Classic Poetry Series

Louisa Stuart Costello

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Eastern Song

By the brightness of the morning ray,
  By the deepest shades of night—
Thy beauty has not pass'd away;
  'Tis ever in my sight.

No sorrow e'er can light on me—
  But when, beloved, we part,
My thoughts are bounded all in thee,
  Thou Lote-tree* of my heart.

Louisa Stuart Costello

His Indian Love to Diogo Alvarez

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM BAHIA

When thou stoodst amidst thy countrymen
Our captive and our foe,
What voice of pity was it then
That check'd the fatal blow?

When the name of the mighty 'Man of Fire'
Re-echoed to the sky,
And our chiefs forgot their deadly ire—
Who hail'd thy victory?

What voice like the softest, sweetest note
That rings from the slender white bird's throat,
Has soothed thee so oft to rest?
And thou hast said, so tenderly,
That to sit among willow isles with me
Was to be ever blest!

Oh! have we not wander'd in silent night
When the thick dews fell from the weeping bough;
And then these eyes, like the stars, were bright—
But are wet like those mournful branches now.

Like the leafless plant that twines around
The forest tree so fair and high,
And when in that withering clasp 'tis bound,
Leaves the blighted trunk to die,—
Thy vows round my trusting heart have bound,
And now thou leav'st me to misery!

Thou wilt not return—thy words are vain!
Thou wilt cross the deep blue sea;
And some dark-eyed maid of thy native Spain
Will hold thee far from me.

The summer will come, and our willow shore
Will hear the merman sing;
But thou wilt list to his song no more
When the rocks with his music ring:

He will murmur thy falsehood to every cave—
Or will tell of thy death on the stormy wave.
Ah! no; ah! no; 'tis of mine he'll tell—
I will weep no more—farewell!—farewell!

Look from thy bark, how I follow afar;
How I scorn the winds' and the billows' war;—
I sink! the waves ring loudly my knell;
My sorrows are passing—farewell!—farewell!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Lines.—I cannot sleep

I cannot sleep—my nights glide on
    In one unbroken thought of thee;
And when the gloomy shades are gone,
    I start the dawning light to see.
And as I watch the rising morn
    Gain slowly o'er the yielding sky,
And mark another day new born,
    That glows so brightly—yet must die—
I think how all the hopes we cherish
    As transient, though as bright, will be;
And frailest of the hopes that perish
    Were mine, that told of love and thee!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Lines.—If we should ever meet again

If we should ever meet again
  When many tedious years are past;
When time shall have unbound the chain,
  And this sad heart is free at last;—
Then shall we meet and look unmov'd,
As though we ne'er had met—had lov'd!
And I shall mark without a tear
  How cold and calm thy alter'd brow;
I shall forget thou once wert dear,
  Rememb'ring but thy broken vow!
Rememb'ring that in trusting youth
I lov'd thee with the purest truth;
That now the fleeting dream is o'er,
And thou canst raise the spell no more!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Lines.—Oft on that latest star

Oft on that latest star of purest light,
   That hovers on the verge of morning gray,
I gaze, and think of eyes that gleam'd as bright,
   As fondly linger'd, and yet pass’d away.

While this true heart in every throb can tell
  'Tis changeless since the first fond hour we met—
While at thy name it wakes, as to a spell,
   I feel 'tis not in nature to forget!

Thou canst not have forgot the tender hour
  When we our parting tears together shed;
Thou canst not have forgot the fading flower
  That ask'd thy hand to raise its drooping head.

Thy voice, thy looks, thy sighs, too truly spoke—
  Oh! how could they deceive thyself and me?
No! death alone the bond of truth has broke,
   And cast oblivion on the world and thee!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Lines.—When this heart is cold and still

When this heart is cold and still,
And can throb for thee no more;
When it wakes not to the thrill
Of the harp's wild chord;
Nor can e'en afford
A sigh to the days of yore;

Then come to my silent tomb,
Which the breeze will murmur over:
Where reigns the deepest gloom—
Where the bat flits by
And the ravens cry—
Thou shalt the spot discover.

Louisa Stuart Costello

Lines.—Why look'd I on that fatal line

Why look'd I on that fatal line?
    Why did I pray that page to see?
Too well I knew no word of thine
    Was fraught with aught but pain to me.
I should have known, I should have thought
    The fleeting hope would soon decay!
So oft the gleam of joy it brought
    Has only shone to pass away.
Thy hand had traced the words I read;
    And in that dream I wandered on—
Forgot their cherish'd spell was fled,
    Thy vows no more—thy fondness gone.
I lived whole years of joy again
    I dwelt on each recorded vow;
Oh! tender was their meaning then—
    Alas! they have no meaning now!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Medjnoon in his Solitude

My ev'ry thought and wish was thine;
Alas! thou know'st too well—
The ties that bind thy soul and mine,
How lasting need I tell.

Oh! I have lov'd thee tenderly—
Too dearly love thee still!
I feel that thought can never die—
That wish no time can kill.

The life that spreads before me now
Is one vast wilderness;
No fairy vales the scene can show
That smile to cheer and bless.

All dreary spreads the frowning waste—
A desert, gloomy, bare;
The rugged path, when found at last,
Leads on but to despair!

No streams, that cool the parching breeze,
Spring in that desert rude;
Save those the fainting Arab sees,
That glitter to delude.

Or if some smiling view display'd
Would tempt my hope again,
I know 'tis but an empty shade,
And sigh to feel it vain!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Memory

June

The high grass waves, with varied hues
Of wild flowers glowing 'mid the green;
The woods have caught a deeper shade,
And darkly skirt the distant scene.

The white-throat sings from every brake
The blackbird breathes a sweet reply;
The lark's shrill fairy notes awake
The echoes of his native sky:

The pale wild rose is blushing near;
And clinging tendrils round it twine,
That throw their gay and graceful wreaths
In many a varied waving line.

There tremble on the slender stem
The barley's rich and bending heads;
And here the pea, in winged bloom,
Along the air its fragrance sheds.

I cannot smile, though all the scene
Is gay in Nature's brightest guise;
I think on hours that once have been,
And clouds o'er all the landscape rise.

And can no charm that nature knows
The fatal power of grief destroy?
Ah, no! in vain each beauty glows
When mem'ry has no gleam of joy!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Miranda's Song

Ye elves! when spangled starlight gleams,
   That flit beneath the ray,
Till morning darts her magic beams
   And pale night hies away:
Ye know where springs each flow'ret rare,
   The sweetest seek for me:
I'll weave a chaplet rich and fair—
   My father! 'tis for thee!

The flow'rs, the trees, the birds appear
   To wait but on my call;
But he whose power has plac'd them here
   Is dearer far than all:
My thoughts with tender pleasure rest
   On each delight I see;
But all the love that swells in my breast,
    My father, is for thee!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Night, on the Sea-shore

I have fled from all, and none can now

My way, my wanderings see;

The waters widely round me flow—

I feel that I am free!

Oh! who can wish for sunny day,
When they may look on that lovely ray—
On the moon so pure, so clear, and fair,
When no human form is nigh,
When no human voice can startle the air?
All is silence and secrecy.

No sound but the waters, that, murmuring, move—
No light but the shadowless orb above.
But see! the shadows are gathering fast—
The clear bright orb is gone:
Alas! no beauty can ever last,
That e'er I gaze upon!

The waters that sparkled so bright before
Now moan alone the gloomy shore;
And all is dark—as the fate will be
That spreads its cheerless path for me!

Louisa Stuart Costello

November Fifth

Anniversary of the Loss of H.M.S. Tweed

Oh, what relief to gaze on yonder sky,
Where all is holy, calm, and purely bright!
Within, the sound of mirth and revelry
Startles the timid ear of sober night.

And eyes are bright and silver voices thrill,
As the harp echoes through the glittering hall;
The jest is there that wakes the laugh at will,
And mirth has cast her fairy spell o'er all.

I turn, fair spirit of light! where peaceful thou
Art shining in unatler'd majesty;
The thin clouds float across thy placid brow,
And catch its silver beam in passing by.

To-night!—oh! on this night—nor many years
Have wasted, since in sad regret and pain,
Upon the wave, the sound of woe, and tears,
And frantic pray'rs arose—arose in vain!

Thy light was shrouded then in deepest gloom;
On that dark coast no friendly radiance shone
To warn the victims of their gaping tomb—
Despair and death and horror reign'd alone!

Shine on, shine on, thou treacherous planet still;
Gild with thy beams the now untroubled wave:
Alas! thou fair and fatal cause of ill,
Thy smiles are lovely—but too late to save!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song for a German Air

Fair stream of the mountain, brightly flowing
Between thy fresh margins, gay with flowers,
Life's uncertain visions showing;
Thus, like thy waters glide past the hours.
Oft on thy sunny banks I lie
And mark the waves that glitter by
With fleeting joy and brightness glowing.

Fair stream! when no more near thee reclining,
I gaze and lament for moments gone—
Cold and silent, past repining—
Still thy clear way thou wilt murmur on:
Still will thy roses bloom anew,
Though I no more their beauty view,
And yonder sun as bright be shining!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song of the Crew of Diaz

On the Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope,
or Cape of Storms

Where no sound was ever heard
  But the ocean's hollow roar,
As it breaks, in foamy mountains,
  Along the rugged shore:

Where ev'ry wind of heaven
  That has terror on its wings,
Howls to the startled echo
  That through each cavern rings:

Upon that world of waters,
        Where nought has ever pass'd
But the storm-bird's glittering pinions,
        As it whirls amidst the blast—

Where no sail has ever wandered
  Beneath that troubled sky,
Frowns the stately Cape of Storms
  O'er the drear immensity!

Above whose hoary summit,
  Where captive thunders sleep,
Three huge black clouds for ever
   Their dreadful station keep.

We have gazed on what no other
   Has ever gazed upon—
We have braved the angry spirits,
   And our victory is won.

We have conquered all the dangers
   Of a yet unfathom'd sea;
And we bring the prize of glory.
   Our country, Spain, to thee!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song.—I will not ask

Hi There! I see you're enjoying the site, and just wanted to extend an invitiation to register for our free site. The members of oldpoetry strive to make this a fun place to learn and share - hope you join us! - Kevin

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song.—If those dark eyes

If those dark eyes have gazed on me,
   Unconscious of their power—
The glance in secret ecstasy
   I've treasured many an hour.
If that soft voice, a single word
    Has breathed for me to hear,
Like Heaven's entrancing airs, the chord
    Resounded on my ear.

And yet, alas! too well I knew
   That love—or hope—was vain,
The fountain whence delight I drew
   Would end in yielding pain!
My folly and my peace at once
   A moment could destroy;
It bade me every wish renounce,
   And broke my dream of joy

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song.—In early days

In early days thy fondness taught
  My soul its endless love to know;
Thy image waked in every thought,
  Nor fear'd my tongue to tell thee so.

In all the trusting faith of youth,
  That knows no dread, that feels no care,
I deem'd thy heart was all of truth,
  And I the cherish'd object there.

Alas! the vision'd bliss is gone—
  Too soon those days were o'er!
This heart still loves—but loves alone—
  Its joys are there no more

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song.—Oh, had I ne'er beheld thee

Oh! had I ne'er beheld thee
  How calm my life had flown!
As cold, as pure and tranquil
  As some fair vale unknown;

Where never yet the footsteps
   Of wand'ring man has stray'd;
That smiles in lonely beauty
   Unheeded—unsurve'd.

How cheerfully the moments
   In sweet content went by,
When sorrow's cloud pass'd swiftly
   Across a placid sky:

The charm of peace is broken—
 Can nought its dream restore?
That sky, obscured by sadness,
 Shall ne'er be cloudless more.

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song.—Oh, long enough my life has been

Oh! long enough my life has been,
   Since I thy love have known;
I would not change the pleasing scene,
   And find its beauties flown.

Then let me die, while yet no care
   Has reached my trusting breast;
While sorrow is a stranger there,
   And all is joy and rest.

Let me not feel what varied pain
   Life's theatre can show—
That all our present hours are vain,
   And all our future woe!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song.—Since thou wilt banish me

Since thou wilt banish me,
  A long and last adieu!
This heart shall cherish thee,
  Though ne'er those hopes renew
That once thy kindness bade me know,
And now thy falsehood turns to woe.

Since all the joy I've known,
   And all the vows you made,
For ever now are flown,
   As transient as a shade;
Oh! may thy fate as happy be
As that which seemed to shine on me.

