

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.

So fares it with the children of the earth :
 For when life's goodly prospect opens round,
 Their spirits burn to tread that fairy ground,
 Where every vale sounds to the pipe of mirth.
 But them, alas ! the dream of youth beguiles,
 And soon a longing look, like me, they cast
 Back on the mountains of the morning past :
 Yet Hope still beckons us, and beckoning smiles,
 And to a brighter world her view extends,
 When earth's long darkness on her path descends.

DISTANT VIEW OF ENGLAND FROM THE SEA.

YES ! from mine eyes the tears unbidden start,
 As thee, my country, and the long-lost sight
 Of thy own cliffs, that lift their summits white
 Above the wave, once more my beating heart
 With eager hope and filial transport hails !
 Scenes of my youth, reviving gales ye bring,
 As when erewhile the tuneful morn of spring
 Joyous awoke amidst your hawthorn vales,
 And filled with fragrance every village lane :
 Fled are those hours, and all the joys they gave !
 Yet still I gaze, and count each rising wave
 That bears me nearer to my home again ;
 If haply, 'mid those woods and vales so fair,
 Stranger to Peace, I yet may meet her there.

HOPE.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
 Weary has watched the lingering night, and heard
 Unmoved the carol of the matin bird
 Salute his lonely porch ; now first at morn