lover's threw  
 That light in which his hopes were blest:  
 Her voice was sweet as angel numbers,  
 Heard by saints in happy slumbers;  
 And, O! her form of fairy lightness  
 Looked more than Woman in its brightness!  
 But he, that Chief of Denmark's race,  
 By lawless passion swayed,  
 In victor pride, would bring disgrace  
 On Meathe's princely Maid.  
 Her Father sues, on suppliant knee,  
 One brief night's truce with infamy;  
 And her Lover broods, in secret grief,  
 A tragic scene to the Danish Chief,  
 Ere the Murderer's arm be the fair Maiden's pillow—  
 Or the sun twice descend to the gold-crested billow.

## 3.

Thus prayed the King for that delay:—  
 'In pity to a Parent's sorrow,  
 O! spare my Child to me this day—  
 She's thine, relentless chief! to-morrow.

But if soft Pity may not melt—  
 The pangs a Father feels, unfelt—  
 If gray hairs, bending to the grave,  
 Nor Honour's voice, nor Mercy's, save—  
 Then, hear my promise—ere the even  
 Shall purple o'er to-morrow's sky—  
 (Though first this hand would give to Heaven—  
 These dim eyes see that Daughter die,)  
 A train shall attend her, all lovely and young,  
 As stripling hath dreamed of, or minstrel hath sung;  
 Full fifteen the fairest of Meath's noble Maids—  
 The bloom of her valleys, the boast of her shades:  
 Let these purchase respite—how useless and brief—  
 It guards not her honour—it heals not my grief!  
 Ah, Clona! sole hope of my house and my pride—  
 Ere the death of thy fame—would! thy Father had died.'

## 4.

The dome is lit with a thousand lights,  
 The banquet spread—the goblet flowing;  
 That Chieftain, and his favoured Knights,  
 With wine and passion glowing.

Await the Virgin victims there—  
 Alas, how fortuneless and fair!  
 The spoilers bless the joyous day  
 They bore from Scandia's coast away  
 Tow'rd the Emerald Isle of the dark-blue ocean—  
 The garden of beauty—the eye of the world;  
 And to Odin they vow, in their impious devotion,  
 His banner should stream, in its glory unfurled,  
 From the North to the South of the conquered land—  
 That his victims should blaze—that his altars should stand—  
 That his holy groves—hush! hark! slowly expanding,  
 The folding doors turn, and without them are standing,  
 In robes, dazzling white as the Gualte's snow wreath,  
 The Maidens devoted—the loveliest of Meath!

## 5.

Each joyful Knight from his couch leaped up,  
 Where anxious he had lain reclining;  
 And left the ruby-sparkling cup  
 For lips more red, for eyes more shining:  
 The Maids approached—but veiled each face—  
 With downcast eye, and trembling pace:

And as they move, with bosoms beating,  
 Through foes from whom is no retreating.  
 An aged Minstrel, sternly sharp,  
 Surveys the helpless Virgin band—  
 Ere the song is o'er, from the sounding harp  
 Descends his trembling hand.  
 Whate'er his doubts, or his fears may be—  
 The Knights see not—nor care to see;  
 The banquet's excess drew a cloud o'er their sight:  
 To their captives they spring, who recoil with affright,  
 And rend from each forehead the folds which conceal—  
 Is the dome in a blaze? Do the lamps gleam on steel?—  
 Each Dane lays his hand on his sword, with a start—  
 But—ere he can draw—one is sheathed in his heart!

## 6.

Hark to that hurrying to and fro!—  
 The war-steed's neigh—the chariot's rattle—  
 Victorious shouts—deep groans of wo—  
 Hibernia's sons are in the battle!  
 O'er the Danish camp breaks the sudden blaze,  
 And the warriors spring from their sleep in amaze;



Through flame-folded tents in confusion they reel,  
 And fly—but to fall by the merciless steel!  
 Then thirsty Carnage drank her fill,  
 And the yet warm crimson dew  
 Was shed on the emerald shamrock, till  
 Its leaves wore an amethyst hue:  
 The banner of Erin reflected the light  
 Of blazing pavilions—seen far in the fight;  
 And, emblazoned thereon—which the Dane marked with awe—  
 Beamed—'ERIN MA VOURNEEN! ERIN GO BRAGH!

