

Fearless o'er the indignant tide, 53  
 On to the east our galleys ride.

Triumph! for the toil is o'er—  
 We kiss the far-sought Indian shore!  
 Glittering to the orient ray,  
 The banners of the Cross display!

Does my heart exulting bound?  
 Alas, forlorn, I gaze around: 60  
 Feeble, poor, and old, I stand,  
 A stranger in my native land!

My sable slave (ah, no! my only friend,  
 Whose steps upon my rugged path attend)  
 Sees, but with tenderness that fears to speak,  
 The tear that trickles down my aged cheek!  
 My harp is silent,—famine shrinks mine eye,—  
 “Give me a little food for charity!”<sup>1</sup>

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### THE SYLPH OF SUMMER.<sup>2</sup>

GOD said, Let there be light, and there was light!  
 At once the glorious sun, at his command,  
 From space illimitable, void and dark,  
 Sprang jubilant, and angel hierarchies,  
 Whose long hosannahs pealed from orb to orb,  
 Sang, Glory be to Thee, God of all worlds!

Then beautiful the ball of this terrene  
 Rolled in the beam of first-created day,

<sup>1</sup> Camoens, the great poet of Portugal, is supposed to have gone to the East Indies in the same ship with the first Discoverer, round the Cape of Good Hope, Vasco de Gama. This is not the case, though he wrote the noble poem descriptive of the voyage. He went to India some years afterwards, but the general idea is sufficient for poetical purposes. His subsequent sorrows and poverty, in his native land, are well known.—<sup>2</sup> Inscribed to William Sotheby, Esq.

And all its elements obeyed the voice 9  
 Of Him, the great Creator ; Air, and Fire,  
 And Earth, and Water, each its ministry  
 Performed, whilst Chaos from his ebon throne  
 Leaped up ; and so magnificent, and decked,  
 And mantled in its ambient atmosphere,  
 The living world began its state !

To thee,

Spirit of Air, I lift the venturous song,  
 Whose viewless presence fills the living scene,  
 Whose element ten thousand thousand wings  
 Fan joyous ; o'er whose fields the morning clouds 20  
 Ride high ; whose rule the lightning-shafts obey,  
 And the deep thunder's long-careering march !

The Winds too are thy subjects ; from the breeze,  
 That, like a child upon a holiday,  
 On the high mountain's van pursues the down  
 Of the gray thistle, ere the autumnal shower  
 Steals soft, and mars his pastime ; to the King  
 Of Hurricanes, that sounds his mighty shell,  
 And bids Tornado sweep the Western world.

Sylph of the Summer Gale, on thee I call ! 30  
 Oh, come, when now gay June is in her car,  
 Wafting the breath of roses as she moves ;  
 Come to this garden bower, which I have hung  
 With tendrils, and the fragrant eglantine,  
 And mandrake, rich with many mantling stars !

'Tis pleasant, when thy breath is on the leaves  
 Without, to rest in this embowering shade,  
 And mark the green fly, circling to and fro,  
 O'er the still water, with his dragon wings,  
 Shooting from bank to bank, now in quick turns, 40  
 Then swift athwart, as is the gazer's glance,  
 Pursuing still his mate ; they, with delight,

As if they moved in morris, to the sound 48  
 Harmonious of this ever-dripping rill,  
 Now in advance, now in retreat, now round,  
 Dart through their mazy rings, and seem to say :  
 The Summer and the Sun are ours !

But thou,

Sylph of the Summer Gale, delay a while  
 Thy airy flight, whilst here Francesca leans, 50  
 And, charmed by Ossian's harp, seems in the breeze  
 To hear Malvina's plaint ; thou to her ear  
 Come unperceived, like music of the song  
 From Cona's vale of streams ; *then* with the bee,  
 That sounds his horn, busied from flower to flower,  
 Speed o'er the yellow meadows, breathing ripe  
 Their summer incense ; or amid the furze,  
 That paints with bloom intense the upland crofts,  
 With momentary essence tinge thy wings ;  
 Or in the grassy lanes, one after one, 60  
 Lift light the nodding foxglove's purple bell.  
 Thence, to the distant sea, and where the flag  
 Hangs idly down, without a wavy curl,  
 Thou hoverest o'er the topmast, or dost raise  
 The full and flowing mainsail : Steadily,  
 The helmsman cries, as now thy breath is heard  
 Among the stirring cordage o'er his head ;  
 So, steadily, he cries, as right he steers,  
 Speeds our proud ship along the world of waves.

