

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.

- 5 'Twas not thy voice, my buried friend !—Oh, no :
 'Twas not, O Knoyle ! the murmur of thy trees ;
But at the thought I feel my bosom glow,
 And woo the dream whose air-drawn shadows please.
- 6 And I can think I see the groves again,
 The larches that yon peaceful roof embower ;
The airy down, the cattle-speckled plain,
 And the slant sunshine on the village tower.
- 7 And I can think I hear its Sabbath chime
 Come smoothly softened down the woody vale ;
Or mark on yon lone eminence sublime,
 Fast whirling in the wind, the white mill's sail.
- 8 Phantom, that by my bed dost beckoning glide,
 Spectre of Death, to the damp charnel hie !
Thy dim pale hand, thy festering visage hide ;
 Thou com'st to say, I with thy worms shall lie !
- 9 Thou com'st to say that my once vacant mind
 Amid those scenes shall never more rejoice ;
Nor on the day of rest the hoary hind
 Bend o'er his staff, attentive to my voice.
- 10 Hast thou not visited that pleasant place
 Where in this hard world I have happiest been ?
And shall I tremble at thy lifted mace
 That hath pierced all on which life seemed to lean ?
- 11 But Hope might whisper : Many a smiling day
 And many a cheerful eve may yet be mine,
Ere age's autumn strew my locks with gray,
 And weary to the dust my steps decline.

- 12 I argue not, but uncomplaining bow
 To Heaven's high 'hest ; secure, whate'er my lot,
Meek spirit of resigned Content, that thou
 Wilt smooth my pillow, and forsake me not !
- 13 Thou to the turfy hut with pilgrim feet
 Wanderest, from halls of loud tumultuous joy ;
Or on the naked down, when the winds beat,
 Dost sing to the forsaken shepherd boy.
- 14 Thou art the sick man's nurse, the poor man's friend,
 And through each change of life thou hast been mine ;
In every ill thou canst a comfort blend,
 And bid the eye, though sad, in sadness shine.
- 15 Thee I have met on Cherwell's willowed side,
 And when our destined road far onward lay,
Thee I have found, whatever chance betide,
 The kind companion of my devious way.
- 16 With thee unwearied have I loved to roam,
 By the smooth-flowing Scheldt, or rushing Rhine ;
And thou hast gladdened my sequestered home,
 And hung my peaceful porch with eglantine.
- 17 When cares and crosses my tired spirits tried,
 When to the dust my father I resigned ;
Amidst the quiet shade unseen I sighed,
 And, blest with thee, forgot a world unkind.
- 18 Ev'n now, while toiling through the sleepless night,
 A tearful look to distant scenes I cast,
And the glad objects that once charmed my sight
 Remember, like soft views of " faerie " past ;

- 19 I see thee come half-smiling to my bed,
With Fortitude more awfully severe,
Whose arm sustaining holds my drooping head,
Who dries with her dark locks the tender tear.
- 20 O firmer Spirit! on some craggy height
Who, when the tempest sails aloft, dost stand,
And hear'st the ceaseless billows of the night
Rolling upon the solitary strand ;
- 21 At this sad hour, when no harsh thoughts intrude
To mar the melancholy mind's repose,
When I am left to night and solitude,
And languid life seems verging to its close ;
- 22 Oh, let me thy pervading influence feel ;
Be every weak and wayward thought repressed ;
And hide thou, as with plates of coldest steel,
The faded aspect and the throbbing breast !
- 23 Silent the motley pageant may retreat,
And vain mortality's brief scenes remove ;
Yet let my bosom, whilst with life it beat,
Breathe a last prayer for all on earth I love.
- 24 Slow-creeping pain weighs down my heavy eye.
A chiller faintness steals upon my breast ;
"O gentle Muse, with some sweet lullaby"
Rock me in long forgetfulness to rest !
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