## 7.

Whence comes the Maid, whose milk-white steed  
 Exults beneath his lovely rider?  
 And whence is he, in sable weed,  
 On the foaming coal-black barb beside her?—  
 'Tis Ahod and his Child—restored  
 To happiness by Valour's sword!  
 Lo! light-bounding Virgins are flying to meet them—  
 And gallant young Warriors triumphantly greet them;  
 No more in the white-flowing robe they conceal  
 The terrors which flashed from their bosoms of steel:  
 Though vain was the bribe of the Tyrant to buy  
 Their faith—it was won by the heart-stealing eye!

Though vain were the links of his blood-rusted chain,  
 The gold-flowing tress did not fetter in vain!  
 And that bevy of Maids in their loveliness yield  
 To the Chiefs who protected with dagger and shield;  
 And Clona, whose eye shone as brightly and blue  
 As the sapphire of India when dipped in the dew,  
 Young Desmond the Dauntless hath blessed with her hand—  
 Who gave the Invader but soil for his grave.  
 Thus the Brave, roused by Beauty, enfranchised the land—  
 And Beauty was shielded and won by the Brave!

## XXXV.

LANGUID and faint the Minstrel's song began—  
 But soon enthusiast Passion claimed her throne;  
 And, ere the battle o'er the deep strings ran,  
 Soul, voice, and harp, had found a firmer tone;  
 Spirit of Feeling! he was all thine own—  
 Unheard—unheeded—crowds around him tread!  
 But, when the pittance misery claimed was thrown,  
 The dreamer woke—the fond delusion fled—  
 In wounded pride he rose—and blushed to sing for bread!

## XXXVI.

And now the Sun is journeying tow'rd's the West,  
 And but delays to kiss the Eastern hill—  
 Warning the weary revellers to rest:  
 And now, save bleating flock and rippling rill,  
 No sounds are heard—the heath is lone and still;  
 Behind the far blue mountains of Tyrone  
 Hath sunk the sun—the breeze of eve grows chill;  
 Yet o'er Lough Neagh's farthest verge is thrown  
 A line of lambent light, where day's last look had shone.

## XXXVII.

On cottage hearths the cheerful fagot burning,  
 Gleams through the lattice in the vale below;  
 At twilight seen by merry groups returning,  
 Who feel a grateful welcome in the glow:  
 And many a happy wight as down they go—  
 Cheered by the blaze which marks his home of rest—  
 Counts o'er the joys that cottage can bestow;  
 And owns his lot, though humble, very blest—  
 His partner by his side—his infant at her breast!

## XXXVIII.

Loved Hill! when all forsook, I joyed to rise  
 Thy brow—though touched with evening's graver hue—  
 And look upon the landscape's fading dies;  
 But *then* would Memory steal me from the view,  
 And clouds that once rolled o'er the heart renew!  
 Why, gazing from yon cliff, recurs for ever  
 That pennant to my soul, as once it flew,  
 Which waved the fatal signal doomed to sever  
 Those who in Heaven shall meet—on earth, O never! never!

## XXXIX.

Young, generous, gentle—cast in manhood's mould  
 Of strength and beauty; that dark, speaking eye,  
 Beheld but once—though many a year had rolled—  
 Would flash its lightning o'er the memory!  
 And such was he whose fate demands my sigh—  
 Nor truth, nor talent, aught availed to save:  
 The pitying stranger saw him droop and die—  
 But, when the foreign turf his pillow gave,  
 Recked not how many hopes were buried in that grave!

## XL.

Lamented JONES! thy summer-day was brief—  
 Pride, enterprise, fair prospects, led thee on;  
 But, there were eyes of Beauty dimmed with grief—  
 And breasts that throbbed with pain when thou wert gone;  
 And many a secret sob—and cheeks grew wan  
 Whereon thy smile had shed its brightening beam;  
 Tears now are shining where young blushes shone—  
 Enough! our being's but a troubled stream—  
 A melting rainbow hope—and happiness a dream!

## XLI.

No—nought will be on earth as it hath been!  
 Founders of empire are sojourners here:  
 New caravans in turn employ the scene,  
 And toil their way across the desert drear;  
 Whilst Arab hordes, for ever hovering near,  
 Waylay and spoil—nor these the best may shun:  
 But wisest he who strives the path to cheer  
 With hope of peril past—fair Mecca won—  
 His are the freshest springs, and spots, to rest upon.

