

THE
SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY BY SEA:
A DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL POEM.

VOL. I.

P

INTRODUCTION.*

I NEED not perhaps inform the reader, that I had before written a Canto on the subject of this poem; but I was dissatisfied with the metre, and felt the necessity of some connecting idea that might give it a degree of unity and coherence.

This difficulty I considered as almost inseparable from the subject; I therefore relinquished the design of making an extended poem on events, which, though highly interesting and poetical, were too unconnected with each other to unite properly in one regular whole. But on being kindly permitted to peruse the sheets of Mr Clarke's valuable work on the *History of Navigation*, I conceived (without supposing *historically* with him that all ideas of navigation were derived from the ark of Noah) that I might adopt the circumstance *poetically*, as capable of furnishing an unity of design; besides which, it had the advantage of giving a more serious cast and character to the whole.

To obviate such objections as might be made by those who, from an inattentive survey, might imagine there was any carelessness of arrangement, I shall lay before the reader a general analysis of the several books; and, I trust, he will readily perceive a leading principle, on which the poem begins, proceeds, and ends.

I feel almost a necessity for doing this in *justice* to myself, as some compositions have been certainly misunderstood, where the *connexion* might, by the least attention, have been perceived. In going over part of the same ground which I had taken before, I could not always avoid the use of similar expressions.

I trust I need not apologise for having, in some instances, departed from strict historical facts. It is not true that Camoens sailed with De Gama, though, from the authority of Voltaire, it has been sometimes supposed that he did. There are other circumstances for which I may have less reason to expect pardon. The Egyptians were never, or but for a short time, a maritime nation. In answer to this, I must say, that *history* and *poetry* are two things; and though the poet has no right to *contradict* the historian, yet, if he find two opinions upon points of history, he may certainly take that which is most susceptible of poetical ornament; particularly if it have sufficient plausibility, and the sanction of respectable names.

In deducing the first maritime attempts from *Thebes*, so called from *Thebaoth*, the *Ark*, founded by the sons of Cush, who first inhabited the caves

* Dedicated to His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.)

on the granite mountains of Ethiopia, I have followed the idea of Bruce, which has many testimonies, particularly that of Herodotus, in its favour. In making the ships of Ammon first pass the straits of Babelmandel, and sail to Ophir, I have the authority of Sir Isaac Newton. But still these points must, from their nature, be obscure; the poet, however, has a right to build upon them, whilst what he advances is not in *direct contradiction* to all historical admitted facts. He may take what is *shadowy*, if it be *plausible*, poetical, and coherent with his general plan. Having said ingenuously thus much, I hope I shall not be severely accused for having admitted, *en passant*, some ideas (which may be thought visionary) in the notes, respecting the allusion to the ark in Theocritus, the situation of Ophir, the temple of Solomon, and the alnum-tree.

I must also submit to the candour of the critic, the necessity I sometimes felt myself under of varying the verse, and admitting, when the subject seemed particularly to require it, a break into the measure. He will consider, as this poem is neither didactic, nor epic, that might lead on the mind by diversity of characters, and of prospects; it was therefore necessary (at least I thought myself at liberty so to do) to break the uniformity of the subject by digression, contrast, occasional change of verse, *et cet.* But after all, at a time so unfavourable to long poems, I doubt whether the reader will have patience to accompany me to the end of my *circumnavigation*. If he do, and if this much larger poetical work than I have ever attempted should be as favourably received as what I have before published has been, I shall sincerely rejoice.

At all events, in an age which I think has produced genuine poetry, if I cannot say "*Ed Io, anchi, sono pittore;*" it will be a consolation to me to reflect, that I have no otherwise courted the muse, than as the consoler of sorrow, the painter of scenes romantic and interesting, the handmaid of good sense, unadulterated feelings, and religious hope.

It was at first intended that the poem should consist of six books; one book being assigned to De Gama, and another to Columbus. These have been compressed. I was the more inclined to this course, as the great subject of the DISCOVERY OF AMERICA is in the hands of such poets as Mr Southey and Mr Rogers.

DONHEAD, Nov. 8, 1804.

ANALYSIS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE book opens with the resting of the Ark on the mountains of the great Indian Caucasus, considered by many authors as Ararat: the present state of the *inhabited* world, contrasted with its melancholy appearance immediately after the flood. The poem returns to the situation of our forefathers on leaving the ark; beautiful evening described. The Angel of Destruction appears to Noah in a dream, and informs him that although he and his family alone have escaped, the VERY ARK, which was the means of his present preservation, shall be the cause of the future triumph of Destruction.

In his dream, the evils in consequence of the discovery of America, the slave-trade, *et cet.*, are set before him. Noah, waking from disturbed sleep, ascends the summit of Caucasus. An angel appears to him; tells him that the revelations in his dream were PERMITTED BY THE ALMIGHTY; that he is commissioned to explain everything; he presents to his view the *shadow of the world* as it exists; regions are pointed out; the dispersion of mankind; the rise of superstition; the birth of a SAVIOUR, and the triumph of Charity: that navigation shall be the means of extending the knowledge of GOD over the globe; and though some evils must take place, happiness and love shall finally prevail upon the earth.

BOOK THE SECOND

Commences with an ardent wish, that as our forefather viewed the world clearly displayed before him in a vision, so we of these late days might be able, through the clouds of time, to look back upon the early ages of the globe; we might then see, in their splendour, Thebes, Edom, *et cet.*; but the early history of mankind is obscure, the only certain light is from the sacred writings. By these we are informed of the *dispersion* of earth's first inhabitants, after the flood. The descendants of HAM, after this dispersion, according to Bruce, having first gained the summits of the Ethiopian mountains, there form subterraneous abodes. In process of time they descend, people Egypt, build Thebes; obscure tradition of the Ark; first make voyages.

Ophir is not long afterwards discovered. This Bruce places, on most respectable authority, at Sofala; I have ventured to place it elsewhere, but still admitting one general idea, that when the way to it overland was attended with difficulties, an easier course was at last opened by sea. As to Ammon's exploits, I must shelter myself under the authority of Sir Isaac Newton. After a sacrifice by the Egyptians, the monsoon sets in. The ships follow its direction, as the mariners imagine a god leads them. Hence the discovery of so much of the world by *sea*. Reflection on commerce. The voyage of Solomon. A description of the glory of TYRE, the most commercial mart of the early world. Tyrian discoveries in the Mediterranean; voyages to the coast of Italy and Spain, to the Straits, and from thence to BRITAIN.

Tyre is destroyed, and the thought naturally arises, that Britain, which, at the time of the splendour of the *maritime Tyrians*, was an obscure island, is now at the summit of maritime renown; while TYRE is a place where only "the fisherman dries his net." This leads to an EULOGIUM ON ENGLAND; and the book concludes with the triumphs of her fleets and armies on that very shore, on which science, and art, and commerce, and MARITIME RENOWN, first arose.

This digression, introducing the siege of Acre, appeared to the author not only natural, but in some measure necessary to break the uniformity of the subject.

BOOK THE THIRD

Commences with the feelings excited by the conclusion of the last, by a warm wish that England may for ages retain her present elevated rank. This leads to the consideration of her NAVAL OPULENCE, which carries us back to the subject we had left—THE FATE OF TYRE.

The history of the empires succeeding Tyre is touched on: the fall of her destroyer, Babylon; the succession of Cyrus; the character of Cyrus, and his want of enlarged policy, having so many means of encouraging commerce; and his ill-fated expedition to the East Indies.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT first conceives the idea of establishing a vast MARI-TIME EMPIRE: in his march of conquest, he proceeds to the last river of the Punjab, the Hyphasis, which descends into the Indus, the sources of which are near the mountains of CAUCASUS, WHERE THE ARK RESTED.

The Indian account of the Deluge, it is well known, resembles most wonderfully the history of Moses. When Alexander can proceed no further, poetical fiction introduces the person of a Brahmin, who relates the history of the Deluge: viz., that *one sacred man was*, in this part of the world, *miraculously preserved by an ark*; the further march of the conqueror towards the holy spot is deprecated: his best glory shall be derived from the sea, and from uniting either world in commerce. Alexander is animated with the idea; and his fleet, under Nearchus, proceeds down the Indus to the sea. This forms a middle, connected with the account of the Deluge, book first.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

Nearchus' voyage being accomplished, and Alexandria now complete, Commerce is represented as standing on the Pharos, and calling to all nations. The tide of commerce would have flowed still in the track pointed out by the sagacity of Alexander, but that a wider scene, beyond THE ANCIENT WORLD, opens to the VIEW OF DISCOVERY. The use of the magnet is discovered; and Henry of Portugal prosecutes the plan of opening a passage along the coast of Africa to the East. One of his ships on its return from the expedition has been driven from Cape Bojador (the formidable boundary of Portuguese research) by a storm at sea. The isle afterwards called Porto Santo is discovered. The circumstance related; but the extraordinary appearance of a supernatural shade over the waters at a distance excites many fears and superstitions. The attempt, however, to penetrate the mystery, is resolved on.

Zarco reaches the island of Madeira; tomb found; which introduces the episode. At the tomb of the first discoverer (whether this be fanciful or not, is nothing to poetry) the Spirit of Discovery casts her eyes over the globe; she pursues De Gama to the East; history of Camoens touched on; Columbus; sees with triumph the discovery of a new world, and from thence extends her ideas till the great globe is encompassed; after which she returns to the "tranquil bosom of the Thames," with Drake, the first circumnavigator, whose ship, after its various perils, being laid up in that river, gives rise to some brief concluding reflections.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

Hitherto we have described only the triumphs of Discovery; but it appears necessary that many incidental evils, special and general, should be mentioned. Fate and miserable end of some great commanders,—of our gallant and benevolent countryman, Cook. After the natural feelings of regret, the mind is led to contemplate the great advantages of his voyages: the health of seamen; the accessions to geographical knowledge; the spirit of humanity and science; his exploring the east part of New-Holland; and being the first to determine the proximity of America to Asia. This circumstance leads us back from the point whence we set out—THE ARK OF NOAH; and hence we are partly enabled to solve, what has been for so many ages unknown, the difficulty respecting the earth's being peopled from one family.

The poem having thus gained a middle and end, the conclusion of the whole is, that as this uncertainty in the physical world has been by DISCOVERY cleared up, so all the apparent contradictions in the moral world shall be reconciled. We have yet many existing evils to deplore; but when the SUPREME DISPOSER'S plan shall have been completed, then the earth, which has been explored and enlightened by discovery and knowledge, shall be destroyed; but the MIND OF MAN, rendered at last perfect, shall endure through all ages, and "justify His ways from whom it sprung."

Such is the outline and plan of the following poem. I have felt myself obliged to give this hasty analysis, thinking that self-defence almost required it, lest a *careless* reader might charge me with *carelessness of arrangement*.

I must again beg it to be remembered, that History and Poetry are two things; and that the poet has a right to build his system, not on what is exact truth, but on what is, at least, plausible; what will form, in the clearest manner, a WHOLE; and what is most susceptible of poetical ornament.

THE
SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY BY SEA.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AWAKE a louder and a loftier strain !
Beloved harp, whose tones have oft beguiled
My solitary sorrows, when I left
The scene of happier hours, and wandered far,
A pale and drooping stranger ; I have sat
(While evening listened to the convent bell)
On the wild margin of the Rhine, and wooed
Thy sympathies, " a-weary of the world,"
And I have found with thee sad fellowship,
Yet always sweet, whene'er my languid hand
Passed carelessly o'er the responsive wires,
While unambitious of the laurelled meed
That crowns the gifted bard, I only asked
Some stealing melodies the heart might love,
And a brief sonnet to beguile my tears !

10

But I had hope that one day I might wake
Thy strings to loftier utterance ; and now,
Bidding adieu to glens, and woods, and streams,
And turning where, magnificent and vast,
Main Ocean bursts upon my sight, I strike,—

20

Rapt in the theme on which I long have mused,— 21
 Strike the loud lyre, and as the blue waves rock,
 Swell to their solemn roar the deepening chords.

Lift thy indignant billows high, proclaim
 Thy terrors, Spirit of the hoary seas !
 I sing thy dread dominion, amid wrecks,
 And storms, and howling solitudes, to MAN
 Submitted : awful shade of Camoens
 Bend from the clouds of heaven.

