

And cry, exulting, while the death-storm lowers, 317
Hurrah! the kingdoms of the world are ours!

O GOD! who madest man, I see these things,
And wearied wish for a fleet angel's wings,
That I might fly away, and hear no more
The surge that moans along this mortal shore!
But Joy's unclouded sunshine may not be,
Till, Father of all worlds, we rest with Thee!
Then Truth, uplifting from thy works the pall,
Shall speak: In wisdom hast Thou made them all;
Then angels and archangels, as they gaze,
And all the acclaiming host of heaven, shall raise
The loud hosannah of eternal praise!

Here all is mixed with sorrow; and the clouds 330
Hang awfully, whose shade the dim earth shrouds;
Therefore I mourn for man, and sighing say,
As down the steep I wind my homeward way,
Oh, when will Earth's long muttering tempests cease,
And all be sunshine (like this scene) and peace!

ON AN UNFORTUNATE AND BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

WRITTEN DECEMBER 1783.

OH, Mary, when distress and anguish came,
And slow disease preyed on thy wasted frame;
When every friend, ev'n like thy bloom, was fled,
And Want bowed low thy unsupported head;
Sure sad Humanity a tear might give,
And Virtue say, Live, beauteous sufferer, live!

But should there one be found, (amidst the few
Who with compassion thy last pangs might view),

One who beheld thy errors with a tear, 9
 To whom the ruins of thy heart were dear,
 Who fondly hoped, the ruthless season past,
 Thy faded virtues might revive at last ;
 Should such be found—oh! when he saw thee lie,
 Closing on every earthly hope thine eye ;
 When he beheld despair, with rueful trace,
 Mark the strange features of thy altered face ;
 When he beheld, as painful death drew nigh,
 Thy pale, pale cheek, thy feebly lifted eye,
 Thy chill, shrunk hand, hung down as in despair,
 Or slowly raised, with many a muttered prayer ;— 20
 When thus, in early youth, he saw thee bend
 Poor to the grave, and die without a friend ;
 Some sadder feelings might unbidden start,
 And more than common pity touch his heart !

The eventful scene is closed ; with pausing dread
 And sorrow I drew nigh the silent bed ;
 Thy look was calm—thy heart was cold and still,
 As if the world had never used it ill ;
 Methought the last faint smile, with traces weak,
 Still seemed to linger on thy faded cheek. 30
 Poor Mary ! though most beauteous in thy face,
 Ere sorrow touched it, beamed each lovely grace ;
 Yet, oh ! thy living features never wore
 A look so sweet, so eloquent before,
 As this, which bids all human passions cease,
 And tells my pitying heart you died in peace !

HYMN TO WODEN.

God of the battle, hear our prayer !
 By the lifted falchion's glare ;
 By the uncouth fane sublime,
 Marked with many a Runic rhyme ;
 By the " weird sisters " ¹ dread,
 That, posting through the battle red,
 Choose the sláin, and with them go
 To Valhalla's halls below,

Where the phantom-chiefs prolong
 Their echoing feast, a giant throng,
 And their dreadful beverage drain
 From the skulls of warriors slain :

10

God of the battle, hear our prayer ;
 And may we thy banquet share !

Save us, god, from slow disease ;
 From pains that the brave spirit freeze ;
 From the burning fever's rage ;
 From wailings of unhonoured age,
 Drawing painful his last breath ;
 Give us in the battle death !

20

Let us lift our glittering shield,
 And perish, perish in the field !

Now o'er Cumri's hills of snow
 To death, or victory, we go ;
 Hark ! the chiefs their cars prepare ;
 See ! they bind their yellow hair ;
 Frenzy flashes from their eye,
 They fly—our foes before them fly !

Woden, in thy empire drear,
 Thou the groans of death dost hear,

30

¹ Valkyriæ, or choosers of the slain. See Gray's " Fatal Sisters," *et cet.*