## XLII.

For there be spots amid the wilderness  
 Where Rapture, like the desert rose, may dwell—  
 And there be springs, the parching lip to bless,  
 Sweet as the flood from Horeb's rock that fell:  
 Hope lights the onward track, and Memory's spell  
 Illumes her fresco landscape far behind;  
 If cold Injustice stab, the heart must swell—  
 But conscious Worth her deepest wound can bind;  
 With these Love pours her balm, and Friendship, nobly kind!

## XLIII.

Love, that nor aim, nor wish, nor purpose, knows—  
 Save what concentrates in its idol's joy;  
 True in the test of absence, slander, foes—  
 That fate—alas! though blighted—can't destroy!  
 Friendship, whose feeling knows of no alloy—  
 That seeks no future chances to repay  
 The present sacrifice—that could not cloy  
 As others cool—nor push the claim away,  
 Invited—courted oft—ere frowned the trial day!



## XLIV.

And there is one, endeared by Brother's blood,  
*Such* friendship doth not less to me endear:  
 Prospects have changed, and hopes have been subdued,  
 But thou art changeless, generous, sincere!  
 Wide oceans part us with a bar severe—  
 Yet from the weeping West or frozen Pole,  
 To that bright Source of Day which thou art near—  
 Yea! though between the stars themselves should roll—  
 Affection's viewless chain can bind us soul to soul.

## XLV.

The world itself hath changed since we have met—  
 Some that played foot-ball with the globe, are now  
 Captive to those who were *their* captives late—  
 The bruised laurel stains the humbled brow—  
 True love hath sickened o'er the broken vow—  
 Friends dearly valued are no longer dear—  
 The lovely, wrapped in winding-sheets, laid low—  
 The dead forgot—reviewing these, I fear  
 Lest thou should'st ne'er return, or find me wanting here!

## XLVI.

Though young, thy path hath been through toil and danger,  
 Peril was sport, and only irksome rest;  
 The Deep thy home, to other home a stranger—  
 And least enjoyed by those who love thee best:  
 When wilt thou—as the bird her native nest  
 Seeks in the Spring, which fled fell Winter's reign—  
 Revisit scenes in boyhood reckoned blest;  
 All thou hast suffered—seen—to tell? O, when?—  
 Till then may Fortune smile—farewell! farewell till then!

## XLVII.

Thus have I mused, as Fancy, Feeling led—  
 Whilst Time, on downy pinion, stole away  
 Uncounted hours; and o'er the mountain's head  
 Night spread her sable, star-wrought canopy:  
 Then, journeying forth upon the track of day,  
 The rising Moon o'er green Calrngaver beamed,  
 Crowned with the gems of Heaven's serenest ray;  
 Her car of clouds embossed with glory gleamed—  
 And far on spire and peak the soft effulgence streamed.

## XLVIII.

Ye long-loved scenes, ye rocks, ye glens, adieu!  
 I now must turn me to a foreign shore:  
 And yet my heart can never stray from you—  
 For ye are coloured on its inmost core!  
 May Heaven's protecting wings wave blandly o'er  
 Those haunts where Friendship hath been tried, and true!  
 And—when this Gothic Lyre is heard no more—  
 My name be welcome to a chosen few:—  
 But whither do I stray?—again, dear scenes, adieu!

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## NOTES.

## CANTO I.

## 1.

*His impious clan—their Causeway, and their throne.*—St. vii. p. 12.

I beg to refer to the First Book of Dr. Drummond's distinguished Poem, 'The Giants' Causeway,' for an explanation of this allusion.

## 2.

*No more his knee to Baikal's God should bow,  
 Poised on the Shaman's promontory's crest.*—St. ix. p. 15.

That extraordinary lake in Siberia is described by Bell, in his Travels, vol. i. p. 257 to 265; and also, in 'Took's View of the Russian Empire.' The following extract is from the Edinburgh Encyclopædia.

'Baikal is a lake situated in the government of Irkutsk, in Siberia; and, next to the Caspian Sea, the largest expanse of water within the limits of the Russian Empire. No where, perhaps, could a person who should traverse the globe meet with an object more truly interesting than the Baikal, whether we consider the rude sublimity of the scenery, or the singular phenomena which both the lake itself, and the surrounding country, present to the observation of the naturalist. Those who have visited this wonderful place, seem at a loss for language adequate to the feelings which it excites when first beheld.'