Sylph, may thy favouring breath more gently blow, 70  
 More gently round the temples and the cheek  
 Of him, who, leaving home and friends behind,  
 In silence musing o'er the ocean leans,  
 And watches every passing shade that marks  
 The southern Channel's fast-retiring line ;  
 Then, as the ship rolls on, keeps a long look

Fixed on the lessening Lizard,<sup>1</sup> the last point 77  
 Of that delightful country, where he left  
 All his fond hopes behind : it lessens still ;  
 Still, still it lessens, and now disappears !  
 He turns, and only sees the waves that rock  
 Boundless. How many anxious morns shall rise,  
 How many moons shall light the farthest seas,  
 O'er what new scenes and regions shall he stray,  
 A weary man, still thinking of his home,  
 Ere he again that shore shall view, and greet  
 With blissful thronging hopes and starting tears,  
 Of heartfelt welcome, and of warmest love !

Perhaps, ah ! never ! So didst thou go forth,  
 My poor lost brother !<sup>2</sup> 96

The airs of morning as enticing played,  
 And gently, round thee, and their whisperings  
 Might sooth (if aught could sooth) a boding heart ;  
 For thou wert bound to visit scenes of death,  
 Where the sick gale (alas ! unlike the breeze  
 That bore the gently-swelling sail along)  
 Was tainted with the breath of pestilence,  
 That smote the silent camp, and night and day  
 Sat mocking on the putrid carcasses.  
 Thou too didst perish ! As the south-west blows, 100  
 Thy bones, perhaps, now whiten on the coast  
 Of old Algarva.<sup>3</sup> I, meantime, these shades  
 Of village solitude, hoping erewhile  
 To welcome thee from many a toil restored,  
 Still deck, and now thy empty urn<sup>4</sup> alone  
 I meet, where, swaying in the summer gale,  
 The willow whispers in my evening walk.

<sup>1</sup> The last point of Cornwall. — <sup>2</sup> Dr Henry Bowles, on the medical staff sent to Gibraltar during the pestilential fever there. — <sup>3</sup> South coast of Portugal. — <sup>4</sup> An urn is erected to his memory in Bremlill Garden.

Sylph, in thy airy robe, I see thee float,  
 A rainbow o'er thy head, and in thy hand  
 The magic instrument,<sup>1</sup> that, as thy wing,  
 Lucid, and painted like the butterfly's,  
 Waves to and from, most musically rings ;  
 Sometimes in joyance, as the flaunting leaf  
 Of the white poplar, sometimes sad and slow,  
 As bearing pensive airs from Pity's grave.

108

Soft child of air, thou tendest on his sway,  
 As gentle Ariel at the bidding hies  
 Of mighty Prospero ; yet other winds  
 Throng to his wizard 'hest, inspiring some,  
 Some melancholy, and yet soothing much  
 The drooping wanderer in the fading copse ;  
 Some terrible, with solitude and death  
 Attendant on their march :—the wild Simoom,<sup>2</sup>  
 Riding on whirling spires of burning sand,  
 That move along the Nubian wilderness,  
 And bury deep the silent caravan ;—  
 Monsoon, up-starting from his half-year sleep,  
 Upon the vernal shores of Hindostan,  
 And tempesting with sounds of torrent rain,  
 And hail, the darkening main ;—and red Sameel,  
 Blasting and withering, like a rivelled leaf,  
 The pilgrim as he roams ;—Sirocco sad,  
 That pants, all summer, on the cloudless shores  
 Of faint Parthenope ;—deep in the mine  
 Oft lurks the lurid messenger of death,  
 The ghastly fiend that blows, when the pale light  
 Quivers, and leaves the gasping wretch to die ;—  
 The imp, that when the hollow curfew knolls,  
 Wanders the misty marish, lighting it

120

130

<sup>1</sup> Æolian harp. — <sup>2</sup> Simoom, Sameel, destructive winds in the deserts of Asia. See Bruce, &c.

