

Classic Poetry Series

Mary Darby Robinson
- poems -

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Mary Darby Robinson(1758 - 1800)

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Darby of Bristol, England, Mary Darby Robinson benefited greatly from her father's membership with the mercantile firm of Miller and Elton. Not only did she enjoy the perks of high society but she was also provided what was considered to be one of the finest educations of the time. She spent her early educational years learning from a minister of a monastery at St. Augustine. Robinson grew to love the arts, dabbling not only in writing and music, but also acting in her later years. Even in her early years she demonstrated a skill in the use of language and flourished in her English classes. Her talent in music earned her a harpsichord and she studied music under Edmund Broadrip. Robinson then attended a famous school, which was run by Hannah More and her sisters in Bristol.

During her childhood, her father John abruptly mortgaged all of his property and then sailed away with his mistress, Elenor, leaving Robinson and the rest of her family behind. His escapade to America failed, and he was forced to return home seven years later. Immediately, he formally separated from his wife and then placed Robinson and her brother John in a school at Chelsea. When Robinson failed from Mrs. Lorrington's school at Chelsea failed, Robinson's mother intervened and enrolled her in her own boarding school, which she opened up with the help of her children. By this time Robinson was fourteen and teaching English prose, poetry, and grammar in Little Chelsea in her mother's school. Robinson finished her schooling at Oxford House, the place she developed her love for theatre where she became involved in theater. On a trip to Greenwich she met her future husband, when she stepped out of the carriage at The Star and Garter Inn at Greenwich. Thomas Robinson Esquire greeted her as she exited the carriage, and soon realized he was a neighbor of hers. Shortly after that, Robinson's brother, George, caught smallpox and Thomas attended to him daily, which gained the approval of Robinson's mother. By the time George recovered Robinson had fallen ill as well, and received the same care from Thomas that her brother had. Thomas pressed courtship and attended her everyday until Robinson finally agreed. She and Thomas wed in secret when she was fifteen. After Robinson started showing her pregnancy her mother demanded their marriage be announced, and Thomas confessed to his father, who accepted them.

Soon after, they became friends with Lord Lyttleton, an older man who became quite interested in Robinson. He began to pursue her, and even informed her of her husband's infidelity with a woman by the name of Harriet Wilmot. Upon questioning, Robinson found this to be true, and became quite distraught. Despite her pain Lyttleton continued to try to seduce Robinson, but she refused.

She was later rumored to have had a fifteen-year love affair with Lord Banastre Tarleton. The death of his mother in 1797 catalyzed him to end his 15-year relationship with Mary. Within a year, he met and married a young heiress, Susan Priscilla Bertie. Mary Robinson revenged herself as best she could by writing a savage characterization of Tarleton in *The False Friend*. *The Natural Daughter* was an attempt to remind readers of an old scandal concerning Tarleton's young wife: Susan Bertie was an illegitimate child of the Duke of Ancaster. Shortly after the affair she was nearly raped by George Robert Fitzgerald, a murderer who was later hanged by the Kings Officers. Thomas fell into debt and the couple was forced to move in with Thomas' father, who was now much less welcoming. Robinson soon tired of constant taunting and insults and fled to the Treveca House on November 18, 1774. Here she bore her daughter, whom she christened Maria Elizabeth. Later Thomas was discovered and the couple relocated to Robinson's grandmother's home in Mommouth. Thomas was caught here and forced into custody. After his release the family retired at Hafton Garden, where Robinson lived the rest of her life.

In her final writings Robinson sought to describe and justify her life. She expressed her disillusionment with marriage in a work of social criticism, entitled *A Letter to the Women of England, on the Injustice of Mental Subordination* which she wrote in 1799. She first published the work under the name of Anne Frances Randall, and it reflected the thinking of her friends Mary Wollstonecraft and William Godwin. Mary argued for the choice of a wife to leave her husband. Robinson also began to write her autobiography. However, her health became increasingly poor, and she died on December 26, 1800, leaving it unfinished. Her daughter Maria Elizabeth edited and published her memoirs (*Memoirs of the Late Mrs. Robinson, Written by Herself, With Some Posthumous Pieces*) in 1801 and a collected edition of her *Poetical Works* in 1806.

Absence

WHEN from the craggy mountain's pathless steep,
Whose flinty brow hangs o'er the raging sea,
My wand'ring eye beholds the foamy deep,
I mark the restless surge-and think of THEE.
The curling waves, the passing breezes move,
Changing and treach'rous as the breath of LOVE;
The "sad similitude" awakes my smart,
And thy dear image twines about my heart.

When at the sober hour of sinking day,
Exhausted Nature steals to soft repose,
When the hush'd linnets slumbers on the spray,
And scarce a ZEPHYR fans the drooping ROSE;
I glance o'er scenes of bliss to friendship dear,
And at the fond remembrance drop a tear;
Nor can the balmy incense soothe my smart,
Still cureless sorrow preys upon my heart.

When the loud gambols of the village throng,
Drown the lorn murmurs of the ring-dove's throat;
I think I hear thy fascinating song,
Join the melodious minstrel's tuneful note-
My list'ning ear soon tells me -'tis not THEE,
Nor THY lov'd song-nor THY soft minstrelsy;
In vain I turn away to hide my smart,
Thy dulcet numbers vibrate in my heart.

When with the Sylvan train I seek the grove,
Where MAY'S soft breath diffuses incense round,
Where VENUS smiles serene, and sportive LOVE
With thornless ROSES spreads the fairy ground;
The voice of pleasure dies upon mine ear,
My conscious bosom sighs-THOU ART NOT HERE !
Soft tears of fond regret reveal its smart,
And sorrow, restless sorrow, chills my heart.

When at my matin pray'rs I prostrate kneel,
And Court RELIGION's aid to soothe my woe,
The meek-ey'd saint who pities what I feel,

Forbids the sigh to heave, the tear to flow;
For ah ! no vulgar passion fills my mind,
Calm REASON's hand illumes the flame refin'd,
ALL the pure feelings FRIENDSHIP can impart,
Live in the centre of my aching heart.

When at the still and solemn hour of night,
I press my lonely couch to find repose;
Joyless I watch the pale moon's chilling light,
Where thro' the mould'ring tow'r the north-wind blows;
My fev'rish lids no balmy slumbers own,
Still my sad bosom beats for thee alone:
Nor shall its aching fibres cease to smart,
'Till DEATH's cold SPELL is twin'd about my HEART.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ainsi Va Le Monde

[As a Tribute of Esteem and Admiration this Poem is inscribed to ROBERT MERRY, Esq. A. M. Member of the Royal Academy at Florence, and Author of the Laurel of Liberty, and the Della Crusca Poems.]

O THOU, to whom superior worth's allied,
Thy Country's honour-and the MUSES' pride;
Whose pen gives polish to the varying line
That blends instruction with the song divine;
Whose fancy, glancing o'er the hostile plain,
Plants a fond trophy o'er the mighty slain; I
Or to the daisied lawn directs its way,
Blithe as the songstress of returning day;
Who deign'd to rove where twinkling glow-worms lead
The tiny legions o'er the glitt'ring mead;
Whose liquid notes in sweet meand'rings flow,
Mild as the murmurs of the Bird of Woe;
Who gave to Sympathy its softest pow'r,
The charm to wing Affliction's sable hour;
Who in Italia's groves, with thrilling song,
Call'd mute attention from the minstrel throng;
Gave proud distinction to the Poet's name,
And claim'd, by modest worth, the wreath of fame-
Accept the Verse thy magic harp inspires,
Nor scorn the Muse that kindles at its fires.

O, justly gifted with the Sacred Lyre,
Whose sounds can more than mortal thoughts inspire,
Whether its strings HEROIC measures move,
Or lyric numbers charm the soul to love;
Whether thy fancy "pours the varying verse"
In bow'rs of bliss, or o'er the plumed hearse;
Whether of patriot zeal, or past'ral sports,
The peace of hamlets, or the pride of courts:
Still Nature glows in ev'ry classic line-
Still Genius dictates-still the verse is thine.