By the bold tones 30

Of minstrelsy, that o'er the unknown surge
 (Where never daring sail before was spread)
 Echoed, and startled from his long repose
 The indignant Phantom¹ of the stormy Cape ;
 Oh, let me think that in the winds I hear
 Thy animating tones, whilst I pursue
 With ardent hopes, like thee, my venturous way,
 And bid the seas resound my song ! And thou,
 Father of Albion's streams, majestic Thames,
 Amid the glittering scene, whose long-drawn wave 40
 Goes noiseless, yet with conscious pride, beneath
 The thronging vessels' shadows ; nor through scenes
 More fair, the yellow Tagus, or the Nile,
 That ancient river, winds. THOU to the strain
 Shalt haply listen, that records the MIGHT
 Of OCEAN, like a giant at thy feet
 Vanquished, and yielding to thy gentle state
 The ancient sceptre of his dread domain !

All was one waste of waves, that buried deep
 Earth and its multitudes : the Ark alone, 50
 High on the cloudy van of Ararat,

¹ See Camoens' description of the dreadful Phantom at the Cape of Good Hope.

Rested ; for now the death-commissioned storm 52
Sinks silent, and the eye of day looks out
Dim through the haze ; while short successive gleams
Flit o'er the weltering Deluge as it shrinks,
Or the transparent rain-drops, falling few,
Distinct and larger glisten. So the Ark
Rests upon Ararat ; but nought around
Its inmates can behold, save o'er th' expanse
Of boundless waters, the sun's orient orb 60
Stretching the hull's long shadow, or the moon
In silence, through the silver-cinctured clouds,
Sailing as she herself were lost, and left
In Nature's loneliness !

But oh, sweet Hope,
Thou bid'st a tear of holy ecstasy
Start to their eye-lids, when at night the Dove,
Weary, returns, and lo ! an olive leaf
Wet in her bill : again she is put forth,
When the seventh morn shines on the hoar abyss :—70
Due evening comes : her wings are heard no more !
The dawn awakes, not cold and dripping sad,
But cheered with lovelier sunshine ; far away
The dark-red mountains slow their naked peaks
Upheave above the waste ; Imaus¹ gleams ;
Fume the huge torrents on his desert sides ;
Till at the awful voice of Him who rules
The storm, the ancient Father and his train
On the dry land descend.

Here let us pause.

80

No noise in the vast circuit of the globe
Is heard ; no sound of human stirring : none

¹ Part of the mountainous range of the vast Indian Caucasus, where the Ark rested.

Of pasturing herds, or wandering flocks ; nor song 83
 Of birds that solace the forsaken woods
 From morn till eve ; save in that spot that holds
 The sacred Ark : there the glad sounds ascend,
 And Nature listens to the breath of Life.
 The fleet horse bounds, high-neighing to the wind
 That lifts his streaming mane ; the heifer lows ;
 Loud sings the lark amid the rainbow's hues ; 90
 The lion lifts him muttering ; MAN comes forth—
 He kneels upon the earth—he kisses it ;
 And to the GOD who stretched that radiant bow,
 He lifts his trembling transports.

From one spot

Alone of earth such sounds ascend. How changed
 The human prospect ! when from realm to realm,
 From shore to shore, from isle to furthest isle,
 Flung to the stormy main, man's murmuring race,
 Various and countless as the shells that strew 100
 The ocean's winding marge, are spread ; from shores
 Sinensian, where the passing proas gleam
 Innumerable 'mid the floating villages :
 To Acapulco west, where laden deep
 With gold and gems rolls the superb galléon,
 Shadowing the hoar Pacific : from the North,
 Where, on some snowy promontory's height,
 The Lapland wizard beats his drum, and calls
 The spirits of the winds, to th' utmost South,
 Where savage Fuego shoots its cold white peaks, 110
 Dreariest of lands, and the poor Pecherais¹
 Shiver and moan along its waste of snows.
 So stirs the earth ; and for the Ark, that passed

¹ Forster says the miserable creatures who visited the ship in the Straits of Magellan, seldom uttered any other word than "Passeray"—hence the name of Pecherais was given to them.

Alone and darkling o'er the dread abyss, 114
Ten thousand and ten thousand barks are seen,
Fervent and glancing on the friths and sounds;
From the Bermudian that, with masts inclined,
Shoots like a dart along ; to the tall ship
That, like a stately swan, in conscious pride
Breasts beautiful the rising surge, and throws 120
The gathered waters back, and seems to move
A living thing, along her lucid way
Streaming in white-winged glory to the sun !
Some waft the treasures of the east ; some bear
Their country's dark artillery o'er the surge
Frowning ; some in the southern solitudes,
Bound on discovery. of new regions, spread,
'Mid rocks of driving ice, that crash around,
Their weather-beaten mainsail ; or explore
Their perilous way from isle to isle, and wind 130
The tender social tie ; connecting man,
Wherever scattered, with his fellow-man.

How many ages rolled away ere thus,
From NATURE'S GENERAL WRECK, the world's great scene
Was tenanted ! See from their sad abode,
At Heaven's dread voice, heard from the solitude,
As in the dayspring of created things,
The sad survivors of a buried world
Come forth ; on them, though desolate their seat,
The sky looks down with smiles ; for the broad sun, 140
That to the west slopes his untired career,
Hangs o'er the water's brim. The aged sire,
Now rising from his evening sacrifice,
Amid his offspring stands, and lifts his eyes,
Moist with a tear, to the bright bow : the fire
Yet on the altar burns, whose trailing fume
Goes slowly up, and marks the lucid cope

Of the soft sky, where distant clouds hang still 148
 And beautiful. So placid Evening steals
 After the lurid storm, like a sweet form
 Of fairy following a perturbed shape
 Of giant terror, that in darkness strode.
 Slow sinks the lord of day; the clustering clouds
 More ardent burn; confusion of rich hues,
 Crimson, and gold, and purple, bright, inlay
 Their varied edges; till before the eye,
 As their last lustre fades, small silver stars
 Succeed; and twinkling each in its own sphere,
 Thick as the frost's unnumbered spangles, strew
 The slowly-paling heavens. Tired Nature seems 160
 Like one who, struggling long for life, had beat
 The billows, and scarce gained a desert crag,
 O'er-spent, to sink to rest: the tranquil airs
 Whisper repose. Now sunk in sleep reclines
 The Father of the world; then the sole moon
 Mounts high in shadowy beauty; every cloud
 Retires, as in the blue space she moves on
 Amid the fulgent orbs supreme, and looks
 The queen of heaven and earth. Stilly the streams
 Retiring sound; midnight's high hollow vault 170
 Faint echoes; stilly sound the distant streams.

When, hark! a strange and mingled wail, and cries
 As of ten thousand thousand perishing!
 A phantom, 'mid the shadows of the dead,
 Before the holy Patriarch, as he slept,
 Stood terrible:—Dark as a storm it stood
 Of thunder and of winds, like hollow seas
 Remote; meantime a voice was heard: Behold,
 Noah, the foe of thy weak race! my name
 Destruction, whom thy sons in yonder plains 180
 Shall worship, and all grim, with mooned horns

Paint fabling: when the flood from off the earth 182
Before it swept the living multitudes,
I rode amid the hurricane; I heard
The universal shriek of all that lived.

In vain they climbed the rocky heights: I struck
The adamantine mountains, and like dust
They crumbled in the billowy foam. My hall,
Deep in the centre of the seas, received
The victims as they sank! Then, with dark joy, 190
I sat amid ten thousand carcasses,

That weltered at my feet! But THOU and THINE
Have braved my utmost fury: what remains
But vengeance, vengeance on thy hated race;—
And be that sheltering shrine the instrument!

Thence, taught to stem the wild sea when it roars,
In after-times to lands remote, where roamed
The naked man and his wan progeny,
They, more instructed in the fatal use
Of arts and arms, shall ply their way; and thou 200
Wouldst bid the great deep cover thee to see
The sorrows of thy miserable sons:

But turn, and view in part the truths I speak.

He said, and vanished with a dismal sound
Of lamentation from his grisly troop.

Then saw the just man in his dream what seemed
A new and savage land: huge forests stretched
Their world of wood, shading like night the banks
Of torrent-foaming rivers, many a league
Wandering and lost in solitudes; green isles 210
Here shone, and scattered huts beneath the shade
Of branching palms were seen; whilst in the sun
A naked infant playing, stretched his hand
To reach a speckled snake, that through the leaves

Oft darted, or its shining volumes rolled 215
Erratic.

From the woods a sable man
Came, as from hunting; in his arms he took
The smiling child, that with the feathers played
Which nodded on his brow; the sheltering hut 220
Received them, and the cheerful smoke went up
Above the silent woods.

Anon was heard
The sound as of strange thunder, from the mouths
Of hollow engines, as, with white sails spread,
Tall vessels, hulled like the great Ark, approached
The verdant shores: they, in a woody cove
Safe-stationed, hang their pennants motionless
Beneath the palms. Meantime, with shouts and song,
The boat rows hurrying to the land; nor long 230
Ere the great sea for many a league is tinged,
While corpse on corpse, down the red-torrent rolled,¹
Floats, and the inmost forests murmur—Blood.

Now vast savannahs meet the view, where high
Above the arid grass the serpent lifts
His tawny crest:—Not far a vessel rides
Upon the sunny main, and to the shore
Black savage tribes a mournful captive urge,
Who looks to heaven with anguish. Him they cast
Bound in the rank hold of the prison-ship, 240
With many a sad associate in despair,
Each panting chained to his allotted space;
And moaning, whilst their wasted eye-balls roll.

Another scene appears: the naked slave
Writhes to the bloody lash; but more to view
Nature forbad, for starting from his dream

From Dariena to Nicaragua, the Spaniards slew 400,000 people with dogs, sword, fire, and divers tortures.—*Purchas*.

The just Man woke. Shuddering he gazed around ; 247
He saw the earliest beam of morning shine
Slant on the hills without ; he heard the breath
Of placid kine, but troubled thoughts and sad
Arose. He wandered forth ; and now far on,
By heavy musings led, reached a ravine
Most mild amid the tempest-riven rocks,
Through whose dark pass he saw the flood remote
Gray-spreading, while the mists of morn went up.
He paused ; when on his lonely pathway flashed
A light, and sounds as of approaching wings
Instant were heard. A radiant form appeared,
Celestial, and with heavenly accent said :
Noah, I come commissioned from above, 260
Where angels move before th' eternal throne
Of heaven's great King in glory, to dispel
The mists of darkness from thy sight ; for know,
Not unpermitted of th' Eternal One
The shadows of thy melancholy dream
Hung o'er thee slumbering : Mine the task to show
Futurity's faint scene ;—now follow me.

He said ; and up to the unclouded height
Of that great Eastern mountain,¹ that surveys
Dim Asia, they ascended. Then his brow 270
The Angel touched, and cleared with whispered charm
The mortal mist before his eyes.—At once
(As in the skiey mirage, when the seer
From lonely Kilda's western summit sees
A wondrous scene in shadowy vision rise)
The NETHER WORLD, with seas and shores, appeared
Submitted to his view : but not as then,
A melancholy waste, deform and sad ;

¹ That tremendous Caff (according to the Indian superstition) inhabited by spirits, demons, and the griffin Simorg.

But fair as now the green earth spreads, with woods, 279
 Champaign, and hills, and many winding streams
 Robed, the magnificent illusion rose.
 He saw in mazy longitude devolved
 The mighty Brahma-Pooter ; to the East
 Thibet and China, and the shining sea
 That sweeps the inlets of Japan, and winds
 Amid the Curile and Aleutian isles,
 Pale to the north. Siberia's snowy scenes
 Are spread ; Jenisca and the freezing Ob
 Appear, and many a forest's shady track
 Far as the Baltic, and the utmost bounds 290
 Of Scandinavia ; thence the eye returns :
 And lo ! great Lebanon—abrupt and dark
 With pines, and airy Carmel, rising slow
 Above the midland main, where hang the capes
 Of Italy and Greece ; swart Africa,
 Beneath the parching sun, her long domain
 Reveals, the mountains of the Moon, the source
 Of Nile, the wild mysterious Niger, lost
 Amid the torrid sands ; and to the south
 Her stormy cape. Beyond the misty main 300
 The weary eye scarce wanders, when behold
 Plata, through vaster territory poured ;
 And Andes, sweeping the horizon's tract,
 Mightiest of mountains ! whose eternal snows
 Feel not the nearer sun ; whose umbrage chills
 The murmuring ocean ; whose volcanic fires
 A thousand nations view, hung like the moon
 High in the middle waste of heaven ; thy range,
 Shading far off the Southern hemisphere,
 A dusky file Titanic. 310

So spread

Before our great forefather's view the globe

Appeared ; with seas, and shady continents, 313
 And verdant isles, and mountains lifting dark
 Their forests, and indenting rivers, poured
 In silvery maze. And, Lo ! the Angel said,
 These scenes, O Noah, thy posterity
 Shall people ; but remote and scattered wide,
 They shall forget their God, and see no trace,
 Save dimly, of their Great Original. 320
 Rude caves shall be their dwellings : till, with noise
 Of multitudes, imperial cities rise.
 But the Arch Fiend, the foe of God and man,
 Shall fling his spells ; and, 'mid illusions drear,
 Blear Superstition shall arise, the earth
 Eclipsing.—Deep in caves,¹ vault within vault
 Far winding ; or in night of thickest woods,
 Where no bird sings ; or 'mid huge circles gray
 Of uncouth stone, her aspect wild, and pale
 As the terrific flame that near her burns, 330
 She her mysterious rites, 'mid hymns and cries,
 Shall wake, and to her shapeless idols, vast
 And smeared with blood, or shrines of lust, shall lead
 Her votaries, maddening as she waves her torch,
 With visage more expanded, to the groans
 Of human sacrifice.