At night with errant and fantastic flame. 140  
 Spirit of air, these are thy ministers,  
 That wait thy will ; but thou art all in all,  
 And dead without thee were the flower, the leaf,  
 The waving forest rivelled, the great sea  
 Still, the lithe birds of heaven extinct, and ceased  
 The soul of melting music.

This fair scene

Lives in thy tender touch, for so it seems ;  
 Whilst universal nature owns thy sway ;  
 From the mute insect on the summer pool, 150  
 That with long cobweb legs, firm as on earth  
 The ostrich skims, flits idly to and fro,  
 Making no dimple on the watery mass ;  
 To the huge grampus, spouting, as he rolls,  
 A cataract, amid the cold clear sky,  
 And furrowing far and wide the northern deep.

Thy presence permeates and fills the whole !  
 As the poor butterfly, that, painted gay,  
 With mealy wings, red, amber, white, or dropped  
 With golden stains, floats o'er the yellow corn, 160  
 Idly, as bent on pastime, while the morn  
 Smiles on his devious voyage ; if inclosed  
 In the exhausted prison,<sup>1</sup> whence thy breath  
 With suction slow is drawn, he feels the change  
 How dire ! in palsied inanition drops !  
 Weak flags his weary wing, and weaker yet ;  
 His frame with tremulous convulsion moves  
 A moment, and the next is still in death.

So were the great and glorious world itself ;  
 The tenants of its continents, all ceased ! 170  
 A wide, a motionless, a putrid waste,  
 Its seas ! How droops the languid mariner,

<sup>1</sup> Air-pump.

When not a breath, along the sluggish main, 173  
 Strays on the sultry surface as it sleeps ;  
 When far away the winds are flown, to dash  
 The congregated ocean on the Cape  
 Of Southern Africa, leaving the while  
 The flood's vast surface noiseless, waveless, white,  
 Beneath Mozambique's long-reflected woods,  
 A gleaming mirror, spread from east to west, 180  
 Where the still ship, as on a bed of glass,  
 Sits motionless. Awake, ye hurricanes !  
 Ye winds that harrow up the wintry waste,  
 Awake ! for Thunder in his sounding car,  
 Flashing thick lightning from the rolling wheels,  
 And the red volley, charged with instant death,  
 Were music to this lingering, sickening calm,  
 The same eternal sunshine ; still, all still,  
 Without a vapour, or a sound.

If thus, 190

Beneath the burning, breathless atmosphere,  
 Faint Nature sickening droop ; who shall ascend  
 The height, where Silence, since the world began,  
 Has sat on Cimborazzo's highest peak,  
 A thousand toises o'er the cloud's career,  
 Soaring in finest ether ? Far below,  
 He sees the mountains burning at his feet,  
 Whose smoke ne'er reached his forehead ; never there,  
 Though the black whirlwind shake the distant shores,  
 The passing gale has murmured ; never there 200  
 The eagle's cry has echoed ; never there  
 The solitary condor's weary wing  
 Hath yet ascended !

Let the rising thought

Beyond the confines of this vapoury vault  
 Be lifted, to the boundless void of space,

How dread, how infinite ! where other worlds, 207  
 Ten million and ten million leagues aloft,  
 In other precincts with their shadows roll.  
 There roams the sole erratic comet, borne  
 With lightning speed, yet twice three hundred years  
 Its destined course accomplishing.

Then whirled,

Far from the attractive orb of central fire,  
 Back through the dim and infinite abyss,  
 Dread flaming visitant, ere thou return'st,  
 Empires may rise and fail ; the palaces,  
 That shone on earth, may vanish like the dews  
 Of morning, scarce illumined ere they fly.  
 Dread flaming visitant, who that pursues 220  
 Thy long and lonely voyage, ev'n in thought,  
 (Till thought itself seem in the effort lost,)  
 But tremblingly exclaims, There is a God :  
 There is a God who lights ten thousand suns,<sup>1</sup>  
 Round which revolve worlds wheeling amid worlds.  
 He launched thy voyage through the vast abyss,  
 He hears his universe, through all its orbs,  
 As with one voice, proclaim,

There is a God !