Too long the Muse, in ancient garb array'd,
Has pin'd neglected in oblivion's shade;

Driv'n from the sun-shine of poetic fame,
Stripp'd of each charm she scarcely boasts a name:
Her voice no more can please the vapid throng,
No more loud Pæans consecrate her song,
Cold, faint, and sullen, to the grove she flies,
A faded garland veils her radiant eyes:
A with'ring laurel on her breast she wears,
Fann'd by her sighs, and spangled with her tears;
From her each fond associate early fled,
She mourn'd a MILTON lost, a SHAKSPERE dead:
Her eye beheld a CHATTERTON oppress'd,
A famish'd OTWAY-ravish'd from her breast;
Now in their place a flutt'ring form appears,
Mocks her fall'n pow'r, and triumphs in her tears:
A flippant, senseless, aëry thing, whose eye
Glares wanton mirth, and fulsome ribaldry.

While motley mumm'ry holds her tinsel reign,
SHAKSPERE might write, and GARRICK act in vain:
True Wit recedes, when blushing Reason views
This spurious offspring of the banish'd Muse.

The task be thine to check the daring hand
That leads fantastic folly o'er the land;
The task be thine with witching spells to bind
The feath'ry shadows of the fickle mind;
To strew with deathless flow'rs the dreary waste;
To pluck the weeds of vitiated taste;
To cheer with smiles the Muse's glorious toil,
And plant perfection on her native soil:
The Arts, that thro' dark centuries have pin'd,
Toil'd without fame, in sordid chains confin'd,
Burst into light with renovated fire,
Bid Envy shrink, and Ignorance expire.
No more prim KNELLER'S simp'ring beauties vie,
Or LELY'S genius droops with languid eye:
No more prepost'rous figures pain the view,
Aliens to Nature, yet to Fancy true,
The wild chimeras of capricious thought,
Deform'd in fashion, and with errors fraught;
The gothic phantoms sick'ning fade away,
And native Genius rushes into day.

REYNOLDS, 'tis thine with magic skill to trace
The perfect semblance of exterior grace;
Thy hand, by Nature guided, marks the line
That stamps perfection on the form divine.
'Tis thine to tint the lip with rosy die,
To paint the softness of the melting eye;
With auburn curls luxuriantly display'd,
The ivory shoulders polish'd fall to shade;
To deck the well-turn'd arm with matchless grace,
To mark the dimpled smile on Beauty's face:
The task is thine, with cunning hand to throw
The veil transparent on the breast of snow:
The Statesman's thought, the Infant's cherub mien,
The Poet's fire, the Matron's eye serene,
Alike with animated lustre shine
Beneath thy polish'd pencil's touch divine.
As BRITAIN'S Genius glories in thy Art,
Adores thy virtues, and reveres thy heart,
Nations unborn shall celebrate thy name,
And waft thy mem'ry on the wings of Fame.

Oft when the mind, with sick'ning pangs oppress'd,
Flies to the Muse, and courts the balm of rest,
When Reason, sated with life's weary woes,
Turns to itself -and finds a blest repose,
A gen'rous pride that scorns each petty art,
That feels no envy rankling in the heart,
No mean deceit that wings its shaft at Fame,
Or gives to pamper'd Vice a pompous Name;
Then, calm reflection shuns the sordid crowd,
The senseless chaos of the little proud,
Then, indignation stealing through the breast,
Spurns the pert tribe in flimsy greatness drest;
Who, to their native nothingness consign'd,
Sink in contempt-nor leave a trace behind.
Then Fancy paints, in visionary gloom,
The sainted shadows of the laurel'd tomb,
The Star of Virtue glist'ning on each breast,
Divine insignia of the spirit blest!
Then MILTON smiles serene, a beauteous shade,
In worth august-in lust'rous fires array'd.

Immortal SHAKSPERE gleams across the sight,
Rob'd in ethereal vest of radiant light.
Wing'd Ages picture to the dazzled view
Each mark'd perfection-of the sacred few,
POPE, DRYDEN, SPENSER, all that Fame shall raise,
From CHAUCER'S gloom-till MERRY'S lucid days:
Then emulation kindles fancy's fire,
The glorious throng poetic flights inspire;
Each sensate bosom feels the god-like flame,
The cherish'd harbinger of future fame.
Yet timid genius, oft in conscious ease,
Steals from the world, content the few to please:
Obscur'd in shades, the modest Muse retires,
While sparkling vapours emulate her fires.
The proud enthusiast shuns promiscuous praise,
The Idiot's smile condemns the Poet's lays.
Perfection wisely courts the lib'ral few,
The voice of kindred genius must be true.
But empty wittings sate the public eye
With puny jest and low buffoonery,
The buzzing hornets swarm about the great,
The poor appendages of pamper'd state;
The trifling, flutt'ring insects of a day,
Flit near the sun, and glitter in its ray;
Whose subtle fires with charms magnetic burn,
Where every servile fool may have his turn.
Lull'd in the lap of indolence, they boast
Who best can fawn-and who can flatter most;
While with a cunning arrogance they blend
Sound without sense-and wit that stabs a friend;
Slanders oblique-that check ambition's toil,
The pois'nous weeds, that mark the barren soil.
So the sweet blossoms of salubrious spring
Thro the lone wood their spicy odours fling;
Shrink from the sun, and bow their beauteous heads
To scatter incense o'er their native beds,
While coarser flow'rs expand with gaudy ray,
Brave the rude wind, and mock the burning day.

Ah! gentle Muse, from trivial follies turn,
Where Patriot souls with god-like passions burn;
Again to MERRY dedicate the line,

So shall the envied boast of taste be thine;
So shall thy song to glorious themes aspire,
"Warm'd with a spark" of his transcendent fire.

Thro' all the scenes of Nature's varying plan,
Celestial Freedom warms the breast of man;
Led by her daring hand, what pow'r can bind
The boundless efforts of the lab'ring mind.
The god-like fervour, thrilling thro' the heart,
Gives new creation to each vital part;
Throbs rapture thro' each palpitating vein,
Wings the rapt thought, and warms the fertile brain;
To her the noblest attributes of Heav'n,
Ambition, valour, eloquence, are giv'n.
She binds the soldier's brow with wreaths sublime,
From her, expanding reason learns to climb,
To her the sounds of melody belong,
She wakes the raptures of the Poet's song;
'Tis god-like Freedom bids each passion live,
That truth may boast, or patriot virtue give;
From her, the Arts enlighten'd splendours own,
She guides the peasant-She adorns the throne;
To mild Philanthropy extends her hand,
Gives Truth pre-eminence, and Worth command;
Her eye directs the path that leads to Fame,
Lights Valour's torch, and trims the glorious flame;
She scatters joy o'er Nature's endless scope,
Gives strength to Reason-extacy to Hope;
Tempers each pang Humanity can feel,
And binds presumptuous Power with nerves of steel;
Strangles each tyrant Phantom in its birth,
And knows no title-but SUPERIOR WORTH.

