

TO THE RIVER ITCHIN.¹

ITCHIN! when I behold thy banks again,
 Thy crumbling margin, and thy silver breast,
 On which the self-same tints still seem to rest,
 Why feels my heart a shivering sense of pain!
 Is it, that many a summer's day has past
 Since, in life's morn, I carolled on thy side!
 Is it, that oft since then my heart has sighed,
 As Youth, and Hope's delusive gleams, flew fast!
 Is it, that those who gathered on thy shore,
 Companions of my youth, now meet no more!
 Whate'er the cause, upon thy banks I bend,
 Sorrowing; yet feel such solace at my heart,
 As at the meeting of some long-lost friend,
 From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.

 ON RESIGNING A SCHOLARSHIP OF TRINITY
 COLLEGE, OXFORD,

AND RETIRING TO A COUNTRY CURACY.

FAREWELL! a long farewell! O Poverty,
 Affection's fondest dream how hast thou reft!
 But though, on thy stern brow no trace is left
 Of youthful joys, that on the cold heart die,
 With thee a sad companionship I seek,
 Content, if poor;—for patient wretchedness,
 Tearful, but uncomplaining of distress,
 Who turns to the rude storm her faded cheek;
 And Piety, who never told her wrong;
 And calm Content, whose griefs no more rebel;

¹ The Itchin is a river running from Winchester to Southampton, the banks of which have been the scene of many a *holiday sport*. The lines were composed on an evening in a journey from Oxford to Southampton, the first time I had seen the Itchin since I left school.