Lifted above this dim diurnal sphere, 230  
 So fancy, rising with her theme, ascends,  
 And voyaging the illimitable void,  
 Where comets flame, sees other worlds and suns  
 Emerge, and on this earth, like a dim speck,  
 Looks down : nor in the wonderful and vast  
 Of the dread scene magnificent, she views  
 Alone the Almighty Ruler, but the web  
 That shines in summer time, and only seen  
 In the slant sunbeam, wakes a moral thought.

<sup>1</sup> Fixed stars.

In autumn, when the thin long spider gains 240  
 The leafy bush's top, he from his seat  
 Shoots the soft filament, like threads of air,  
 Scarce seen, into the sky ; and thus sustained,  
 Boldly ascends into the breezy void,  
 Dependent on the trembling line he wove,  
 Insidious, and intent on scenes of spoil  
 And death :—So mounts Ambition, and aloft  
 On his proud summit meditates new scenes  
 Of plunder and dominion, till the breeze  
 Of fortune change, that blows to empty air 250  
 His feeble, frail support, and once again  
 Leaves him a reptile, struggling in the dust !

But what the world itself, what in His view  
 Whose dread Omnipotence is over all !  
 A twinkling air-thread in the vast of space.  
 And what the works of that proud insect, Man !  
 His mausoleums, fanes, and pyramids,  
 Frown in the dusk of long-revolving years,  
 While generations, as they rise and drop,  
 Each following each to silence and to dust, 260  
 Point as they pass, and say, It was a God<sup>1</sup>  
 That made them : but nor date, nor name  
 Oblivion shows ; cloud only, rolling on,  
 And wrapping darker as it rolls, the works  
 Of man !

Now raised on Contemplation's wing,  
 The blue vault, fervent with unnumbered stars,  
 He ranges : speeds, as with an angel's flight,  
 From orb to orb ; sees distant suns illumine  
 The boundless space, then bends his head to earth, 270  
 So poor is all he knows !

<sup>1</sup> So the Arabs say, speaking of the stupendous monuments in the deserts.

O'er sanguine fields 272

Now rides he, armed and crested like the god  
 Of fabled battles ; where he points, pale Death  
 Strides over weltering carcasses ; nor leaves,—  
 But still a horrid shadow, step by step,  
 Stalks mocking after him, till now the noise  
 Of rolling acclamation, and the shout  
 Of multitude on multitude, is past :

The scene of all his triumphs, wormy earth, 280  
 Closes upon his perishable pride ;  
 For “ dust he is, and shall to dust return ” !  
 But Conscience, a small voice from heaven replies,  
 Conscience shall meet him in another world.

Let man, then, walk meek, humble, pure, and just ;  
 Though meek, yet dignified ; though humble, raised,  
 The heir of life and immortality ;  
 Conscious that in this awful world he stands,  
 He only of all living things, ordained  
 To think, and know, and feel, there is a God ! 290

Child of the air, though most I love to hear  
 Thy gentle summons whisper, when the Spring,  
 At the first carol of the village lark,  
 Looks out and smiles, or June is in her car ;  
 Not undelightful is the purer air  
 In winter, when the keen north-east is high,  
 When frost fantastic his cold garland weaves  
 Of brittle flowers, or soft-succeeding snows  
 Gather without apace, and heavy load  
 The berried sweetbrier, clinging to my pane. 300  
 The blackbird, then, that marks the ruddy pods  
 Peep through the snow, though silent is his song,  
 Yet, pressed by cold and hunger, ventures near.  
 The robin group, familiar, muster round  
 The garden-shed, where, at his dinner set,

The laboured hind strews here and there a crumb 306  
 From his brown bread ; then heedless of the winds  
 That blow without, and sweep the shivered snow,  
 Sees from his broken tube the smoke ascend  
 On an inverted barrow, as in state 310  
 He sits, though poor, the monarch of the scene,  
 As pondering deep the garden's future state,  
 His kingdom ; the rude instruments of death  
 Lie at his feet, fashioned with simple skill,  
 With which he hopes to snare the prowling race,  
 The mice, rapacious of his vernal hopes.