Enlighten'd Gallia! what were all your toys,
Your dazzling splendours-your voluptuous joys ?
What were your glitt'ring villas-lofty tow'rs,
Your perfum'd chambers, and your painted bow'rs ?
Did not insidious Art those gifts bestow,
To cheat the prying eye-with tinsel show ?
Yes; luxury diffus'd her spells to bind
The deep researches of the restless mind ?
To lull the active soul with witching wiles,

To hide pale Slav'ry in a mask of smiles:
The tow'ring wings of reason to restrain,
And lead the victim in a flow'ry chain:
Cold Superstition favour'd the deceit,
And e'en Religion lent her aid to cheat,-
When warlike LOUIS, I arrogant and vain,
Whom worth could never hold, or fear restrain;
The soul's last refuge, in repentance sought,
An artful MAINTENON absolv'd each fault;
She who had led his worldly steps astray,
Now, "smooth'd his passage to the realms of day!"
O, monstrous hypocrite!-who vainly strove
By pious fraud, to win a people's love;
Whose coffers groan'd with reliques from the proud,
The pompous off'rings of the venal crowd,
The messy hecatombs of dire disgrace,
To purchase titles, or secure a place.-
And yet-so sacred was the matron's fame,
Nor truth, nor virtue, dar'd assail her name;
None could approach but with obsequious breath,
To smile was TREASON-and to speak was DEATH.
In meek and humble garb, she veil'd command,
While helpless millions shrunk beneath her hand.
And when Ambition's idle dream was o'er,
And art could blind, and beauty charm no more;
She, whose luxurious bosom spurn'd restraint,
Who liv'd the slave of passion-died a saint ! I

What were the feelings of the hapless throng,
By threats insulted, and oppress'd with wrong ?
While grasping avarice, with skill profound,
Spread her fell snares, and dealt destruction round;
Each rising sun some new infringement saw,
While pride was consequence-and pow'r was law;
A people's suff'rings hop'd redress in vain,
Subjection curb'd the tongue that dar'd complain.
Imputed guilt each virtuous victim led
Where all the fiends their direst mischiefs spread;
Where, thro' long ages past, with watchful care,
THY TYRANTS, GALLIA, nurs'd the witch DESPAIR.
Where in her black BASTILE the harpy fed
On the warm crimson drops, her fangs had shed;

Where recreant malice mock'd the suff'rer's sigh,
While regal lightnings darted from her eye.-
Where deep mysterious whispers murmur'd round,
And death stalk'd sullen o'er the treach'rous ground.
O DAY-transcendent on the page of Fame !
When from her Heav'n, insulted Freedom came;
Glancing o'er earth's wide space, her beaming eye
Mark'd the dread scene of impious slavery,
Warm'd by her breath, the vanquish'd, trembling race,
Wake from the torpid slumber of disgrace. ;
Rous'd by oppression, Man his birth-right claims,
O'er the proud battlements red vengeance flames;
Exulting thunders rend the turbid skies;-
In sulph'rous clouds the gorgeous ruin lies!-
The angel, PITY, now each cave explores,
Braves the chill damps, and fells the pond'rous doors,
Plucks from the flinty walls the clanking chains,
Where many a dreadful tale of woe remains,
Where many a sad memorial marks the hour,
That gave the rights of man to rav'nous pow'r;
Now snatch'd from death, the wond'ring wretch shall prove
The rapt'rous energies of social love;
Whose limbs each faculty denied-whose sight
Had long resign'd all intercourse with light;
Whose wasted form the humid earth receiv'd,
Who numb'd with anguish-scarcely felt he liv'd;
Who when the midnight bell assail'd his ears,
From fev'rish slumbers woke-to drink his tears:
While slow-consuming grief each sense enthral'd,
'Till Hope expir'd, and Valour shrunk-appall'd:
Where veil'd suspicion lurk'd in shrewd disguise,
While eager vengeance op'd her thousand eyes;
While the hir'd slave, the fiend of wrath, design'd
To lash, with scorpion scourges, human-kind-
Dragg'd with ingenious pangs, the tardy hour,
To feed the rancour of insatiate Pow'r.

Blest be the favor'd delegates of Heav'n,
To whose illustrious souls the task was giv'n
To wrench the bolts of tyranny-and dare
The petrifying confines of despair;
With Heav'n's own breeze to cheer the gasping breath,

And spread broad sun-shine in the caves of death.

What is the charm that bids mankind disdain
The Tyrant's mandate, and th' Oppressor's chain;
What bids exulting Liberty impart
Extatic raptures to the Human Heart;
Calls forth each hidden spark of glorious fire,
Bids untaught minds to valiant feats aspire;
What gives to Freedom its supreme delight ?
'Tis Emulation, Instinct, Nature, Right.

When this revolving Orb's first course began,
Heav'n stamp'd divine pre-eminence on man;
To him it gave the intellectual mind,
Persuasive Eloquence and Truth refin'd;
Humanity to harmonize his sway,
And calm Religion to direct his way;
Courage to tempt Ambition's lofty flight,
And Conscience to illumine his erring sight.
Who shall the nat'ral Rights of Man deride,
When Freedom spreads her fost'ring banners wide ?
Who shall condemn the heav'n-taught zeal that throws
The balm of comfort on a Nation's woes ?
That tears the veil from superstition's eye,
Bids despots tremble, scourg'd oppression die ?
Wrests hidden treasure from the sordid hand,
And flings profusion o'er a famish'd land ?-
Nor yet, to GALLIA are her smiles confin'd,
She opens her radiant gates to all mankind;
Sure on the peopled earth there cannot be
A foe to Liberty-that dares be free.
Who that has tasted bliss will e'er deny
The magic power of thrilling extacy ?
Who that has breath'd Health's vivifying breeze,
Would tempt the dire contagion of Disease ?
Or prodigal of joy, his birth-right give
In shackled slavery-a wretch to live ?

Yet let Ambition hold a temp'rate sway,
When Virtue rules-'tis Rapture to obey;
Man can but reign his transitory hour,
And love may bind-when fear has lost its pow'r.

Proud may he be who nobly acts his part,
Who boasts the empire of each subject's heart,
Whose worth, exulting millions shall approve,
Whose richest treasure-IS A NATION'S LOVE.

Freedom-, blithe Goddess of the rainbow vest,
In dimpled smiles and radiant beauties drest,
I court thee from thy azure-spangled bed
Where Ether floats about thy winged head;
Where tip-toe pleasure swells the choral song,
While gales of odour waft the Cherub throng;
On every side the laughing loves prepare
Enamel'd wreaths to bind thy flowing hair:
For thee the light-heel'd graces fondly twine,
To clasp thy yielding waist, a zone divine !
Venus for thee her crystal altar rears,
Deck'd with fresh myrtle-gemm'd with lovers tears;
Apollo strikes his lyre's rebounding strings,
Responsive notes divine Cecilia sings,
The tuneful sisters prompt the heavenly choir,
Thy temple glitters with Promethean fire.
The sacred Priestess in the centre stands,
She strews the sapphire floor with flow'ry bands.
See ! from her shrine electric incense rise;
Hark ! "Freedom" echoes thro' the vaulted skies.
The Goddess speaks! O mark the blest decree,-
TYRANTS SHALL FALL, -TRIUMPHANT MAN BE FREE!

Mary Darby Robinson

All Alone

I.

Ah! wherefore by the Church-yard side,
Poor little LORN ONE, dost thou stray?
Thy wavy locks but thinly hide
The tears that dim thy blue-eye's ray;
And wherefore dost thou sigh, and moan,
And weep, that thou art left alone?

II.

Thou art not left alone, poor boy,
The Trav'ller stops to hear thy tale;
No heart, so hard, would thee annoy!
For tho' thy mother's cheek is pale
And withers under yon grave stone,
Thou art not, Urchin, left alone.

III.

I know thee well ! thy yellow hair
In silky waves I oft have seen;
Thy dimpled face, so fresh and fair,
Thy roguish smile, thy playful mien
Were all to me, poor Orphan, known,
Ere Fate had left thee--all alone!

IV.

Thy russet coat is scant, and torn,
Thy cheek is now grown deathly pale!
Thy eyes are dim, thy looks forlorn,
And bare thy bosom meets the gale;
And oft I hear thee deeply groan,
That thou, poor boy, art left alone.

V.

Thy naked feet are wounded sore
With thorns, that cross thy daily road;
The winter winds around thee roar,
The church-yard is thy bleak abode;
Thy pillow now, a cold grave stone--
And there thou lov'st to grieve--alone!

VI.

The rain has drench'd thee, all night long;
The nipping frost thy bosom froze;
And still, the yewtree-shades among,
I heard thee sigh thy artless woes;
I heard thee, till the day-star shone
In darkness weep--and weep alone!

VII.

Oft have I seen thee, little boy,
Upon thy lovely mother's knee;
For when she liv'd--thou wert her joy,
Though now a mourner thou must be!
For she lies low, where yon grave-stone
Proclaims, that thou art left alone.

VIII.

