

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.

AGE.

AGE, thou the loss of health and friends shalt mourn !
 But thou art passing to that night-still bourne,
 Where labour sleeps. The linnet, chattering loud
 To the May morn, shall sing ; thou, in thy shroud,
 Forgetful and forgotten, sink to rest ;
 And grass-green be the sod upon thy breast !

 ON A LANDSCAPE BY RUBENS.

NAY, let us gaze, ev'n till the sense is full,
 Upon the rich creation, shadowed so
 That not great Nature, in her loftiest pomp
 Of living beauty, ever on the sight
 Rose more magnificent ; nor aught so fair
 Hath Fancy, in her wildest, brightest mood,
 Imaged of things most lovely, when the sounds
 Of this cold cloudy world at distance sink,
 And all alone the warm idea lives
 Of what is great, or beautiful, or good,
 In Nature's general plan.

10

So the vast scope,
 O Rubens ! of thy mighty mind, and such
 The fervour of thy pencil, pouring wide
 The still illumination, that the mind
 Pauses, absorbed, and scarcely thinks what powers
 Of mortal art the sweet enchantment wrought.
 She sees the painter, with no human touch,
 Create, embellish, animate at will,
 The mimic scenes, from Nature's ampler range
 Caught as by inspiration ; while the clouds,

20