

Mark the sun that descends o'er the curve of the flood !
 Seize, Wilmot,¹ the pencil, and instant convey
 To the tablet the water, the banks, and the wood,
 That their colours may live without change or decay,
 When these beautiful tints die in darkness away.

So when we are parted, and tossed on the deep,
 And no longer the light on our prospect shall gleam,
 The semblance of one lovely scene we may keep,
 And remember the day, and the hour, like a dream,
 When we sighed with delight as we stole down the stream !

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF DR WARTON.

OH ! I should ill thy generous cares requite
 Thou who didst first inspire my timid Muse,
 Could I one tuneful tear to thee refuse,
 Now that thine aged eyes are closed in night,
 Kind Warton ! Thou hast stroked my stripling head,
 And sometimes, mingling soft reproof with praise,
 My path hast best directed through the maze
 Of thorny life : by thee my steps were led
 To that romantic valley, high o'erhung
 With sable woods, where many a minstrel rung 10
 His bold harp to the sweeping waterfall ;
 Whilst Fancy loved around each form to call
 That fill the poet's dream : to this retreat
 Of Fancy, (won by whose enticing lay
 I have forgot how sunk the summer's day),
 Thou first did guide my not unwilling feet ;
 Meantime inspiring the gay breast of youth
 With love of taste, of science, and of truth.

¹ Mrs Wilmot, well known for her great talents in drawing, *et cet.*

The first inciting sounds of human praise, 19
 A parent's love excepted, came from thee ;
 And but for thee, perhaps, my boyish days
 Had all passed idly, and whate'er in me
 Now live of hope, been buried.

I was one,

Long bound by cold dejection's numbing chain,
 As in a torpid trance, that deemed it vain
 To struggle ; nor my eyelids to the sun
 Uplifted : but I heard thy cheering voice ;
 I shook my deadly slumber off ; I gazed
 Delighted 'round ; awaked, inspired, amazed, 30
 I marked another world, and in my choice
 Lovelier, and decked with light ! On fairy ground
 Methought I buoyant trod, and heard the sound
 As of enchanting melodies, that stole,
 Stole gently, and entranced my captive soul.
 Then all was life and hope ! 'Twas thy first ray,
 Sweet Fancy, on the heart ; as when the day
 Of Spring, along the melancholy tract
 Of wintry Lapland, dawns ; the cataract,
 From ice dissolving on the silent side 40
 Of some white precipice, with paly gleam
 Descends, while the cold hills a slanting beam
 Faint tinges : till, ascending in his pride,
 The great Sun from the red horizon looks,
 And wakes the tuneless birds, the stagnant brooks,
 And sleeping lakes ! So on my mind's cold night
 The ray of Fancy shone, and gave delight
 And hope past utterance.

Thy cheering voice,

O Warton ! bade my silent heart rejoice, 50
 And wake to love of nature ; every breeze,
 On Itchin's brink was melody ; the trees

Waved in fresh beauty ; and the wind and rain, 53
 That shook the battlements of Wykeham's fane,
 Not less delighted, when, with random pace,

I trod the cloistered aisles ; and witness thou,
 Catherine,¹ upon whose foss-encircled brow
 We met the morning, how I loved to trace

The prospect spread around ; the rills below,
 That shone irriguous in the gleaming plain ; 60

The river's bend, where the dark barge went slow,
 And the pale light on yonder time-worn fane !²

So passed my days with new delight ; mean time
 To Learning's tender eye thou didst unfold
 The classic page, and what high bards of old,

With solemn notes, and minstrelsy sublime,
 Have chanted, we together heard ; and thou,
 Warton ! wouldst bid me listen, till a tear

Sprang to mine eye : now the bold song we hear
 Of Greece's sightless master-bard :³ the breast 70

Beats high ; with stern Pelides to the plain

We rush ; or o'er the corpse of Hector slain
 Hang pitying ;—and lo ! where pale, oppressed
 With age and grief, sad Priam comes ;⁴ with beard
 All white he bows, kissing the hands besmeared
 With his last hope's best blood !

The oaten reed⁵

Now from the mountain sounds ; the sylvan Muse,
 Reclined by the clear stream of Arethuse,
 Wakes the Sicilian pipe ; the sunny mead 80

Swarms with the bees, whose drowsy lullaby
 Soothes the reclining ox with half-closed eye ;
 While in soft cadence to the madrigal,
 From rock to rock the whispering waters fall !

¹ Catherine Hill. — ² St Cross Hospital. — ³ Homer. — ⁴ See the last book.
 — ⁵ Theocritus.

But who is he,¹ that, by yon gloomy cave, 85
 Bids heaven and earth bear witness to his woe !
 And hark ! how hollowly the ocean-wave
 Echoes his plaint, and murmurs deep below !
 Haste, let the tall ship stem the tossing tide,
 That he may leave his cave, and hear no more 90
 The Lemnian surges unrejoicing roar ;
 And be great Fate through the dark world thy guide,
 Sad Philoctetes !