Nor think that love
 And happiness shall dwell in vales remote :
 The naked man shall see the glorious sun,
 And think it but enlightens his poor isle, 340
 Hid in the watery waste ; cold on his limbs
 The ocean-spray shall beat ; his Deities
 Shall be the stars, the thunder, and the winds ;
 And if a stranger on his rugged shores
 Be cast, his offered blood shall stain the strand.

¹ The caves of Elephanta and Salsette.

O wretched man ! who then shall raise thee up 346
 From this thy dark estate, forlorn and lost ?
 The Patriarch said.

The Angel answered mild,

His GOD, who destined him to noblest ends ! 350
 But mutual intercourse shall stir at first
 The sunk and grovelling spirit, and from sleep
 The sullen energies of man rouse up,
 As of a slumbering giant. He shall walk
 Sublime amid the works of GOD : the earth
 Shall own his wide dominion ; the great sea
 Shall toss in vain its roaring waves ; his eye
 Shall scan the bright orbs as they roll above
 Glorious, and his expanding heart shall burn,
 As wide and wider in magnificence 360
 The vast scene opens ; in the winds and clouds,
 'The seas, and circling planets, he shall see
 The shadow of a dread Almighty move.
 Then shall the Dayspring rise, before whose beam
 The darkness of the world is past :—For, hark !
 Seraphs and angel-choirs with symphonies
 Acclaiming of ten thousand golden harps,
 Amid the bursting clouds of heaven revealed,
 At once, in glory jubilant, they sing—
 God the Redeemer liveth ! He who took 370
 Man's nature on him, and in human shroud
 Veiled his immortal glory ! He is risen !
 God the Redeemer liveth ! And behold !
 The gates of life and immortality
 Open to all that breathe !

Oh, might the strains

But win the world to love ; meek Charity
 Should lift her looks and smile ; and with faint voice
 The weary pilgrim of the earth exclaim,

As close his eye-lids—Death, where is thy sting? 380
O Grave, where is thy victory?

And ye,
Whom ocean's melancholy wastes divide,
Who slumber to the sullen surge, awake,
Break forth into thanksgiving, for the bark
That rolled upon the desert deep, shall bear
The tidings of great joy to all that live,
Tidings of life and light.

Oh, were those men,
(The Patriarch raised his drooping looks, and said) 390
Such in my dream I saw, who to the isles
And peaceful sylvan scenes o'er the wide seas
Came tilting; then their murderous instruments
Lifted, that flashed to the indignant sun,
Whilst the poor native died:—Oh, were those men
Instructed in the laws of holier love,
Thou hast displayed?

The Angel meek replied—
Call rather fiends of hell those who abuse
The mercies they receive: that such, indeed, 400
On whom the light of clearer knowledge beams,
Should wander forth, and for the tender voice
Of charity should scatter crimes and woe,
And drench, where'er they pass, the earth with blood,
Might make ev'n angels weep:

But the poor tribes
That groaned and died, deem not them innocent
As injured; more ensanguined rites and deeds
Of deepest stain were theirs; and what if God,
So to approve his justice, and exact 410
Most even retribution, blood for blood,
Bid forth the Angel of the storm of death!
Thou saw'st, indeed, the seeming innocence

Of man the savage ; but thou saw'st not all. 414
 Behold the scene more near ! hear the shrill whoop
 Of murderous war ! See tribes on neighbour tribes
 Rush howling, their red hatchets wielding high,
 And shouting to their barbarous gods ! Behold
 The captive bound, yet vaunting direst hate,
 And mocking his tormentors, while they gash 420
 His flesh unshrinking, tear his eyeballs, burn
 His beating breast ! Hear the dark temples ring
 To groans and hymns of murderous sacrifice ;
 While the stern priest, the rites of horror done,
 With hollow-echoing chaunt lifts up the heart
 Of the last victim 'mid the yelling throng,
 Quivering, and red, and reeking to the sun !¹

Reclaimed by gradual intercourse, his heart
 Warmed with new sympathies, the forest-chief
 Shall cast the bleeding hatchet to his gods 430
 Of darkness, and one Lord of all adore—
 Maker of heaven and earth.

Let it suffice,

He hath permitted EVIL for a while
 To mingle its deep hues and sable shades
 Amid life's fair perspective, as thou saw'st
 Of late the blackening clouds ; but in the end
 All these shall roll away, and evening still
 Come smilingly, while the great sun looks down
 On the illumined scene. So Charity 340
 Shall smile on all the earth, and Nature's God
 Look down upon his works ; and while far off
 The shrieking night-fiends fly, one voice shall rise
 From shore to shore, from isle to furthest isle—

¹ At the dedication of the temple of Vitzuliputzli, A.D. 1486, 64,080 human victims were sacrificed in four days.

Glory to God on high, and on earth peace, 445
Peace and good-will to men !

Thou rest in hope,
And Him with meekness and with trust adore !

He said, and spreading bright his ampler wing,
Flew to the heaven of heavens; the meek man bowed
Adoring, and, with pensive thoughts resigned,
Bent from the aching height his lonely way.

BOOK THE SECOND.

OH for a view, as from that cloudless height
Where the great Patriarch gazed upon the world,
His offspring's future seat, back on the vale
Of years departed ! We might then behold
THEBES, from her sleep of ages, awful rise,
Like an imperial shadow, from the Nile,
To airy harpings ;¹ and with lifted torch
Scatter the darkness through the labyrinths
Of death, where rest her kings, without a name,
And light the winding caves and pyramids 10
In the long night of years ! We might behold
Edom, in towery strength, majestic rise,
And awe the Erithræan, to the plains
Where Migdol frowned, and Baal-zephon stood,²
Before whose naval shrine the Memphian host
And Pharaoh's pomp were shattered ! As her fleets
From Ezion went seaward, to the sound

¹ Alluding to the harps found in the caverns of Thebes.—² Migdol was a fortress which guarded the pass of Egypt ; Baal-zephon, a sea idol, generally considered the guardian of the coast.

Of shouts and brazen trumpets, we might say, 18
 How glorious, Edom, in thy ships art thou,
 And mighty as the rushing winds !

But night

Is on the mournful scene : a voice is heard,
 As of the dead, from hollow sepulchres,
 And echoing caverns of the Nile—So pass
 The shades of mortal glory ! One pure ray
 From Sinai bursts (where God of old revealed
 His glory, through the darkness terrible
 That sat on the dread Mount), and we descry
 Thy sons, O Noah ! peopling wide the scene,
 From Shinar's plain to Egypt. 30

Let the song

Reveal, who first “ went down to the great sea
 In ships,” and braved the stormy element.

THE SONS OF CUSH.¹ Still fearful of the FLOOD,
 They on the marble range and cloudy heights
 Of that vast mountain barrier,—which uprises
 High o'er the Red Sea coast, and stretches on
 With the sea-line of Afric's southern bounds
 To Sofala,—delved in the granite mass
 Their dark abode, spreading from rock to rock 40
 Their subterranean cities, whilst they heard,
 Secure, the rains of vexed Orion rush.
 Emboldened they descend, and now their fanes
 On Egypt's champaign darken, whilst the noise
 Of caravans is heard, and pyramids
 In the pale distance gleam. Imperial THEBES
 Starts, like a giant, from the dust ; as when
 Some dread enchanter waves his wand, and towers
 And palaces far in the sandy wilds
 Spring up : and still, her sphinxes, huge and high, 50

¹ The Cushites inhabited the granite rocks stretching along the Red Sea.

Her marble wrecks colossal, seem to speak 51
 The work of some great arm invisible,
 Surpassing human strength ; while toiling Time,
 That sways his desolating scythe so vast,
 And weary havoc murmuring at his side,
 Smite them in vain. Heard ye the mystic song
 Resounding from her caverns as of yore ?

Sing to Osiris,¹ for his ark
 No more in night profound
 Of ocean, fathomless and dark, 60
 Typhon² has sunk ! Aloud the sistrums ring—
 Osiris !—to our god Osiris sing !—

And let the midnight shore to rites of joy resound !
 Thee, great restorer of the world, the song
 Darkly described, and that mysterious shrine
 That bore thee o'er the desolate abyss,
 When the earth sank with all its noise !

So taught,

The borderers of the Erithræan launch'd
 Their barks, and to the shores of Araby 70
 First their brief voyage stretched, and thence returned
 With aromatic gums, or spicy wealth
 Of India. Prouder triumphs yet await,
 For lo ! where Ophir's gold unburied shines
 New to the sun ; but perilous the way,
 O'er Ariana's³ spectred wilderness,
 Where ev'n the patient camel scarce endures
 The long, long solitude of rocks and sands,
 Parched, faint, and sinking, in his mid-day course.

But see ! upon the shore great Ammon⁴ stands— 80

¹ When the Egyptians found the ark, their expression was, " Let us rejoice, we have found the lost Osiris," or Noah.—² The deluge or devastating storm. —³ The desert of Ariana, where the army of Cyrus perished. —⁴ Ammon, according to Sir Isaac Newton, was the first artificer who built large ships, and passed the Straits.

Be the deep opened ! At his voice the deep 81
 Is opened ; and the shading ships that ride
 With statelier masts and ampler hulls the seas,
 Have passed the Straits, and left the rocks and GATES
 OF DEATH.¹ Where Asia's cape the autumnal surge
 Throws blackening back, beneath a hollow cove,
 Awhile the mariners their fearful course
 Ponder, ere yet they tempt the further deep ;
 Then plunged into the sullen main, they cast
 The youthful victim, to the dismal gods 90
 Devoted, whilst the smoke of sacrifice
 Slowly ascends :

Hear, King of Ocean ! hear,
 Dark phantom ! whether in thy secret cave
 Thou sittest, where the deeps are fathomless,
 Nor hear'st the waters hum, though all above
 Is uproar loud ; or on the widest waste,
 Far from all land, mov'st in the noontide sun,
 With dread and lonely shadow ; or on high
 Dost ride upon the whirling spires, and fume 100
 Of that enormous volume, that ascends
 Black to the skies, and with the thunder's roar
 Bursts, while the waves far on are still : Oh, hear,
 Dread power, and save ! lest hidden eddies whirl
 The helpless vessels down,—down to the deeps
 Of night, where thou, O Father of the Storm,
 Dost sleep ; or thy vast stature might appear
 High o'er the flashing waves, and (as thy beard
 Streamed to the cloudy winds) pass o'er their track,
 And they are seen no more ; or monster-birds 110
 Darkening, with pennons lank, the morn, might bear
 The victims to some desert rock, and leave
 Their scattered bones to whiten in the winds !

¹ The entrance into the Red Sea was called the Gate of Affliction.

The Ocean-gods, with sacrifice appeased, 114
Propitious smile ; the thunder's roar has ceased,
Smooth and in silence o'er the azure realm
The tall ships glide along ; for the South-West
Cheerly and steady blows, and the blue seas
Beneath the shadow sparkle ; on they speed,
The long coast varies as they pass from cove 120
To sheltering cove, the long coast winds away ;
Till now emboldened by the unvarying gale,
Still urging to the East, the sailors deem
Some god inviting swells their willing sails,
Or Destiny's fleet dragons through the surge
Cut their mid-way, yoked to the beaked prows
Unseen !

Night after night the heavens' still cope,
That glows with stars, they watch, till morning bears
Airs of sweet fragrance o'er the yellow tide : 130
Then Malabar her green declivities
Hangs beauteous, beaming to the eye afar
Like scenes of pictured bliss, the shadowy land
Of soft enchantment. Now Salmala's peak
Shines high in air, and Ceylon's dark green woods
Beneath are spread ; while, as the strangers wind
Along the curving shores, sounds of delight
Are heard ; and birds of richest plumage, red
And yellow, glance along the shades ; or fly
With morning twitter, circling o'er the mast, 140
As singing welcome to the weary crew.
Here rest, till westerling gales again invite.
Then o'er the line of level seas glide on,
As the green deities of ocean guide,
Till Ophir's distant hills spring from the main,
And their long labours cease.

147

Hence Asia slow

Her length unwinds ; and Siam and Ceylon
 Through wider channels pour their gems and gold
 To swell the pomp of Egypt's kings, or deck
 With new magnificence the rising dome ¹
 Of Palestine's imperial lord.

160

His wants

To satisfy ; “ with comelier draperies ”
 To clothe his shivering form ; to bid his arm
 Burst, like the Patagonian's, ² the vain cords
 That bound his untried strength ; to nurse the flame
 Of wider heart-ennobling sympathies ;—
 For this young Commerce roused the energies
 Of man ; else rolling back, stagnant and foul,
 Like the GREAT ELEMENT on which his ships
 Go forth, without the currents, winds, and tides
 That swell it, as with awful life, and keep
 From rank putrescence the long-moving mass :
 And He, the sovereign Maker of the world,
 So to excite man's high activities,
 Bad various climes their various produce pour.
 On Asia's plain mark where the cotton-tree
 Hangs elegant its golden gems ; the date
 Sits purpling the soft lucid haze, that lights
 The still, pale, sultry landscape ; breathing sweet
 Along old Ocean's billowy marge, the eve
 Bears spicy fragrance far ; the bread-fruit shades
 The southern isles ; and gems, and richest ore,
 Lurk in the caverned mountains of the west.
 With ampler shade the northern oak uplifts
 His strength, itself a forest, and descends
 Proud to the world of waves, to bear afar

170

¹ Temple of Solomon.—² Alluding to the story of Patagonians bursting their cords when taken.

The wealth collected, on the swelling tides, 179
To every land :—Where nature seems to mourn
Her rugged outcast rocks, there Enterprise
Leaps up ; he gazes, like a god, around ;
He sees on other plains rich harvests wave ;
He marks far off the diamond blaze ; he burns
To reach the glittering prize ; he looks ; he speaks ;
The pines of Lebanon fall at his voice ;
He rears the towering mast : o'er the long main
He wanders, and becomes, himself though poor,
The sovereign of the globe !

So Sidon rose ; 190

And Tyre, yet prouder o'er the subject waves,—
When in his manlier might the Ammonian spread
Beyond Philistia to the Syrian sands,—
Crowned on her rocky citadel, beheld
The treasures of all lands poured at her feet.
Her daring prows the inland main disclosed ;
Freedom and Glory, Eloquence, and Arts,
Follow their track, upspringing where they passed ;
Till, lo ! another Thebes, an ATHENS springs,
From the Ægean shores, and airs are heard, 200
As of no mortal melody, from isles
That strew the deep around ! On to the STRAITS
Where tower the brazen pillars ¹ to the clouds,
Her vessels ride. But what a shivering dread
Quelled their bold hopes, when on their watch by night
The mariners first saw the distant flames
Of Ætna, and its red portentous glare
Streaking the midnight waste ! 'Tis not thy lamp,
Astarte, hung in the dun vault of night,
To guide the wanderers of the main ! Aghast 210
They eye the fiery cope, and wait the dawn.

¹ Pillars of Hercules.

Opens her azure bays ; Liguria's gulph 244
 Is past ; the Bætic rocks, and ramparts high,
 That CLOSE THE WORLD, appear. The dashing bark
 Bursts through the fearful frith : Ah ! all is now
 One boundless billowy waste ; the huge-heaved wave
 Beneath the keel turns more intensely blue ;
 And vaster rolls the surge, that sweeps the shores 250
 Of Cerne, and the green Hesperides,
 And long-renowned Atlantis,¹ whether sunk
 Now to the bottom of the " monstrous world ;"
 Or was it but a shadow of the mind,
 Vapoury and baseless, like the distant clouds
 That seem the promise of an unknown land
 To the pale-eyed and wasted mariner,
 Cold on the rocking mast. The pilot plies,
 Now tossed upon Bayonna's mountain-surge,
 High to the north his way ; when, lo ! the cliffs 260
 Of Albion, o'er the sea-line rising calm
 And white, and Marazion's woody mount
 Lifting its dark romantic point between.

So did thy ships to Earth's wide bounds proceed,
 O Tyre ! and thou wert rich and beautiful
 In that thy day of glory. Carthage rose,
 Thy daughter, and the rival of thy fame,
 Upon the sands of Lybia ; princes were
 Thy merchants ; on thy golden throne thy state
 Shone, like the orient sun. Dark Lebanon 270
 Waved all his pines for thee ; for thee the oaks
 Of Bashan towered in strength : thy galleys cut,
 Glittering, the sunny surge ; thy mariners,
 On ivory benches, furled th' embroidered sails,
 That looms of Egypt wove, or to the oars,
 That measuring dipped, their choral sea-songs sung ;

¹ The island described by Plato ; by some supposed to be America.

The multitude of isles did shout for thee, 277
 And cast their emeralds at thy feet, and said—
 Queen of the Waters, who is like to thee !

So wert thou glorious on the seas, and said'st,
I am a God, and there is none like me.

But the dread voice prophetic is gone forth :—

Howl, for the whirlwind of the desert comes !

Howl ye again, for Tyre, her multitude

Of sins and dark abominations cry

Against her, saith the LORD ; in the mid seas

Her beauty shall be broken ; I will bring

Her pride to ashes ; she shall be no more,

The distant isles shall tremble at the sound

When thou dost fall ; the princes of the sea 290

Shall from their thrones come down, and cast away

Their gorgeous robes ; for thee they shall take up

A bitter lamentation, and shall say—

How art thou fallen, renowned city ! THOU,

Who wert enthroned glorious on the seas,

To rise no more !

So visible, O God,

Is thy dread hand in all the earth ! Where Tyre

In gold and purple glittered o'er the scene,

Now the poor fisher dries his net, nor thinks 300

How great, how rich, how glorious, once she rose !

Meantime the furthest isle, cold and obscure,

Whose painted natives roamed their woody wilds,

From all the world cut off, that wondering marked

Her stately sails approach, now in her turn

Rises a star of glory in the West—

Albion, the wonder of the illumined world !

See there a Newton wing the highest heavens ;

See there a Herschell's daring hand withdraw

The luminous pavilion, and the throne 310

Of the bright SUN reveal ; there hear the voice 811
 Of holy truth amid her cloistered fane,
 As the clear anthem swells ; see Taste adorn
 Her palaces ; and Painting's fervid touch,
 That bids the canvas breathe ; hear angel-strains,
 When Handel, or melodious Purcell, pours
 His sweetest harmonies ; see Poesy
 Open her vales romantic, and the scenes
 Where Fancy, an enraptured votary, roves
 At eve ; and hark ! 'twas Shakspeare's voice ! he sits 320
 Upon a high and charmed rock alone,
 And, like the genius of the mountain, gives
 The rapt song to the winds ; whilst Pity weeps,
 Or Terror shudders at the changeful tones,
 As when his Ariel soothes the storm ! Then pause,
 For the wild billows answer—Lycidas
 Is dead, young Lycidas, dead ere his prime,
 Whelmed in the deep, beyond the Orcades,
 Or where the " vision of the guarded Mount,
 BELERUS holds." 330

Nor skies, nor earth, confine
 The march of England's glory ; on she speeds—
 The unknown barriers of the utmost deep
 Her prow has burst, where the dread genius slept
 For ages undisturbed, save when he walked
 Amid the darkness of the storm ! Her fleet
 Even now along the East rides terrible,
 Where early-rising commerce cheered the scene !
 Heard ye the thunders of her vengeance roll,
 As Nelson, through the battle's dark-red haze 340
 Aloft upon the burning prow directs,
 Where the dread hurricane, with sulphureous flash,
 Shall burst unquenchable, while from the grave
 Osiris ampler seems to rise ? Where thou,

O Tyre ! didst awe the subject seas of yore, 345
 Acre even now, and ancient Carmel, hears
 The cry of conquest. 'Mid the fire and smoke
 Of the war-shaken citadel, with eye
 Of temper'd flame, yet resolute command,
 His brave sword beaming, and his cheering voice 350
 Heard 'mid the onset's cries, his dark-brown hair
 Spread on his fearless forehead, and his hand
 Pointing to Gallia's baffled chief, behold
 The British Hero stand ! Why beats my heart
 With kindred animation ? The warm tear
 Of patriot triumph fills mine eye. I strike
 A louder strain unconscious, while the harp
 Swells to the bold involuntary song.

I.

Fly, SON OF TERROR, fly !
 Back o'er the burning desert he is fled ! 360
 In heaps the gory dead
 And livid in the trenches lie !
 His dazzling files no more
 Flash on the Syrian sands,
 As when from Egypt's ravaged shore,
 Aloft their gleamy falchions swinging,
 Aloud their victor pæans singing,
 Their onward way the Gallic legions took.
 Despair, dismay, are on his altered look,
 Yet hate indignant lowers ; 370
 Whilst high on Acre's granite towers
 The shade of English Richard seems to stand ;
 And frowning far, in dusky rows,
 A thousand archers draw their bows !
 They join the triumph of the British band,

And the rent watch-tower echoes to the cry, 376
 Heard o'er the rolling surge—They fly, they fly !

II.

Now the hostile fires decline,
 Now through the smoke's deep volumes shine ;
 Now above the bastions gray 380
 The clouds of battle roll away ;
 Where, with calm, yet glowing mien,
 Britain's victorious youth is seen !
 He lifts his eye,
 His country's ensigns wave through smoke on high,
 Whilst the long-mingled shout is heard—They fly, they
 fly !

III.

Hoary CARMEL, witness thou,
 And lift in conscious pride thy brow ;
 As when upon thy cloudy plain
 BAAL'S PROPHETS cried in vain ! 390
 They gashed their flesh, and leaped, and cried,
 From morn till lingering even-tide.
 Then stern ELIJAH on his foes
 Strong in the might of Heaven arose !—
 On CARMEL'S top he stood,
 And while the blackening clouds and rain
 Came sounding from the Western main,
 Raised his right hand that dropped with impious blood.
 ANCIENT KISHON prouder swell,
 On whose banks they bowed, they fell, 400
 The mighty ones of yore, when, pale with dread,
 Inglorious SISERA fled !
 So let them perish, Holy LORD,
 Who for OPPRESSION lift the sword ;

But let all those who, armed for freedom, fight, 405
"Be as the sun who goes forth in his might."

BOOK THE THIRD.

My heart has sighed in secret, when I thought
That the dark tide of time might one day close,
England, o'er thee, as long since it has closed
On Egypt and on Tyre : that ages hence,
From the Pacific's billowy loneliness,
Whose tract thy daring search revealed, some isle
Might rise in green-haired beauty eminent,
And like a goddess, glittering from the deep,
Hereafter sway the sceptre of domain
From pole to pole ; and such as now thou art, 10
Perhaps NEW-HOLLAND be. For who shall say
What the OMNIPOTENT ETERNAL ONE,
That made the world, hath purposed ! Thoughts like these,
Though visionary, rise ; and sometimes move
A moment's sadness, when I think of thee,
My country, of thy greatness, and thy name,
Among the nations ; and thy character,—
Though some few spots be on thy flowing robe,—
Of loveliest beauty : I have never passed
Through thy green hamlets on a summer's morn, 20
Nor heard thy sweet bells ring, nor seen the youths
And smiling maidens of thy villages,
Gay in their Sunday tire, but I have said,
With passing tenderness—Live, happy land,
Where the poor peasant feels his shed, though small,

An independence and a pride, that fill 26
His honest heart with joy—joy such as they
Who crowd the mart of men may never feel !
Such, England, is thy boast. When I have heard
The roar of ocean bursting 'round thy rocks, 30
Or seen a thousand thronging masts aspire,
Far as the eye could reach, from every port
Of every nation, streaming with their flags
O'er the still mirror of the conscious Thames,—
Yes, I have felt a proud emotion swell
That I was British-born ; that I had lived
A witness of thy glory, my most loved
And honoured country ; and a silent prayer
Would rise to Heaven, that Fame and Peace, and Love
And Liberty, might walk thy vales, and sing 40
Their holy hymns, while thy brave arm repelled
Hostility, even as thy guardian cliffs
Repel the dash of that dread element
Which calls me, lingering on the banks of Thames,
On to my destined voyage, by the shores
Of Asia, and the wreck of cities old,
Ere yet we burst into the wilder deep
With Gama ; or the huge Atlantic waste
With bold Columbus stem ; or view the bounds
Of field-ice, stretching to the southern pole, 50
With thee, benevolent, lamented Cook !
Tyre be no more ! said the ALMIGHTY voice :
But thou too, Monarch of the world,¹ whose arm
Rent the proud bulwarks of the golden queen
Of cities, throned upon her subject seas,
ART THOU TOO FALL'N ?

The whole earth is at rest :

“ They break forth into singing : ” Lebanon

¹ Nebuchadnezzar, the destroyer of Tyre.

Waves all his hoary pines, and seems to say, 59
 No feller now comes here ; HELL from beneath
 Is moved to meet thy coming ; it stirs up
 The DEAD for thee ; the CHIEF ONES of the earth,
 Tyre and the nations, they all speak and say—
 Art thou become like us ! Thy pomp brought down
 E'en to the dust ! The noise of viols ceased,
 The worm spread under thee, the crawling worm
 To cover thee ! How art thou fall'n from heaven,
 Son of the morning ! In thy heart thou saidst,
 I will ascend to Heaven ; I will exalt
 My throne above the stars of God ! Die—die, 70
 Blasphemer ! As a carcase under foot,
 Defiled and trodden, so be thou cast out !
 And SHE, the great, the guilty Babel—SHE
 Who smote the wasted cities, and the world
 Made as a wilderness—SHE, in her turn,
 Sinks to the gulf oblivious at the voice
 Of HIM who sits in judgment on her crimes !
 Who, o'er her palaces and buried towers,
 Shall bid the owl hoot, and the bittern scream ;
 And on her pensile groves and pleasant shades 80
 Pour the deep waters of forgetfulness.

On that same night, when with a cry she fell,
 (Like her own mighty idol dashed to earth,)
 'There was a strange eclipse, and long laments
 Were heard, and muttering thunders o'er the towers
 Of the high palace where his wassail loud
 Belshazzar kept, mocking the GOD OF HEAVEN,
 And flushed with impious mirth ; for BEL had left
 With sullen shriek his golden shrine, and sat,
 With many a gloomy apparition girt, 90
 NISROCH and NEBO chief, in the dim sphere
 Of mooned ASTORETH, whose orb now rolled

In darkness :—They their earthly empire mourned ; 93
Meantime the host of Cyrus through the night
Silent advanced more nigh ; and at that hour,
In the torch-blazing hall of revelry,
The fingers of a shadowy hand distinct
Came forth, and unknown figures marked the wall,
Searing the eye-balls of the starting king :
Tyre is avenged ; Babel is fall'n, is fall'n ! 100
Bel and her gods are shattered !

PRINCE, to thee

Called by the voice of God to execute
His will on earth, and raised to Persia's throne,
CYRUS, all hearts pay homage. Touched with tints
Most clear by the historian's magic art,
Thy features wear a gentleness and grace
Unlike the stern cold aspect and the frown
Of the dark chiefs of yore, the gloomy clan
Of heroes, from humanity and love 110
Removed : To thee a brighter character
Belongs—high dignity, unbending truth—
Yet Nature ; not that lordly apathy
Which confidence and human sympathy
Represses, but a soul that bids all hearts
Smiling approach. We almost burn in thought
To kiss the hand that loosed Panthea's chains,
And bless him with a parent's, husband's tear,
Who stood a guardian angel in distress
To the unfriended, and the beautiful, 120
Consigned a helpless slave. Thy portrait, touched
With tints of softest light, thus wins all hearts
To love thee ; but severer policy,
Cyrus, pronounces otherwise : she hears
No stir of commerce on the sullen marge
Of waters that along thy empire's verge

Beat cheerless ; no proud moles arise ; no ships, 127
 Freightèd with Indian wealth, glide o'er the main
 From cape to cape. But on the desert sands
 Hurtles thy numerous host, seizing, in thought
 Rapacious, the rich fields of Hindostan,
 As the poor savage fells the blooming tree
 To gain its tempting fruit ; but woe the while !
 For in the wilderness the noise is lost
 Of all thy archers ;—they have ceased ;—the wind
 Blows o'er them, and the voice of judgment cries :
 So perish they who grasp with avarice
 Another's blessed portion, and disdain
 That interchange of mutual good, that crowns
 The slow, sure toil of commerce. 140

It was thine,

Immortal son of Macedon ! to hang
 In the high fane of maritime renown
 The fairest trophies of thy fame, and shine,
 THEN only like a god, when thy great mind
 Swayed in its master council the deep tide
 Of things, predestining th' eventful roll
 Of commerce, and uniting either world,
 Europe and Asia, in thy vast design.

Twas when the victor, in his proud career, 150
 O'er ravaged Hindostan, had now advanced
 Beyond Hydaspes ; on the flowery banks
 Of Hyphasis, with banners thronged, his camp
 Was spread. On high he bade the altars rise,
 The awful records to succeeding years
 Of his long march of glory, and to point
 The spot where, like the thunder rolled away,
 His army paused. Now shady eve came down ;
 The trumpet sounded to the setting sun,
 That looked from his illumed pavilion, calm 160

Upon the scene of arms, as if, all still, 161
And lovely as his parting light, the world
Beneath him spread ; nor clangours, nor deep groans,
Were heard, nor victory's shouts, nor sighs, nor shrieks,
Were ever wafted from a bleeding land,
After the havoc of a conqueror's sword.
So calm the sun declined ; when from the woods,
That shone to his last beam, a Brahmin old
Came forth. His streaming beard shone in the ray,
That slanted o'er his feeble frame ; his front 170
Was furrowed. To the sun's last light he cast
A look of sorrow, then in silence bowed
Before the conqueror of the world. At once
All, as in death, was still. The victor chief
Trembled, he knew not why ; the trumpet ceased
Its clangor, and the crimson streamer waved
No more in folds insulting to the Lord
Of the reposing world. The pallid front
Of the meek man seemed for a moment calm,
Yet dark and thronging thoughts appeared to swell 180
His beating heart. He paused—and then abrupt :
Victor, avaunt ! he cried,
Hence ! and the banners of thy pride
Bear to the deep ! Behold on high
Yon range of mountains mingled with the sky !
It is the place
Where the great Father of the human race
Rested, when all the world and all its sounds
Ceased ; and the ocean that surrounds
The earth, leaped from its dark abode 190
Beneath the mountains, and enormous flowed,
The green earth deluging ! List, soldier, list !
And dread His might no mortal may resist.
Great Bramah rested, hushed in sleep,

When Hayagraiva¹ came, 195
 With mooned horns and eyes of flame,
 And bore the holy Vedas² to the deep.
 Far from the sun's rejoicing ray,
 Beneath the huge abyss, the buried treasures lay.
 Then foamed the billowy desert wide, 200
 And all that breathed—they died,
 Sunk in the rolling waters: such the crime
 And violence of earth. But he above,
 Great Vishnu, moved with pitying love,
 Preserved the pious king, whose ark sublime
 Floated, in safety borne:
 For his stupendous horn,
 Blazing like gold, and many a rood
 Extended o'er the dismal flood,
 The precious freight sustained, till on the crest 210
 Of Himakeel,³ yon mountain high,
 That darkly mingles with the sky,
 Where many a griffin roams, the hallowed ark found rest.
 And Heaven decrees that here
 Shall cease thy slaughtering spear:
 Enough we bleed, enough we weep,
 Hence, victor, to the deep!
 Ev'n now along the tide
 I see thy ships triumphant ride:
 I see the world of trade emerge 220
 From ocean's solitude! What fury fires
 My breast! The flood, the flood retires,⁴
 And owns its future sovereign! Urge
 Thy destined way; what countless pennants stream!
 (Or is it but the shadow of a dream?)

¹ Hayagraiva, the evil spirit of the ocean.—² The sacred writings of the Hindus. — ³ Caucasus. — ⁴ Alluding to the astonishment of Alexander's soldiers, when they first witnessed the effects of the tide.

Ev'n now old Indus hails 226
Thy daring prow in long array,
That o'er the lone seas gliding,
Around the sea-gods riding,
Speed to Euphrates' shores their destined way. 230
Fill high the bowl of mirth !
From west to east the earth
Proclaims thee Lord ; shall the blue main
Confine thy reign ?
But tremble, tyrant ; hark in many a ring,
With language dread
Above thy head,
The dark Assoors³ thy death-song sing.
What mortal blow
Hath laid the king of nations low ? 240
No hand : his own despair.—
But shout, for the canvas shall swell to the air,
Thy ships explore
Unknown Persia's winding shore,
While the great dragon rolls his arms in vain.
And see, uprising from the level main,
A new and glorious city springs ;—
Hither speed thy woven wings,
That glance along the azure tide ;
Asia and Europe own thy might ;— 250
The willing seas of either world unite :
Thy name shall consecrate the sands,
And glittering to the sky the mart of nations stands.
He spoke, and rushed into the thickest wood.
With flashing eyes the impatient monarch cried—
Yes, by the Lybian Ammon and the gods
Of Greece, thou bid'st me on, the self-same track

³ Assoors, the evil genii of India.

My spirit pointed ; and, let death betide,
My name shall live in glory !

258

At his word

The pines descend ; the thronging masts aspire ;
The novel sails swell beauteous o'er the curves
Of INDUS ; to the Moderators' song¹
The oars keep time, while bold Nearchus guides
Aloft the gallies. On the foremost prow
The monarch from his golden goblet pours
A full libation to the gods, and calls
By name the mighty rivers, through whose course
He seeks the sea. To Lybian Ammon loud
The songs ascend ; the trumpets bray ; aloft
The streamers fly, whilst on the evening wave
Majestic to the main the fleet descends.

270

BOOK THE FOURTH.

STAND on the gleaming Pharos,² and aloud
Shout, Commerce, to the kingdoms of the earth ;
Shout, for thy golden portals are set wide,
And all thy streamers o'er the surge, aloft,
In pomp triumphant wave. The weary way
That pale Nearchus passed, from creek to creek
Advancing slow, no longer bounds the track
Of the adventurous mariner, who steers
Steady, with eye intent upon the stars,

¹ Moderators were people stationed on the poop, to excite with songs the maritime ardour, while the oars kept time.—² The Pharos was not erected by Alexander, but Alexandria is here supposed to be finished.

To Elam's echoing port. Meantime, more high 10
Aspiring, o'er the Western main her towers
Th' imperial city lifts, the central mart
Of nations, and beneath the calm clear sky,
At distance from the palmy marge, displays
Her clustering columns, whitening to the morn.

Damascus' fleece, Golconda's gems, are there.
Murmurs the haven with one ceaseless hum ;
The hurrying camel's bell, the driver's song,
Along the sands resound. Tyre, art thou fall'n ?
A prouder city crowns the inland sea, 20
Raised by his hand who smote thee ; as if thus
His mighty mind were swayed to recompense
The evil of his march through cities stormed,
And regions wet with blood ! and still had flowed
The tide of commerce through the destined track,
Traced by his mind sagacious, who surveyed
The world he conquered with a sage's eye,
As with a soldier's spirit ; but a scene
More awful opens : ancient world, adieu !
Adieu, cloud-piercing pillars, erst its bounds ; 30
And thou, whose aged head once seemed to prop
The heavens, huge Atlas, sinking fast, adieu !
What though the seas with wilder fury rave,
Through their deserted realm ; though the dread Cape,¹
Sole-frowning o'er the war of waves below,
That bar the seaman's search, horrid in air
Appear with giant amplitude ; his head
Shrouded in clouds, the tempest at his feet,
And standing thus terrific, seem to say, 39
Incensed—Approach who dare ! What though the fears
Of superstition people the vexed space
With spirits unblessed, that lamentations make

¹ Cape Bojador.

To the sad surge beyond—yet Enterprise, 43
 Not now a darkling Cyclop on the sands
 Striding, but led by Science, and advanced
 To a more awful height, on the wide scene
 Looks down commanding.

Does a shuddering thought
 Of danger start, as the tumultuous sea
 Tosses below ! Calm Science, with a smile, 50
 Displays the wondrous index, that still points,
 With nice vibration tremulous, to the Pole.
 And such, she whispers, is the just man's hope
 In this tempestuous scene of human things ;
 Even as the constant needle to the North
 Still points ; so Piety and meek-eyed Faith
 Direct, though trembling oft, their constant gaze
 'Heavenward, as to their lasting home, nor fear
 The night, fast closing on their earthly way.

And guided by this index, thou shall pass 60
 The world of seas secure. Far from all land,
 Where not a sea-bird wanders ; where nor star,
 Nor moon appears, nor the bright noonday sun,
 Safe in the wildering storm, as when the breeze
 Of summer gently blows ; through day, through night,
 Where sink the well-known stars, and others rise
 Slow from the South, the victor bark shall ride.

Henry ! thy ardent mind first pierced the gloom
 Of dark disastrous ignorance, that sat
 Upon the Southern wave, like the deep cloud 70
 That lowered upon the woody skirts, and veiled
 From mortal search, with umbrage ominous,
 Madeira's unknown isle. But look ! the morn
 Is kindled on the shadowy offing ; streaks
 Of clear cold light on Sagres' battlements
 Are cast, where Henry watches, listening still

To the unwearied surge ; and turning still 77
 His anxious eyes to the horizon's bounds.
 A sail appears ; it swells, it shines : more high
 Seen through the dusk it looms ; and now the hull
 Is black upon the surge, whilst she rolls on
 Aloft—the weather-beaten ship—and now
 Streams by the watch-tower !

