

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.

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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,

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