

And Genius, warbling sweet, his saddest song,
 When evening listens to some village knell,—
 Long banished from the world's insulting throng ;—
 With thee, and thy unfriended children dwell.

DOVER CLIFFS.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
 Uprear their shadowing heads, and at their feet
 Hear not the surge that has for ages beat,
 How many a lonely wanderer has stood !
 And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
 And o'er the distant billows the still eve
 Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
 To-morrow ; of the friends he loved most dear ;
 Of social scenes, from which he wept to part !
 Oh ! if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
 The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
 Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
 And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide—
 'The World his country, and his GOD his guide.

ON LANDING AT OSTEND.

THE orient beam illumines the parting oar ;—
 From yonder azure track, emerging white,
 The earliest sail slow gains upon the sight,
 And the blue wave comes rippling to the shore.
 Meantime far off the rear of darkness flies :
 Yet 'mid the beauties of the morn, unmoved,
 Like one for ever torn from all he loved,
 Back o'er the deep I turn my longing eyes,

And chide the wayward passions that rebel :
 Yet boots it not to think, or to complain,
 Musing sad ditties to the reckless main.
 To dreams like these, adieu ! the pealing bell
 Speaks of the hour that stays not—and the day
 To life's sad turmoil calls my heart away.

1787.

THE BELLS, OSTEND.¹

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal !
 As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
 Breathes on the trembling sense of pale disease,
 So piercing to my heart their force I feel !
 And hark ! with lessening cadence now they fall !
 And now, along the white and level tide,
 They fling their melancholy music wide ;
 Bidding me many a tender thought recall
 Of summer-days, and those delightful years
 When from an ancient tower, in life's fair prime,
 The mournful magic of their mingling chime
 First waked my wondering childhood into tears !
 But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
 The sounds of joy once heard, and heard no more.

1787.

THE RHINE.

'Twas morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow
 (Hung with the clusters of the bending vine)
 Shone in the early light, when on the Rhine
 We bounded, and the white waves round the prow

¹ Written on landing at Ostend, and hearing, very early in the morning, the carillons.