

AVENUE IN SAVERNAKE FOREST.

How soothing sound the gentle airs that move
 The innumerable leaves, high overhead,
 When autumn first, from the long avenue,
 That lifts its arching height of ancient shade,
 Steals here and there a leaf!

Within the gloom,
 In partial sunshine white, some trunks appear,
 Studding the glens of fern; in solemn shade
 Some mingle their dark branches, but yet all,
 All make a sad sweet music, as they move,
 Not undelightful to a stranger's heart.
 They seem to say, in accents audible,
 Farewell to summer, and farewell the strains
 Of many a lithe and feathered chorister,
 That through the depth of these incumbent woods
 Made the long summer gladsome.

I have heard
 To the deep-mingling sounds of organs clear,
 (When slow the choral anthem rose beneath),
 The glimmering minster, through its pillared aisles,
 Echo;—but not more sweet the vaulted roof
 Rang to those linked harmonies, than here
 The high wood answers to the lightest breath
 Of nature.

Oh, may such sweet music steal,
 Soothing the cares of venerable age,¹
 From public toil retired: may it awake,
 As, still and slow, the sun of life declines,

¹ The Earl of Aylesbury.

Remembrances, not mournful, but most sweet ;
 May it, as oft beneath the sylvan shade
 Their honoured owner strays, come like the sound
 Of distant seraph harps, yet speaking clear!
 How poor is every sound of earthly things,
 When heaven's own music waits the just and pure!

DIRGE OF NELSON.

TOLL Nelson's knell! a soul more brave
 Ne'er triumphed on the green-sea wave!
 Sad o'er the hero's honoured grave,
 Toll Nelson's knell!

The ball of Death unerring flew;
 His cheek has lost its ardent hue;
 He sinks, amid his gallant crew!
 Toll Nelson's knell!

Yet lift, brave chief, thy dying eyes;
 Hark! loud huzzas around thee rise;
 Aloft the flag of conquest flies!
 The day is won!

The day is won—peace to the brave!
 But whilst the joyous streamers wave,
 We'll think upon the victor's grave!
 Peace to the brave!
