

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.