So Instruction bland,
 With young-eyed Sympathy, went hand in hand
 O'er classic fields ; and let my heart confess
 Its holier joy, when I essayed to climb
 The lonely heights where Shakspeare sat sublime,
 Lord of the mighty spell : around him press
 Spirits and fairy-forms. He, ruling wide 100
 His visionary world, bids terror fill
 The shivering breast, or softer pity thrill
 Ev'n to the inmost heart. Within me died
 All thoughts of this low earth, and higher powers
 Seemed in my soul to stir ; till, strained too long,
 The senses sunk.

Then, Ossian, thy wild song
 Haply beguiled the unheeded midnight hours,
 And, like the blast that swept Berrathron's towers,
 Came pleasant and yet mournful to my soul ! 110
 See o'er the autumnal heath the gray mists roll !
 Hark to the dim ghosts' faint and feeble cry,
 As on the cloudy tempest they pass by !
 Saw ye huge Loda's spectre-shape advance,
 Through which the stars look pale !

Nor ceased the trance
 Which bound the erring fancy, till dark night

¹ Μεγάλη μοιρα.—*Soph.* — ² Philoctetes, see Sophocles. Youthful impressions on first reading it.

Flew silent by, and at my window-grate 118
 The morning bird sang loud : nor less delight
 The spirit felt, when still and charmed I sate
 Great Milton's solemn harmonies to hear,
 That swell from the full chord, and strong and clear,
 Beyond the tuneless couplets' weak control,
 Their long-commingling diapason roll,
 In varied sweetness.

Nor, amidst the choir
 Of pealing minstrelsy, was thy own lyre,
 Warton, unheard ;—as Fancy poured the song,
 The measured music flowed along,
 Till all the heart and all the sense 130
 Felt her divinest influence,
 In throbbing sympathy :—Prepare the car,¹
 And whirl us, goddess, to the war,
 Where crimson banners fire the skies,
 Where the mingled shouts arise,
 Where the steed, with fetlock red,
 Tramples the dying and the dead ;
 And amain, from side to side,
 Death his pale horse is seen to ride !
 Or rather, sweet enthusiast, lead 140
 Our footsteps to the cowslip mead,
 Where, as the magic spell is wound,
 Dying music floats around :—
 Or seek we some gray ruin's shade,
 And pity the cold beggar,² laid
 Beneath the ivy-rustling tower,
 At the dreary midnight hour,
 Scarce sheltered from the drifting snow ;
 While her dark locks the bleak winds blow

¹ See Warton's "Ode to Fancy." — ² Alluding to some pathetic lines in Warton's "Ode to Fancy."

O'er her sleeping infant's cheek ! 150
 Then let the shrilling trumpet speak,
 And pierce in louder tones the ear,
 Till, while it peals, we seem to hear
 The sounding march, as of the Theban's song ;¹
 And varied numbers, in their course,
 With gathering fulness, and collected force,
 Like the broad cataract, swell and sweep along !
 Struck by the sounds, what wonder that I laid,
 As thou, O Warton ! didst the theme inspire,
 My inexperienced hand upon the lyre, 160
 And soon with transient touch faint music made,
 As soon forgotten !

So I loved to lie
 By the wild streams of elfin poesy,
 Rapt in strange musings ; but when life began,
 I never roamed a visionary man ;
 For, taught by thee, I learned with sober eyes
 To look on life's severe realities.

I never made (a dream-distempered thing)
 Poor Fiction's realm my world ; but to cold Truth 170
 Subdued the vivid shapings of my youth.

Save when the drisly woods were murmuring,
 Or some hard crosses had my spirit bowed ;
 Then I have left, unseen, the careless crowd,
 And sought the dark sea roaring, or the steep
 That braved the storm ; or in the forest deep,
 As all its gray leaves rustled, wooed the tone
 Of the loved lyre, that, in my springtide gone,
 Waked me to transport.

Eighteen summers now 180
 Have smiled on Itchin's margin, since the time
 When these delightful visions of our prime

¹ See Warton's "Ode on West's Translation of Pindar."

Rose on my view in loveliness. And thou 183
 Friend of my muse, in thy death-bed art cold,
 Who, with the tenderest touches, didst unfold
 The shrinking leaves of Fancy, else unseen
 And shelterless : therefore to thee are due
 Whate'er their summer sweetness ; and I strew,
 Sadly, such flowerets as on hillocks green,
 Or mountain-slope, or hedge-row, yet my hand 190
 May cull, with many a recollection bland,
 And mingled sorrow, Warton, on thy tomb,
 To whom, if bloom they boast, they owe their bloom !

EPITAPH ON H. WALMSLEY, ESQ.,

IN ALVERSTOKE CHURCH, HANTS.

OH ! they shall ne'er forget thee, they who knew
 Thy soul benevolent, sincere, and true ;
 The poor thy kindness cheered, thy bounty fed,
 Whom age left shivering in its dreariest shed ;
 Thy friends, who sorrowing saw thee, when disease
 Seemed first the genial stream of life to freeze,
 Pale from thy hospitable home depart,
 Thy hand still open, and yet warm thy heart !
 But how shall she her love, her loss express,
 Thy widow, in this uttermost distress,
 When she with anguish hears her lisp'ing train
 Upon their buried father call in vain !
 She wipes the tear despair had forced to flow,
 She lifts her look beyond this vale of woe,
 And rests (while humbled in the dust she kneels)
 On Him who only knows how much she feels.