

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.

In murmurs parted :—varying as we go,
 Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire,
 As some gray convent-wall or glistening spire
 'Mid the bright landscape's track unfolding slow!
 Here dark, with furrowed aspect, like Despair,
 Frowns the bleak cliff! There on the woodland's side
 The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
 Whilst Hope, enchanted with the scene so fair,
 Counts not the hours of a long summer's day,
 Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

INFLUENCE OF TIME ON GRIEF.

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
 Softest on Sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
 The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
 On thee I rest my only hope at last,
 And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
 I may look back on every sorrow past,
 And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile :—
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
 Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
 Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while :—
 Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
 Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

THE CONVENT.

If chance some pensive stranger, hither led,
 His bosom glowing from majestic views,
 Temple and tower 'mid the bright landscape's hues,
 Should ask who sleeps beneath this lowly bed?