

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 !

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### 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 !

WOODSPRING ABBEY, 1836.<sup>1</sup>

THESE walls were built by men who did a deed  
 Of blood :—terrific conscience, day by day,  
 Followed, where'er their shadow seemed to stay,  
 And still in thought they saw their victim bleed,  
 Before God's altar shrieking : pangs succeed,  
 As dire upon their heart the deep sin lay,  
 No tears of agony could wash away :  
 Hence ! to the land's remotest limit, speed !  
 These walls are raised in vain, as vainly flows  
 Contrition's tear : Earth, hide them, and thou, Sea,  
 Which round the lone isle, where their bones repose,  
 Dost sound for ever, their sad requiem be,  
 In fancy's ear, at pensive evening's close,  
 Still mumuring MISERERE, DOMINE.

## LACOCK NUNNERY.

JUNE 24, 1837.

I STOOD upon the stone where ELA lay,  
 The widowed founder of these ancient walls,  
 Where fancy still on meek devotion calls,  
 Marking the ivied arch, and turret gray—  
 For her soul's rest—eternal rest—to pray ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Where visionary nuns yet seem to tread,  
 A pale dim troop, the cloisters of the dead,  
 Though twice three hundred years have flown away !

<sup>1</sup> Three mailed men, in Canterbury Cathedral, rushed on the Archbishop of Canterbury, and murdered him before the altar. Conscience-stricken, they fled and built Woodspring Abbey, in the remote corner of Somersetshire, near Weston Super Mare, where the land looks on the Atlantic sea. There are three unknown graves on the Flat Holms.—<sup>2</sup> “ Eternam Requiem dona.”