

But when, with silent step and pensive mien,  
 In weeds, as mourning for her sisters gone,  
 The mistress of this lone monastic scene  
 Came ; and I heard her voice's tender tone,  
 I said, Though centuries have rolled between,  
 One gentle, beauteous nun is left, on earth, alone.

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### ON A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

BEAUTIFUL landscape ! I could look on thee  
 For hours, unmindful of the storm and strife,  
 And mingled murmurs of tumultuous life.  
 Here, all is still as fair ; the stream, the tree,  
 The wood, the sunshine on the bank : no tear,  
 No thought of Time's swift wing, or closing night,  
 That comes to steal away the long sweet light—  
 No sighs of sad humanity are here.  
 Here is no tint of mortal change ; the day,—  
 Beneath whose light the dog and peasant-boy  
 Gambol, with look, and almost bark, of joy,—  
 Still seems, though centuries have passed, to stay.  
 Then gaze again, that shadowed scenes may teach  
 Lessons of peace and love, beyond all speech.

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### ART AND NATURE.

#### THE BRIDGE BETWEEN CLIFTON AND LEIGH WOODS.

Frown ever opposite, the angel cried,  
 Who, with an earthquake's might and giant hand,  
 Severed these riven rocks, and bade them stand  
 Severed for ever ! The vast ocean-tide,

Leaving its roar without at his command,  
 Shrank, and beneath the woods through the green land  
 Went gently murmuring on, so to deride  
 The frowning barriers that its force defied!

But Art, high o'er the trailing smoke below  
 Of sea-bound steamer, on yon summit's head  
 Sat musing; and where scarce a wandering crow  
 Sailed o'er the chasm, in thought a highway led;  
 Conquering, as by an arrow from a bow,  
 The scene's lone Genius by her elfin-thread.

CLIFTON, 27th August 1836.

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### PICTURE OF AN OLD MAN.

OLD man, I saw thee in thy garden chair  
 Sitting in silence 'mid the shrubs and trees  
 Of thy small cottage-croft, whilst murmuring bees  
 Went by, and almost touched thy temples bare,  
 Edged with a few flakes of the whitest hair.  
 And, soothed by the faint hum of ebbing seas,  
 And song of birds, and breath of the young breeze,  
 Thus didst thou sit, feeling the summer air  
 Blow gently;—with a sad still decadence,  
 Sinking to earth in hope, but all alone.  
 Oh! hast thou wept to feel the lonely sense  
 Of earthly loss, musing on voices gone!  
 Hush the vain murmur, that, without offence,  
 Thy head may rest in peace beneath the churchyard  
 stone.

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