

Or whether wild opposing storms we stem, 163
 Panting for Virtue's distant diadem ;
 'Tis the unshaken mind, the conscience pure,
 That bids us firmly act, meekly endure ;
 'Tis this may shield us when the storm beats hard,
 Content, though poor, had we no other guard ! ¹

ON LEAVING A PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

If I could bid thee, pleasant shade, farewell
 Without a sigh, amidst whose circling bowers
 My stripling prime was passed, and happiest hours,
 Dead were I to the sympathies that swell
 The human breast ! These woods, that whispering wave,
 My father reared and nursed, now to the grave
 Gone down ; he loved their peaceful shades, and said,
 Perhaps, as here he mused : Live, laurels green ;
 Ye pines that shade the solitary scene,
 Live blooming and rejoice ! When I am dead 10
 My son shall guard you, and amid your bowers,
 Like me, find shelter from life's beating showers.

These thoughts, my father, every spot endear ;
 And whilst I think, with self-accusing pain,
 A stranger shall possess the loved domain,
 In each low wind I seem thy voice to hear.
 But these are shadows of the shaping brain
 That now my heart, alas ! can ill sustain :
 We must forget—the world is wide—the abode
 Of peace may still be found, nor hard the road. 20
 It boots not, so, to every chance resigned,
 Where'er the spot, we bear the unaltered mind.

¹ Milton.

Yet, oh! poor cottage, and thou sylvan shade, 23
 Remember, ere I left your coverts green,
 Where in my youth I mused, in childhood played,
 I gazed, I paused, I dropped a tear unseen,
 That bitter from the font of memory fell,
 Thinking on him who reared you; now, farewell!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS AT BATH.

- 1 WHEN I lie musing on my bed alone,
 And listen to the wintry waterfall;¹
 And many moments that are past and gone,
 Moments of sunshine and of joy, recall;
- 2 Though the long night is dark and damp around,
 And no still star hangs out its friendly flame;
 And the winds sweep the sash with sullen sound,
 And freezing palsy creeps o'er all my frame;
- 3 I catch consoling phantasies that spring
 From the thick gloom, and as the night airs beat,
 They touch my heart, like wind-swift wires² that ring
 In mournful modulations, strange and sweet.
- 4 Was it the voice of thee, my buried friend?
 Was it the whispered vow of faithful love?
 Do I in Knoyle's green shades thy steps attend,
 And hear the high pines murmur thus above?

¹ The fall of the river, heard from the Parade. — ² The Æolian harp.