Weep, weep no more; on yonder hill
The village bells are ringing, gay;
The merry reed, and brawling rill
Call thee to rustic sports away.
Then wherefore weep, and sigh, and moan,
A truant from the throng--alone?

IX.

"I cannot the green hill ascend,
"I cannot pace the upland mead;
"I cannot in the vale attend,
"To hear the merry-sounding reed:
"For all is still, beneath yon stone,
"Where my poor mother's left alone!

X.

"I cannot gather gaudy flowers
"To dress the scene of revels loud--
"I cannot pass the ev'ning hours
"Among the noisy village croud--
"For, all in darkness, and alone
"My mother sleeps, beneath yon stone.

XI.

"See how the stars begin to gleam
"The sheep-dog barks, 'tis time to go;--
"The night-fly hums, the moonlight beam
"Peeps through the yew-tree's shadowy row--
"It falls upon the white grave-stone,
"Where my dear mother sleeps alone.--

XII.

"O stay me not, for I must go
"The upland path in haste to tread;
"For there the pale primroses grow
"They grow to dress my mother's bed.--
"They must, ere peep of day, be strown,
"Where she lies mould'ring all alone.

XIII.

"My father o'er the stormy sea

"To distant lands was borne away,
"And still my mother stay'd with me
"And wept by night and toil'd by day.
"And shall I ever quit the stone
"Where she is, left, to sleep alone.

XIV.

"My father died; and still I found
"My mother fond and kind to me;
"I felt her breast with rapture bound
"When first I prattled on her knee--
"And then she blest my infant tone
"And little thought of yon grave-stone.

XV.

"No more her gentle voice I hear,
"No more her smile of fondness see;
"Then wonder not I shed the tear
"She would have DIED, to follow me!
"And yet she sleeps beneath yon stone
"And I STILL LIVE--to weep alone.

XVI.

"The playful kid, she lov'd so well
"From yon high clift was seen to fall;
"I heard, afar, his tink'ling bell--
"Which seem'd in vain for aid to call--
"I heard the harmless suff'rer moan,
"And grieved that he was left alone.

XVII.

"Our faithful dog grew mad, and died,
"The lightning smote our cottage low--
"We had no resting-place beside

"And knew not whither we should go,--
"For we were poor,--and hearts of stone
"Will never throb at mis'ry's groan.

XVIII.

"My mother still surviv'd for me,
"She led me to the mountain's brow,
"She watch'd me, while at yonder tree
"I sat, and wove the ozier bough;
"And oft she cried, "fear not, MINE OWN!
"Thou shalt not, BOY, be left ALONE."

XXI.

"The blast blew strong, the torrent rose
"And bore our shatter'd cot away;
"And, where the clear brook swiftly flows--
"Upon the turf at dawn of day,
"When bright the sun's full lustre shone,
"I wander'd, FRIENDLESS--and ALONE!"

XX.

Thou art not, boy, for I have seen
Thy tiny footsteps print the dew,
And while the morning sky serene
Spread o'er the hill a yellow hue,
I heard thy sad and plaintive moan,
Beside the cold sepulchral stone.

XXI.

And when the summer noontide hours
With scorching rays the landscape spread,
I mark'd thee, weaving fragrant flow'rs
To deck thy mother's silent bed!
Nor, at the church-yard's simple stone,

Wert, thou, poor Urchin, left alone.

XXII.

I follow'd thee, along the dale
And up the woodland's shad'wy way:
I heard thee tell thy mournful tale
As slowly sunk the star of day:
Nor, when its twinkling light had flown,
Wert thou a wand'rer, all alone.

XXIII.

"O! yes, I was! and still shall be
"A wand'rer, mourning and forlorn;
"For what is all the world to me--
"What are the dews and buds of morn?
"Since she, who left me sad, alone
"In darkness sleeps, beneath yon stone!

XXIV.

"No brother's tear shall fall for me,
"For I no brother ever knew;
"No friend shall weep my destiny
"For friends are scarce, and tears are few;
"None do I see, save on this stone
"Where I will stay, and weep alone!

XXV.

"My Father never will return,
"He rests beneath the sea-green wave;
"I have no kindred left, to mourn
"When I am hid in yonder grave!
"Not one ! to dress with flow'rs the stone;--
"Then--surely , I AM LEFT ALONE!"

Mary Darby Robinson

Canzonet

SLOW the limpid currents twining,
Brawl along the lonely dell,
'Till in one wild stream combining,
Nought its rapid course can quell;
So at first LOVE'S poisons stealing,
Round the heart unheeded play,
While we hope our pangs concealing,
Vainly hope to check his sway.

If amidst the glassy river
Aught impedes its placid course,
Ah ! it glides more swift than ever,
While opposing gives it force;
So when HOPE and PASSION blending,
Warm the feeble trembling frame;
REASON sickens by contending,
Fanning only feeds the flame.

Mary Darby Robinson

Cupid Sleeping

[Inscribed to Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire.]

CLOSE in a woodbine's tangled shade,
The BLOOMING GOD asleep was laid;
His brows with mossy roses crown'd;
His golden darts lay scatter'd round;
To shade his auburn, curled head,
A purple canopy was spread,
Which gently with the breezes play'd,
And shed around a soften'd shade.
Upon his downy smiling cheek,
Adorned with many a "dimple sleek,"
Beam'd glowing health and tender blisses,
His coral lip which teem'd with kisses
Ripe, glisten'd with ambrosial dew,
That mock'd the rose's deepest hue.-
His quiver on a bough was hung,
His bow lay carelessly unstrung:
His breath mild odour scatter'd round,
His eyes an azure fillet bound:
On every side did zephyrs play,
To fan the sultry beams of day;
While the soft tenants of the grove,
Attun'd their notes to plaintive Love.

Thus lay the Boy-when DEVONS feet
Unknowing reach'd the lone retreat;
Surpriz'd, to see the beauteous child
Of every dang'rous pow'r beguil'd!
Approaching near his mossy bed,
Soft whisp'ring to herself she said:-
" Thou little imp, whose potent art
" Bows low with grief the FEELING HEART;
" Whose thirst insatiate, loves to sip
" The nectar from the ruby lip;
" Whose barb'rous joy is prone to seek
" The soft carnation of the cheek;
" Now, bid thy tyrant sway farewell,

" As thus I break each magic spell: "
Snatch'd from the bough, where high it hung,
O'er her white shoulder straight she flung
The burnish'd quiver, golden dart,
And each vain emblem of his art;
Borne from his pow'r they now are seen,
The attributes of BEAUTY'S QUEEN!
While LOVE in secret hides his tears;
DIAN the form of VENUS wears!

Mary Darby Robinson

Deborah's Parrot, A Village Tale

'Twas in a little western town
An ancient Maiden dwelt:
Her name was MISS, or MISTRESS, Brown,
Or DEBORAH, or DEBBY: She
Was doom'd a Spinster pure to be,
For soft delights her breast ne'er felt:
Yet, she had watchful Ears and Eyes
For ev'ry youthful neighbour,
And never did she cease to labour
A tripping female to surprize.

And why was she so wond'rous pure,
So stiff, so solemn--so demure?
Why did she watch with so much care
The roving youth, the wand'ring fair?
The tattler, Fame, has said that she
A Spinster's life had long detested,
But 'twas her quiet destiny,
Never to be molested!--
And had Miss DEBBY'S form been grac'd,
Fame adds,--She had not been so chaste;--
But since for frailty she would roam,
She ne'er was taught--to look at home .

Miss DEBBY was of mien demure
And blush'd, like any maid !
She could not saucy man endure
Lest she should be betray'd!
She never fail'd at dance or fair
To watch the wily lurcher's snare;
At Church, she was a model Godly!
Though sometimes she had other eyes
Than those, uplifted to the skies,
Leering most oddly!
And Scandal, ever busy, thought
She rarely practic'd--what she taught.

Her dress was always stiff brocade,
With laces broad and dear;

Fine Cobwebs ! that would thinly shade
Her shrivell'd cheek of sallow hue,
While, like a Spider, her keen eye,
Which never shed soft pity's tear,
Small holes in others geer could spy,
And microscopic follies, prying view.
And sorely vex'd was ev'ry simple thing
That wander'd near her never-tiring sting!

