A way then, Heath! thy frowns are vain,
Thou canst not touch my soul with pain!

FAREWELL, ye walls where solitude has thrown
Her long dark shadow on each silent stone,
Or give the wretched the sad leave to weep;
Where struggling sighs break forth from every breast,
And wasting sorrow wears a holy vest.

Or owns the tear that hangs within the eye,
Which trembling long, at last in secret falls
But wrought avails the heart-wrought offering here,
Nor aught avails the earth-unhallow'd prayer;
Sighs, that so oft for worldly cares are given,
No listening ear, fondly bears to heaven.

Not through the cloister's corridors are borne,
Some sisters may in the cloister's gloom,
Heard off at eye, and return of morn.
And, warm with life, yet hover o'er the tomb,
May wing their souls to the supreme abode,
And, quitting earth, place every thought with God.
Thrice happy they who taste this early heaven,
And feel while here their every fault forgiven.
When the slow organ swells the lengthen'd note,
And heaven-born music pours from every throat,
When warm devotion breathes the fervent prayer,
And holy saints the pious rapture share;
When watchful slumbers stretched minutes know,
And, waking, teach the ready knee to bow;
And habit's only made Religion's vest;
When strong conviction holds a steady light,
And makes responses both to prayer and praise,
When Conscience dictates the prompt will obey,
And trust, and feel, our every fault forgiven.
Not so—my years o'er many a sand has run,
And still my sighs have counted one by one.
And quick transport me to some blissful day,
When social intercourse her sweets would lend,
And link the soft affections in my chain,
And hope to please—not strive to please in vain;

MISS BLAMIRE'S
To see the wish before it takes a form,
To mark the cloud or break the coming storm,
To shield the heart from every sense of pain,
And tell my own it did not beat in vain!
This! this was life! the life my faith approv'd,
A useful current to some friend belov'd;
If not a friend belov'd, at least to those
Whose length of suffering call'd for sweet repose;
And sought the soothings of the gentle breast,
In every form that Pity can be drest.

Once through a vale of tempting wiles I stray'd,
Till dusky evening drew her silent shade,
And night approach'd before I guess'd the hour,
Wrapp'd in a cloud, and usher'd by a shower.
A cottage, shelter'd by a fringing wood,
On a green carpet sweet and lonely stood;
The rising hill on either side would show
Where the wild rose uncropped might safely blow,
Where the soft murmurs of a low cascade
Might join the stream that gurgl'd through the glade;
Along the pasture nibbling sheep were seen,
Whose new-wash'd fleeces brighter made the green;
Two lambs ran frisking to avoid the shower,
And knock'd their little heads against the door;
The opening door a willing shelter lends,
For here sweet Innocence and Man were friends;
Two little cherubs, rosy as the morn,
The sweetest wild flowers wreath'd around each horn,
The little playmates knew the gentle hand,
And, patted softly, took a patient stand;
Then skipp’d and frolic’d, fond to lead the way,
And show the world how Innocence should play.
In a warm corner sat the aged sire,
His cushion spread, and plac’d beside the fire;
Respect from all unask’d he seem’d to draw—
Hope lit his eye, and Piety his face;
Few men more blest, more fortunate had been,
Or sweeter, better children’s children seen;
The rose could yet upon occasion blow;
The sweetest feelings all her heart would charm.
Would fondly call her his beloved wife,
When the dear partner of her useful life
Close to her heart a younger cherub press’d,
Smil’d in her face, and sunk upon her breast;
Never thought the world could greater wealth afford,
While the lov’d prattlers many a trick would play,
Tug at his coat, and, peeping, run away;
Gave certain notice when the foe drew near,
The wondrous scenes the daring pirlers please;
While his sly hands pretend the rogues to seize,
Beneath the mother’s apron seek to hide;
Neatness and comfort wore a shining face,
And every thing seem’d well to know its place.
POETICAL WORKS.

Gay peacock feathers way'd o'er pewter rows,
And many a tint the painted rainbow throws;
The white seamed chair e'en seem'd a tempting seat,
But all's inviting where all things are neat.

The sun look'd in, and saw each corner clean.
And brighter shone as he surveyed the scene.
Feel the full comfort of the wish to please,
No lot like this attended on my doom.

Destin'd to live, but live within the tomb.
False zeal! false pride! but let me hide their shame.
Nor blot the parents with a barbarous name.
Back to the world I now may safely go.

And kindly foster every child of woe;
Soft pity's handmaid still I yet may be;
And every mourner may claim kin with me.
For keen afflictions make the strongest ties.

And fellow-sufferers are the best allies.
But how shall I the world retrace once more!
How change'd that world from what I knew before!
No more I know to form the quick reply,
Or smooth my manners to the expecting eye.

No longer know the various turns of mind,
Which now deceive, and now inform mankind.
The favourite topics which refinement taught,
And grace'd with every happy turn of thought.