But the object of my note is found in the following passage:

'In enumerating the wonders of these regions, we must not forget a curious *lusus naturæ*, which is to be seen on the Shaman's promontory. Three rocks, adjacent to one another, tower more than two hundred feet above the level of the lake; and their tops bear such a striking resemblance to human heads, that the Tunguses revere them

as the Sea-God Dianda, with his two subordinate Deities. The nose of this Dianda, which stands between the other two, and overtops them considerably, is seven feet long; his eye-brows seem two projecting cliffs, overshadowing his face; flocks of sea-fowl find harbour in his mouth; but he is altogether unprovided with ears. Notwithstanding this defect, however, his votaries think he hears most acutely; and in all their fishing expeditions, prefer to him their prayers, that he may save them from being drowned, and grant them a plentiful draught of fishes.

## 3.

..... No more  
That bright Morgana Fancy paints, pervades  
The altered scene.—St. xii. p. 15.

In allusion to that extraordinary phenomenon known by the name of the *Fata Morgana*, sometimes observed in the Straits of Reggio.

## 4.

Thus Irial said.—St. xix. p. 19.

Irial was the name of the third King of Ireland, after Heber and Heremon. I give it to the hero of this tale, merely on account of its beauty.

## 5.

That point of Innisfail they won,  
Where Dalriada's peaks aspire.—St. xxv. p. 21.

Dalriada was the ancient name for the County of Antrim.

## CANTO II.

## 6.

King Ahod's Daughter.—P. 60.

The Harper's Ode, entitled 'King Ahod's Daughter,' is taken from a circumstance in the history of Ireland, but considerably altered in the poem.

## POEMS.



## EFFUSION OF FEELING

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF THE

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

---

### I.

DAUGHTER of Britain! scarce a day is done  
Since in the cloudless lustre of thine eye,  
The hope of Nations sprang exultingly—  
A blossom cherished by the rising sun!  
So late, the heart reluctantly believes  
That tale of grief for which the Empire grieves:  
But, like a poisoned dagger striking there,  
The voice of wailing pierces to its core—  
Yea, in the deepest accents of despair,  
Proclaims the idol of our hopes—no more!  
Thy bridal hymn still vibrates on the ear;—  
Thy bridal robe seems glittering from the loom;  
And yet—thy dirge is echoed round the tomb;  
And yet—thy shroud becomes thee on the bier...

While Expectation's brow was arched in mirth,  
A Burial mocked the smile prepared to greet a Birth!

## II.

Thou lost and loved one! none had higher cause  
To prize what pleasures life could lend, than thou;  
A heart applauding joined the world's applause—  
Love set his seal upon thy nuptial vow:  
Born to a crown, yet blest—for thine was not  
The heartless splendour of a princely lot—  
Doomed the sad victim of a proud estate,  
To wed reluctant, and but live to hate!  
What was the pride or pomp of men to thee?  
Their poor ambition soaring far above,  
Thou fled'st the Court, whose hollow pageantry  
Forbade the sweet simplicity of love!  
In life, in death, a love which ne'er forsook  
That warm, pure bosom, Virtue made her throne—  
Its eloquence illumed thy latest look,  
Even when the language of the lips had flown!  
And *HE*, thy young heart's choice, on whom reposed  
Those soft blue eyes which his oft met delighted—

In all the anguish of a bosom blighted,  
Found life had nothing left when they were closed!

## III.

What boots it now, that every wave between  
The ice-wedged Poles, wooed to its glassy breast  
The image of our flag? Or Ocean's Queen  
Surveyed her fleets, like floating cities, rest  
Upon the bosom of the billowy deep?  
Will CHARLOTTE walk again that warlike deck  
Whose thunders bend to awe the foeman's neck,  
As when she proudly said—'Where Glory calls,  
Well are these named Old England's wooden walls'...  
Go—ask the thousands round her tomb that weep!  
For, like the chords of slumbering lyre awoke  
To loud complaint, by rude and hurried hand,  
Each heart that thrilled with feeling through the land  
Burst into grief, and shuddered at the stroke!

## IV.

But who hath felt the pangs which thou shalt feel—  
Young, ill-starred CONOURG! in its aching dearth

Well may thy soul repine at Fortune's wheel,  
 Whose giddy circle seemed to pause for thee,  
 Till Envy sickened at thy destiny—  
 Then dashed thee from its loftiest verge to earth:  
 And griefs which now a Nation's bosom wring,  
 In thy crushed, cureless, heart are festering!

## V.

Fly, fly sweet Claremont's bliss-recalling shades,  
 Where Memory writes HER name on every tree,  
 Who, but a moment since, was worlds to thee—  
 And thou to her more dear than all the world!  
 Now—from thy hopes, like bolt-struck eagle, hurled—  
 The ghost of murdered happiness pervades  
 Each former haunt of love: and, when at even  
 Thine eye is fixed upon the spangled Heaven,  
 Fond Grief—ah! too ingenious—oft shall frame  
 With radiant stars the ever-treasured name;  
 And well remind thee how her virtues here,  
 Like those pure orbs, illumed a darkened sphere:  
 All things shall speak of her—and e'en the brook,  
 Which mirror'd late affection's mutual look,

When on its brink thou lingerest pensively,  
 To thy lone ear shall murmur—'Where is she?'  
 And thou shalt start—though nought but silence bound thee—  
 And feel as if her shade were hovering round thee!

## VI.

Yet, pause—these haunts were idly left behind,  
 Unless with these thou could'st thy memory leave!  
 Might flying sail escape, or space deceive  
 That sleepless worm which gnaws the troubled mind,  
 How many slaves of grief should cease to grieve—  
 How many wretches woo the waves and wind!  
 Then stay! these scenes and thou can never part;  
 For, though thy keel divide the farthest billow,  
 At noon their shade shall darken o'er thy heart—  
 At night their sunshine gleam around thy pillow!

## VII.

Oh! she thou weep'st was like the lovely Rose  
 Beneath the shelter of a Royal Oak,  
 That far around his leafless branches throws:  
 The axe was raised—alas! its erring stroke—



Aimed at the sapless Trunk—in evil hour  
 Hath reft the beauty of our Western Flower!  
 Lone waves the forest's hoar and withered King—  
 No bud of promise near him blossoming.

## VIII.

He who withdraws that Curtain's sable fold,  
 Veiled in whose shadow sleeps Britannia's fate,  
 And dares her coming destinies behold,  
 Shall mark—emotion quivering on his lips—  
 The sun of Brunswick struggling in eclipse!  
 And yet, we loved to raise its verge of late;  
 For *then*, as if from Heaven's unfolding gate,  
 A tide of glory met each stolen gaze;  
 And showed our children sporting in the light  
 Which gilt their shining path through coming days:  
 But, whilst our tower of trust securely viewing,  
 The wall was sapped—the breach was past renewing!  
 Dear to our souls, and lovely to our sight,  
 Was she whose fate hath changed the future scene;  
 Yet, not because we deemed the Powers above

Had destined her the sceptre of a Queen—  
 No—private Virtue won the public love:  
 And they opposed in hate, through happy years,  
 Are Brothers in the fellowship of tears!

## IX.

Ye nations of the globe! no more behold  
 With scowling eye, Britannia's better fate:  
 Though storms of conflict o'er your heads have rolled,  
 And laid your towns and vineyards desolate—  
 Though Death bestrode his pale terrific steed,  
 O'erturned your camps, and bade your legions bleed—  
 Spring came with peaceful promise, and again  
 Your fields bloomed forth, your cities thronged with men;  
 Deep though ye felt Invasion's wasting steel,  
 Time healed the wound—but Hers may never heal!

## X.

God of our Fathers! stay thy chast'ning hand—  
 Recall th' avenging Angel of thy wrath:—  
 His wings have scattered midnight on our path,  
 And wave between thy mercy and the land!

The flash of indignation from his eye  
 Fell on the fruit our Tree of Promise wore;  
 Nor bade alone the infant fruitage die—  
 But, ruthless, scathed the Parent stem that bore!  
 Beneath each roof the bitter tear is shed,  
 As though the first-born o'er the land were dead!  
 Oh, say—enough! nor let our children know  
 The fierce domestic feuds our sires have known,  
 When friends were hostile round a vacant throne—  
 When brother bled beneath a brother's blow—  
 When men forsook the cottage for the tent—  
 When—as in Israel's day of threatened sadness\*—  
 Thine anger stirred the horseman's heart to madness,  
 And smote the war-steed with astonishment!

\* Zechariah—Chap. xii. verse 4.