Miss DEBBY had a PARROT, who,
If Fame speaks true,
Could prate, and tell what neighbours did,
And yet the saucy rogue was never chid!
Sometimes, he talk'd of roving Spouses
Who wander'd from their quiet houses:
Sometimes, he call'd a Spinster pure
By names, that Virtue can't indure!
And sometimes told an ancient Dame
Such tales as made her blush with shame!
Then gabbled how a giddy Miss
Would give the boist'rous Squire a kiss!
But chiefly he was taught to cry,
Who with the Parson toy'd? O fie! "

This little joke, Miss DEBBY taught him,
To vex a young and pretty neighbour;
But by her scandal-zealous labour
To shame she brought him!
For, the Old PARROT, like his teacher
Was but a false and canting preacher,
And many a gamesome pair had sworn
Such lessons were not to be borne.

At last, Miss DEBBY sore was flouted
And by her angry neighbours scouted;
She never knew one hour of rest,
Of ev'ry Saucy Boor, the jest:
The young despis'd her, and the Sage
Look'd back on Time's impartial page;
They knew that youth was giv'n to prove
The season of extatic joy,
That none but Cynics would destroy,

The early buds of Love.
They also knew that DEBBY sigh'd
For charms that envious Time deny'd;
That she was vex'd with jealous Spleen
That Hymen pass'd her by, unseen.

For though the Spinster's wealth was known,
Gold will not purchase Love--alone .
She, and her PARROT, now were thought
The torments of their little Sphere;
He, because mischievously taught,
And She, because a maid austere !--
In short, she deem'd it wise to leave
A Place, where none remain'd, to grieve.

Soon, to a distant town remov'd,
Miss DEBBY'S gold an husband bought;
And all she had her PARROT taught,
(Her PARROT now no more belov'd,)
Was quite forgotten. But, alas!
As Fate would have it come to pass,
Her Spouse was giv'n to jealous rage,
For, both in Person and in Age ,
He was the partner of his love,
Ordain'd her second Self to prove!

One day, Old JENKINS had been out
With merry friends to dine,
And, freely talking, had, no doubt
Been also free with wine.
One said, of all the wanton gay
In the whole parish search it round,
None like the PARSON could be found,
Where a frail Maid was in the way.
Another thought the Parson sure
To win the heart of maid or wife;
And would have freely pledg'd his life
That young, or old, or rich or poor
None could defy
The magic of his roving eye!

JENKINS went home, but all the night

He dream'd of this strange tale!
Yet, bless'd his stars ! with proud delight,
His partner was not young, nor frail.
Next morning, at the breakfast table.
The PARROT, loud as he was able,
Was heard repeatedly to cry,
Who with the Parson toy'd? O fie!"

Old JENKINS listen'd, and grew pale,
The PARROT then, more loudly scream'd,
And MISTRESS JENKINS heard the tale
And much alarm'd she seem'd!
Trembling she tried to stop his breath,
Her lips and cheek as pale as death!
The more she trembled, still the more
Old JENKINS view'd her o'er and o'er;
And now her yellow cheek was spread
With blushes of the deepest red.

And now again the PARROT'S Tale
Made his old Tutoress doubly pale;
For cowardice and guilt, they say
Are the twin brothers of the soul;
So MISTRESS JENKINS, her dismay
Could not controul!
While the accuser, now grown bold,
Thrice o'er, the tale of mischief told.

Now JENKINS from the table rose,
"Who with the Parson toy'd? " he cried.
"So MISTRESS FRAILTY, you must play,
"And sport, your wanton hours away.
"And with your gold, a pretty joke,
"You thought to buy a pleasant cloak;
"A screen to hide your shame--but know
"I will not blind to ruin go.--
"I am no modern Spouse , dy'e see,
"Gold will not gild disgrace, with me!"
Some say he seiz'd his fearful bride,
And came to blows!
Day after day, the contest dire
Augmented, with resistless ire!

And many a drubbing DEBBY bought
For mischief, she her PARROT taught!

Thus, SLANDER turns against its maker;
And if this little Story reaches
A SPINSTER, who her PARROT teaches,
Let her a better task pursue,
And here, the certain VENGEANCE view
Which surely will, in TIME, O'ERTAKE HER.

Mary Darby Robinson

Echo To Him Who Complains

O FLY thee from the shades of night,
Where the loud tempests yelling rise;
Where horror wings her sullen flight
Beneath the bleak and lurid skies.

As the pale light'ning swiftly gleams
O'er the scorch'd wood, thy well-known form
More radiant than an angel seems,
Contending with the ruthless storm.

I see the scowling witch, DESPAIR
Drink the big tear that scalds thy cheek;
While thro' the dark and turbid air,
The screams of haggard ENVY break.

From the cold mountain's flinty steep,
I hear the dashing waters roar;
Ah! turn thee, turn thee, cease to weep,
Thou hast no reason to deplore.

See fell DESPAIR expiring fall,
See ENVY from thy glances start;
No more shall howling blasts appall,
Or with'ring grief corrode thy heart.

See FRIENDSHIP from her azure eye
Drops the fond balm for ev'ry pain
She comes, the offspring of the sky,
"TO RAZE THE TROUBLES OF THE brain."

Mary Darby Robinson

Edmund's Wedding

By the side of the brook, where the willow is waving
Why sits the wan Youth, in his wedding-suit gay!
Now sighing so deeply, now frantically raving
Beneath the pale light of the moon's sickly ray.
Now he starts, all aghast, and with horror's wild gesture,
Cries, "AGNES is coming, I know her white vesture!
"See! see! how she beckons me on to the willow,
"Where, on the cold turf, she has made our rude pillow.

"Sweet girl ! yes I know thee; thy cheek's living roses
"Are chang'd and grown pale, with the touch of despair:
"And thy bosom no longer the lily discloses--
"For thorns, my poor AGNES, are now planted there!
"Thy blue, starry Eyes! are all dimm'd by dark sorrow;
"No more from thy lip, can the flow'r fragrance borrow;
"For cold does it seem, like the pale light of morning,
"And thou smil'st, as in sadness, thy fond lover, scorning!

"From the red scene of slaughter thy Edmund returning,
"Has dress'd himself gayly, with May-blooming flow'rs;
"His bosom, dear AGNES! still faithfully burning,
"While, madly impatient, his eyes beam in show'rs!
"O ! many a time have I thought of thy beauty--
"When cannons, loud roaring, taught Valour its duty;
"And many a time, have I sigh'd to behold thee--
"When the sulphur of War, in its cloudy mist roll'd me!

"At the still hour of morn, when the Camp was reposing,
"I wander'd alone on the wide dewy plain:
"And when the gold curtains of Ev'ning were closing,
"I watch'd the long shadows steal over the Main!
"Across the wild Ocean, half frantic they bore me,
"Unheeding my groans, from Thee, AGNES, they tore me;
"But, though my poor heart might have bled in the battle,
"Thy name should have echoed, amidst the loud rattle!

"When I gaz'd on the field of the dead and the dying--
"O AGNES! my fancy still wander'd to Thee!
"When around, my brave Comrades in anguish were lying,

"I long'd on the death-bed of Valour to be.
"For, sever'd from THEE, my SWEET GIRL, the loud thunder
"Which tore the soft fetters of fondness asunder--
"Had only one kindness, in mercy to shew me,
"To bid me die bravely , that thou, Love, may'st know me!

His arms now are folded, he bows as in sorrow,
His tears trickle fast, down his wedding-suit gay;
"My AGNES will bless me," he murmurs, "to-morrow,
"As fresh as the breezes that welcome the day !"
Poor Youth! know thy AGNES, so lovely and blooming,
Stern Death has embrac'd, all her beauties entombing!
And, pale as her shroud in the grave she reposes,
Her bosom of snow, all besprinkled with Roses!

Her Cottage is now in the dark dell decaying,
And shatter'd the casements, and clos'd is the door,
And the nettle now waves, where the wild KID is playing,
And the neat little garden with weeds is grown o'er!
The Owl builds its nest in the thatch, and there, shrieking,
(A place all deserted and lonely bespeaking)
Salutes the night traveller, wandering near it,
And makes his faint heart, sicken sadly to hear it.

Then Youth, for thy habit, henceforth, thou should'st borrow
The Raven's dark colour, and mourn for thy dear:
Thy AGNES for thee, would have cherish'd her Sorrow,
And drest her pale cheek with a lingering tear:
For, soon as thy steps to the Battle departed,
She droop'd, and poor Maiden ! she died, broken hearted
And the turf that is bound with fresh garlands of roses,
Is now the cold bed, where her sorrow reposes!

The gay and the giddy may revel in pleasure,--
May think themselves happy, their short summer-day;
May gaze, with fond transport, on fortune's rich treasure,
And, carelessly sporting,--drive sorrow away:
But the bosom, where feeling and truth are united--
From folly's bright tinsel will turn, undelighted--
And find, at the grave where thy AGNES is sleeping,
That the proudest of hours, is the lone hour of weeping!

The Youth now approach'd the long branch of the willow,
And stripping its leaves, on the turf threw them round.
"Here, here, my sweet AGNES! I make my last pillow,
"My bed of long slumber, shall be the cold ground!
"The Sun, when it rises above thy low dwelling,
"Shall gild the tall Spire, where my death-toll is knelling.
"And when the next twilight its soft tears is shedding,
"At thy Grave shall the Villagers--witness our WEDDING!

Now over the Hills he beheld a group coming,
Their arms glitter'd bright, as the Sun slowly rose;
He heard them their purposes, far distant, humming,
And welcom'd the moment, that ended his woes!--
And now the fierce Comrade, unfeeling, espies him,
He darts thro' the thicket, in hopes to surprize him;
But EDMUND, of Valour the dauntless defender,
Now smiles , while his CORPORAL bids him--"SURRENDER!"

Soon, prov'd a DESERTER, Stern Justice prevailing,
HE DIED! and his Spirit to AGNES is fled:--
The breeze, on the mountain's tall summit now sailing
Fans lightly the dew-drops, that spangle their bed!
The Villagers, thronging around, scatter roses,
The grey wing of Evening the western sky closes,--
And Night's sable pall, o'er the landscape extending,
Is the mourning of Nature! the SOLEMN SCENE ENDING.

Mary Darby Robinson

Elegy On The Death Of Lady Middleton

THE knell of death, that on the twilight gale,
Swells its deep murmur to the pensive ear;
In awful sounds repeats a mournful tale,
And claims the tribute of a tender tear.

The dreadful hour is past ! the mandate giv'n!
The gentle MIDDLETON shall breathe no more,
Yet who shall blame the wise decrees of Heaven,
Or the dark mysteries of Fate explore?

No more her converse shall delight the heart;
No more her smile benign spread pleasure round;
No more her liberal bosom shall impart
The balm of pity to Affliction's wound.

Her soul above the pride of noble birth,
Above the praises of an empty name,
By graceful MEEKNESS mark'd superior worth,
By peerless VIRTUES claim'd the fairest fame,

Nor did those Virtues flaunt their innate rays,
To court applause, or charm the vulgar throng,
No ostentatious glare illum'd her days,
No idle boast escap'd her tuneful tongue.

When FAME, ambitious to record her praise,
On glitt'ring pinions spread her name afar,
Her gentle nature shunn'd the dazzling blaze,
Mild as the lustre of the morning star!

DIVINE BENEVOLENCE around her shone!
The chastest manners spoke her spotless mind;
That Pow'r who gave now claims her for his own,
Pure as the cherub she has left behind.

As round her couch the winged darts of death
Reluctant flew from Fate's unerring bow,
Immortal angels claim'd her quivering breath,
And snatch'd her spirit from a world of woe.

Calm resignation smil'd upon her cheek,
And HOPE'S refulgent beam illum'd her eye;
While FAITH, celestial VIRTUE'S handmaid meek,
On wings of seraphs bore her to the sky.

Ye poor, who from her gen'rous bounty fed;
Oh! to HER mem'ry give the fame that's due;
For oft, from pleasure's blithe meanders led,
Her pensive bosom felt a pang for YOU.

Yet, cease to mourn a sainted Spirit gone
To seek its resting place, beyond the skies;
Where 'midst the glories of TH' ETERNAL's throne,
She tastes celestial bliss THAT NEVER DIES!

Mary Darby Robinson

Elegy To The Memory Of David Garrick, Esq.

DEAR SHADE OF HIM, who grac'd the mimick scene,
And charm'd attention with resistless pow'r;
Whose wond'rous art, whose fascinating mien,
Gave glowing rapture to the short-liv'd hour!

Accept the mournful verse, the ling'ring sigh,
The tear that faithful Mem'ry stays to shed;
The SACRED TEAR, that from Reflection's eye,
Drops on the ashes of the sainted dead.

Lov'd by the grave, and courted by the young,
In social comforts eminently blest;
All hearts rever'd the precepts of thy tongue,
And Envy's self thy eloquence confess'd.

Who could like thee the soul's wild tumults paint,
Or wake the torpid ear with lenient art?
Touch the nice sense with pity's dulcet plaint,
Or soothe the sorrows of the breaking heart?

Who can forget thy penetrating eye,
The sweet bewitching smile, th' empassion'd look?
The clear deep whisper, the persuasive sigh,
The feeling tear that Nature's language spoke?

Rich in each treasure bounteous Heaven could lend,
For private worth distinguish'd and approv'd,
The pride of WISDOM,-VIRTUE's darling friend,
By MANSFIELD honor'd-and by CAMDEN lov'd!

The courtier's cringe, the flatt'rer's abject smile,
The subtle arts of well-dissembled praise,
Thy soul abhorr'd;-above the gloss of guile,
Truth lead thy steps, and Friendship crown'd thy days.

Oft in thy HAMPTON's dark embow'ring shade
The POET's hand shall sweep the trembling string;
While the proud tribute §to thy mem'ry paid,
The voice of GENIUS on the gale shall fling.

Yes, SHERIDAN! thy soft melodious verse
Still vibrates on a nation's polish'd ear;
Fondly it hover'd o'er the sable hearse,
Hush'd the loud plaint, and triumph'd in a tear.

In life united by congenial minds,
Dear to the MUSE, to sacred friendship true;
Around her darling's urn a wreath SHE binds,
A deathless wreath-immortaliz'd by YOU!

But say, dear shade, is kindred mem'ry flown?
Has widow'd love at length forgot to weep?
That no kind verse, or monumental stone,
Marks the lone spot where thy cold relics sleep!

Dear to a nation, grateful to thy muse,
That nation's tears upon thy grave shall flow,
For who the gentle tribute can refuse,
Which thy fine feeling gave to fancied woe?

Thou who, by many an anxious toilsome hour,
Reap'd the bright harvest of luxuriant Fame,
Who snatch'd from dark oblivion's barb'rous pow'r
The radiant glories of a SHAKSPERE's name!

Remembrance oft shall paint the mournful scene
Where the slow fun'ral spread its length'ning gloom,
Where the deep murmur, and dejected mien,
In artless sorrow linger'd round thy tomb.

And tho' no laurel'd bust, or labour'd line,
Shall bid the passing stranger stay to weep;
Thy SHAKSPERE's hand shall point the hallow'd shrine,
And Britain's genius with thy ashes sleep.

Then rest in peace, O ever sacred shade!
Your kindred souls exulting FAME shall join;
And the same wreath thy hand for SHAKSPERE made,
Gemm'd with her tears about THY GRAVE SHALL TWINE.

Mary Darby Robinson

Elegy To The Memory Of Richard Boyle, Esq.

NEAR yon bleak mountain's dizzy height,
That hangs o'er AVON's silent wave;
By the pale Crescent's glimm'ring light,
I sought LORENZO's lonely grave.

O'er the long grass the silv'ry dew,
Soft Twilight's tears spontaneous shone;
And the dank bough of baneful yew
Supply'd the place of sculptured stone.

Oft, as my trembling steps drew near,
The aëry voice of FANCY gave
The plaint of GENIUS to mine ear,
That, lingering, murmur'd on his grave.

"Cold is that heart, where honour glow'd,
And Friendship's flame sublimely shone,
And clos'd that eye where Pity flow'd,
For ev'ry suff'ring but HIS OWN.

"That form where youth and grace conspir'd,
To captivate admiring eyes,
No more belov'd, no more admir'd,
A torpid mass neglected lies.

"Mute is the music of that tongue,
Once tuneful as the voice of love,
When ORPHEUS, by his magic song,
Taught trees, and flinty rocks to move.

"Oft shall the pensive MUSE be found,
Sprinkling with flow'rs his mould'ring clay;
While soft-eyed SORROW wand'ring round,
Shall pluck intruding weeds away."

Sad victim of the sordid mind,
That doom'd THEE to an early grave;
Ne'er shall HER breast that pity find,
Which thy forgiveness nobly gave!

Thou, who, when SORROW'S icy hand
Forbad the healthsome pulse to flow,
Obedient to HER stern command,
With meek submission bow'd thee low!

And when thy faded cheek proclaim'd
The thorn that rankled in thy breast,
Thy steady soul that pride maintain'd,
Which marks the godlike mind distress'd!

Nor was thy mental strength subdu'd,
When HOPE's last ling'ring shadows fled,
Unchang'd, thy dauntless spirit view'd
The dreary confines of the dead!

And when thy penetrating mind,
Life's thorny maze presum'd to scan,
In ev'ry path condemn'd to find
"The low ingratitude of man."

Indignant would'st thou turn away,
And smiling raise thy languid eye,
And oft thy feeble voice would say,
"TO ME 'TIS HAPPINESS TO DIE."

And tho' thy FRIEND, I with skilful art,
To heal thy woes, each balm apply'd;
Tho' the fine feelings of his heart,
Nor cost nor studious care deny'd!

He saw the fatal hour draw near,
He saw THEE fading to the grave;
He gave his last kind gift, A TEAR,
And mourn'd the worth he could not save.

Nor could the ruthless breath of FATE
Snatch from thy grave the tender sigh;
Nor a relentless monster's hate
Impede thy passage to the sky.

And tho' no kindred tears were shed,

No tribute to thy memory giv'n;
Sublime in death, thy spirit fled,
To seek its best reward IN HEAVEN!

Mary Darby Robinson

Elegy To The Memory Of Werter

"With female Fairies will thy tomb be haunted
"And worms will not come to thee." SHAKSPERE.

WHEN from Day's closing eye the lucid tears
Fall lightly on the bending lily's head;
When o'er the blushing sky night's curtains spread,
And the tall mountain's summit scarce appears;
When languid Evening, sinking to repose,
Her filmy mantle o'er the landscape throws;
Of THEE I'll sing; and as the mournful song
Glides in slow numbers the dark woods among;
My wand'ring steps shall seek the lonely shade,
Where all thy virtues, all thy griefs are laid!

Yes, hopeless suff'rer, friendless and forlorn,
Sweet victim of love's power; the silent tear
Shall oft at twilight's close, and glimm'ring morn
Gem the pale primrose that adorns thy bier,
And as the balmy dew ascends to heaven,
Thy crime shall steal away, thy frailty be forgiv'n.

Oft by the moon's wan beam the love-lorn maid,
Led by soft SYMPATHY, shall stroll along;
Oft shall she listen in the Lime-tree's * shade,
Her cold blood freezing at the night-owl's song:
Or, when she hears the death-bell's solemn sound,
Her light steps echoing o'er the hollow ground;
Oft shall the trickling tear adorn her cheek,
Thy pow'r, O SENSIBILITY ! in magic charms to speak!

For the poor PILGRIM, doom'd afar to roam
From the dear comforts of his native home,
A glitt'ring star puts forth a silv'ry ray,
Soothes his sad heart, and marks his tedious way;
The short-liv'd radiance cheers the gloom of night,
And decks Heaven's murky dome with transitory light.

So from the mournful CHARLOTTE's dark-orb'd lids,

The sainted tear of pitying VIRTUE flows;
And the last boon, the "churlish priest" forbids,
On thy lone grave the sacred drop bestows;
There shall the sparkling dews of Evening shine,
AND HEAVEN'S OWN INCENSE CONSECRATE THE SHRINE.

Mary Darby Robinson

Female Fashions For 1799

A form, as any taper, fine ;
A head like half-pint bason ;
Where golden cords, and bands entwine,
As rich as fleece of JASON.

A pair of shoulders strong and wide,
Like country clown enlisting ;
Bare arms long dangling by the side,
And shoes of ragged listing !

Cravats like towels, thick and broad,
Long tippets made of bear-skin,
Muffs that a RUSSIAN might applaud,
And rouge to spoil a fair skin.

Long petticoats to hide the feet,
Silk hose with clocks of scarlet ;
A load of perfume, sick'ning sweet,
Bought of PARISIAN VARLET.

A bush of hair, the brow to shade,
Sometimes the eyes to cover ;
A necklace that might be display'd
By OTAHEITEAN lover !

A bowl of straw to deck the head,
Like porringer unmeaning ;
A bunch of POPPIES flaming red,
With motly ribands streaming.

Bare ears on either side the head,
Like wood-wild savage SATYR ;
Tinted with deep vermilion red,
To shame the blush of nature.

Red elbows, gauzy gloves, that add
An icy cov'ring merely ;
A wadded coat, the shape to pad,
Like Dutch-women -- or nearly.

Such is CAPRICE ! but, lovely kind !
Oh ! let each mental feature
Proclaim the labour of the mind,
And leave your charms to NATURE.

Mary Darby Robinson

Golfre, Gothic Swiss Tale

I.

Where freezing wastes of dazzl'ing Snow
O'er LEMAN'S Lake rose, tow'ring;
The BARON GOLFRE'S Castle strong
Was seen, the silv'ry peaks among,
With ramparts, darkly low'ring!--

Tall Battlements of flint, uprose,
Long shadowing down the valley,
A grove of sombre Pine, antique,
Amid the white expanse would break,
In many a gloomy alley.

A strong portcullis entrance show'd,
With ivy brown hung over;
And stagnate the green moat was found,
Whene'er the Trav'ller wander'd round,
Or moon-enamour'd Lover.

Within the spacious Courts were seen
A thousand gothic fancies;
Of banners, trophies, armour bright,
Of shields, thick batter'd in the fight,
And interwoven lances.

The BARON GOLFRE long had been
To solitude devoted;
And oft, in pray'r would pass the night
'Till day's vermilion stream of light
Along the blue hill floated.

And yet, his pray'r was little mark'd
With pure and calm devotion;
For oft, upon the pavement bare,
He'd dash his limbs and rend his hair
With terrible emotion!

And sometimes he, at midnight hour

Would howl, like wolves, wide-prowling;
And pale, the lamps would glimmer round--
And deep, the self-mov'd bell would sound
A knell prophetic, tolling!

For, in the Hall, three lamps were seen,
That quiver'd dim;--and near them
A bell rope hung, that from the Tow'r
Three knells would toll, at midnight's hour,
Startl'ing the soul to hear them!

And oft, a dreadful crash was heard,
Shaking the Castle's chambers!
And suddenly, the lights would turn
To paly grey, and dimly burn,
Like faint and dying embers.

Beneath the steep, a Maiden dwelt,
The dove-eyed ZORIETTO;
A damsel blest with ev'ry grace--
And springing from as old a race--
As Lady of LORETTO!

Her dwelling was a Goatherds poor;
Yet she his heart delighted;
Their little hovel open stood,
Beside a lonesome frowning wood.
To travellers--benighted.

Yet oft, at midnight when the Moon
Its dappled course was steering,
The Castle bell would break their sleep,
And ZORIETTO slow would creep--
To bar the wicket--fearing!