Zarco,¹ from the deep

What tidings ?

The loud storm of night prevailed,
 And swept our vessel from Bojador's rocks
 Far out to sea ; a sylvan isle² received
 Our sails ; so willed the ALMIGHTY—He who speaks,
 And all the waves are still ! 90

Hail, HENRY cried,
 The omen : we have burst the sole barrier,
 (Prosper our wishes, Father of the world !)
 We speed to Asia.

Soon upon the deep

The brave ship speeds again. Bojador's rocks
 Arise at distance, frowning o'er the surf,
 That boils for many a league without. Its course
 The ship holds on ; till lo ! the beauteous isle,
 That shielded late the sufferers from the storm, 100
 Springs o'er the wave again. Here they refresh
 Their wasted strength, and lift their vows to Heaven,
 But Heaven denies their further search ; for ah !
 What fearful apparition, palled in clouds,
 For ever sits upon the Western wave,
 Like night, and in its strange portentous gloom
 Wrapping the lonely waters, seems the bounds
 Of Nature ? Still it sits, day after day,

¹ John Gongalez Zarco was employed by Prince Henry to conduct the enterprise of discovery along the Western coast of Africa. — ² Porto Santo.

The same mysterious vision. Holy saints ! 109
 Is it the dread abyss where all things cease ?
 Or haply hid from mortal search, thine isle,
 Cipango, and that unapproached seat
 Of peace, where rest the Christians whom the hate
 Of Moorish pride pursued ? Whate'er it be,
 Zarco, thy holy courage bids thee on
 To burst the gloom, though dragons guard the shore,¹
 Or beings more than mortal pace the sands.

The favouring gales invite ; the bowsprit bears
 Right onward to the fearful shade ; more black
 The cloudy spectre towers ; already fear 120
 Shrinks at the view aghast and breathless. Hark !
 'Twas more than the deep murmur of the surge
 That struck the ear ; whilst through the lurid gloom
 Gigantic phantoms seem to lift in air
 Their misty arms ; yet, yet—bear boldly on—
 The mist dissolves ;—seen through the parting haze,
 Romantic rocks, like the depicted clouds,
 Shine out ; beneath a blooming wilderness
 Of varied wood is spread, that scents the air ;
 Where fruits of “ golden rind,” thick interspersed 130
 And pendent, through the mantling umbrage gleam
 Inviting. Cypress here, and stateliest pine,
 Spire o'er the nether shades, as emulous
 Of sole distinction where all nature smiles.
 Some trees, in sunny glades alone their head
 And graceful stem uplifting, mark below
 The turf with shadow ; whilst in rich festoons
 The flowery lianes braid their boughs ; meantime

¹ I have called the three islands of Madeiras the Hesperides, who, in ancient mythology, are the three daughters of Atlas ; as I consider the orange-trees and mysterious shade, with the rocks discerned through it on a nearer approach, to be the best solution of the fable of the golden fruit, the dragon, and the three daughters of Atlas.

Choirs of innumerable birds of liveliest song 139
 And brightest plumage, flitting through the shades,
 With nimble glance are seen ; they, unalarmed,
 Now near in airy circles sing, then speed
 Their random flight back to their sheltering bowers,
 Whose silence, broken only by their song,
 From the foundation of this busy world,
 Perhaps had never echoed to the voice,
 Or heard the steps, of Man. What rapture fired
 The strangers' bosoms, as from glade to glade
 They passed, admiring all, and gazing still
 With new delight ! 'Tis solitude around ; 150
 Deep solitude, that on the gloom of woods
 Primæval fearful hangs : a green recess
 Now opens in the wilderness ; gay flowers
 Of unknown name purple the yielding sward ;
 The ring-dove murmurs o'er their head, like one
 Attesting tenderest joy ; but mark the trees,
 Where, slanting through the gloom, the sunshine rests !
 Beneath, a moss-grown monument appears,
 O'er which the green banana gently waves
 Its long leaf ; and an aged cypress near 160
 Leans, as if listening to the streamlet's sound,
 That gushes from the adverse bank ; but pause—
 Approach with reverence ! Maker of the world,
 There is a Christian's cross ! and on the stone
 A name, yet legible amid its moss,—
 Anna !

In that remote, sequestered spot,
 Shut as it seemed from all the world, and lost
 In boundless seas, to trace a name, to mark
 The emblems of their holy faith, from all 170
 Drew tears ; while every voice faintly pronounced,
 Anna ! But thou, loved harp ! whose strings have rung

To louder tones, oh ! let my hand, awhile, 173
 The wires more softly touch, whilst I rehearse
 Her name and fate, who in this desert deep,
 Far from the world, from friends, and kindred, found
 Her long and last abode ; there where no eye
 Might shed a tear on her remains ; no heart
 Sigh in remembrance of her fate :—

She left 180

The Severn's side, and fled with him she loved
 O'er the wide main ; for he had told her tales
 Of happiness in distant lands, where care
 Comes not ; and pointing to the golden clouds
 That shone above the waves, when evening came,
 Whispered—Oh, are there not sweet scenes of peace,
 Far from the murmurs of this cloudy mart, —
 Where gold alone bears sway,—scenes of delight,
 Where love may lay his head upon the lap
 Of innocence, and smile at all the toil 190
 Of the low-thoughted throng, that place in wealth
 Their only bliss ! Yes, there are scenes like these.
 Leave the vain chidings of the world behind,
 Country, and hollow friends, and fly with me
 Where love and peace in distant vales invite.
 What wouldst thou here ! Oh, shall thy beauteous look
 Of maiden innocence, thy smile of youth, thine eyes
 Of tenderness and soft subdued desire,
 Thy form, thy limbs—oh, madness !—be the prey
 Of a decrepit spoiler, and for gold ?— 200
 Perish his treasure with him. Haste with me ;
 We shall find out some sylvan nook, and then,
 If thou shouldst sometimes think upon these hills,
 When they are distant far, and drop a tear,
 Yes—I will kiss it from thy cheek, and clasp
 Thy angel beauties closer to my breast ;

And whilst the winds blow o'er us, and the sun 207
Sinks beautifully down, and thy soft cheek
Reclines on mine, I will infold thee thus,
And proudly cry, My friend—my love—my wife !

So tempted he, and soon her heart approved,
Nay wooed, the blissful dream ; and oft at eve,
When the moon shone upon the wandering stream,
She paced the castle's battlements, that threw
Beneath their solemn shadow, and, resigned
To fancy and to tears, thought it most sweet
To wander o'er the world with him she loved.

Nor was his birth ignoble, for he shone
'Mid England's gallant youth in Edward's reign :
With countenance erect, and honest eye 220

Commanding (yet suffused in tenderness
At times), and smiles that like the lightning played
On his brown cheek,—so gently stern he stood,
Accomplished, generous, gentle, brave, sincere,—
Robert a Machin. But the sullen pride
Of haughty D'Arfet scorned all other claim
To his high heritage, save what the pomp
Of amplest wealth and loftier lineage gave.

Reckless of human tenderness, that seeks
One loved, one honoured object, wealth alone 230
He worshipped ; and for this he could consign
His only child, his aged hope, to loathed
Embraces, and a life of tears ! Nor here
His hard ambition ended ; for he sought,
By secret whispers of conspiracies,
His sovereign to abuse, bidding him lift
His arm avenging, and upon a youth
Of promise close the dark forgotten gates
Of living sepulture, and in the gloom
Inhume the slowly-wasting victim. 240

So 241

He purposed, but in vain ; the ardent youth
 Rescued her—her whom more than life he loved,
 Ev'n when the horrid day of sacrifice
 Drew nigh. He pointed to the distant bark,
 And while he kissed a stealing tear that fell
 On her pale cheek, as trusting she reclined
 Her head upon his breast, with ardour cried—
 Be mine, be only mine ! the hour invites ;
 Be mine, be only mine ! So won, she cast 250
 A look of last affection on the towers
 Where she had passed her infant days, that now
 Shone to the setting sun. I follow thee,
 Her faint voice said ; and lo ! where in the air
 A sail hangs tremulous, and soon her feet
 Ascend the vessel's side : The vessel glides
 Down the smooth current, as the twilight fades,
 Till soon the woods of Severn, and the spot
 Where D'Arfet's solitary turrets rose,
 Is lost ; a tear starts to her eye, she thinks 260
 Of him whose gray head to the earth shall bend,
 When he speaks nothing—but be all, like death,
 Forgotten. Gently blows the placid breeze,
 And oh ! that now some fairy pinnacle light
 Might flit across the wave (by no seen power
 Directed, save when Love upon the prow
 Gathered or spread with tender hand the sail),
 That now some fairy pinnacle, o'er the surge
 Silent, as in a summer's dream, might waft
 The passengers upon the conscious flood 270
 To regions bright of undisturbed joy !

But hark !

The wind is in the shrouds ;—the cordage sings
 With fitful violence ;—the blast now swells,

Now sinks. Dread gloom invests the further wave, 275
 Whose foaming toss alone is seen, beneath
 The veering bowsprit.

Oh, retire to rest,
 Maiden, whose tender heart would beat, whose cheek
 Turn pale to see another thus exposed! 280
 Hark! the deep thunder louder peals—Oh, save!—
 The high mast crashes; but the faithful arm
 Of love is o'er thee, and thy anxious eye,
 Soon as the gray of morning peeps, shall view
 Green Erin's hills aspiring!

The sad morn
 Comes forth; but terror on the sunless wave
 Still, like a sea-fiend, sits, and darkly smiles
 Beneath the flash that through the struggling clouds
 Bursts frequent, half revealing his scathed front, 290
 Above the rocking of the waste that rolls
 Boundless around.

No word through the long day
 She spoke;—another slowly came;—no word
 The beauteous drooping mourner spoke. The sun
 Twelve times had sunk beneath the sullen surge,
 And cheerless rose again:—Ah, where are now
 Thy havens, France! But yet—resign not yet—
 Ye lost seafarers—oh, resign not yet
 All hope—the storm is passed; the drenched sail 300
 Shines in the passing beam! Look up, and say—
 Heaven, thou hast heard our prayers!

And lo! scarce seen,
 A distant dusky spot appears;—they reach
 An unknown shore, and green and flowery vales,
 And azure hills, and silver-gushing streams,
 Shine forth; a Paradise, which Heaven alone,
 Who saw the silent anguish of despair,

Could raise in the waste wilderness of waves. 309
 They gain the haven ; through untrodden scenes,
 Perhaps untrodden by the foot of man
 Since first the earth arose, they wind. The voice
 Of Nature hails them here with music, sweet,
 As waving woods retired, or falling streams,
 Can make ; most soothing to the weary heart,
 Doubly to those who, struggling with their fate,
 And wearied long with watchings and with grief,
 Seek but a place of safety. All things here
 Whisper repose and peace ; the very birds
 That 'mid the golden fruitage glance their plumes, 320
 The songsters of the lonely valley, sing—
 Welcome from scenes of sorrow, live with us.

The wild wood opens, and a shady glen
 Appears, embowered with mantling laurels high,
 That sloping shade the flowery valley's side ;
 A lucid stream, with gentle murmur, strays
 Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves,
 Till gaining, with soft lapse, the nether plain,
 It glances light along its yellow bed ;—
 The shaggy inmates of the forest lick 330
 The feet of their new guests, and gazing stand.
 A beauteous tree upshoots amid the glade
 Its trembling top ; and there upon the bank
 They rest them, while each heart o'erflows with joy.

