

## THE BASTILLE, 2

### A VISION.

#### I.

“DREAR cell! along whose lonely bounds,  
Unvisited by light,  
Chill silence dwells with night,  
Save where the clanging fetter sounds!  
Abyss, where mercy never came,  
Nor hope the wretch can find;  
Where long inaction wastes the frame,  
And half annihilates the mind!

## II.

“Stretch’d helpless in this living tomb,

O haste, congenial death!

Seize, seize this ling’ring breath,

And shroud me in unconscious gloom.

BRITAIN! thy exil’d son no more

Thy blissful vales shall see—

Why did I leave thy hallow’d shore,

Ah, land ador’d, where all are free?”

## III.

BASTILLE! within thy hideous pile,

Which stains of blood defile,

Thus rose the captive’s sighs,

Till slumber seal’d his weeping eyes.

Terrific visions hover near!

He sees an awful form appear!

Who drags his step to deeper cells,

Where stranger, wilder horror dwells!

“O! tear  
Or the  
Lest m  
That pon  
I see—  
Nor brea  
Should  
Know de

“Hark!  
It wak  
From y  
Shrill thr  
A deed  
Unfit for  
A deed  
No huma

\* Alluding to the p

## IV.

"O! tear me from these haunted walls,  
 Or these fierce shapes controul!  
 Lest madness seize my soul!  
 That pond'rous mask of iron\* falls,  
 I see—" "Rash mortal, ha! beware,  
 Nor breathe that hidden name!  
 Should those dire accents wound the air,  
 Know death shall lock thy stiff'ning frame.

## V.

"Hark! that loud bell which sullen tolls!  
 It wakes a shriek of woe  
 From yawning depths below;  
 Shrill through this hollow vault it rolls!  
 A deed was done in this black cell  
 Unfit for mortal ear—  
 A deed was done when toll'd that knell,  
 No human heart could live and hear!

\* Alluding to the prisoner who has excited so many conjectures in Europe.

## VI.

" Arouse thee from thy numbing glance,  
 Near yon thick gloom advance;  
 The solid cloud has shook;  
 Arm all thy soul with strength to look—  
 Enough!—thy starting locks have rose—  
 Thy limbs have fail'd—thy blood has froze!—  
 On scenes so foul, with mad affright,  
 I fix no more thy fasten'd sight.

## VII.

" Those troubled phantoms melt away!  
 I lose the sense of care—  
 I feel the vital air—  
 I see—I see the light of day!  
 Visions of bliss!—eternal powers!  
 What force has shook those hated walls?  
 What arm has rent those threat'ning towers?  
 It falls—the guilty fabric falls!"

" Now,  
 To soo  
 I ope t  
 Mark wh  
 Where  
 With nat  
 Shall H  
 And char

" 'Tis he  
 Those fir  
 Arm'd  
 And gu  
 Did ever  
 More glo  
 Than mill  
 Who clai

ing glance,

;

to look—

ave rose—

od has froze!—

ffright,

t.

elt away!

owers!

ated walls?

reat'ning towers?

,”

## VIII.

“ Now, favour'd mortal, now behold !

To soothe thy captive state

I ope the book of fate ;

Mark what its registers unfold :

Where this dark pile in chaos lies,

With nature's execrations hurl'd,

Shall Freedom's sacred temple rise,

And charm an emulating world !

## IX.

“ 'Tis her awak'ning voice commands

Those firm, those patriot bands ;

Arm'd to avenge her cause,

And guard her violated laws !—

Did ever earth a scene display

More glorious to the eye of day,

Than millions with according mind,

Who claim the rights of human kind ?

## IX.

“ Does the fam'd Roman page sublime

An hour more bright unroll,

To animate the soul,

Than this lov'd theme of future time?—

Posterity, with rapture meet,

The consecrated act shall hear ;

Age shall the glowing tale repeat,

And youth shall drop the burning tear !

## X.

“ The peasant, while he fondly sees

His infants round the hearth

Pursue their simple mirth,

Or emulously climb his knees,

No more bewails their future lot,

By tyranny's stern rod oppress ;

While freedom cheers his straw-roof'd cot,

And tells him all his toils are blest !

“ Philos  
Of free  
'Tis thi  
And dig  
'Tis thi  
'Tis thi  
To give  
And she

XI.

"Philosophy! O, share the meed  
 Of freedom's noblest deed!  
 'Tis thine each truth to scan,  
 And dignify the rank of man!  
 'Tis thine all human wrongs to heal,  
 'Tis thine to love all nature's weal;  
 To give our frail existence worth,  
 And shed a ray from heav'n on earth."

ge sublime

ll,

ure time?—

ect,

ar;

e repeat,

rning tear!

adly sees

rth

es,

ure lot,

est;

straw-roof'd cot,

ce blest!