November 14, 1817.

## THE WILD-FLOWER.

ONCE wand'ring, chance-led, through a shadowy glen—  
 But many a hope hath rose, and set, since then!  
 Methought the landscape never looked so fair—  
 Hope fanned my bosom—Love and Joy were there;  
 For blue-eyed JULIA smiled each care away—  
 Star of my passion—spirit of my lay!

She culled a flower suffused with diamond dew,  
 And, smiling archly, said, 'This sprung for you.'  
 My glowing lips the gift devoutly prest—  
 I laid the simple blossom to my breast;  
 Then from the gentle Maid its name besought—  
 She blushed, and softly said, '*Forget me not!*'

Time waned away—the wild-flower's freshness fled—  
 Its hues were rifled, and its odour shed:  
 Time parted Friends—but oh! could never part  
 The magic wreath it twined around my heart!  
 Through Fortune's changing seasons—joy or care—  
 That flower of feeling lives unfaded there!

## THE POLISH LANCIER.

YE have heard of the Land whose bright Cimetar\* thirsted  
To bathe off its stains in the blood of her foe;  
Ye have heard the dark tale of that Land being worsted,  
Though she gave the best veins in her bosom to flow:

Ye have heard how her foes basely leagued to undo her—  
And quench the pure flame that ennobles the free;  
Ye have heard how the Eagles combined to subdue her,  
With the Bear of the North, from the ice-girdled sea.

Yes, Land of the fearless! thy heart's blood was streaming—  
And Liberty bled with each wound that was thine;  
Yet, the star of thy chivalry, splendidly beaming,  
Was lone in the sky till its darkened decline.

The Lion then slumbered; though long 'twas his glory,  
To succour the friendless—to tramp on the proud:  
But the wrong was avenged, nor forgotten the story—  
Albuera's wild echo proclaimed it aloud!

\* The Cimetar is emblazoned on the Polish Standard.

See! the forked lightning breaks from yon cloud which advances—  
Hark! it bears in its bosom the thunderbolt's peal:  
O no—'twas the flash of their far-gleaming lances  
Through sulphur and dust—'twas the tempest of steel!

Dread and sudden the blast—wide and wildly destroying—  
Long shall Albion's white bosoms heave sad for the day:  
Pale Death hovered nigh, and, the slaughter enjoying,  
Saw this moment a host which the next swept away!

But, *one* name, and *one* deed, on the tablets of glory  
Survive—though no Bard lent his pencil of flame:  
'Twas thy sword, dauntless Youth! whilst destruction swept  
o'er thee,  
In letters of blood wrote the deed and the name!

Yes, LATHAM!\* when lance-wielding foes were careering  
Through terror and carnage—thy keen-glancing eye  
Marked the Red-Cross in danger—its fate only fearing,  
You rushed, and exclaimed, 'To preserve thee, or die!'

\* Capt. LATHAM, of the 5d Regt. brother to Dr. L. of Belfast. This gentleman was almost literally cut to pieces at Albuera, and yet survived. Seeing the colours of his Regiment on the point of being taken, and the officer who carried them killed, he



His bold arm hangs shattered—not ere it hath parted  
That flag from the staff—'tis redeemed—'tis concealed:  
In his bosom it staunch'd the warm gore as it started—  
And he cried, 'Thou art saved!' as he sank on the field.

Yet, curse not the deeds of the death-strewing Lancer—  
His Freedom—his Nation—his name—are no more!  
When he struggled, and called on the Brave, none would answer,  
And they are his foes who forsook him before.

Yes—the Pole, once so free in his mountain-bound valley,  
As he turns to depart, looks with anguish behind;  
And leaves his Love's theme for the hostile reveille,  
To war, in despair, on the rest of mankind!

*spring forward, and, in the act of tearing them from the pole, lost his right arm, his nose, and received a deep lance wound in the groin, surrounded by a squadron of Lancers, bent on his destruction. Regardless of every thing, however, but the honour of his regiment, he succeeded in saving his colours, and was found the day after by a foraging party, which accidentally passed that way, nearly exhausted from his wounds, with the colours folded over his bosom, and stiffened with his blood. The Prince Regent has taken the most flattering notice of him: he got his Company soon after, and was presented by his Regiment with a magnificent medal, bearing on one side the inscription, and on the other a representation of the scene of action.*

### TO CARA.

LIGHT of my soul! my Cara!—must we part?  
Turn from each other for a world so cold?  
And may not Truth bind throbbing heart to heart  
More fond, more firm, than rivets forged of gold

And, when we meet amid the happier crowd,  
In days to come—say, shall we learn to screen  
Those eyes, whose language have so fondly vowed—  
And see each other—as we ne'er had seen?