So seated, on the spring he ruminates,  
 And solemn as a sophi,<sup>1</sup> moves nor hand,  
 Nor eye, till haply some more venturous bird,  
 (The crumbs exhausted that he lately strewed 320  
 Upon the groundsill,) with often dipping beak,  
 And sidelong look, as asking larger dole,  
 Comes hopping to his feet : and say, ye great,  
 Ye mighty monarchs of this earthly scene,  
 What nobler views can elevate the heart  
 Of a proud patriot king, than thus to chase  
 The bold rapacious spoilers from the field,  
 And with an eye of merciful regard  
 To look on humble worth, wet from the storm,  
 And chilled by indigence ! 330

But thoughts like these  
 Ill suit the radiant summer's rosy prime,  
 And the still temper of the calm blue sky.  
 The sunny shower is past ; at intervals  
 The silent glittering drops descend ; and mark,  
 Upon the blue bank of yon western cloud,  
 That looms direct against the emerging orb,  
 How bright, how beautiful the rainbow's hues

<sup>1</sup> Title of the Persian Emperor.

Steal out, how stately bends the graceful arch      339  
 Above the hills, and tinging at his foot  
 The mead and trees! Fancy might think young Hope  
 Pants for the vision, and with ardent eye  
 Pursues the unreal shade, and spreads her hands,  
 Weeping to see it fade, as all her dreams  
 Have faded.

These, O Air! are but the toys,  
 That sometimes deck thy fairy element;  
 So oft the eye observant loves to trace  
 The colours, and the shadows, and the forms,  
 That wander o'er the veering atmosphere.      350  
 See, in the east, the rare parhelia shine  
 In mimic glory, and so seem to mock  
 (Fixed parallel to the ascending orb)  
 The majesty, the splendour, and the shape,  
 Of the sole luminary that informs  
 The world with light and heat! The halo-ring  
 Bends over all!

With desultory shafts,  
 And long and arrowy glance, the night-lights<sup>1</sup> shoot  
 Pale coruscations o'er the northern sky;      360  
 Now lancing to the cope, in sheets of flame,  
 Now wavering wild, as the reflected wave,  
 On the arched roof of the umbrageous grot.  
 Hence Superstition dreams of armaments,  
 Of fiery conflicts, and of bleeding fields  
 Of slaughter; so on great Jerusalem,  
 Ere yet she fell, the flaming meteor glared;  
 A waving sword ensanguined seemed to point  
 To the devoted city, and a voice  
 Was heard, Depart, depart!<sup>2</sup>      370

<sup>1</sup> Aurora Borealis. — <sup>2</sup> From Josephus.

The atmosphere, 371

That with the ceaseless hurry of its clouds,  
 Encircles the round globe, resembles oft  
 The passing sunshine, or the glooms that stray  
 O'er every human spirit.

Thin light streaks

Of thought pass vapoury o'er the vacant mind,  
 And fade to nothing. Now fantastic gleams  
 Play, flashing or expiring, of gay hope,  
 Or deep despair; then clouds of sadness close 380  
 In one dark settled gloom, and all the man  
 Droops, in despondence lost.

Aërial tints

Please most the pensive poet: and the views  
 He forms, though evanescent, and as vain  
 As the air's mockery, seem to his eye  
 Ev'n as substantial images, and shapes,  
 Till in a hurrying rack they all dissolve.

So in the cloudless sky, amusive shines  
 The soft and mimic scenery; distant hills 390  
 That, in refracted light, hang beautiful  
 Beneath the golden car of eve, ere yet  
 The daylight lingering fades.

