

Whilst Victory sighs, stern in the garb of war,
 And points through clouds the rocks of Trafalgar!
 Here cease the strain ; but while thy hulls shall ride,
 Britain, dark shadowing the tumultuous tide,
 May other Nelsons, on the sanguine main,
 Guide, like a god, the battle's hurricane ;
 And when the funeral's transient pomp is past,
 High hung the banner, hushed the battle's blast,
 May the brave character to ages shine,
 And Genius consecrate the immortal shrine !

SOUTHAMPTON CASTLE.¹

INSCRIBED TO THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

THE moonlight is without ; and I could lose
 An hour to gaze, though Taste and Splendour here,
 As in a lustrous fairy palace, reign !
 Regardless of the lights that blaze within,
 I look upon the wide and silent sea,
 That in the shadowy moonbeam sleeps :
How still,
 Nor heard to murmur, or to move, it lies ;
 Shining in Fancy's eye, like the soft gleam,
 'The eve of pleasant yesterdays !

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The clouds
 Have all sunk westward, and the host of stars
 Seem in their watches set, as gazing on ;
 While night's fair empress, sole and beautiful,
 Holds her illustrious course through the mid heavens

¹ Southampton Castle is a magnificent pile, erected by the Marquis of Lansdowne, commanding the most striking views of the river, the Isle of Wight, the New Forest, *et etc.*

Supreme, the spectacle, for such she looks, 16
Of gazing worlds !

How different is the scene
That lies beneath this arched window's height !
The town, that murmured through the busy day, 20
Is hushed ; the roofs one solemn breadth of shade
Veils ; but the towers, and taper spires above,
The pinnets, and the gray embattled walls,
And masts that throng around the southern pier,
Shine all distinct in light ; and mark, remote,
O'er yonder elms, St Mary's modest fane.

Oh ! if such views may please, to me they shine
How more attractive ! but few years have passed,
Since there I saw youth, health, and happiness,
All circling round an aged sire,¹ whose hairs 30
Are now in peace gone down ; he was to me
A friend, and almost with a father's smile
Hung o'er my infant Muse. The cheerful voice
Of fellowship, the song of harmony,
And mirth, and wit,² were there.

That scene is passed :
Cold death and separation have dissolved
The evening circle of once-happy friends !

So has it ever fared, and so must fare,
With all ! I see the moonlight watery tract 40
That shines far off, beneath the forest-shades :
What seems it, but the mirror of that tide,
Which noiseless, 'mid the changes of the world,
Holds its inevitable course, the tide
Of years departing ; to the distant eye
Still seeming motionless, though hurrying on
From morn till midnight, bearing, as it flows,

¹ Late Dean of Winchester, Dr Newton Ogle. — ² I speak this of Mr Sheridan, who was often of the party.

The sails of pleasurable barks! These gleam 48
 To-day, to-morrow other passing sails
 Catch the like sunshine of the vernal morn.

Our pleasant days are as the moon's brief light
 On the pale ripple, passing as it shines!
 But shall the pensive bard for this lament,
 Who knows how transitory are all worlds
 Before His eye who made them!

Cease the strain;

And welcome still the social intercourse
 That soothes the world's loud jarring, till the hour
 When, universal darkness wrapping all
 This nether scene, a light from heaven shall stream 60
 Through clouds dividing, and a voice be heard:
 Here only pure and lasting bliss is found!

THE WINDS.

WHEN dark November bade the leaves adieu,
 And the gale sung amid the sea-boy's shrouds,
 Methought I saw four winged forms, that flew,
 With garments streaming light, amid the clouds;
 From adverse regions of the sky,
 In dim succession, they went by.

The first, as o'er the billowy deep he passed,
 Blew from its brazen trump a far-resounding blast.

Upon a beaked promontory high,
 With streaming heart, and cloudy brow severe, 10
 Marked ye the father of the frowning year!¹

Dark vapours rolled o'er the tempestuous sky,

¹ "Then comes the father of the tempest forth."—*Thomson*.