

The thing I am, and think, that ev'n as thou
 Dost lift in the pale beam thy forehead high,
 Proud mountain! whilst the scattered vapours fly
 Unheeded round thy breast,—so, with calm brow,
 The shades of sorrow I may meet, and wear
 The smile unchanged of peace, though pressed by care!

NETLEY ABBEY.

FALL'N pile! I ask not what has been thy fate;
 But when the winds, slow wafted from the main,
 Through each rent arch, like spirits that complain,
 Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
 On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
 Of those who once majestic in their prime
 Stood smiling at decay, till bowed by time
 Or injury, their early boast forgot,
 They may have fall'n like thee! Pale and forlorn,
 Their brow, besprent with thin hairs, white as snow,
 They lift, still unsubdued, as they would scorn
 This short-lived scene of vanity and woe;
 Whilst on their sad looks smilingly they bear
 The trace of creeping age, and the pale hue of care!

ASSOCIATIONS.

As o'er these hills I take my silent rounds,
 Still on that vision which is flown I dwell,
 On images I loved, alas, too well!
 Now past, and but remembered like sweet sounds
 Of yesterday! Yet in my breast I keep
 Such recollections, painful though they seem,
 And hours of joy retrace, till from my dream
 I start, and find them not; then I could weep