

OXFORD REVISITED.

I NEVER hear the sound of thy glad bells,
 Oxford, and chime harmonious, but I say,
 Sighing to think how time has worn away,
 Some spirit speaks in the sweet tone that swells,
 Heard after years of absence, from the vale
 Where Cherwell winds. Most true it speaks the tale
 Of days departed, and its voice recalls
 Hours of delight and hope in the gay tide
 Of life, and many friends now scattered wide
 By many fates. Peace be within thy walls!
 I have scarce heart to visit thee ; but yet,
 Denied the joys sought in thy shades,—denied
 Each better hope, since my poor Harriet died,
 What I have owed to thee, my heart can ne'er forget !

 IN MEMORIAM.

How blessed with thee the path could I have trod
 Of quiet life, above cold want's hard fate,
 (And little wishing more) nor of the great
 Envious, or their proud name ; but it pleased God
 To take thee to his mercy : thou didst go
 In youth and beauty to thy cold death-bed ;
 Even whilst on dreams of bliss we fondly fed,
 Of years to come of comfort ! Be it so.
 Ere this I have felt sorrow ; and even now,
 Though sometimes the unbidden tear will start,
 And half unman the miserable heart,
 The cold dew I shall wipe from my sad brow,
 And say, since hopes of bliss on earth are vain,
 Best friend, farewell, till we do meet again !