Hence, on the heights

Of Apennine, far stretching to the south,  
 The goat-herd, while the westering sun, far off,  
 Hangs o'er the hazy ocean's brim, beholds  
 In the horizon's faintly-glowing verge  
 A landscape,<sup>1</sup> like the rainbow, rise, with rocks  
 That softened shine, and shores that trend away, 400  
 Beneath the winding woods of Sicily,

<sup>1</sup> A curious effect of vision in the air from refraction, by which objects appear distinct, and as real, which are below the horizon. This often appears on the coast of Italy, and has been sometimes observed from our shores, where a line of the opposite coast appears.

And Etna, smouldering in the still pale sky ; 402  
 And dim Messina, with her spires, and bays  
 That wind among the mountains, and the tower  
 Of Faro, gleaming on the tranquil straits ;  
 Unreal all, yet on the air impressed,  
 From light's refracted ray,<sup>1</sup> the shadow seems  
 The certain scene : the hind astonished views,  
 Yet most delighted, till at once the light  
 Changes, and all has vanished ! 410

But to him,

How different in still air the unreal view,  
 Who wanders in Arabian solitudes,  
 When, faint with thirst, he sees illusive streams<sup>2</sup>  
 Shine in the arid desert !

All around,

A silent waste of dark gray sand is spread,  
 Like ashes ; not a speck in heaven appears,  
 But the red sun, high in his burning noon,  
 Shoots down intolerable fire : no sound 420  
 Of beast, or blast, or moving insect, stirs  
 The horrid stillness. Oh ! what hand will guide  
 The pilgrim, panting in the trackless dust,  
 To where the pure and sparkling fountain cheers  
 The green oasis.<sup>3</sup> See, as now his lip  
 Hangs parched and quivering, see before him spread  
 The long and level lake !

He gazes ; still

He gazes, till he drops upon the sands,  
 And to the vision stretches, as he faints, 430  
 His feeble hand.

The Fata Morgana are all explained in books ; the effect is ascribed to reflection and refraction, as one alone will not correspond with the effects. The time when they occur is not the evening ; but the looming in our country is towards the evening. —<sup>2</sup> The Mirage : see Denon. —<sup>3</sup> Green spots in the desert.

Come, Sylph of Summer, come ! 432

Return to these green pastures, that, remote  
From fiery blasts, or deadly blistering frosts,  
Beneath the temperate atmosphere rejoice !

A crown of flame, a javelin in his hand,  
Like the red arrow that the lightning shoots  
Through night, impetuous steeds, and burning wheels,  
That, as they whirl, flash to the cope of heaven,  
Proclaim the angel of the world of fire ! 440

The ocean-king, lord of the waters, rides  
High on his hissing car, whose concave skirrs  
The azure deep beneath him, flashing wide,  
As to the sun the dark-green wave upturns,  
And foaming far behind : sea-horses breast  
The bickering surge, with nostrils sounding far,  
And eyes that flash above the wave, and necks,  
Whose mane, like breakers whitening in the wind,  
Toss through the broken foam : he kingly bears  
His trident sceptre high ; around him play 450  
Nereids, and sea-maids, singing as he rides  
Their choral song : huge Triton, weltering on,  
With scaly train, at times his wreathed shell  
Sounds, that the caverns of old ocean shake !

But milder thou, soft daughter of the air,  
Sylph of the Summer, come ! the silent shower  
Is past, and 'mid the dripping fern, the wren  
Peeps, till the sun looks through the clouds again.

Oh, come, and breathe thy gentler influence,  
And send a home-felt quiet to my heart, 460  
Soothed as I hear, by fits, thy whisper run,  
Stirring the tall acacia's pendent leaves,  
And through yon hazel alley rustling soft  
Upon the vacant ear !

Yon eastern downs, 465  
 That weather-fence the blossoms of the vale,  
 Where winds from hill to hill the mighty Dike,<sup>1</sup>  
 Of Woden named, with many an antique mound,  
 The warrior's grave, bids exercise awake,  
 And health, the breeze of morning to inhale : 470  
 Meantime, remote from storms, the myrtle blooms  
 Beneath my southern sash.