The sentimental strain that softly flows
Has but been taught me by instructing woe.
The viles of Fashion (that with eager haste
 Arrest the eye, and call her whimstes taste).
Around this form no mystic wreath unfold,
Nor captive Fancy in their mazes hold,
Which long keep Sense uncertain what to say,
What part to praise, or what to voice away:
These acts unknown, how shall I appear
Wrapp'd in the garb Simplicity would wear,
And, as a being of a world unknown,
Live much a wonder, or live much alone!
Of friends I Left, alas! few remain,
How few to greet my welcome back again!
A change of manners makes a change of thought,
And I may seem but little what I ought.

Stem Bigotry may rail, and blame my choice,
And Priests and Prelates may my actions scan;
But let them see,—for ever may it be,
That human reason and her acts are free!

One soft regret yet Softens o'er my mind,
One other self! I yet must leave behind;
In leaving her, I leave my better part.
With half the fairest virtues of my heart.

Oft has she wept, and sighed as I have sigh'd;
The sister Fates for both alike had wove
A tale of sorrow in a veil of love;
Mix in a way none but the wretched know;
None but the wretched see by what fine thread
Those hearts are tied which with one would have bled!
And when the morning's softening beams
Cast on Cecilia's brows a golden glow,
I saw a garland wreathéd round her brow,
And in her eye a light that beam'd most bright.

And when I thought of thee, my dearest friend,
How could I bear to part with thee?
For Cecilia's image ever came to mind,
And when I saw her form, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's love,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's soul did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her face, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's care,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's heart did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's tears,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's tears did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's smile,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's smile did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's joy,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's joy did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's peace,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's peace did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's hope,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's hope did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's love,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's love did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's care,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's care did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's courage,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's courage did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's heart,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's heart did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's soul,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's soul did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's mind,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's mind did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's sight,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's sight did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's hearing,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's hearing did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's touch,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's touch did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's taste,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's taste did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's smell,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's smell did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's touch,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's touch did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's taste,
How could I bear to part with her?
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And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's smell,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's smell did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's touch,
How could I bear to part with her?
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And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

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How could I bear to part with her?
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And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's smell,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's smell did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.

And when I thought of Cecilia's touch,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's touch did ever come to mind,
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And when I thought of Cecilia's taste,
How could I bear to part with her?
For Cecilia's taste did ever come to mind,
And when I saw her sight, my heart did sing.
Dead in the breast of every kindred tie,
For long ere dead to all the world we die;
Indifference sheds not where the wretched sleep,
Nor heaves one soothing sigh though they should wake
and weep!

"No; my Saint Agnes, let me here remain,
These walls are old companions of my pain!"

And to each deep and agonizing sigh,
These sad replies have bound me to my cell,
Nor, though its gloom, few things I love so well;
Nor have I mourn'd—oft told my story here,
And now the place, like a tried friend, grows dear.

To the spot that seems its griefs to know;
Cling to the mind, in all its habitudes of woe,
The mind, in all its habitudes of woe,
And friends appear where friends have never been;
Her tear-dipped pencil stronger likeness shows
In that hour 'twas spot where the idea rose;
There the bless'd shade for ever haunts the ground,
The half-hour starting through the troub'd smile;

Oh! woe! woe! woe! woe! woe!
Oft have you met me in your cloister's aisle,
Oft wavered with us all the groves around,
Twice there, at evening hour, just as the sun
Hung o'er your marble, and with languor shone.

That first of home I'd indulge the thought,
And with warm Fancy many an image wrought;
Worship'd the relics with a love divine,
And built to Memory the forbidden shrine.
Forbidden, ah! yet Nature will be found,
Though walls of adamant enclose her round;
Though vows, and veils, and cloisters, bind her fast,
The free-born spirit breaks her bars at last;
Finds the sick heart devoted to her sway,
And all her dictates waiting to obey;
Wonder not, then, this place becomes so dear!
Have I not brought my heart's devotions here?
Unfit abroad to take an active part,
With all this load of misery at my heart,
I only hope to wing my soul to heaven,
And, for my countless tears and sighs, to be forgiven.

"You I shall miss! through every lengthening aisle
Your heavenly presence sacred made the pile;
The long perspective found an opening ray
Where'er your image cross'd my wandering way,
Light sudden gleams of joy my breast would seize,
And the cold blood forget awhile to freeze.

But go, St Agnes, bear along with thee
The many a tale of cloister'd misery;
Bless that sage Council where fair Freedom dwells,
And bid her henceforth close these gloomy cells;
The smooth chicane of monkish wiles unfold,
And say what wretches half the convents hold;
Drag forth Delusion to their wondering sight,
And let them see their bless'd decree was right!

How soon shall Freedom cheer the drooping swain,
How soon shall Plenty spread along the plain,
How soon shall Labour make a sport of toil,
And Health blow round him as he tills the soil;
ON IMAGINED HAPPINESS

Ye Bards who have polish’d your lays,
And sung of the charms of the grove,
That Truth’s not the language of Praise,
You leave Disappointment to prove.

Tis true that the meadows are fine,
Through which the rill trinkles along,
And the trees, which the woodwinds entwine,
Regale the sweet thrush with his song:

At morn, when the sunbeams unveil
The beauties that hide with the night,
And the primrose and lily so pale
The soft eye of Feeling delight: