

POEMS.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT.

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CAMBRIDGE :

FROM THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

HILLIARD AND METCALF.

1823.

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's office.

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J. W. DAVIS, Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

TO WHOM
APPLICABLE

TO THE
PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

THE
AUTHOR'S EARLY BENEFACTOR AND FRIEND,

These Poems

ARE DEDICATED WITH RESPECT AND AFFECTION.

NORTHAMPTON, SEPT. 1823.

M213910

POEMS.

EXPECTATION.

'Twas in the season, when the sun
More darkly tinges Spring's fair brow,
And laughing fields had just begun
The summer's golden hues to show,
Earth still with flowers was richly dight,
And the last rose in gardens glowed ;
In heaven's blue tent the sun was bright,
And Western winds with fragrance flowed ;
 'Twas then a youth bade home adieu ;
 And Hope was young and life was new,
 When first he seized the pilgrim's wand
 To roam the far, the foreign land.

NO. 100
ALBION. 2

By parents' prayers and counsels blest,
That well might guard his path from harm,
The youth received with anxious breast
Their last embrace sincere and warm.
And friends affection's tokens brought,
A song, a book, the pansy's flower,
Those cherished gifts, that wake the thought
Of home at evening's pensive hour.

They bade him keep on life's wide waste
His heart like lily's whiteness chaste ;
Their parting words the pilgrim hears
And weeps ; but Hope rebukes his tears.

As the young forest tree in spring
Swells with new life, to heaven aspires,
And o'er the earth its boughs would fling,
So proudly upwards his desires
Ascend, so swells his boyish heart ;
O'er the broad world his wishes roam ;
Nor fears he, flushed with hope, to part
From friends, his country, and his home.

And fast away the tear he brushed,
That down his cheeks too freely gushed,
As swiftly from his native shore
The vessel hurrying breezes bore.

Full tow'rds the East the swift bark flies,
 Full tow'rds the land of rising day ;
 'Tis there the sun in fervid skies
 Repairs the fires, which waste away
 As o'er the pallid West he goes
 To lend the earth her varied hues ;
 'Tis there unfading brightness glows,
 And there his orb its beams renews.

In languid course, of splendor shorn,
 His car at eve is westward borne ;
 'Tis from the Orient's warm embrace
 He gaily comes with dazzling face.

And Learning's sun, more glorious still,
 His cloudless lustre there displays,
 The light of truth diffusing, till
 Each spot reflects the sacred rays ;
 On perfumed wings are borne the winds ;
 In comelier ripeness waves the corn ;
 Her gayest garland Flora binds,
 And brighter stars the sky adorn.

'Tis there the clang of arms has rung ;
 There bards of old divinely sung ;
 Each mountain tells a wondrous tale ;
 An Eden blooms in every vale ;

There lives the marble, wrought by art.
 That clime the youth would gain ; he braves
 The ocean's fury, and his heart
 Leaps in him, like the sunny waves,
 That bear him onward ; and the light
 Of hope within his bosom beams,
 Like the phosphoric ray at night,
 That round the prow so cheerly gleams.

But still his eye would backward turn,
 And still his bosom warmly burn,
 As toward new worlds he 'gan to roam,
 With love for Freedom's western home.

But see ! the welcome shore is near ;
 Now haste thee, youth ; press boldly on ;
 Bathe in delight thy soul.—But where
 The paradise, that lately shone
 In all the magic hues of day ?
 Where whispers peace ? where dwells delight ?
 Possession's flower soon droops away ;
 Enjoyment wings its rapid flight.

Alas ! the spring has past, and all
 Its leaves at autumn's bidding fall ;
 No lilies now the lake adorn ;
 The rosebush stands a naked thorn.

Lone wand'rer, weary is thy lot,
 The visions of young Promise fade ;
 Ne'er wilt thou find the happy spot,
 Where joy her changeless home has made ;
 Faith scorns with earthly things to dwell ;
 Hope fades, youth withers, friendship dies.—
 So plained the pilgrim ; yet the spell,
 Which Fancy spoke, still binds his eyes ;
 She sweetly whispers :—Ne'er despair ;
 Come live with me in realms more fair
 Than earth with all her transient hues ;
 That world within thou ne'er canst lose.

Commune with nature ; on her breast
 In fullest confidence repose ;
 By the still voice of conscience blest,
 Break from the chain of human woes ;
 Love Virtue ; she can sooth thy sighs,
 And glad thy heart, when youth is flown ;
 Build in thy soul thy Paradise ;
 The world of thought is all thine own.
 Then, shouldst thou never find on earth
 The scenes that Hope once pictured forth,
 Still onward in the search for bliss ;
 There sure are other worlds than this.

Paris, June, 1821.

IN

Switzerland.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER,

1821.

CHAMOUNY.

THE GENIUS OF THE ARVEYRON SPEAKS.

Where the monarch of hills rears his head to the skies,
And around him his ministers emulous rise,
Where the pine on the precipice laughs at the wind,
And Dru's haughty peak leaves the eagle behind ;

There the deep seas of ice hide in azure my source,
And there in the bosom of earth is my course ;
Through the workshop of nature unhinder'd I flow,
Mid her crystals of rock, and her crystals of snow.

'Tis there I have founded my castle's bright halls ;
Its roof is of ice, and of ice its blue walls ;
The Lauwine hath lent me his sheets for my doors ;
With crystals and agates inlaid are my floors.

Though my roof melts away in the sun's summer blaze,
On the halls of my palace shall man never gaze ;

For I call on the mountains to hide where I dwell,
And the avalanche tumbles and covers me well.

The towers of my castle of lawines are made ;
On chambers of ice their foundations are laid ;
Like loftiest pyramids rising in air,
O ! who but confesses my turrets are fair.

How splendid they glisten at noonday in white !
How sweetly the moonbeams play round them at night !
And fairer than rose-light on beauty's young cheeks,
Are the soft rosy hues, thrown by eve o'er their peaks.

And an arch through the ice have I hewn in my might,
Its bow is of azure, and fearful its height,
The floods of the mountains, all lashed into foam,
Bend their heads as beneath it they burst from their
home.

I gather the streams, from my glaciers that gush,
And downwards I bid them all rapidly rush ;
With gladness they bound to obey my commands ;
As they spring o'er the rocks, how they clap their
white hands !

But far from my glaciers I never will stray,
Nor sluggishly wind through the valleys my way ;
I haste in Arve's bosom my waters to pour,
And return to my home on the mountains once more.

THE VALLEY ABOVE INDEN.

Look how the sloping hill, so darkly green,
 The panting traveller to repose invites ;
 Where wild flowers bud, and mountain moss is seen,
 And loftiest Alps uplift their snow-clad heights.

Now pensive Silence dwells delighted here,
 Nor heeds the herdsman's shrill, re-echoed call ;
 Nor the rude whistling of the muleteer,
 The lulling music of the waterfall ;

Nor the sweet chirpings of the innocent bird,
 That builds its home, where man can ne'er intrude ;
 But low ambition's throng was never heard,
 Nor folly's train, in this still solitude.

On the steep rock, how like an eagle's nest
 Hangs in mid air yon village. Peace to thee !
 Long may thy cots by innocence be blest,
 And own a race, that's like the eagle free.

Upon the lofty crag's impending brow
 The lonely church uplifts its modest spire,

The thunder's neighbour ; there religion's vow,
So near the skies, is breath'd with pure desire.

Within the bosom of yon opening hill,
Where echo ne'er replied to accents loud,
But lends her voice to gentle murmurs still,
How calmly sleeps the solitary cloud.

Pale wanderer ! hast thou found a friend at last
To give thee shelter, when the tempest blows ?
Through pathless skies thy wanderings now are past ;
Give Nature thanks ; 'tis she that sends repose.

I too would rest, the pilgrim of the hour,
On earth's green lap my weary limbs recline ;
For scenes of beauty breathe with quickening power,
And all their inspirations are divine.

I am alone with Nature ; she will lock
In her maternal arms and safely keep
The suppliant, whom her spells to slumber rock ;
E'en now she whispers, " Weary traveller, sleep."

AT KANDERSTEG.

Father in heaven ! while friendless and alone
I gaze on nature's face in Alpine wild,
I would approach thee nearer. Wilt thou own
The solitary pilgrim for thy child.

When on the hill's majestic height I trod,
And thy creation smiling round me lay,
The soul reclaimed its likeness unto God,
And spurned its union with the baser clay.

The stream of thought flowed purely, like the air
That from untrodden snows passed coolly by;
Base passion died within me ; low-born care
Fled, and reflection raised my soul on high.

Then wast thou with me, and didst sweetly pour
Serene delight into my wounded breast ;
The mantle of thy love hung gently o'er
The lonely wanderer, and my heart had rest.

I gazed on thy creation. O ! 'tis fair ;
The vales are clothed in beauty, and the hills
In their deep bosom icy oceans bear,
To feed the mighty floods and bubbling rills.

I marvel not at nature. She is thine ;
Thy cherished daughter, whom thou lov'st to bless ;
Through thee her hills in glistening whiteness shine ;
Through thee her valleys laugh in loveliness.

'Tis thou, when o'er my path beams cheerful day,
That smiling guid'st me through the stranger's land ;
And when mild winds around my temples play,
On my hot brow I feel thy lenient hand.

And shall I fear thee ?—wherefore fear thy wrath,
When life and hope and youth from thee descend ?
O ! be my Guide in life's uncertain path,
The pilgrim's guardian, counsellor, and friend.

THE FAIRY OF THE WENGERN-ALP.

On Wenger's verdant height I stood ;
 Rapt in delight I gazed around
 O'er mountain, glacier, valley, wood,
 The "*Virgin's*" own enchanted ground.
 By Fancy's strangest phantoms led,
 My spirit wandered far and high ;
 I longed on hills of snow to tread,
 And o'er the seas of ice to fly.

Hope whispered, Nature could unbind
 The heavy chains of earth, and give
 Wings to the ransomed soul that pined
 With beings of the air to live,
 Who rule each mighty element,
 (As well is sung by bards of old)
 And oft, by mightier spirit sent,
 Earth's mysteries to man unfold.

Or are the days of marvel past ?
 Does Magic wave no more her wand ?
 Has wondering Faith retired at last ?
 And leads no path to fairy land ?

But if e'en now as bards believe,
Still roams and rules the fairy race,
Then, Spirits, bid me cease to grieve,
And soar the Genius of the place.

I turned to where the Virgin rose
In still communion with the sky ;
Eternity hath heaped its snows
Round her in unstained purity.
O'er her fair features gently hung
The morning's thin transparent cloud ;
While round her breast was rudely flung
The vapours' denser, darker shroud.

But near the "*Silver Peak*" was seen
With his fair snow-heaps, like a gay
And gallant page beside a queen,
That frowns in armour's stern array.
His sides, that like the cygnet's breast
Were white and crisped, beamed afar ;
The sun but touched his topmost crest,
That sparkled like the evening star.

Right glad such beauty to behold,
Plead thou for me, sweet star, I cried ;

For 'tis thy light that makes me bold ;
 Oh loveliest star ! be thou my guide.
 Then toward the Virgin's form I knelt ;
 " O spotless Virgin ! hear my prayer ;
 Command this earthly flesh to melt ;
 My soul would wander free in air."

And as I still admiring bowed,
 And hoped a kind reply to hear,
 From the deep bosom of the cloud,
 A gentle voice fell on my ear.
 " Like mountain air would'st thou be free,
 Be pure as is the mountain air ;
 Mortal ! from vice and pleasure flee,
 And gladly will I grant thy prayer."

" Then, Virgin, deign my wish to grant ;
 Though but the meanest of thy train,
 This lovely spot I'd rather haunt,
 Than o'er the world beside to reign.
 My heart like thine is pure and chaste ;
 On nature's bosom oft I've leant,
 And oft the morning wind embraced ;
 But ne'er my neck hath pleasure bent.

To thee a virgin heart would bear
 Its earliest fruits. Unveil thy brow ;
 Thy holy love I long to share,
 O ! take me to thy bosom now."—
 See, the dark clouds asunder roll,
 And yon tall form sublimely gleams
 In dazzling beauty ; on the soul
 Burst life and rapture with its beams.

Is it the sun, that gently checks
 His fiery steeds o'er Alps' fair child,
 Gilding with glory all her peaks ?
 No ! 'twas the Virgin queen that smiled.
 O'er me her hallowed light she throws ;
 She blends with majesty divine
 Mildness, and whispers from her snows ;
 " Come thou to me, for thou art mine."

Farewell, thou lower earth, farewell !
 I haste to rush in foaming floods,
 Where elves and fairies roam to dwell,
 To woo the nymphs of tannen woods,
 With Iris watch the waterfall,
 And smile and shine in glittering spray,
 To heed the Virgin's beckoning call,
 And haste o'er earth her will to obey.

An eagle passed ; I cried aloud,
 Away swift bird, I'll soar with thee.
 Rushing we pierced the lofty cloud,
 Beneath us waved the tannen tree ;
 E'en to the glacier's tallest height,
 We soared o'er fields of icy blue ;
 Long round its gay transparent light,
 Pleased with the novel scene, I flew.

“ Blue is the light of beauty's eye ;
 And blue the waves where swells the sea ;
 And blue at noon my native sky ;
 But nought is fair and blue like thee,
 Thou lovely pyramid of light !
 Thou graceful daughter of the snows !
 Thy sire the sun is ne'er so bright,
 As when his beams on thee repose.”

From rock to rock the ice to dash,
 That tottered on its base, I sprung ;
 Now tumbling with a fearful crash,
 To every peak it lends a tongue ;
 'Tis dashed to dust ; the frozen spray
 Sweeps onward o'er the precipice,
 Resplendent in the eye of day,
 A sparkling cataract of ice.

And where it stood there opened wide
 A chasm of azure, dark and deep ;
 'Tis there the mountain spirits glide,
 To where their court the fairies keep.
 I did not fear, but ventured too
 Along the glittering icy walls,
 Full many a fathom downwards flew,
 And came to Nature's inmost halls.

A Paradise of light I found,
 Where Nature builds of vilest earth
 Her crystal home, and under ground
 Brings all that's beautiful to birth.
 And o'er her ever youthful face
 Wisdom hath spread a light serene ;
 While round her throne the fairy race
 Are floating in unearthly sheen.

Some hearkened to their mistress' call ;
 Some sported mid the heaps of snow ;
 Some glided with the waterfall ;
 Some sat above its glittering bow,
 Seeming o'er Nature's works to muse ;
 And some their little limbs arrayed ;
 These dew-drops for their mirror use ;
 Of light and air their robes are made.

And others bent with serious look
 To prove the new made crystals' light ;
 While earth's dark substance others took,
 And changed the mass to diamonds bright.
 But as I gained the fairy ground,
 They ceased awhile from toil and sport,
 And the young stranger gathering round,
 Cried—" Welcome, youth, to Nature's court."

A fairy then with accents bland
 Gently, as fairies wont to do,
 Came near and said, " This wondrous land
 Of airy sprites I'll lead thee through."
 Guided by her I dared to gaze
 Where Nature's servants restless toil
 The rocks of sand and chalk to raise,
 The granite's tall, unyielding pile:

And oft a narrow space they leave,
 Where vitriol's azure drops to pour,
 Or thinnest threads of silver weave
 In baser metals' glittering are.
 And when they mingle air and light
 With iron black or sluggish lead,
 Eye hath not seen so fair a sight,
 Such brilliant hues, green, white, and red.

I saw the home of every wind ;
 And where the ocean's base is laid ;
 And where the earthquake sleeps confined,
 Till Destiny demands its aid ;
 And where from magazines of snow
 The mighty rivers foaming well ;
 And more than mortals e'er can know,
 And more than fairy's tongue can tell.

Long did I stand enraptured there,
 Nor ceased to gaze in full delight.
 Mother of beauty, thou art fair !
 O Nature, lovely is thy might.
 Forever would I dwell with thee !
 Forever to thy train belong.
 Then she that led me, smiled to see
 My admiration deep and strong,

And thus in kindest mood began ;
 " O ! wouldst thou Nature's love return,
 Remember that thou once wast man,
 Young elf ; to heal man's sorrows learn ;
 Spread calmness round the couch of pain ;
 Comfort the mourning ; sooth disease ;
 Support the wavering ; and sustain
 The form that shrinks at winter's breeze ;

A guardian power, o'er virtue bend ;
 Shed round the young sweet influence ;
 To the lone wanderer vigour lend ;
 And anxious watch o'er innocence ;
 From pleasure's wiles preserve the fair ;
 Then shall the Virgin love thee well,
 And haply trust to thee the care
 Of vales, where peace and virtue dwell.

And now thou'rt one of us ; canst roam
 In fire, earth, air, o'er ocean's wave ;
 Canst fly to bless thy ancient home,
 From age and pain thy parents save ;
 And rest awhile delighted where
 Thy youthful sisters harmless play,
 Nor deem their brother hovering near,
 To drive each guilty thought away.

For know, we bless the infant's head ;
 We guard the fair ; the good we shield ;
 We teach the young, to virtue bred,
 Her arms victoriously to wield ;
 We paint with light the opening flowers ;
 Of every herb we know the name ;
 The sea 's ours ; the earth is ours ;
 We rule the air ; we rule the flame."

The social fairy ceased to speak.
There's many a joy, that mortals know ;
But oft when pleasure's flower they seek,
The leaves conceal the worm of woe ;
'Tis sweet to watch the kindling eye
Of parents, kin, or friends, or wife ;
But sweeter 'tis in air to fly,
And happiest is the fairy's life.

MIDNIGHT. AT MEYRINGEN.

Is there no slumber for the hearts that mourn?
Vainly I long my weary eyes to close ;
Sleep does but mock me with unfeeling scorn,
And only to the careless sends repose.

Nor night, nor silence lends my bosom rest ;
My visionary spirit wanders far ;
With heart and hopes I follow to the West
In its calm motion Hesper's flaming star.

Ah ! there the fates spin sorrow's blackest thread,
And restless weave misfortune's broadest woof ;
There Destiny, with threatening wings outspread,
Broods in still darkness o'er my home's dear roof.

I dread his power ; and still my heart must sigh
In anguish ; down the midnight stars are gone ;
The moon has set ; the hours are hurrying by ;
And I am wakeful, sorrowing, and alone.

THE SIMPLON.

FAREWELL TO SWITZERLAND.

Land of the brave ! land of the free ! farewell ;
 Thee nature moulded in her wildest mood,
 Scooped the deep glen, and bade the mountains swell
 O'er the dark belt of arrowy tannen wood.

Thy hills I roamed in gladness ; pure and white
 Beams their broad mantle of eternal snows
 In sparkling splendour ; and with crimson light
 Tinged are its curling folds, when sunset glows.

With my own hands 'twas sweet to climb the crag,
 Upborne and nourished by the mountain air ;
 While the lean mules would far behind me lag,
 The fainting sons of indolence that bear.

'Twas sweet at noonday, stretched in idle ease,
 To watch the stream, that hurries o'er the steep ;
 At one bold bound the precipice he frees,
 Pours from the rocks, and hastes through vales to
 sweep ;

There in still nook he forms the smiling lake
 Of glassy clearness, where the boatman glides ;
 And thence a gentler course his torrents take,
 And white-walled towns like lilies deck his sides.

And as I lay in Nature's soothing arms,
 On Memory's leaf she drew in colours bright
 The mountain landscape's ever varying charms,
 And bade Remembrance guard each haughty height,

I dar'd to tread, each vale I wander'd through,
 And every tree, that cooled me with its shade,
 Each glacier, whence the air refreshing blew,
 Each limpid fountain, that my thirst allayed.

O Earth, I cried, thou kindest nurse, still turns
 To thee the heart, that withered like the leaf
 In autumn's blast, and bruised by anguish, mourns
 Departed happiness. There is relief

Upon thy bosom ; from thee fountains gush
 To cool the heated brow with purest wave ;
 And when distress the struggling soul would crush,
 Thy tranquil mien hath power to heal, and save

From wasting grief. My spirit too was sear,
As is the last grey leaf, that lingers yet
On oaken branch, although my twentieth year
Upon my youthful head no mark had set.

To thee in hope and confidence I came ;
And thou didst lend thine air a soothing balm ;
Didst teach me sorrow's fearful power to tame,
And be, though pensive, cheerful, pleased, and calm.

My heart was chilled ; age stole upon my mind,
In hour untimely, spring from life to wrest ;
I wandered far my long-lost youth to find,
And I regain it, Nature, on thy breast.

ИИ Италр.

1822.

INVOCATION.

My God, in loveliness thy earth
Is clad, where waves Italia's air,
The fields to every flower give birth,
And every fruit the harvests bear.
Lend, while I roam the beauteous land,
A fresher force to every sense,
To feel, where thou hast set thy hand,
Creation's holy influence.

Here painting's sterner sister draws
From stone the breathing countenance,
Subjects its mass to beauty's laws,
And lends to marble passion's glance.
With spirit rapt and judgment true,
Give me the artist's power to trace,
And with creating fancy view
The forms of more than earthly grace.

At thy command the light first shone,
And in moist skies the painted bow ;
Since man its hues has made his own,
Taught them with life and mind to glow,

The godlike power may I revere,
 Which shows devotion's kindling eye,
 What looks of love the Saviour's were,
 How angels smile, how martyrs die.

Nor would I pass with heedless glance
 The fabled forms of age profane,
 The Muses' ring, the Graces' dance,
 And all Olympus' fabled train.
 For 'tis from thee high talents flow ;
 Thou didst inspire the artist's heart,
 The mighty mind of Angelo,
 And Raphael's milder winning art.

And where the soft Italian stream
 Of verse in sweetest harmony
 Flows o'er my soul, I fain would deem
 The poet's ardour springs from thee.
 And pardon, if with love too strong
 I list to Tasso's holy shell,
 Or idolize the bard, whose song
 The fate of parted souls could tell.

By honour stung, to me too give
In bold invention's heaven to soar,
Nor all unknown to glory live,
Nor perish to be named no more.
If thou inspire the measured feet,
Oblivion yet will spare my name,
And mindful echo oft repeat
My humble praise to distant fame.

SOLI DEO ET ANGELIS EJUS OPTA FAMILIAREM
ESSE, ET HOMINUM NOTITIAM DEVITA.

Thomas a Kempis.

O shun in youth the thoughtless throng
Of fashion's fickle train ;
Though gay its smiles, and sweet its song,
The world's delights are vain.

To strangers ne'er thy breast reveal,
Nor cherished hopes disclose ;
They cannot weep, they cannot feel,
And only mock thy woes.

But humbly seek the reverend sage,
By years and virtues tried ;
For wise Experience, ripe with age,
Thy youth can safest guide.

The soul unbosom oft in prayer,
Thy wants to God unfold ;
And to his will with earnest care
Thy spirit strive to mould.

O! form to Him the opening soul
In solemn solitude ;
Mid silence there the heavenly goal
In visions high be viewed.

With chastest flower religion blooms,
Where fall untrodden dews ;
There dwell concealed its pure perfumes
In folds of lovely hues.

Its blossoms, dressed in mild array,
Breathe incense to the skies ;
But placed in gardens for display,
The plant soon droops and dies.

Who loves on heaven to muse unseen,
Its freshest leaves may wear,
That, blooming in immortal green,
With fragrance fill the air.

Then let me guard the tender stem,
And near its influence dwell ;
Nor mirth, nor power, nor wealth's rich gem
Shall please my heart so well.

My God! from busy crowds I fly,
Be thou my guide, my friend;
O! raise my soul, or from on high
Vouchsafe thy face to bend.

And bid my spirit e'en below
Thy mercies clearly see;
With Thee, with Thee familiar grow,
And build all hope on Thee.

Abstineas, mors atra, precor ; non hic mihi mater,
 Quae legat in moestos ossa perusta sinus ;
 Non soror, Assyrios cineri quae dedat odores,
 Et fleat effusis ante sepulchra comis.

TIBULLUS I. 3. 5.

My God, my Father ! guard my youth,
 Direct me in the paths of truth,
 Thy watchful love around me spread,
 And save from early death my head ;
 Here sickness taints the evening gale,
 And waves its wings o'er every vale ;
 O ! shield me from its fearful might,
 For well I love the cheerful light.

Oh spare me, for I love the earth,
 And youthful life to hope gives birth,
 Still oft with clear exulting eyes
 I fain would see the morning rise,
 The flowers of spring their leaves unfold,
 The clouds at evening glow in gold,
 The brilliant stars, the milder light
 That lends a softer charm to night.

O spare me, Lord ! here dwells no friend
O'er wan disease with care to bend ;
No sister's here to bid me sip
The draught, that cools the feverish lip,
To sooth the heart, when vigour flies,
And wake delight with love's mild eyes,
The soul's last earthly wish to hear,
And strew with flowers the early bier.

Thy will be done ; I would not fly
From death because I fear to die ;
But live to serve religion's cause,
And cherish truth and freedom's laws ;
Then, ere my frame with age shall pine,
Receive my soul to realms divine,
To dwell within the heavenly gate,
There for my Lord's commands to wait.

Malheur aux orphelins ! les événements fortunés, aussi bien que les peines, font sentir le solitude du cœur. Comment, en effet, remplacer jamais cette affection née avec nous, cette intelligence, cette sympathie du sang, cette amitié préparée par le ciel entre un enfant et son père ? On peut aimer encore, mais confier toute son ame est un bonheur, qu' on ne retrouvera plus.

Corinne. Livre 1. Cap. iv.

How mildly beams a father's face !
 How true and tender his embrace !
 Heaven blends the hearts of sire and son ;
 Their kindred souls are joined in one ;
 No stay is like a father's arm ;
 No eye so quick to guard from harm ;
 And more the heart his counsels move,
 Than pleasure's voice, or woman's love.

Hath fickle passion wronged thy youth ?
 Cling to his side, whose love is truth ;
 Have friends thy innocence beguiled ?
 Guileless a father guides his child ;
 Or hast thou vainly wandered far,
 To search for truth's directing star ?
 Return and claim thy sire's embrace ;
 His bosom be thy resting-place.

Or hast thou aim'd to soar in skies,
Where mightier spirits fearless rise,
And feeble, as the bird, that springs
Toward heaven, ere time hath nerved his wings,
With flagging plumes too soon returnest,
All drooping to the ground thou spurnest ?
Fly to thy father's tranquil breast,
Thou weary bird, make there thy nest.

Alas for orphan hearts, that mourn
The dearest ties of nature torn ;
They gaze not on a father's eye ;
No more upon his bosom lie ;
For them life's surest friend is gone ;
In grief, in hope their hearts are lone ;
And e'en should love still light its fires,
What earthly love is like a sire's ?

MIDNIGHT AT THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

The midnight stars are gleaming o'er me ;
The Virgin's waters dash before me,
And glitter in the moon, that holy
And placid light sheds through the night,
And wakens melancholy.

Short-lived, like human hopes and troubles,
The gaudy crowd of silver bubbles
Float on in airy vanity ;
Reflect the moon, then vanish soon,
An emblem of humanity.

The gathered waters shine as purely,
As hearts that rest on heaven securely,
And guileless love their duty ;
Transparent flow the waves below,
Bright in their ruffled beauty.

As where the fountains rest collected,
The moon's mild purity's reflected,
So may my heart thus brightly
A mirror be, my God, to Thee,
And show thine image rightly.

TO GUIDO RENT'S MICHAEL.

What son of light, with limbs so mildly fair,
 Beats to the earth our ancient enemy?
 'Tis Michael, sent for vengeance from on high;
 His features majesty, yet meekness wear,
 Unearthly splendour gilds his curling hair,
 While his right hand is nerved with energy,
 And anger gently darkles in his eye,
 As if a guest not wont to habit there,

Help to the weak, thou youthful warrior, lend,
 And bind, where darkness spreads his dwellingplace.
 The fearful fiend, too long the lord of hell;
 Then smiling turn to us thy eloquent face,
 Benignant counsel with high vengeance blend,
 And deign our social guest on earth to dwell.

*Delphica**Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.*

How can we wake the fervid song,
 Where winter reigns with aspect chill?
 The gentler climes to bards belong,
 Where myrtles bloom and winds are still.

How can we strike the golden chords;
 Where none from vulgar toil repose
 To hear the poet's kindling words,
 Th' impassioned thought, the verse that glows.

The bard, who sings the valiant free,
 Deserves the crown of laurel leaves;
 Who plants and guards the noble tree?
 Or garlands of its branches weaves?

Silent he dreams of heaven apart,
 Till promised glory tunes his lyre;
 Till praise revives his doubting heart,
 And wakes to flames the latent fire.

So droops and pines the lovely flower,
Touched by the autumn's chilling frost ;
Till warming beams at morn's bright hour
Renew the life so nearly lost.

Reviving heat the plant soon feels,
And lifts its blossoms o'er the vale,
Again each purple charm reveals,
And incense lends the softened gale.

THE CHURCH AND CLOISTER OF ST. ONOFRIO.

I tread with awe the humble church, that keeps
Of chivalry's loved bard the honoured bones ;
No gaudy tomb need tell where Tasso sleeps,
Nor marble bust, nor monumental stones.

Where rest the ashes of the bard divine,
A solemn feeling calms the holy air ;
The quiet grave becomes the pilgrim's shrine,
And still devotion rules the spirit there.

For 'tis devotion deeply to admire
Him, who, like God, creates with power sublime,
Breathes warmth to words with more than Titan's fire,
And builds the lofty monument of rhyme.

Then let the hearts, whom Tasso's verse has led
To the famed hills, where christian pilgrims meet,
Turn to his lonely grave with reverent tread,
The sweetest child of epic song to greet ;

Or pensive wander to the lonely tree,
Where from his wrongs the injured bard had rest ;
A verdant scene smiled round him witchingly ;
Thrice happy spot, since honoured by such guest.

- Here, Tasso, I'll invoke thy name, where strays
Mild like thy verse the morning's purest breeze ;
Bright were thy thoughts as are Hyperion's rays,
When first young morn his rising glory sees.

Beneath this oak thy noonday seat was made ;
How the proud tree in heaven's replendent eye,
As conscious thou didst love its friendly shade,
Spreads its broad limbs in ample majesty !

Revolving centuries could nought but lend
New beauty to its bold and vigorous form,
Nor yet one branch with age begins to bend,
Nor deigns its top to stoop before the storm.

So thrives the glory of the matchless bard,
Whose verse gave praise to heaven, to men renown ;
Nor age, nor envy's voice his fame has marred,
Nor plucked one leaf from his bright laurel crown.

And still his gentle spirit rules the air ;
Then let the sun shine forth from cloudless skies,
The fields and flowers unwonted beauty wear,
And clothed in brighter green the laurels rise.

His holy ashes unseen spirits guard ;
Her purest dews let Nature o'er him shed,
While pilgrims throng to kneel where rests the bard,
And freshest garlands scatter o'er his head.

THE COMPLAINT OF A PRINCESS.

Away, ye thoughts, that cloud the brow
And banish health's serener glow ;
Why broods in my lone breast the swarm
Of cares that prey on beauty's form,
Like worms beneath the opening rose?
Away! away! I need repose.

I mourn not beauty's loss,—alas!
On wings its brilliant honours pass ;
Like the full moon, but one short night
Can rule the eye's expressive light ;
And soon the crimson cheek grows pale ;
Then who would mourn for things so frail?

I sigh not for the festive hall,
Though oft I've reign'd at mask and ball.
Mid the vain pomp and revelry
No queen more honoured sat, than I ;
None wore a wreath of brighter flowers,
Or chased with lighter feet the hours.

Yet oft I shunned the splendid throng,
To dwell where dwells the bird of song,
Where nature spreads o'er southern lands
Purple and green with lavish hands,
And lulls the ocean's bosom ; then
I dreamed not of the haunts of men.

Restore those days of blessedness,
Ye, who have conquered to oppress ;
Ye stained the laurel crown I wore ;
The coronet from my brows ye tore ;
With greedy hands my wealth ye stole ;
Now peace ! or would ye crush the soul ?

Can ye, who bid me languish here,
A solitary woman fear ?
There was a day, when many a sword
Had leaped to light at my poor word,
And crowds begirt my princely throne ;
The exiled princess mourns alone.

My soul is wrecked mid wrongs and woes,
And fainting claims repose, repose ;
And nought but friendship's gentle voice
Can make my withering heart rejoice.

But where on earth does friendship dwell?
Ye, that have thronged to serve me, tell.

O! let me find some lonely spot,
Where all my wrongs may be forgot;
For where heaven lends her loveliest scene
A softened air, a sky serene,
Along the shore, where smiles the sea,
There, only there, are friends for me.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Thou lingering star, whose constant beams
 Clothe the calm eve in loveliness,
 Like friendship's smile thy brightness seems
 The pensive soul with peace to bless.
 Thy torch leads forth the evening's train,
 Of silent skies the sparkling host,
 And of all stars high noon that gain,
 I love thy light, fair wanderer, most.
 And oft I deem thee deeply skilled
 To read the language of the breast,
 When with thy light heaven's skirt is filled,
 And bright the bosom of the West.
 And soon that West thy light will share ;
 O ! when thy star shall o'er it move,
 To the kind few, that love me there,
 Be thou my messenger of love.
 Tell them that oft the pilgrim lone
 Hath mused beneath eve's tranquil sky,
 Nor watched the East, when morning shone,
 But turned to their far heaven his eye.
 Tell them that friendship should like thee
 With light unchanging shine,
 Nor quench but with eternity
 The chastened rays of love divine.

Tell them to guard its steady ray,
Nor light like falling meteors show,
That cleave through heaven their splendid way,
To waste on moments all their glow.
Tell them that, as thou wanderest far,
Yet when thy pilgrimage is run,
Still shines with even light thy star,
As when thy course was first begun ;
So while the stranger's land I tread,
Affection's lamp, which once with care
At home's dear hearth was lit, I feed,
And still its holy light repair.
And when the morrow's eve shall come,
And thy sweet face its darkness cheer,
Bring me good tidings from my home,
Say that to some I still am dear,
That still I'm loved by distant friends,
And that my hopes not all are vain ;
And now farewell ; thy orb descends ;
Tomorrow eve we meet again.

THE MONASTERY OF ST. BONAVENTURA.

A TRUE STORY.

Of ancient glory mid the wrecks I strayed,
For widest ruin marks the Palatine,
And claims the hill, where kings their dwellings made,
And endless deemed their sceptre and their line.
Now a meek church upon its brow displays
The cross of Christ ; and humbly at its side
A convent stands, and shuns the curious gaze,
Striving mid loneliness its cells to hide.

I dared to enter ; Silence rules the spot ;
And stern Devotion does its penance there ;
Of joy the dim remembrance enters not,
And past delights in vain the mind would share.
The sombre light through grated windows falls
On imaged instruments of agony,
Death's darkest ensigns gleaming on the walls,
And Christ with purple side and dying eye.

I shuddered as I trod the lonely aisles ;
With bended head I passed the saving cross,
And gained a narrow garden, where the piles
Of ruined halls are mantled o'er with moss.

Ye who ne'er felt the might of solitude,
 Nor spoke with God, where thought and silence dwell,
 O hither come ! where pleasures ne'er intrude,
 And learn of Nature low desires to quell.

And pensive muse amid the solemn scene,
 Till the mind communes with the world on high,
 Learns its desires from time's vain charms to wean,
 Nor pine for joys, that woo us but to fly.
 Long I remained the lonely walks to pace ;
 When lo ! a holy man before me stands ;
 Calm contemplation marked his youthful face,
 And wisdom's page unrolled was in his hands.

He seemed in thought ; his cowl a sombre shade
 Threw o'er his cheeks, that beamed with piety.
 Moved by the sound my careless footsteps made,
 He turned, yet viewed me with a friendly eye.
 I longed with words the young recluse to greet,
 And hear his voice ; nor was my wish denied ;
 For soon he came my doubtful steps to meet,
 And through the aisles the foreign youth to guide.

He showed me of the living the small cell,
 And led me through the cave, where rest the dead ;
 In death's dark house I marked his visage well ;
 A smile new sweetness o'er his features shed ;

For with disease e'en now his cheeks were rent,
 Haply his heart was torn by early woes,
 Or Rome's infected winds his strength had bent ;
 With fearless eye he viewed death's calm repose.

" Brother," I cried, "your order, too austere,
 Makes life but one long penance ; take the good
 Which God hath spread before you ; do ye fear
 With cheerful hearts to break your daily food ?
 The broad earth laughs, in flowers and plenty clad ;
 Rejoice with God's creation." Mild replied
 My kind conductor ; " Better calmly sad
 Weep life away, than trust in human pride.

Knowest thou not yet how vain are earthly things ?
 Then look around thee ; knowest thou not the place ?
 Here once majestic rose the home of kings ;
 Here pleasure's feet the hours were wont to chase.
 But where are now the gay Augustan halls ?
 There's nought but ivy-mantled arches now ;
 Yet changeless o'er them stands the cross, and calls
 To penance ; and before that cross I bow.

None but the christian's banner changeless waves,
 While earth's deluding splendors pass away ;
 Then love not splendor—'tis the cross that saves—
 Nor grieve that earth's unmeaning toys decay."

Again I spake. "Your lofty home is fair ;
 A wide and lovely landscape smiles below ;
 Devotion seems to fill the passing air,
 And the far fields in fertile beauty glow.

Here it were light, life's pleasures to despise."
 "That we have made our home, O stranger, here,"
 He answered, "is not to delight the eyes,
 But that our souls to heaven may be more near.
 The broad creation is of power divine
 A feeble mirror ; there we dimly see
 Love, beauty, mercy, strength, reflected shine,
 Though oft the imperfect mirror tarnished be."

"Yet wherefore is the use of godlike speech,"
 I cried, "forbidden, when your bread ye break ?
 For mutual eloquence might haply teach
 With deeper scorn life's pleasures to forsake."
 "What need of words?" he answered. "Could ye
 brook

Man's feeble voice, when nature speaks around
 With louder tongue and mightier accents? Look
 On the crushed columns strewed along the ground ;

And mark yon arches, now with weeds o'ergrown,
 The temples wrecked in indistinct decay ;
 The hill once thronged with multitudes is lone ;
 Passed is the pomp of golden halls away.

With clearer force, than man's most powerful words,
Life's vanity the crumbling marbles tell,
Yon ruined halls, where brood night's evil birds,
And where the lords of earth once loved to dwell."

"Just is your speech," with spirit mov'd I cried,
"And blest your life ; for o'er the cares of man
Ye triumph ; prayer and thought your time divide ;
Devotion lights your cheeks, with fasting wan.
Oft I'll remember thee and this still day,
Though now we part. God's blessing with thee dwell.
"And dwell with thee." Pensive I turn'd away,
And echo brought me still his last farewell.

Pictures of Rome.

WORCESTER, JULY, 1823.

6*

ROME.

DAUGHTER of Mars, Eternal Rome, all-hail!

Thy form may fade, thy youthful prowess fail,
Thy hoary age be wrapt in sable stole,
Still art thou empress of the willing soul ;
And strains of ancient glory, strong and deep,
Still o'er thy soil with wizard echoes sweep,
And balmy air steals wooing through thy gloom.

Thine is the clime, where groves of citron bloom ;
The golden orange glows mid darkling leaves ;
Earth from her lap the abundant harvest heaves ;
From her full horn exulting plenty showers
The sunny grape, oil, corn, and fruits, and flowers ;
In verdant arch leaps Bacchus' cheering boon
From tree to tree, and twines the gay festoon ;
O'er the clipt hedge the cypress towers ; high wave
The laurel's boughs, best guerdon of the brave ;
No rushing winds the myrtle rudely shake ;
Spring's sweetest bird revels in bush and brake ;

The flowering earth no icy robes enwrap.
 Here Flora rests her head on Winter's lap ;
 Relenting Winter winnows perfumed air,
 And all his months the maiden's livery wear.

But not thy clime's sweet breath and cloudless
 sheen

Thus wake the soul's desire, Italia's queen !
 Sure there are lands more brilliant suns can boast ;
 Breathe gales more fragrant from the Arab's coast ;
 Far brighter skies are spread o'er Ganges' stream,
 Than o'er thy waters, golden Tiber, beam ;
 And where Potomac swells through virgin banks,
 In statelier pomp wave Ceres' bearded ranks.

Yet still to thee the pilgrim's vows belong,
 Thou favourite land of history, arts, and song ;
 Thy tale of elder days the heart enchants ;
 And pictured Fable treads thy classic haunts,
 Steals through the time-worn piles, the marble gloom,
 The crumbling arch, the ivy-mantled tomb ;
 Of phantasy and truth the darling child ;
 Her's the creating wand, the pencil wild ;
 Moved by her spell, departed days return,
 And rise her heroes from the narrow urn.
 Hark to her lyre.—As when Amphion sung,
 And touched the magic chords, a city sprung
 To being, (time the might of Thebes has bent,)
 With guarded citadel and battlement,

With towers along the walls, and gates, and mound,
 And every art a foeman's rage to bound ;
 So rise anew, when youthful fancy calls,
 Rome's ancient streets, her forum, courts, and walls ;
 In marble symmetry her temples swell ;
 The sculptured columns tower in pride, and tell
 A soldier's deeds, a vanquished nation's grief.
 On tapering pillars, crowned with Corinth's leaf,
 The palace rests ; Olympus crowds its walls ;
 And rainbow hues adorn the glistening halls
 With bright, unearthly forms of ancient day.

Lo ! triumph's train still crowds the sacred way ;
 The roofs are thronged ; the porticos are full ;
 The conquering bands move on ; the snow-white bull,
 With gilded horn, and neck with garland bound ;
 The civic priest, his brow with azure crowned ;
 Now wake the clarion's voice ; the son of war
 From battled field returns in victory's car ;
 Laurels his temples grace, his breast the frequent scar.

Behold the Forum ; Freedom there could raise
 Her boldest cry, and win eternal praise ;
 Revered Persuasion breathes her holiest spell,
 Where Tully spoke, and patriot Gracchus fell.

Whose is the languid step, that upward steals
 To where Augustus dwells ? The frequent peals
 Of rude applause escape the gathering crowd,
 That press around the sage, and cry aloud,

" 'Tis he—'tis he." It is the Mantuan swan !
 Virgil ! with drooping gate, with clouded, wan,
 But eloquent cheek, and at his heels the throng
 Virgil the wise ! for me, I loved thy song
 In boyhood's prime ; and oft have whiled away
 An innocent, happy hour with thy sweet lay.
 The many call thee wizard ; wake once more
 With potent charm the slumbering years of yore ;
 Bid forests crown the hills, and as of old
 Let Rome regain Arcadian charms.

Behold !

In primitive beauty smiles the unploughed soil,
 Nor known to fame, nor bathed by war's red toil.
 A shepherd king with even justice sways
 A shepherd nation ; flocks unnumbered graze
 Along the mead, and bulls that bear no yoke ;
 Nor hath the axe yet aimed the ruinous stroke ;
 The ancient groves are bright with ominous birds ;
 Echo repeats the low of lazy herds ;
 And peace and silence on the scene repose ;
 While o'er the hills the dark-haired Sybil goes
 In Eastern garb, and rolls her frenzied eyes,
 Chanting in wildest mood her prophecies.
 " Peace to thy huts, Evander, be they blest
 With plenty's richest gifts ; herds ! graze and rest

On Rome's seven hills, while fearless yet ye may ;
 The scene will change ; enjoy the present day ;
 Ye bleed to grace no triumph ; soon will come
 Glory's bright days ; here free, undying Rome
 Shall rise. To Tiber's banks a vestal strayed ;
 A God came down from heaven and wooed the maid ;
 Twin heroes blest their love ; a wolf the birth
 Preserved ; lo ! Rome, the mistress of the earth."—
 The picture's past, and hushed the maiden's strain.

Hark ! Romulus' steeds are trampling on the plain ;
 Loose from their leash the thirsting war-hounds spring ;
 Fierce battles rage, and shouts for victory ring ;
 The war-horse neighs ; the conflict's torrent flows.—
 'Tis o'er.—Now laurels wreath for Roman brows.

Faint gleams the vision of old time. A cloud
 O'er Rome's next years expands its veiling shroud.
 Through the dark gloom a royal sage is seen,
 His locks are white, and wisdom marks his mien ;
 An airy nymph attends the monarch's side,
 Egeria of the vale, his heavenly bride.
 In quick confusion, seen through glimmering night,
 Pictures of darker years appal my sight ;
 I hear the clash of arms, the battle's din ;
 Glory without and civil feuds within
 Resound along the gloom.

Now night is o'er.

The sun of peace ascends the hills once more,
Hangs round the morn its robe of light and gold,
And sends his glistening beams along the wold,
And through the cloud that round the horizon wafts,
Walks proudly forth, darting his fiery shafts
Midst the blue vapours, till with kindling rays
They glow in waving curls, and one bright blaze
Holds all the east ; so royal cities flame,
Fired by the foe ; so Troy of ancient fame.
And on that morn, along the Tiber's strand
The Romans throng ; for now from freedom's land
Her envoys come ; and freedom's laws they bring.
The echoing hills with shouts of transport ring ;
No more Patrician pride shall sway the state ;
Honour disdains on birth or rank to wait,
And none are noble but the just and brave.
On lasting brass the equal laws engrave.
Now smiling justice hastes her torch to trim,
Repairs the beams that tyrant clans would dim ;
O'er the wide earth she sends her steady blaze,
And West and East reflect the tranquil rays.
Late time shall bless the state, whose heroes bore
The light of law from Athens' learned shore,
On Grecian seas the Roman sail unfurled,
To gain the code that civilized the world.

A wondrous tale the admiring' envoys tell
 Of shrines they saw in stern proportions swell,
 The Doric majesty of Pallas' fane,
 And courts, that echoed to the tragic strain,
 The stage, and mimic kings that o'er it trod,
 Of one, whose chisel carved the marble God,
 And filled with Centaurs' strife the storied frieze ;
 And much they praise the rule of Pericles.
 And, in their train, retired and musing goes
 A man of other climes ; his garment flows
 Around his graceful limbs in Grecian folds ;
 Of Athens he ; and in his hand he holds
 A seven-stringed harp—the foreign wonder—see,
 How children gaze, unused to minstrelsy ;
 And when his touch awakes the measured feet,
 They ask if earthly thing has sound so sweet ;
 And silent rapture holds the listening throng.
 Who that hath heard, admires not Grecian song ?

Now through the streets where civil strife grew
 mad,

Walks vestal Peace in spotless mantle clad ;
 Round her left arm, the ample robe is rolled,
 And glittering treasures drop from every fold.
 The loaded barks along the Tiber glide
 In gay succession, or at anchor ride,

Groaning with wealth and stores of other lands ;
 And Justice reigns, and Commerce claps her hands.

Winged are the feet of time ; and many an age
 With glory's names has filled the historic page.

O'er many a land the Roman eagle flies.

Whose banner waves beneath the Gallic skies ?

The Roman. Whose is now unfurled o'er Spain ?

The Roman still. O'er Afric's sandy plain

What bird expands his wing, nor fears to sweep

Through Greece, calls Asia his, and rules the deep ?

'Tis still the Roman eagle. Great art thou,

Imperial Rome ; earth's diadem decks thy brow ;

Nation's before thee kneel ; kings are thy prey ;

States sink beneath thy steps, or own thy sway.

Now in her lap the liberal orient pours

Gems of all hues, from earth's remotest stores,

To deck in pride the Cæsars' palace ; there

In noon's bright beams the polished marbles glare ;

The tessellated floors their light diffuse,

All freaked and brilliant with fantastic hues.

But pass these splendid courts ; their pomp forego ;

List ; from the inner halls come sounds of wo ;

- A mother's hopes, a nation's are undone ;

The Roman empress mourns her only son.

He died in youth ; oh ! who will cry, Alas,

Or wail his doom, as o'er his grave they pass ?

Calm be his sleep ; he died in life's sweet prime,
 Ere yet his guileless heart was flawed by crime,
 While earth o'erflowed with hopes, and joys, and
 charms,

And nature lived within his youthful arms ;
 Ere heartless friend had poisoned pleasure's spring,
 Or bitter knowledge taught him murmuring.

Let violets blossom where his ashes rest ;
 Love's golden shafts but glanced along his breast ;
 Of Hymen's cup his lips the honied brim
 Had tasted ; gall was there, but not for him ;
 Youth decked his bier ; the bard of purest fame
 Embalmed in golden verse Marcellus' name.

With placid mien death's early victims haste
 From the fair earth, ere years of sorrow waste,
 Or mourning breaks the heart.

Not such thine end,

My care-worn brother, my youth's guide and friend.
 Spring sweetly breathes, and with the waking year
 The hearts that love thee deem the wanderer near.
 The summer shines ; how calmly smile the seas ;
 And gallant ships exulting in the breeze
 Their canvass spread. Why stays thy coming? Why?
 No tempest broods, no vapour dims the sky.
 The blithsome reaper binds the yellow sheaf ;
 O come ! O come ! ere autumn stains the leaf.

O'er ocean's paths thy frequent course was safe,
 Where Eastern tides the shores of China chafe ;
 Thy bark the broadest billows safely ploughed,
 Nor bent its stately masts, when winds grew loud ;
 O'er India's waves with rapid wings it flew,
 And rode the gale where tropic tempests blew,
 And now will safely ride. Return, and rest
 Thy wasted form upon a mother's breast.
 The summer dies, and leaves begin to fall ;
 Haste, pious son ; dost hear thy father's call ?
 The last red leaves are trembling in the gale ;
 Why brings it not thy long-expected sail ?
 Vain is the hope ; I hear thy strained masts crash ;
 Thy funeral torch has been the lightning's flash ;
 The northwind rushing by hath sung thy dirge ;
 Thine only winding-sheet the whitening surge ;
 The wave thy bier, the sea's abyss thy grave.
 Farewell best friend ! whom goodness could not save ;
 'Tis well with thee ; but sisters' tears will flow ;
 And wo is me, thy gray-haired parents wo.
 They spread the feast thy welcome step to hail,
 The gladdening notes are changed to funeral wail ;
 They wove the joyous wreath for thy return,
 The garland hangs upon an empty urn.

And can we weep for short-lived mortals' doom,
 When thus we wander o'er an empire's tomb ?

States wither ; nations droop ; towns ruined lie ;
 Then vainly we rebel, that man must die ;
 Troy fell, and Athens fell, and Rome must fall ;
 One common fate, one death awaits us all.
 The garden flower soon sinks and hangs its head ;
 The autumn's blast will tinge the forest red ;
 The snow-flake melts, when first it meets the stream ;
 And icy hills decay in summer's beam.
 Man withers like the flowers ; they bloom this morn ;
 Tomorrow sees them of their honours shorn ;
 One friend is gone ; the rest must pass away ;
 To states and men alike, shall come the fatal day.

Oh ! weep for Rome, fallen Rome. Her sun has
 set,

Nor mild her eve ; dominion's coronet
 Circles her brows with laurel leaves no more,
 And humbled empire dwells on Helle's shore ;
 And Rome is sacked, that thy new town may shine,
 Unnatural prince, false, canting Constantine.
 She kneels before thee, gasping on the ground ;
 Thy bloody hand can fix the fatal wound,
 Confer on priests the land so dear to fame,
 And bid her suppliant age go, dwell with shame !
 Then shook the capitol ; then fell Jove's shrine ;
 Broken to dust lay statues once divine ;

The shades of heroes groaned at Rome's sad scath ;
The eagle shrieked, and fled in scornful wrath.

Was it for this, usurping Cæsar fell ?
Or Curtius plunged in death's wide-yawning hell ?
Was it for this, that Brutus left a name
Bright with the beams of freedom's holiest flame ?
Was it for this, that Gracchus spotless stood,
When high-born treason triumphed o'er the good ?
Awake, awake, bold Gracchus, from thy grave !
Rienzi ! wake ; thy country calls ; O ! -save
The humbled orphan ; cleanse her name from stain
In robbers' lifeblood.—Cease that lovesick strain !
With patriot chords let Petrarch tune his lyre,
And pour the indignant verse with words of fire.
Arouse, ye Roman hearts ! the glory share
Of freedom's battles ; brave men ne'er despair ;
Oft through your streets the blood of patriots' ran ;
Who slays a tyrant, slays the foe of man.

Vain is Rienzi's sword ; vain Petrarch's lay ;
The bubble bursts, bright phantom of a day ;
The popular breath is false ; Injustice wreaks
Her vengeance on the hero ; Freedom seeks
A distant home ; and childless Rome must sigh,
Wringing her hands in speechless agony.
Once to her sceptre earth and sea belonged ;

And round her side bards, warriors, statesmen throng-
ed;

But now the pilgrim winds his lonely way
O'er hills, that shroud their beauty in decay ;
On crumbled palaces the peasant plants
The gift of Ceres ; birds their safest haunts
Build in imperial dwellings ; and the vines
Spring from decay luxuriant ; ivy twines
In close embrace round Pallas' falling fane,
And Jove's own temples strew with wrecks the plain.
A few lone pillars, tottering on their base,
Mid the crushed marble guard their ancient place ;
One solitary column climbs the sky,
While deep in earth its fallen sisters lie ;
One still remains to tell how fair were they,
Which time with sullen hand has swept away.

Again beeves fatten on the Palatine ;
The herds at noonday in its shades recline ;
The Forum echoes to their long-drawn low,
And to the Tiber's banks at eve they go
With unmolested step, their thirst to slake ;
From the deserted streets no murmurs break ;
No birds of omen meet the pilgrim's gaze,
Nor midst the groves prophetic Sybil strays ;
The vestal's sacred fire no longer burns ;
Up to her heavenly home winged Victory turns ;

No more within her grots Egeria rests,
 And Freedom's war-cry wakes no Roman breasts.

Yet from all climes the young, the curious haste,
 To gaze on ancient pomp, the beauteous waste,
 To breathe the perfumed air, to watch the skies
 Tinged with a thousand hues, when the day dies ;
 Admire the speaking marble, painted urn,
 Arch, palace, picture, bath, church, tomb ; then turn
 Sated, and onward pass, as caravan,
 That flies from sands, where Famine lays her ban.
 Some few enchanted linger.

There the Dane
 Creates, and bright invention yet again
 Bids fairest shapes of more than earthly mould
 Flash on his frenzied visions, as of old
 They glanced on Phidias' eye.

And yet for one
 Of whitest soul, Italia's cherished son,
 Who round her land a dying glory shed,
 The tear should stream ; Canova too has fled.
 Time from his tomb the laurel ne'er shall wrest ;
 His home be now the islands of the blest ;
 Let grateful Venus thither be his guide,
 The myrtle wreath awaits him at her side ;
 There for his lips, where gods and heroes sup,
 Shall his own Hebe fill the nectared cup.

Farewell to Rome ; how lovely in distress ;
How sweet her gloom ; how proud her wilderness !
Farewell to all that won my youthful heart,
And waked fond longings after fame. We part.
The weary pilgrim to his home returns ;
For Freedom's air, for Western climes he burns ;
Where dwell the brave, the generous, and the free,
O ! there is Rome ; no other Rome for me.