

And if thy cheek with one kind tear be wet,
 And if thy heart be smitten, when the cry
 Of danger and of death is heard more nigh,
 Oh, learn thy private sorrows to forget ;
 Intent, when hardest beats the storm, to save
 One who, like thee, has suffered from the wave.

RETROSPECTION.

I TURN these leaves with thronging thoughts, and say,
 Alas ! how many friends of youth are dead ;
 How many visions of fair hope have fled,
 Since first, my Muse, we met.—So speeds away
 Life, and its shadows ; yet we sit and sing,
 Stretched in the noontide bower, as if the day
 Declined not, and we yet might trill our lay
 Beneath the pleasant morning's purple wing
 That fans us ; while aloft the gay clouds shine !
 Oh, ere the coming of the long cold night,
 Religion, may we bless thy purer light,
 That still shall warm us, when the tints decline
 O'er earth's dim hemisphere ; and sad we gaze
 On the vain visions of our passing days !

ON ACCIDENTALLY MEETING A LADY NOW NO MORE.

WRITTEN MANY YEARS AFTER THE FOREGOING SONNETS.

WHEN last we parted, thou wert young and fair—
 How beautiful let fond remembrance say !
 Alas ! since then old Time has stol'n away
 Nigh forty years, leaving my temples bare :—

So hath it perished, like a thing of air,
 That dream of love and youth :—we now are gray ;
 Yet still remembering youth's enchanted way,
 Though time has changed my look, and blanched my hair,
 Though I remember one sad hour with pain,
 And never thought, long as I yet might live,
 And parted long, to hear that voice again ;—
 I can a sad, but cordial greeting, give,
 And for thy welfare breathe as warm a prayer,
 Lady, as when I loved thee young and fair !

ON HEARING "THE MESSIAH"

PERFORMED IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, SEPT. 18, 1835.

OH, stay, harmonious and sweet sounds, that die
 In the long vaultings of this ancient fane !
 Stay, for I may not hear on earth again
 Those pious airs—that glorious harmony ;
 Lifting the soul to brighter orbs on high,
 Worlds without sin or sorrow !

Ah, the strain

Has died—ev'n the last sounds that lingeringly
 Hung on the roof ere they expired !

And I,

Stand in the world of strife, amidst a throng,
 A throng that recks not or of death, or sin !
 Oh, jarring scenes ! to cease, indeed, ere long ;
 The worm hears not the discord and the din ;
 But he whose heart thrills to this angel song,
 Feels the pure joy of heaven on earth begin !