

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.

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.

PICTURE OF A YOUNG LADY.

WHEN I was sitting, sad, and all alone,
 Remembering youth and love for ever fled,
 And many friends now resting with the dead,
 While the still summer's light departing shone,
 Like many sweet and silent summers gone ;
 Thou camest, as a vision, with a mien
 And smile like those I once on earth had seen,
 And with a voice of that remembered tone
 Which I in other days, long since, had heard :
 Like Peace approaching, when distempers fret
 Most the tired spirit, thy fair form appeared ;
 And till I die, I never shall forget,—
 For at thy footstep light, the gloom was cheered,—
 Thy look and voice, oh ! gentle Margaret.

HOUR-GLASS AND BIBLE.

LOOK, Christian, on thy Bible, and that glass
 That sheds its sand through minutes, hours, and days,
 And years ; it speaks not, yet, methinks, it says,
 To every human heart : so mortals pass
 On to their dark and silent grave ! Alas
 For man ! an exile upon earth he strays,
 Weary, and wandering through benighted ways ;
 To-day in strength, to-morrow like the grass
 That withers at his feet !—Lift up thy head,
 Poor pilgrim, toiling in this vale of tears ;
 That book declares whose blood for thee was shed,
 Who died to give thee life ; and though thy years
 Pass like a shade, pointing to thy death-bed,
 Out of the deep thy cry an angel hears,
 And by his guiding hand thy steps to heaven are led !