Now evening, breathing richer odours sweet,
 Came down : a softer sound the circling seas,
 The ancient woods resounded, while the dove,
 Her murmurs interposing, tenderness
 Awaked, yet more endearing, in the hearts
 Of those who, severed wide from human kind, 340
 Woman and man, by vows sincere betrothed,
 Heard but the voice of Nature. The still moon

Arose—they saw it not—cheek was to cheek 343
Inclined, and unawares a stealing tear
Witnessed how blissful was that hour, that seemed
Not of the hours that time could count. A kiss
Stole on the listening silence ; ne'er till now
Here heard ; they trembled, ev'n as if the Power
That made the world, that planted the first pair
In Paradise, amid the garden walked :— 350
This since the fairest garden that the world
Has witnessed, by the fabling sons of Greece
Hesperian named, who feigned the watchful guard
Of the scaled Dragon, and the Golden Fruit.
Such was this sylvan Paradise ; and here
The loveliest pair, from a hard world remote,
Upon each other's neck reclined ; their breath
Alone was heard, when the dove ceased on high
Her plaint ; and tenderly their faithful arms
Infolded each the other. 360

Thou, dim cloud,
That from the search of men these beauteous vales
Hast closed, oh, doubly veil them ! But alas,
How short the dream of human transport ! Here,
In vain they built the leafy bower of love,
Or culled the sweetest flowers and fairest fruit.
The hours unheeded stole ! but ah, not long—
Again the hollow tempest of the night
Sounds through the leaves ; the inmost woods resound ;
Slow comes the dawn, but neither ship nor sail 370
Along the rocking of the windy waste
Is seen : the dash of the dark-heaving wave
Alone is heard. Start from your bed of bliss,
Poor victims ! never more shall ye behold
Your native vales again ; and thou, sweet child !
Who, listening to the voice of love, hast left

Thy friends, thy country,—oh, may the wan hue 377
 Of pining memory, the sunk cheek, the eye
 Where tenderness yet dwells, atone (if love
 Atonement need, by cruelty and wrong
 Beset), atone ev'n now thy rash resolves!
 Ah, fruitless hope! Day after day, thy bloom
 Fades, and the tender lustre of thy eye
 Is dimmed: thy form, amid creation, seems
 The only drooping thing.

Thy look was soft,
 And yet most animated, and thy step
 Light as the roe's upon the mountains. Now,
 Thou sittest hopeless, pale, beneath the tree
 That fanned its joyous leaves above thy head, 390
 Where love had decked the blooming bower, and strewn
 The sweets of summer: DEATH is on thy cheek,
 And thy chill hand the pressure scarce returns
 Of him, who, agonised and hopeless, hangs
 With tears and trembling o'er thee. Spare the sight,—
 She faints—she dies!—

He laid her in the earth,
 Himself scarce living, and upon her tomb
 Beneath the beauteous tree where they reclined,
 Placed the last tribute of his earthly love. 400

INSCRIPTION FOR THE GRAVE OF ANNA D'ARFET.

O'er my poor ANNA's lowly grave
 No dirge shall sound, no knell shall ring;
 But angels, as the high pines wave,
 Their half-heard "Miserere" sing.

No flowers of transient bloom at eve
 The maidens on the turf shall strew;

Nor sigh, as the sad spot they leave, 407
Sweets to the sweet ! a long adieu !

But in this wilderness profound,
O'er her the dove shall build her nest ;
And ocean swell with softer sound
A requiem to her dreams of rest !

Ah ! when shall I as quiet be,
When not a friend, or human eye,
Shall mark beneath the mossy tree
The spot where we forgotten lie !

To kiss her name on the cold stone,
Is all that now on earth I crave ;
For in this world I am alone—
Oh, lay me with her in the grave ! 420

ROBERT A MACHIN, 1344.

Miserere nobis, Domine.

He placed the rude inscription on her stone,
Which he with faltering hands had graved, and soon
Himself beside it sunk—yet ere he died,
Faintly he spoke : If ever ye shall hear,
Companions of my few and evil days,
Again the convent's vesper bells, oh ! think
Of me ; and if in after-times the search
Of men should reach this far removed spot,
Let sad remembrance raise an humble shrine,
And virgin choirs chaunt duly o'er our grave : 430
Peace, peace ! His arm upon the mournful stone
He dropped ; his eyes, ere yet in death they closed,
Turned to the name, till he could see no more
ANNA. His pale survivors, earth to earth,

Weeping consigned his poor remains, and placed 435
 Beneath the sod where all he loved was laid.
 Then shaping a rude vessel from the woods,
 They sought their country o'er the waves, and left
 Those scenes once more to deepest solitude.
 The beauteous ponciana hung its head 440
 O'er the gray stone ; but never human eye
 Had mark'd the spot, or gazed upon the grave
 Of the unfortunate, but for the voice
 Of ENTERPRISE, that spoke, from Sagre's towers,
 Through ocean's perils, storms, and unknown wastes—
 Speed we to Asia !

Here, Discovery, pause !—

Then from the tomb of him who first was cast
 Upon this Heaven-appointed isle, thy gaze
 Uplift, and far beyond the Cape of Storms 450
 Pursue De Gama's tract. Mark the rich shores
 Of Madagascar, till the purple East
 Shines in luxuriant beauty wide disclosed.
 But cease thy song, presumptuous Muse !—a bard,
 In tones whose patriot sound shall never die,
 Has struck his deep shell, and the glorious theme
 Recorded.

Say, what lofty meed awaits
 The triumph of his victor conch, that swells
 Its music on the yellow Tagus' side, 460
 As when Arion, with his glittering harp
 And golden hair, scarce sullied from the main,
 Bids all the high rocks listen to his voice
 Again ! Alas, I see an aged form,
 An old man worn by penury, his hair
 Blown white upon his haggard cheek, his hand
 Emaciated, yet the strings with thrilling touch
 Soliciting ; but the vain crowds pass by :

His very countrymen, whose fame his song 469
 Has raised to heaven, in stately apathy
 Wrapped up, and nursed in pride's fastidious lap,
 Regard not. As he plays, a sable man
 Looks up, but fears to speak, and when the song
 Has ceased, kisses his master's feeble hand.
 Is that cold wasted hand, that haggard look,
 Thine, Camoens? Oh, shame upon the world!
 And is there none, none to sustain thee found,
 But he, himself unfriended, who so far
 Has followed, severed from his native isles,
 To scenes of gorgeous cities, o'er the sea, 480
 Thee and thy broken fortunes!

GOD of worlds!

Oh, whilst I hail the triumph and high boast
 Of social life, let me not wrong the sense
 Of kindness, planted in the human heart
 By man's great Maker, therefore I record
 Antonio's faithful, gentle, generous love
 To his heartbroken master, that might teach,
 High as it bears itself, a polished world
 More charity. 490

DISCOVERY, turn thine eyes!

COLUMBUS' toiling ship is on the deep,
 Stemming the mid Atlantic.

Waste and wild

The view! On the same sunshine o'er the waves
 The murmuring mariners, with languid eye,
 Ev'n till the heart is sick, gaze day by day!
 At midnight in the wind sad voices sound!
 When the slow morning o'er the offing dawns,
 Heartless they view the same drear weltering waste 500
 Of seas: and when the sun again goes down

Silent, hope dies within them, and they think 502
Of parting friendship's last despairing look !

See too, dread prodigy, the needle veers
Her trembling point—will Heaven forsake them too !
But lift thy sunk eye, and thy bloodless look,
Despondence ! Milder airs at morning breathe :—
Below the slowly-parting prow the sea
Is dark with weeds ; and birds of land are seen 510
To wing the desert tract, as hasting on
To the green valleys of their distant home.
Yet morn succeeds to morn—and nought around
Is seen, but dark weeds floating many a league,
The sun's sole orb, and the pale hollowness
Of heaven's high arch streaked with the early clouds.
Watchman, what from the giddy mast ?

A shade

Appears on the horizon's hazy line.
Land ! land ! aloud is echoed ; but the spot
Fades as the shouting crew delighted gaze— 520
It fades, and there is nothing—nothing now
But the blue sky, the clouds, and surging seas !

As one who, in the desert, faint with thirst,
Upon the trackless and forsaken sands
Sinks dying ; him the burning haze deceives,
As mocking his last torments, while it seems,
To his distempered vision, like th' expanse
Of lucid waters cool : so falsely smiles
Th' illusive land upon the water's edge,
To the long-straining eye showing what seems 530
Its headlands and its distant trending shores ;—
But all is false, and like the pensive dream
Of poor imagination, 'mid the waves
Of troubled life, decked with unreal hues,
And ending soon in emptiness and tears.

'Tis midnight, and the thoughtful chief, retired 536
From the vexed crowd, in his still cabin hears
The surge that rolls below ; he lifts his eyes,
And casts a silent anxious look without.

It is a light—great God—it is a light ! 540
It moves upon the shore !—Land—there is land !

He spoke in secret, and a tear of joy
Stole down his cheek, when on his knees he fell.
Thou, who hast been his guardian in wastes
Of the hoar deep, accept his tears, his prayers ;
While thus he fondly hopes the purer light
Of thy great truths on the benighted world
Shall beam !

The lingering night is past ;—the sun
Shines out, while now the red-cross streamers wave 550
High up the gently-surgings bay. From all
Shouts, songs, and rapturous thanksgiving loud,
Burst forth : Another world, entranced they cry,
Another living world !—Awe-struck and mute
The gazing natives stand, and drop their spears,
In homage to the gods !

So from the deep
They hail emerging ; sight more awful far
Than ever yet the wondering voyager
Greeted ;—the prospect of a new-found world, 560
Now from the night of dark uncertainty
At once revealed in living light !

How beats
The heart ! What thronging thoughts awake ! Whence
sprung

The roaming nations ? From that ancient race
That peopled Asia—Noah's sons ? How, then,
Passed they the long and lone expanse between
Of stormy ocean, from the elder earth

Cut off, and lost, for unknown ages, lost 569
 In the vast deep ? But whilst the awful view
 Stands in thy sight revealed, Spirit, awake
 To prouder energies ! Even now, in thought,
 I see thee opening bold Magellan's tract ! ¹
 The straits are passed ! Thou, as the seas expand,
 Pausest a moment, when beneath thine eye
 Blue, vast, and rocking, through its boundless rule,
 The long Pacific stretches. Nor here cease
 Thy search, but with De Quiros ² to the South
 Still urge thy way, if yet some continent
 Stretch to its dusky pole, with nations spread, 580
 Forests, and hills, and streams.

So be thy search

With ampler views rewarded, till, at length,
 Lo, the round world is compassed ! Then return
 Back to the bosom of the tranquil Thames,
 And hail Britannia's victor ship,³ that now
 From many a storm restored, winds its slow way
 Silently up the current, and so finds,
 Like to a time-worn pilgrim of the world,
 Rest, in that haven where all tempests cease. 590

¹ Magellan's ship first circumnavigated the globe, passing through the straits, called by his name, into the South Sea, and proceeding West to the East Indies. He himself, like our revered Cooke, perished in the enterprise.—² De Quiros first discovered the New Hebrides, in the South Sea ; afterwards explored by Cooke, who bears testimony to the accuracy of De Quiros. These islands were supposed part of a great continent stretching to the South pole, called *Terra Australis incognita*.—³ Drake's ship, in which he sailed round the world ; she was laid up at Deptford—hence Ben Johnson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, "O Coz, it cannot be altered, go not about it ; Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again."

BOOK THE FIFTH.

SUCH are thy views, DISCOVERY ! The great world
Rolls to thine eye revealed ; to thee the Deep
Submits its awful empire ; Industry
Awakes, and Commerce to the echoing marts
From east to west unwearied pours her wealth.
Man walks sublimer ; and Humanity,
Matured by social intercourse, more high,
More animated, lifts her sovereign mien,
And waves her golden sceptre. Yet the heart
Asks trembling, is no evil found ! Oh, turn, 10
Meek Charity, and drop a human tear
For the sad fate of Afric's injured sons,
And hide, for ever hide, the sight of chains,
Anguish, and bondage ! Yes, the heart of man
Is sick, and Charity turns pale, to think
How soon, for pure religion's holy beam,
Dark crimes, that sullied the sweet day, pursued,
Like vultures, the Discoverer's ocean tract,
Screaming for blood, to fields of rich Peru,
Or ravaged Mexico, while Gold more Gold ! 20
The caverned mountains echoed, Gold more Gold !
Then see the fell-eyed, prowling buccaneer,
Grim as a libbard ! He his jealous look
Turns to the dagger at his belt, his hand
By instinct grasps a bloody scymitar,
And ghastly is his smile, as o'er the woods
He sees the smoke of burning villages
Ascend, and thinks ev'n now he counts his spoil.
See thousands destined to the lurid mine,
Never to see the sun again ; all names 30

Of husband, sire, all tender charities 31
Of love, deep buried with them in that grave,
Where life is as a thing long passed ; and hope
No more its sickly ray, to cheer the gloom,
Extends.

Thou, too, dread Ocean, toss thine arms,
Exulting, for the treasures and the gems
That thy dark oozy realm emblaze ; and call
The pale procession of the dead, from caves
Where late their bodies weltered, to attend 40
Thy kingly sceptre, and proclaim thy might !
Lord of the Hurricane ! bid all thy winds
Swell, and destruction ride upon the surge,
Where, after the red lightning flash that shows
The labouring ship, all is at once deep night
And long suspense, till the slow dawn of day
Gleams on the scattered corpses of the dead,
That strew the sounding shore !