Alas! 'tis so—we must for ever part...  
And now, the brightest smile e'er Fortune lent  
Would fall unfelt upon my joyless heart,  
And cold as moonlight on the monument!

### EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

SAY, hath a loved, lost Daughter, claimed thy tear—  
Faultless and fair as she who slumbers here?  
If such thou'st wept, thy bosom best may know  
Her Father's pain, her Mother's wilder wo,

When that blue eye, which ever beamed to bless,  
Closed in the morn of life and loveliness!

Patient in anguish baffling skill's relief,  
And grieving only for her Parents' grief—  
With hopes long bent above, she hailed the tomb,  
For Heaven's bright gates unfolded through the gloom:  
Oh! may her virtues soothe, exalt the mind—  
And, like the Tishbite's mantle, rest behind!

*July, 1817.*

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STANZAS.

---

NAY, do not—do not wish me blest—  
That hope were vain, since we must sever:  
Thy generous love more wounds my breast,  
Than parting with thee thus—for ever!

Nor pray to Heaven some other heart  
May hold me half so dear as thine—  
O! whilst its sovereign thou art,  
I could not give another mine!

Yet is it sad, so young in years,  
To sorrow o'er a blighted love;  
And see our only hope through tears—  
The wretch's hope—to meet above.

We met in joy, in parting wept—  
And, since we mourn a luckless lot,  
I would our hearts had coldly slept,  
Or proved forgetful, and forgot!

Farewell! yet bid not me be blest—  
The bud of feeling nipped in Spring  
A while upon the bough may rest,  
But Summer finds it withering!

---

THE RING.

TO MIRA.

---

THE myrtle and rose shade the brow of the blest,  
The laurel for Valour unfading may spring—  
The bay still be dear to the Bard's glowing breast,  
But the emblem of Faith is enwreathed in the ring!

As Constancy endless, as Honour 'tis bright—  
 Unalloyed as the truth which the world may not move—  
 Oh! how blest the young hearts and the hands which unite,  
 Warm, stainless, and free, in this circle of Love!

May you, gentle Maid! in its pressure rejoice,  
 And he that shall win you be worthy the prize;  
 Each dawn bring new reason to smile on your choice,  
 And the close of each day be as calm as the rise!

---

### DESTINY.

1817.

*'Above all, indeed above men, heroes, and gods, was Destiny; which they understood not, nor attempted to understand. Their philosophers grasped at it, and their poets soared towards it; nay, some dared to embody this even in the Fates, who wound the thread of life; but, in general, all were content to own that to be impossible which themselves could not pass.'*

*Milman's comparative Estimate of Painting and Sculpture.*

DREAD Power! thine eye, ere Time began his flight—  
 Ere planet rolled—ere earth was bathed in light—  
 Marked, o'er the ocean of Eternity,  
 All that hath been, or is, or yet shall be:—  
 Saw Angel feuds denouncing wrath in Heaven—  
 That man must fall, be ransomed, and forgiven!

Creation's wheel—whose verge, star-studded, burns—  
 To seraph strains, round thee its centre, turns:  
 Worlds, suns, and comets, through unbounded space,  
 Hurl'd from thy hand, pursue th' eternal race:  
 Thou seest ten thousand circling systems ranged—  
 Each change directing, thou alone unchanged!

Empires, like bubbles on the smooth swift tide,  
 Rise at thy call, wax mighty, and subside:  
 Thy laws in vain would Heathen sages teach—  
 The Painter lend thee form, the Poet speech;  
 Yet, right they deemed thine arm, from realms above,  
 Launched the red bolt, and ruled Olympian Jove!

We know, disclosed by thy supreme decree,  
 Thou wast Athena's 'UNKNOWN DEITY':\*  
 Her gods, and heroes, to thine edicts yield—  
 Revealed in strength, in essence unrevealed:  
 Thou art, all Nature in thy presence awed,  
 Th' almighty WORD, th' omniscient WILL of GOD!

\* 'For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship.'—*Acts* xvii. 22.



