

And thou, recalling seasons fled,  
 Couldst wake the slumbers of the dead,  
 And bring back her you loved, to share  
 With thee calm peace and comfort there ;—  
 Oh, check the thought, but inly pray  
 To HE, “ who gives and takes away,”  
 That many years this fair domain  
 Its varied beauties may retain ;—  
 So when some wanderer, who has lost  
 His heart's best treasure, who has crossed  
 In life bleak hills and passes rude,  
 Should gain this lovely solitude ;  
 Delighted he may pause a while,  
 And when he marks the landscape smile,  
 Leave with its willows, ere he part,  
 The blessings of a softened heart.

JULY 1786.

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### ON A BEAUTIFUL SPRING,

FORMING A COLD BATH, AT COOMBE, NEAR DONHEAD,  
 BELONGING TO MY BROTHER, CHAS. BOWLES, ESQ.

FOUNTAIN, that sparklest through the shady place,  
 Making a soft, sad murmur o'er the stones  
 That strew thy lucid way ! Oh, if some guest  
 Should haply wander near, with slow disease  
 Smitten, may thy cold springs the rose of health  
 Bring back, and the quick lustre to his eye !  
 The ancient oaks that on thy margin wave,  
 The song of birds, and through the rocky cave  
 The clear stream gushing, their according sounds  
 Should mingle, and, like some strange music, steal

Sadly, yet soothing, o'er his aching breast.  
 And thou, pale exile from thy native shores,<sup>1</sup>  
 Here drink,—oh, couldst thou!—as of Lethe's stream!  
 Nor friends, nor bleeding country, nor the views  
 Of hills or streams beloved, nor vesper bell,  
 Heard in the twilight vale, remember more!

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### A CENOTAPH,

TO THE MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ISAAC, WHO  
 DIED AT CAPE ST NICHOLA MOLE, 1797.

OH, hadst thou fall'n, brave youth! on that proud day,<sup>2</sup>  
 When our victorious fleet o'er the red surge  
 Rolled in terrific glory, thou hadst fall'n  
 Most honoured; and Remembrance, while she thought  
 Upon thy gallant end, had dried her tear!  
 Now far beyond the huge Atlantic wave  
 Thy bones decay; the withering pestilence,  
 That swept the islands of the western world,  
 Smote thee, untimely drooping to the tomb!  
 But 'tis enough; whate'er a soldier's fate,  
 That firm he hied him, where stern honour bade;  
 Though with unequal strength, he sunk and died.

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<sup>1</sup> French priests, who have a residence near. — <sup>2</sup> The 1st of June 1794, when Colonel Isaac greatly distinguished himself as commander of the military on board Lord Howe's ship.