Then think of him,
Ye who rejoice with those you love, at eve, 50
When winds of winter shake the window-frame,
And more endear your fire, oh, think of him,
Who, saved alone from the destroying storm,
Is cast on some deserted rock ; who sees
Sun after sun descend, and hopeless hears
At morn the long surge of the troubled main,
That beats without his wretched cave ; meantime
He fears to wake the echoes with his voice,
So dread the solitude !

Let Greenland's snows 60
Then shine, and mark the melancholy train
There left to perish, whilst the cold pale day
Declines along the further ice, that binds
The ship, and leaves in night the sinking scene.

Sad winter closes on the deep ; the smoke 65
 Of frost, that late amusive to the eye
 Rose o'er the coast, is passed, and all is now
 One torpid blank ; the freezing particles
 Blown blistering, and the white bear seeks her cave.
 Ill-fated outcasts, when the morn again 70
 Shall streak with feeble beam the frozen waste,
 Your air-bleached and unburied carcasses
 Shall press the ground, and, as the stars fade off,
 Your stony eyes glare 'mid the desert snows !

These triumphs boast, fell Demon of the Deep !
 Though never more the universal shriek
 Of all that perish thou shalt hear, as when
 The deep foundations of the guilty earth
 Were shaken at the voice of GOD, and man
 Ceased in his habitations ; yet the sea 80
 Thy might tempestuous still, and joyless rule,
 Confesses. Ah ! what bloodless shadows throng
 Ev'n now, slow rising from their oozy beds,
 From Mete,¹ and those gates of burial
 That guard the Erythræan ; from the vast
 Unfathomed caverns of the Western main
 Or stormy Orcades ; whilst the sad shell
 Of poor Arion,² to the hollow blast
 Slow seems to pour its melancholy tones,
 And faintly vibrate, as the dead pass by. 90

I see the chiefs, who fell in distant lands,
 The prey of murderous savages, when yells,
 And shouts, and conch, resounded through the woods.
 Magellan and De Solis seem to lead

¹ Mete, in the Arabic, according to Bruce, signifies "the place of burial." The entrance of the Red Sea was so called, from the dangers of the navigation. See Bruce.—² Alluding to the pathetic poem of the *Shipwreck*, whose author, Falconer, described himself under the name of Arion, and who was afterwards lost in the "Aurora."

The mournful train. Shade of Perouse ! oh, say 95
 Where, in the tract of unknown seas, thy bones
 Th' insulting surge has swept ?

But who is he,
 Whose look, though pale and bloody, wears the trace
 Of pure philanthropy ? The pitying sigh 100
 Forbid not ; he was dear to Britons, dear
 To every beating heart, far as the world
 Extends ; and my faint faltering touch ev'n now
 Dies on the strings, when I pronounce thy name,
 Oh, lost, lamented, generous, hapless Cook !

But cease the vain complaint ; turn from the shores,
 Wet with his blood, Remembrance : cast thine eyes
 Upon the long seas, and the wider world,
 Displayed from his research. Smile, glowing Health !
 For now no more the wasted seaman sinks, 110
 With haggard eye and feeble frame diseased ;
 No more with tortured longings for the sight
 Of fields and hillocks green, madly he calls
 On Nature, when before his swimming eye
 The liquid long expanse of cheerless seas
 Seems all one flowery plain. Then frantic dreams
 Arise ; his eye's distemper'd flash is seen
 From the sunk socket, as a demon there
 Sat mocking, till he plunges in the flood,
 And the dark wave goes o'er him. 120

Nor wilt thou,
 O Science ! fail to deck the cold morai¹
 Of him who wider o'er earth's hemisphere
 Thy views extended. On, from deep to deep,
 Thou shalt retrace the windings of his track ;
 From the high North to where the field-ice binds
 The still Antarctic. Thence, from isle to isle,

¹ " Morai " is a grave.

Thou shalt pursue his progress ; and explore 128
 New-Holland's eastern shores,¹ where now the sons
 Of distant Britain, from her lap cast out,
 Water the ground with tears of penitence,
 Perhaps, hereafter, in their destined time,
 Themselves to rise pre-eminent. Now speed,
 By Asia's eastern bounds, still to the North,
 Where the vast continents of either world
 Approach : Beyond, 'tis silent boundless ice,
 Impenetrable barrier, where all thought
 Is lost ; where never yet the eagle flew,
 Nor roamed so far the white bear through the waste.

But thou, dread POWER ! whose voice from chaos called
 The earth, who bad'st the Lord of light go forth, 141
 Ev'n as a giant, and the sounding seas
 Roll at thy fiat : may the dark deep clouds,
 That thy pavilion shroud from mortal sight,
 So pass away, as now the mystery,
 Obscure through rolling ages, is disclosed ;
 How man, from one great Father sprung, his race
 Spread to that severed continent ! Ev'n so,
 FATHER, in thy good time, shall all things stand
 Revealed to knowledge. 150

As the mind revolves
 The change of mighty empires, and the fate
 Of HIM whom Thou hast made, back through the dusk
 Of ages Contemplation turns her view :
 We mark, as from its infancy, the world
 Peopled again, from that mysterious shrine
 That rested on the top of Ararat,
 Highest of Asian mountains ; spreading on,
 The Cushites from their mountain caves descend ;
 Then before GOD the sons of Ammon stood 160

¹ Botany Bay.

In their gigantic might, and first the seas 161
 Vanquished : But still from clime to clime the groan
 Of sacrifice, and Superstition's cry,
 Was heard ; but when the Dayspring rose of heaven,
 Greece's hoar forests echoed, The great Pan
 Is dead ! From Egypt, and the rugged shores
 Of Syrian Tyre, the gods of darkness fly ;
 Bel is cast down, and Nebo, horrid king,
 Bows in imperial Babylon : But, ah !
 Too soon, the Star of Bethlehem, whose ray 170
 The host of heaven hailed jubilant, and sang,
 Glory to God on high, and on earth peace,
 With long eclipse is veiled.

Red Papacy

Usurped the meek dominion of the Lord
 Of love and charity : vast as a fiend
 She rose, Heaven's light was darkened with her frown,
 And the earth murmured back her hymns of blood,
 As the meek martyr at the burning stake
 Stood, his last look uplifted to his GOD ! 180
 But she is now cast down, her empire reft.
 They who in darkness walked, and in the shade
 Of death, have seen a new and holy light,
 As in th' umbrageous forest, through whose boughs,
 Mossy and damp, for many a league, the morn
 With languid beam scarce pierces, here and there
 Touching some solitary trunk, the rest
 Dark waving in the noxious atmosphere :
 Through the thick-matted leaves the serpent winds
 His way, to find a spot of casual sun ; 190
 The gaunt hyæna through the thicket glides
 At eve : then, too, the couched tiger's eye
 Flames in the dusk, and oft the gnashing jaws
 Of the fell crocodile are heard. At length,

By man's superior energy and toil, 195
The sunless brakes are cleared ; the joyous morn
Shines through the opening leaves ; rich culture smiles
Around ; and howling to their distant wilds
The savage inmates of the wood retire.
Such is the scene of human life, till want 200
Bids man his strength put forth ; then slowly spreads
The cultured stream of mild humanity,
And gentler virtues, and more noble aims
Employ the active mind, till beauty beams
Around, and Nature wears her richest robe,
Adorned with lovelier graces. Then the charms
Of woman, fairest of the works of Heaven,
Whom the cold savage, in his sullen pride,
Scorned as unworthy of his equal love,
With more attractive influence wins the heart 210
Of her protector. Then the names of sire,
Of home, of brother, and of children, grow
More sacred, more endearing ; whilst the eye,
Lifted beyond this earthly scene, beholds
A Father who looks down from heaven on all !
O Britain, my loved country ! dost thou rise
Most high among the nations ! Do thy fleets
Ride o'er the surge of ocean, that subdued
Rolls in long sweep beneath them ! Dost thou wear
Thy garb of gentler morals gracefully ! 220
Is widest science thine, and the fair train
Of lovelier arts ! While commerce throngs thy ports
With her ten thousand streamers, is the tract
Of the undeviating ploughshare white
That rips the reeking furrow, followed soon
By plenty, bidding all the scene rejoice,
Even like a cultured garden ! Do the streams
That steal along thy peaceful vales, reflect
Temples, and Attic domes, and village towers !

Is beauty thine, fairest of earthly things,
 Woman ; and doth she gain that liberal love
 And homage, which the meekness of her voice,
 The rapture of her smile, commanding most
 When she seems weakest, must demand from him,
 Her master ; whose stern strength at once submits
 In manly, but endearing, confidence,
 Unlike his selfish tyranny who sits
 The sultan of his harem !

230

Oh, then, think

How great the blessing, and how high thy rank
 Amid the civilised and social world !

240

But hast thou no deep failings, that may turn
 Thy thoughts within thyself ! Ask, for the sun
 That shines in heaven hath seen it, hath thy power
 Ne'er scattered sorrow over distant lands !

Ask of the East, have never thy proud sails
 Borne plunder from dismembered provinces,
 Leaving the groans of miserable men

Behind ! And free thyself, and lifting high
 The charter of thy freedom, bought with blood,
 Hast thou not stood, in patient apathy,

250

A witness of the tortures and the chains
 That Afric's injured sons have known ! Stand up ;

Yes, thou hast visited the caves, and cheered
 The gloomy haunts of sorrow ; thou hast shed
 A beam of comfort and of righteousness

On isles remote ; hast bid the bread-fruit shade
 Th' Hesperian regions, and has softened much
 With bland amelioration, and with charms

Of social sweetness, the hard lot of man.

260

But weighed in truth's firm balance, ask, if all
 Be even. Do not crimes of ranker growth
 Batten amid thy cities, whose loud din,
 From flashing and contending cars, ascends,

Till morn ! Enchanting, as if aught so sweet 265
Ne'er faded, do thy daughters wear the weeds
Of calm domestic peace and wedded love ;
Or turn, with beautiful disdain, to dash
Gay pleasure's poisoned chalice from their lips
Untasted ! Hath not sullen atheism, 270
Weaving gay flowers of poesy, so sought
To hide the darkness of his withered brow
With faded and fantastic gallantry
Of roses, thus to win the thoughtless smile
Of youthful ignorance ! Hast thou with awe
Looked up to Him whose power is in the clouds,
Who bids the storm rush, and it sweeps to earth
The nations that offend, and they are gone,
Like Tyre and Babylon ! Well weigh thyself :
Then shalt thou rise undaunted in the might 280
Of thy Protector, and the gathered hate
Of hostile bands shall be but as the sand
Blown on the everlasting pyramid.

Hasten, O Love and Charity ! your work,
Ev'n now whilst it is day ; far as the world
Extends may your divinest influence
Be felt, and more than felt, to teach mankind
They all are brothers, and to drown the cries
Of superstition, anarchy, or blood !
Not yet the hour is come : on Ganges' banks 290
Still superstition hails the flame of death,
Behold, gay dressed, as in her bridal tire,
The self-devoted beauteous victim slow
Ascend the pile where her dead husband lies :
She kisses his cold cheeks, inclines her breast
On his, and lights herself the fatal pile
That shall consume them both !

On Egypt's shore,
Where Science rose, now Sloth and Ignorance

Sleep like the huge Behemoth in the sun ! 300
 The turbaned Moor still stains with strangers' blood
 The inmost sands of Afric. But all these
 The light shall visit, and that vaster tract
 From Fuego to the furthest Labrador,
 Where roam the outcast Esquimaux, shall hear
 The voice of social fellowship ; the chief
 Whose hatchet flashed amid the forest gloom,
 Who to his infants bore the bleeding scalp
 Of his fall'n foe, shall weep unwonted tears !

Come, Faith ; come, Hope ; come, meek-eyed Charity !
 Complete the lovely prospect : every land 311
 Shall lift up one hosannah ; every tongue
 Proclaim thee FATHER, INFINITE, and WISE,
 And GOOD. The shores of palmy Senegal
 (Sad Afric's injured sons no more enslaved)
 Shall answer HALLELUJAH, for the LORD
 Of truth and mercy reigns ;—reigns KING OF KINGS ;—
 HOSANNAH—KING OF KINGS—and LORD OF LORDS !

So may His kingdom come, when all the earth,
 Uniting thus as in one hymn of praise, 320
 Shall wait the end of all things. This great globe,
 His awful plan accomplished, then shall sink
 In flames, whilst through the clouds, that wrap the place
 Where it had rolled, and the sun shone, the voice
 Of the ARCHANGEL, and the TRUMP OF GOD,
 Amid heaven's darkness rolling fast away,
 Shall sound !

Then shall the sea give up its dead ;—
 But man's immortal mind, all trials past
 That shook his feverish frame, amidst the scenes 330
 Of peril and distemper, shall ascend
 Exulting to its destined seat of rest,
 And “justify His ways” from whom it sprung.