Too fondly I relied,
   Too easily believed;
Forgot how men have sigh'd,
    And women have deceived—
I thought the world from falsehood free;
But, least of all, I doubted thee!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song.—The transient time

The transient time, for ever past,
  How shall I dare review!—
The fatal day we parted last,
  And wept out last adieu!
Alas! that day has swell'd to years—
That sorrow to a sea of tears!

I would the mournful thoughts would fly,
  Regretted, loved in vain,
Among the dreams of memory
  That never come again!—
Would their remembrance might decay,
Swept like the autumn leaves away!
Louisa Stuart Costello

Song.—This mournful heart

Odi quelrusignolo

Che va di ramo in ramo

Cantado; io amo; io amo.

Tasso's Aminta

This mournful heart can dream of nought but thee,

As with slow steps among these shades I move,

And hear the nightingale from tree to tree

Sighing "I love! I love!"

This mournful heart wakes to one thought alone

That still our fatal parting will renew,

To hear that bird when Spring's last eve is gone

Sighing "Adieu! Adieu!"

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song.—Thou art gone

Thou art gone, and the brilliant light that shone
  In the track of thy way is fled;
And thou leav'st the heart that loved thee alone,
  Silent, and cold, and dead!

When thy smile arose, like the morning's beam,
   All the world seem'd good and bright
But 'tis past like the lovely forms of a dream,
    And I wake to the gloom of night.

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song.—Thou wert lovely

Thou wert lovely to my sight,
    When in yonder dell I found thee
In thy radiant beauty bright,
    Though a desert spread around thee;
Like the heath-bell's purple flower,
Shrinking from a dewy shower.

Thou art rich in beauty yet,
   Fair as when at first I loved thee;
All the snares that could beset,
   Rank and splendour, since have proved thee;
Change thy fortune as it will,
Thou art fair and faultless still.

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song.—Thy form was fair

Thy form was fair, thine eye was bright,
Thy voice was melody;
Around thee beam'd the purest light
Of love's own sky.
Each word that trembled on thy tongue
Was sweet, was dear to me;
A spell in those soft numbers hung
That drew my soul to thee.
Thy form, thy voice, thine eyes are now
As beauteous and as fair;
But though still blooming is thy brow,
Love is not there.
And though as sweet thy voice be yet,
I treasure not the tone;
It cannot bid my heart forget—
Its tenderness is gone!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song.—'Tis the spot where we parted

'Tis the spot where we parted—
    Oh! never again
Can its breeze or its blossoms
    Awake but to pain.
Ah! as fair is the scene
    As it flourish'd before;
But the ray that gave life
    Beams in lustre no more.
Thou art gone—like the rainbow
    Departed each hue,
That gleam'd for a moment,
    Then fled from the view;—
I may gaze on the cloud,
    The bright shadow pass'd o'er;
But the light of thy form
     Shall enchant me no more.

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song.—When others saw thee

When others saw thee gay and vain,
   And saw my weakness too,—
A willing captive in thy chain,
   Nor doubt nor care I knew.
When others saw thy faults too well,
   And bade my heart beware,
I linger'd in thy beauty's spell,
   And found no danger there.

Even when I saw how false and cold
   Thou couldst to others be,
My trusting heart would not be told
   Thou wert untrue to me.
Like one whom lovely fruits allure
   To death and misery*,
I find my fate admits no cure,
   And know the truth—to die!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Song.—Yes, I had hope

Yes! I had hope when first we met,
    For hope and joy were in thine eye;
'Twas long before I could forget,
    I trusted thee so tenderly.

And even now, though years are flown,
    And all that charm'd me then was vain,
I think on happy moments flown,
    Until they seem to live again.

But I awake to truth and woe,
    And vanish'd is the pleasing dream,
Like the frail shade the moonbeams throw,
    Or image in the passing stream

Louisa Stuart Costello

Spanish Song

Nay, Inez, no more persuade;
  Those are sounds that to glory should move:
Ah! ne'er for a warrior made
  Were the garlands thy fondness wove.
Wake!—arouse! 'tis the battle's roar;
  'Tis its light'ning afar I see!
I return with life no more,
  Or, my country, thou shalt be free!
Yet, Inez, in other lands,
  When around war's banners shall stream;
When rush forth our conquering bands
  All radiant with bravery's beam:
Yes—then, midst the battle's roar,
  I can still spare one thought for thee;
But we meet again no more,
  Till, my country, thou shalt be free!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Spirit's Song

'Tis thy Spirit calls thee—come away!
I have sought thee through the weary day,
I have dived in the glassy stream for thee—
I have gone wherever a spirit might be:

In the earth, where di'monds hide,
In the deep, where pearls abide,
In the air, where rainbows, glancing gay,
Smile the tears of the sun away,

I have wandered; 'mid the starry zone,
Through a world by spirits only known,
Where 'tis bliss to sail in that balmy air;
But to me 'twas joyless till thou wert there.

I traced the footsteps of the fawn
As it bounded over the dewy lawn;
For the print it left was so light and fair,
I deem'd thy step had linger'd there.

I heard a sound of melody—
Sad and sweet as thy tender sigh;
'Twas the night-bird's tone, but it smote my ear,
For I thought thy own soft voice to hear.

I see a form—it is gliding on,
Like a cloud that sails in the sky alone,
And the stars gleam through its veil of white—
Oh! can it be aught of earth, so bright:
It beckons me on to my airy home—
My own lov'd spirit!—I come! I come!

Louisa Stuart Costello

Sylph's Song

Fly with me, my mortal love!
Oh! haste to realms of purer day,
Where we form the morning dew,
And the rainbow's varied hue,
And give the sun each golden ray!
Oh! stay no more
On this earthly shore,
Where Joy is sick of the senseless crew;
But taste the bliss we prove,
In the starry plains above,
Queens of the meads of ether blue.

When the moon is riding high,
And trembles in the lake below,—
Then we hover in its ray,
And amid the sparkles play,
While rippling waves of silver flow.
As pure and bright
As that gleaming light:
We watch the eddying circle's bound,
And within those lucid rings
We dip our shining wings,
And scatter showers of radiance round.

When softly falls the summer shower,
Fresh'ning all the earth with green,
From the cup of many a flower,
While the purple shadows lower,
We drink the crystal tears unseen.
Then come away!
No more delay,—
Our joys and our revels haste to share.
Behold, where near thee wait,
As subjects of our state,
The shadowy spirits of the air!

Louisa Stuart Costello

The Adieu

We part, and thou art mine no more!
I go through seas never sought before,
Where stars unknown to our native skies
Startle the mariner's watchful eyes.
Our bark shall over the waters sweep,
And rouse the children of the deep:
Around us, 'midst the silvery spray,
With glittering scales shall the dolphins play.
When scarcely flutters the snowy sail,
Gently waved by the whispering gale,
I shall gaze in the ocean's liquid glass,
And mark the hidden treasures we pass:
The amber and coral groves that glow
In the sparkling sunbeams that dart below,
Whose lucid and spreading boughs between
Countless flitting forms are seen.
Oh! could I beneath the billows dive,
And in that world of splendour live!
Were there a cave for thee and me
Beneath that bright and silent sea,
Which waves conceal and rocks surround,
Like that the Island loves found*.
Strange and solemn was the hour
That saw them reach that secret bower;—
Some love-lorn seamaid's deep abode,
Or palace of the ocean god.
Long had Hoonga's inmost cells
  Echoed to the mournful tone
Of the waves among the shells,
  And the winds that feebly moan:
But never to music so sad, so sweet,
As the vows they breathed in that lone retreat.
But, ah! our bark glides swiftly on,
And my vision of that cave is gone,

Louisa Stuart Costello

The Cape of the Caba Rumia

Sail on! what power has our luckless bark
  To this ominous realm betrayed,
Where Cava's rock, o'er the waters dark,
  Points out where her bones are laid?

Away! away! though tempests sweep,
  And waves rage loud and high,
Brave all the terrors of the deep—
  But come not that haven nigh.
The spirit of the fatal fair
  Hovers dimly over her grave;

'Tis her voice that rings through the troubled air,
  'Tis her moan that awakes the wave!

Oh! dearly the sons of Spain can tell
  The woes that her beauty cost,
When Roderick, won by that witching spell,
  Fame—honour and country lost.
And ever her name is an evil sound,
  And her memory hated shall be;
And woe and dangers that bark surround
  That Cava's rock shall see.
Then hasten on for some happier shore;
  Nor that Cape still linger near,
That the Spaniard true, and the infidel Moor,
  Alike avoid with fear!

Louisa Stuart Costello

The Destroying Spirit

I sit upon the rocks that frown
  Above the rapid Nile;
And on the toil of man look down
  With bitter and scornful smile.
My rocks are inaccessible,
And few return their terrors to tell.

My subjects are the birds, whose wings
  Never soar'd into other air;
To whose shrill cries each echo rings—
  For their nests are hidden there:
They dip their plumes in that mighty river,
Whose course is onward—onward, for ever.

I see the deluge come sweeping on
  Where waving corn-fields gleam;
And forests, and cities, and herds are gone,
  Like the shadows of a dream:

  The rushing tide is an ocean now;
  And islands of ruin darken its brow.

But the waters sink, and earth again
Smiles under Nature's gentlest reign:
Where, from scenes of bliss, shall I go?
I—whose existence is terror and woe.
Now I hide in the burning breast
Of some mountain, whose fires are never at rest,

And urge the torrents that downward flow,
Crashing and swallowing all below.

Then, through the air—away!—away!
Till I check my course on the dread Himmaleh:
Down to its deepest valleys I dive,
Which no mortal can ever see and live,
To visit the evil spirits who dwell
In the ceaseless gloom of that murky dell.

With them, from their rocky temples I roam,
To lure the traveller from his home:
    When he rests beneath some charmed tree
        With dreams we vex his mind;
    And he wakes our hideous forms to see,
        As we hover upon the wind;

And our voices howl in the hurrying blast,
Till in frantic fear he breathes his last:
Then we bear him to our dismal cave,
And his tortured spirit we claim as our slave!

    I dwell where tempests are loud and dread—
        I ride on the billow's foam;
    And wherever terror is widest spread
        There is the Spirit's home.

Louisa Stuart Costello

The Dreamer on the Sea-shore

What are the dreams of him who may sleep
Where the solemn voice of the troubled deep
Steals on the wind with a sullen roar,
And the waters foam along the shore?
Who shelter'd lies in some calm retreat,
And hears the music of waves at his feet?

He sees not the sail that passes on
O'er the sunny fields of the sea, alone,
The farthest point that gleams on the sight,
A vanishing speck of glittering light.

He sees not the spray that, spreading wide,
Throws its lines of snow on the dark green tide;
Or the billows rushing with crests of foam
As they strove which first should reach their home—

Their home! What home has the restless main,
Which only arrives to return again,
Like the wand'rer she bears on her stormy breast,
Who seeks in vain for a place of rest.

Lo! His visions bear him along
To rocks that have heard the mermaid's song:
Or, borne on the surface of some dark surge,
Unharm'd he lies, while they onward urge

Their rapid course, and waft him away
To islands half hid 'midst the shadowy spray,

Where trees wave their boughs in the perfum'd gale,
And bid the wave-borne stranger hail;

Where birds are flitting like gems in the sun,
And streams over emerald meadows run,
That whisper in melody as they glide
To the flowers that blush along their side.

Sorrow ne'er came to that blissful shore,
For no mortal has entered that isle before:
There the Halcyon waits on the sparkling strand
Till the bark of her lover the Nautilus land;

She spreads her purple wings to the air,
And she sees his fragile vessel there—
She sees him float on the summer sea,
Where no breath but the sigh of his love may be.

The dreamer leaps towards that smiling shore—
When, lo! the vision is there no more!
Its trees, its flowers, its birds are gone—
A waste of waters is spread alone.

Plunged in the tide, he struggles amain—
High they pour, and he strives in vain:
He sinks—the billows close over his head,
He shrieks—'tis over—the dream is fled;

Secure he lies in his calm retreat,

And the idle waters still rave at his feet.

Louisa Stuart Costello

The Hunter of the Uruguay to his Love

Would'st thou be happy, would'st thou be free,
Come to our woody islands with me!
Come, while the summer sun is high,
Beneath the peach tree's shade to lie;
Or thy hunter will shield thee the live-long day
In his hut of reeds from the scorching ray.
There countless birds with wings of light
Shall flit and glitter before thy sight,
And their songs from the stately palm trees nigh
Shall charm thee with ceaseless melody.

The Cayman shall not lurk within
To steal around thy bed;
But the leopard shall yield his spotted skin
That thy couch may be warmly spread.

The river-serpent, with glittering coil,
Shall plunge beneath the tide;
And the Ao shall shun the happy isle
That hails my gentle bride.

Thou shalt list to the hymn of the forest choir
As eve comes gently on,
How the woods resound
With the lengthen'd sound,
Till in distance it is gone.

Thou shalt mark the ounce in his leafy shade,

How he lures his finny prey—
Whose colours, in the gleam display'd,
Illumine the wat'ry way.

The bright dorado shall glitter by
With scales of gold and blue,
As the lucid waters tremblingly
Reflect each varying hue.
Come, my beloved, delay no more;
I linger for thee upon the shore.

Fear not the rocks that darken our course;
Our canoes are swift and strong:
Fear not the eddy's hurrying force;
We shall dart, like light, along.

The willows are waving to hail us home;
When the hunter and his bride shall come:
All the joys of summer stay for thee—
Oh, come to our woody islands with me.

Louisa Stuart Costello

The Inca

'Tis eve, the sun is sinking in the lake—
The lake, all glorious with his golden beams,
Whose calm clear breast reflects the mountains back
That raise their huge heads to the varied clouds.
The trees and flowers that grow along its banks
Smile in the lucid mirror. Every bough
Is vocal with the song of glittering birds,
Whose plumes are borrow'd from the rainbow's hues;
No other sound disturbs the silent air,
Although a prostrate nation is around,
Watching the last rays of the setting sun
In solemn and in graceful adoration.

The purple clouds grow deeper, deeper still,
Till the resplendent orb is seen no more;

But where he sunk upon the bright lake's margin
Appear two forms, majestic and erect,
Cloth'd in rich garments, hand in hand.
                They come!
Onward they come across the yielding waters,
That give them passage!
                Now they reach the shore!
While with glad shouts the people rend the skies—
"All hail, ye mighty Children of the Sun!"
Louisa Stuart Costello

The Indian Cupid

Who is he that swiftly comes
In the lovely silence of night?—
I know him by his sparkling plumes,
That shine in the clear moonlight;
By the scarlet wings of his soaring bird,
And the ceaseless music round him heard.
I know him by his arrows,
And by his blossom'd bow;
By the forms of radiant beauty that bear,
And softly wave in the perfumed air,
His standard to and fro.

Often and long, on the summer sea,
In the moonlight have I watched for thee—
When the glittering beam was downward thrown,
And each wave with a crest of diamond shone.
I have seen the thin clouds sail along,
And I raised, to welcome thee, many a song;

But long have I lingered, and watch'd in vain,
To see the light of the starry train
Sweep in beauty across the sky,
To tones of heavenly harmony.

Now I behold thee! now 'tis the hour—
Yes! thou art come in thy splendour and power!—
But, no! the vision is passing on,
The bright forms vanish one by one—
On the desolate shore I am left alone!
Yet stay! oh, stay!—like lightning they move—
To well, by thy fleetness, I know thou art Love!

Louisa Stuart Costello

The Past

Oh! how sad the recollection! in the midst of joy it
springs;
What a train of faded pleasures that fond idea brings!
All those hours are gone for ever—they were sweet, but
pass'd away
Like the sunny clouds that vanish in the midst of dying
day.

I have number'd all the sorrows this tortured heart has
known;
I have counted each delight I would ever call my own;
But the moments are so woven, that the guiding clew is
gone,
And the sorrow and the pleasure blended into one.

That one—oh! when we parted, it was glittering in that
tear;
That one—'twas in the accents that told we both were
dear:

It dwelt in those fond glances, too fleet, too early past;
It lived in that embrace—the tenderest—the last!

The last! oh, in that word there are ages of despair!
No summer thought of brightness can dwell untroubled
there;
Yet my soul was in that moment so fraught with joy and
pain,
And ' tis only recollection can give back the soul again!

Louisa Stuart Costello

The Traveller in Africa

A Dramatic Sketch

A Forest. Night.

Alone, amidst the interminable forest!—
Where shall I seek for aid! my weary limbs,
Torn by the briars, and wasted with fatigue,
Refuse to bear me further.
Horrid night!
Black, rayless, midnight reigns; and the thick dew
Distils its baleful drops upon my head.

And, hark! the topmost branches of the trees,
With dismal moan, now louder and more near,
Shake in the rushing wind! It comes, it comes!—
The dread tornado!—is there no escape!—
What howl is that, which echoes from afar?
The frightful yell comes nearer——
Mighty Heaven!
No friendly torch, no watchfire near, to keep
The savage foe at bay!—my cries alone,
My frantic cries of agony, have power
To scare the fell hyena from his prey!

The torrent sweeps along—a swelling river
Rolls, dashes at my feet! I dare not climb
Yon palm for safety, lest the huge black ants
Fix on and sting me into madness. Ha!
That crash has fell'd the loftiest of the wood,
The stately cotton-tree, that could withstand
A thousand storms;—whose high, projecting stems,
Twisting in many folds impenetrable,
Twin'd with convoluvi and parasites,
Spread their broad barrier, and forbade approach.
'Tis fallen now—its purple blossoms crush'd—
And that stupendous form, which once could yield
A fainting army shelter, is laid low.

I dare not linger—yet I fear to fly.—
I hear the human-monster's piercing howl,
The fierce Ingrena, sporting with the storm,
Like its presiding demon. He approaches—
And, as he comes, he tears the branches down,
And arms himself for slaughter. I am lost!
His wild eyes see me by the lightning's flash—
One moment, and I perish!—Oh, no! no!
That desp'rate leap has saved me, and the coil

Of the huge Boa holds my shrieking foe!

A thousand deaths surround me—and I yield.—
No more at eve, beneath the ganian's shade,
My brave companions, shall we meet, to tell
Of toils and dangers past: no more recall
The lovely verdure of our native vales,
When, listening to the crown-bird's cheerful note,
So like our own wild wand'ring bird of spring,
That fancy gives us back our homes again.
My lov'd, lost home!—and must I perish here!—
Oh! were I now amidst the burning sands,
So the bright sun once more might shine on me,
Although in all his scorching fierceness, yet
There might be hope I should escape his beams;
Or, were I on the brink of some broad river,
Where the gaunt crocodile pursued my steps,
So I had light to view mine enemy,
There might be some hope: but here no light can come!

The blast
Bears shouts upon its wings—new terrors still
Come thronging to o'erwhelm me! Gracious Heaven!
Those well-known sounds, those voices! and my name
Echoing through all the forest!—I am saved!—
Here, here, my friends! rush onward, ye are come
In time to see me die!

Louisa Stuart Costello

To a False Friend

Adieu!—'tis past—the dream is over,
   And we are friends no more;
And now my task shall be to smother
   Thoughts prized too well before—
That we have ever loved or met,
All, but our parting, to forget.

Thou, the first friend my heart had chosen—
  Whose wish, whose hope was mine,
Farewell!—the once warm vows are frozen
   That lured my fate to thine:
Each link of that bright chain is gone
That bound our mutual hearts in one.

I will not blame my soul's believing,
   That ne'er thy faults could see;
The error was thy own deceiving,
   Not mine, who trusted thee:
This heart can never learn to fear
Deceit in one it holds so dear.

How could I hear, without relying,
   Thy lute's wild melody,
Though false as Echo's voice replying
   To some lone wand'rer's cry—
Unworthy as the scentless flower,
Whose beauty is its only dower?

Of all the moments since our meeting,
    When both seem'd fond and true,
Now thou art cold as they were fleeting,
    Be this my last review:
No more—our hearts, our fates must sever,
And I erase thy name for ever!

Louisa Stuart Costello

To my Mother

Yes, I have sung of others' woes,
   Until they almost seem'd mine own,
And fancy oft will scenes disclose
   Whose being was in thought alone:

Her magic power I've cherished long,
   And yielded to her soothing sway;
Enchanting is her syren song,
   And wild and wond'rous is her way.

But thou—whene'er I think on thee,
   Those glittering visions fade away;
My soul awakens, how tenderly!
  To pleasures that can ne'er decay.

There's not an hour of life goes by
   But makes thee still more firmly dear;
My sighs attend upon thy sigh,
   My sorrows wait upon thy tear:

For earth has nought so good, so pure,
   That may compare with love like thine—
Long as existence shall endure,
   Thy star of guiding love shall shine!

O'er other stars dark clouds may lower,
   And from our path their light may sever—
They lived to bless us but an hour,
   But thine shall live to bless us ever!

Louisa Stuart Costello