

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?

A maid of sorrow. To the cloistered scene,
 Unknown and beautiful a mourner came,
 Seeking with unseen tears to quench the flame
 Of hapless love : yet was her look serene
 As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle ;—
 Her voice was gentle and a charm could lend,
 Like that which spoke of a departed friend ;
 And a meek sadness sat upon her smile !—
 Now, far removed from every earthly ill,
 Her woes are buried, and her heart is still.

THE RIVER CHERWELL.

CHERWELL ! how pleased along thy willowed edge
 Erewhile I strayed, or when the morn began
 To tinge the distant turret's golden fan,
 Or evening glimmered o'er the sighing sedge !
 And now, reposing on thy banks once more,
 I bid the lute farewell, and that sad lay
 Whose music on my melancholy way
 I wooed : beneath thy willows waving hoar,
 Seeking a while to rest—till the bright sun
 Of joy return ; as when Heaven's radiant Bow
 Beams on the night-storm's passing wings below :
 Whate'er betide, yet something have I won
 Of solace, that may bear me on serene,
 Till eve's last hush shall close the silent scene.

ON ENTERING SWITZERLAND.

LANGUID, and sad, and slow, from day to day
 I journey on, yet pensive turn to view,
 Where the rich landscape gleams with softer hue,
 The streams, and vales, and hills, that steal away.