The hurricane  
 May rend the pines of snowy Labrador,  
 The blasting whirlwinds of the desert sweep  
 The Nubian wilderness—we fear them not ;  
 Nor yet, my country, do thy breezes bear,  
 From citrons, or the blooming orange-grove,  
 As in Rousillon's jasmine-bordered vales,  
 Incense at eve. 480

But temperate airs are thine,  
 England ; and as thy climate, so thy sons  
 Partake the temper of thine isle ; not rude,  
 Nor soft, voluptuous, nor effeminate ;  
 Sincere, indeed, and hardy, as becomes  
 Those who can lift their look elate, and say,  
 We strike for injured freedom ; and yet mild,  
 And gentle, when the voice of charity  
 Pleads like a voice from heaven : and, thanks to God,  
 The chain that fettered Afric's groaning race, 490  
 The murderous chain, that, link by link, dropped blood,  
 Is severed ; we have lost that foul reproach  
 To all our virtuous boast !

Humanity,  
 England, is thine ! not *that* false substitute,  
 That meretricious sadness, which, all sighs  
 For lark or lambkin, yet can hear unmoved

<sup>1</sup> Wandsdike, on the Marlborough Downs, opposite.

The bloodiest orgies of blood-boltered France ; 498  
 Thine is consistent, manly, rational,  
 Nor needing the false glow of sentiment  
 To melt it into sympathy, but mild,  
 And looking with a gentle eye on all ;  
 Thy manners open, social, yet refined,  
 Are tempered with reflection ; gaiety,  
 In her long-lighted halls, may lead the dance,  
 Or wake the sprightly chord ; yet nature, truth,  
 Still warm the ingenuous heart : there is a blush  
 With those most gay, and lovely ; and a tear  
 With those most manly !

Temperate Liberty 510

Hath yet the fairest altar on thy shores ;  
 Such, and so warm with patriot energy,  
 As raised its arm when a false Stuart fled ;  
 Yet mingled with deep wisdom's cautious lore,  
 That when it bade a Papal tyrant pause  
 And tremble, held the undeviating reins  
 On the fierce neck of headlong Anarchy.

Thy Church, (nor here let zealot bigotry,  
 Vaunting, condemn all altars but its own),  
 Thy Church, majestic, but not sumptuous, 520  
 Sober, but not austere, with lenity  
 Tempering her fair pre-eminence, sustains  
 Her liberal charities, yet decent state.

The tempest is abroad ; the fearful sounds  
 Of armament, and gathering tumult, fill  
 The ear of anxious Europe. If, O GOD !  
 It is thy will, that in the storm of death,  
 When we have lifted the brave sword in vain,  
 We too should sink, sustain us in that hour !

Meantime be mine, in cheerful privacy, 530  
 To wait Thy will, not sanguine, nor depressed ;

In even course, nor splendid, nor obscure, 532  
 'To steal through life among my villagers!  
 The hum of the discordant crowd, the buzz  
 Of faction, the poor fly that threads the air  
 Self-pleased, the wasp that points its tiny sting  
 Unfelt, pass by me like the idle wind  
 That I regard not ; while the Summer Sylph,  
 That whispers through the laurels, wakes the thought  
 Of quietude, and home-felt happiness, 540  
 And independence, in a land I love !

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### THE HARP OF HOEL.<sup>1</sup>

- 1 It was a high and holy sight,  
 When Baldwin<sup>2</sup> and his train,  
 With cross and crosier gleaming bright,  
 Came chanting slow the solemn rite,  
 To Gwentland's<sup>3</sup> pleasant plain.
- 2 High waved before, in crimson pride,  
 The banner of the Cross ;  
 The silver rood was then descried,  
 While deacon youths, from side to side,  
 The fuming censer toss.
- 3 The monks went two and two along,  
 And winding through the glade,  
 Sang, as they passed, a holy song,  
 And harps and citterns, 'mid the throng,  
 A mingled music made.

<sup>1</sup> This lyrical ballad is founded on a story connected with an old Welsh melody. I have placed the circumstance in the time of the Crusades. — <sup>2</sup> Archbishop of Canterbury, who preached the Crusade in Wales. — <sup>3</sup> Monmouthshire.