

And all the listening passions stand,
Obedient to thy great command.

318

With Poesy's sweet charm impressed,
Fancy thus shall warm thy breast ;
Still her smiling train be thine,
Still her lovely visions shine,
To cheer, beyond my boasted power,
A sad or solitary hour.

Thus let them soothe a while thy heart,
"Come like shadows, so depart ;"
But never may the witching lay
Lead each sense from life astray ;
For vain the poet's muse of fire,
Vain the magic of his lyre,
Unless the touch subdued impart
Truth and wisdom to the heart !

330

CADLAND,¹ SOUTHAMPTON RIVER.

IF ever sea-maid, from her coral cave,
Beneath the hum of the great surge, has loved
To pass delighted from her green abode,
And, seated on a summer bank, to sing
No earthly music ; in a spot like this,
The bard might feign he heard her, as she dried
Her golden hair, yet dripping from the main,
In the slant sunbeam.

So the pensive bard
Might image, warmed by this enchanting scene,
The ideal form ; but though such things are not,
He who has ever felt a thought refined ;

10

¹ A beautiful seat of Henry Drummond, Esq.

He who has wandered on the sea of life, 13
 Forming delightful visions of a home
 Of beauty and repose ; he who has loved,
 With filial warmth his country, will not pass
 Without a look of more than tenderness
 On all the scene ; from where the pensile birch
 Bends on the bank, amid the clustered group
 Of the dark hollies ; to the woody shore 20
 That steals diminished, to the distant spires
 Of Hampton, crowning the long lucid wave.
 White in the sun, beneath the forest-shade,
 Full shines the frequent sail, like Vanity,
 As she goes onward in her glittering trim,
 Amid the glances of life's transient morn,
 Calling on all to view her !

Vectis ¹ there,
 That slopes its greensward to the lambent wave,
 And shows through softest haze its woods and domes, 30
 With gray St Catherine's ² creeping to the sky,
 Seems like a modest maid, who charms the more
 Concealing half her beauties.

To the East,
 Proud, yet complacent, on its subject realm,
 With masts innumerable thronged, and hulls
 Seen indistinct, but formidable, mark
 Albion's vast fleet, that, like the impatient storm,
 Waits but the word to thunder and flash death
 On him who dares approach to violate 40
 The shores and living scenes that smile secure
 Beneath its dragon-watch !

Long may they smile !
 And long, majestic Albion (while the sound

¹ The Isle of Wight. — ² The highest slowly-rising eminence in the Isle of Wight, seen from the river.

From East to West, from Albis¹ to the Po,
 Of dark contention hurtles), may'st thou rest,
 As calm and beautiful this sylvan scene
 Looks on the refluent wave that steals below.

45

THE LAST SONG OF CAMOENS.²

THE morning shone on Tagus' rocky side,
 And airs of summer swelled the yellow tide,
 When, rising from his melancholy bed,
 And faint, and feebly by Antonio³ led,
 Poor Camoens, subdued by want and woe,
 Along the winding margin wandered slow.
 His harp, that once could each warm feeling move
 Of patriot glory or of tenderest love,
 His sole and sable friend⁴ (while a faint tone
 Rose from the wires) placed by a mossy stone.

10

How beautiful the sun ascending shines
 From ridge to ridge, along the purple vines!
 How pure the azure of the opening skies!
 How resonant the nearer rock replies
 To call of early mariners! and, hark!
 The distant whistle from yon parting bark,
 That down the channel as serene she strays,
 Her gray sail mingles with the morning haze,
 Bound to explore, o'er ocean's stormy reign,
 New lands that lurk amid the lonely main!

20

A transient fervour touched the old man's breast;
 He raised his eyes, so long by care depressed,

¹ The Elbe. — ² Inscribed to Lord Strangford. — ³ The faithful Indian who attended him in all his sorrows, a native of Java. — ⁴ Antonio, "who begged alms through Lisbon, and at night shared the produce with his broken-hearted master."—*Strangford's Preface.*