## THE RIVAL ROSES.

LATE, in a fairy Paradise,  
Where bright-plumed warblers woke the shades,  
And every bud of fragrance sighs—  
I found two lovely Maids:

Each pulled a Rose of various hue,  
The first-blown pride of rival trees—  
Which smiled through tears of morning dew,  
And wantoned in the breeze.

One Rose was white as virgin snow—  
Like pensive Maiden, pale, but fair;  
The other wore a warmer glow,  
And blushed in beauty there.

Yet, which was loveliest, scarce the eye  
Of quickest glance could justly tell—  
Each, if the other were not by,  
Might win a triumph well.

And thus 'twas with the Maidens who  
Vouchsafed these Roses to my care—  
With equal charms they won the view,  
Yet opposite as fair.

But soon those Roses drooped the head—  
The dew-drop dried—their blush was brief—  
Like Beauty's cheek, when tears have fled,  
They withered, as in grief.

Nor deem it strange the flowers should pine,  
From bosoms rent 'twere death to change—  
O! were their *bliss* and *fate* but thine—  
Thou would'st not deem it strange!

In vain their mellow tints I seek!  
Yet, why lament their altered doom,  
When o'er each Maiden's glowing cheek,  
Transferred, their beauties bloom?

There, as the rainbow's tints we view  
Distinct in richness, though uniting—  
The Roses hold their native hue,  
More lovely and delighting!

## ON BEING PRESENTED WITH AN APOLLO SEAL BY IRZA.

To thee, dear gift! some spell consigns the art  
 To seal, at once, my letters and my heart;  
 Each latent thought, like her who gave, to hold—  
 When figured o'er the vellum's fleecy fold:  
 But treacherous hands from *thee* the trust may tear—  
 Reposed with *her*—no hazard threatens there!

Apollo! thou whose art divinely taught  
 The living Lyre to breathe the Heaven-born thought—  
 Warm Fancy hails thy godlike figure, thus  
 Bent o'er the chords so sweetly tremulous;  
 Whilst from her rosy cheek, where rapture glows,  
 The wanton curls of orient gold she throws—  
 Lest their luxuriant wildness cheat her ear  
 Of sounds celestial—only she can hear!  
 But let me now, with more of truth than art,  
 Describe that *signet* which secures the heart;  
 Alas, 'tis easier—even though Envy hiss—  
 To picture what she is not, than she is!  
 One—how unlike the mass of womankind!  
 That boasts a splendid energy of mind;

No ball-room spright, who proves—the pageant gone—  
 At home, a listless, cold Automaton!  
 But, morn or eve, at breakfast or at ball,  
 For ever equal, pleasing, rational:  
 That she is lovely seeming scarce to know—  
 Though, were she not, her *soul* had made her so!  
 Not one of those who hold *the golden rule*,  
 That fortune shields the folly of the fool—  
 That ten, or twenty thousand, can impart  
 The privilege to want both head and heart!  
 Whose sensibility is not display,  
 Nor kept like rouge to grace the gala day;  
 But, scorning Affectation's heartless hue,  
 Could weep or blush—though none were by to view!  
 Informed, intelligent, enlightening—not  
 Too prone to teach, nor blushing to be taught:  
 Unlike that race of noise and nothingness,  
 Whom *cunning* prompts with *all* to acquiesce—  
 (This at the public *mart*, with *friends* they take  
 The captious stand, like martyrs at the stake)—  
 Evading thus the eye which could discern  
 Their worst of dulness—for they scorn to learn;

Yet dare more pains their darkness to conceal,  
Than e'er illumed an EDGEWORTH or O'NEILL!

Those stains in Irza *hate* should idly seek,  
Which banish beauty from the smoothest cheek:  
Born for the social ring where fewest shine—  
A diamond glowing in the parent mine!  
Not easy won to friendship—but when won  
Fixed as the pillar, genial as the sun!  
With less self-love than e'er my quest could find—  
A soul whose sympathy is ruled by mind—  
Feeling with firmness—temper sweetly tuned—  
Sense without pride—and wit without a wound!

O! ye who would be loved and lovely—raise  
Your aim from baubles, and deserve her praise:  
Forsake the fluttering fool—now idolized,  
*If fair*, awhile—then hated or despised:  
Too late ye weep the error, if ye deem  
Such *things* subdue to love, or fix esteem!

END.