What did she fear? O! dreadful thought!
The Moon's wan lustre, streaming;
The dim grey lamps, the crashing sound,
The lonely Bittern--shrieking round
The roof,--with pale light gleaming.

And often, when the wintry wind

Loud whistled o'er their dwelling;
They sat beside their faggot fire
While ZORINETTO'S aged Sire
A dismal Tale was telling.

He told a long and dismal Tale
How a fair LADY perish'd;
How her sweet Baby, doom'd to be
The partner of her destiny
Was by a peasant cherish'd!

He told a long and dismal Tale,
How, from a flinty Tow'r
A Lady wailing sad was seen,
The lofty grated bars between,
At dawnlight's purple hour!

He told a Tale of bitter woe,
His heart with pity swelling,
How the fair LADY pin'd and died,
And how her Ghost, at Christmas-tide--
Would wander,--near her dwelling.

He told her, how a lowly DAME
The LADY, lorn, befriended--
Who chang'd her own dear baby, dead,
And took the LADY'S in its stead--
And then--"Forgive her Heav'n! " He said,
And so, his Story ended.

II.

As on the rushy floor she sat,
Her hand her pale cheek pressing;
Oft, on the GOATHERD'S face, her eyes
Would fix intent, her mute surprize--
In frequent starts confessing.

Then, slowly would she turn her head,
And watch the narrow wicket;
And shudder, while the wintry blast

In shrilly cadence swiftly past
Along the neighb'ring thicket.

One night, it was in winter time,
The Castle bell was tolling;
The air was still, the Moon was seen,
Sporting, her starry train between,
The thin clouds round her rolling.

And now she watch'd the wasting lamp,
Her timid bosom panting;
And now, the Crickets faintly sing,
And now she hears the Raven's wing
Sweeping their low roof, slanting.

And, as the wicket latch she clos'd,
A groan was heard!--she trembled!
And now a clashing, steely sound,
In quick vibrations echoed round,
Like murd'rous swords, assembled!

She started back; she look'd around,
The Goatherd Swain was sleeping;
A stagnate paleness mark'd her cheek,
She would have call'd, but could not speak,
While, through the lattice peeping.

And O! how dimly shone the Moon,
Upon the snowy mountain!
And fiercely did the wild blast blow,
And now her tears began to flow,
Fast, as a falling fountain.

And now she heard the Castle bell
Again toll sad and slowly;
She knelt and sigh'd: the lamp burnt pale--
She thought upon the dismal Tale--
And pray'd, with fervour holy!

And now, her little string of beads
She kiss'd,--and cross'd her breast;
It was a simple rosary,

Made of the Mountain Holly-tree,
By Sainted Father's blest!

And now the wicket open flew,
As though a whirlwind fell'd it;
And now a ghastly figure stood
Before the Maiden--while her blood
Congeal'd, as she beheld it!

His face was pale, his eyes were wild,
His beard was dark; and near him
A stream of light was seen to glide,
Marking a poniard, crimson-dyed;
The bravest soul might fear him!

His forehead was all gash'd and gor'd--
His vest was black and flowing
His strong hand grasp'd a dagger keen,
And wild and frantic was his mien,
Dread signs of terror, showing.

"O fly me not!" the BARON cried,
"In HEAV'N'S name, do not fear me!"
Just as he spoke the bell thrice toll'd--
Three paly lamps they now behold--
While a faint voice, cried,--"HEAR ME!"

And now, upon the threshold low,
The wounded GOLFRE, kneeling,
Again to HEAV'N address'd his pray'r;
The waning Moon, with livid glare,
Was down the dark sky stealing.

They led him in, they bath'd his wounds,
Tears, to the red stream adding:
The haughty GOLFRE gaz'd, admir'd!
The Peasant Girl his fancy fir'd,
And set his senses, madding!

He prest her hand; she turn'd away,
Her blushes deeper glowing,
Her cheek still spangled o'er with tears

So the wild rose more fresh appears
When the soft dews are flowing!

Again, the BARON fondly gaz'd;
Poor ZORIELLO trembled;
And GOLFRE watch'd her throbbing breast
Which seem'd, with weighty woes oppress'd,
And softest LOVE, dissembled.

The GOATHERD, fourscore years had seen,
And he was sick and needy;
The BARON wore a SWORD OF GOLD,
Which Poverty might well behold,
With eyes, wide stretch'd, and greedy!

The dawn arose! The yellow light
Around the Alps spread chearing!
The BARON kiss'd the GOATHERD'S child--
"Farewell!" she cried,--and blushing smil'd--
No future peril fearing.

Now GOLFRE homeward bent his way
His breast with passion burning:
The Chapel bell was rung, for pray'r,
And all--save GOLFRE, prostrate there--
Thank'd HEAV'N, for his returning!

III.

Three times the orient ray was seen
Above the East cliff mounting,
When GOLFRE sought the Cottage Grace
To share the honours of his race,
With treasures, beyond counting!

The Ev'ning Sun was burning red;
The Twilight veil spread slowly;
While ZORIELLO, near the wood
Where long a little cross had stood,
Was singing Vespers holy.

And now she kiss'd her Holly-beads,
And now she cross'd her breast;
The night-dew fell from ev'ry tree--
It fell upon her rosary,
Like tears of Heav'n twice bless'd!

She knelt upon the brown moss, cold,
She knelt, with eyes, mild beaming!
The day had clos'd, she heard a sigh!
She mark'd the dear and frosty sky
With starry lustre gleaming.

She rose; she heard the draw-bridge chains
Loud clanking down the valley;
She mark'd the yellow torches shine
Between the antique groves of Pine--
Bright'ning each gloomy alley.

And now the breeze began to blow,
Soft-stealing up the mountain;
It seem'd at first a dulcet sound--
Like mingled waters, wand'ring round
Slow falling from a fountain.

And now, in wilder tone it rose,
The white peaks sweeping, shrilly:
It play'd amidst her golden hair
It kiss'd her bosom cold and fair--
And sweet, as vale-born Lily!

She heard the hollow tread of feet
Thridding the piny cluster;
The torches flam'd before the wind--
And many a spark was left behind,
To mock the glow-worm's lustre.

She saw them guard the Cottage door,
Her heart beat high with wonder!
She heard the fierce and Northern blast
As o'er the topmost point it past
Like peals of bursting thunder!

And now she hied her swift along
And reach'd the guarded wicket;
But O! what terror fill'd her soul,
When thrice she heard the deep bell toll--
Above the gloomy thicket.

Now fierce, the BARON darted forth,
His trembling victim seizing;
She felt her blood, in ev'ry vein
Move, with a sense of dead'ning pain,
As though her heart were freezing.

"This night," said he, "Yon castle tow'rs
"Shall echo to their centre!
"For, by the HOLY CROSS, I swear,"--
And straight a CROSS of ruby glare
Did through the wicket enter!

And now a snowy hand was seen
Slow moving, round the chamber
A clasp of pearl, it seem'd to bear--
A clasp of pearl, most rich and rare!
Fix'd to a zone of amber.

And now the lowly Hovel shook,
The wicket open flying,
And by, the croaking RAVEN flew
And, whistling shrill, the night-blast blew
Like shrieks, that mark the dying!

But suddenly the tumult ceas'd--
And silence, still more fearful,
Around the little chamber spread
Such horrors as attend the dead,
Where no Sun glitters chearful!

"Now JESU HEAR ME!" GOLFRE cried,
"HEAR ME," a faint voice mutter'd!
The BARON drew his poniard forth--
The Maiden sunk upon the earth,
And--"Save me Heav'n!" she utter'd.

"Yes, Heav'n will save thee," GOLFRE said,
"Save thee, to be MY bride!"
But while he spoke a beam of light
Shone on her bosom, deathly white,
Then onward seem'd to glide.

And now the GOATHERD, on his knees,
With frantic accent cried,
"O! GOD forbid! that I should see
"The beauteous ZORINETTO, be
"The BARON GOLFRE'S bride!

"Poor Lady! she did shrink and fall,
"As leaves fall in September!
"Then be not BARON GOLFRE'S bride--
"Alack! in yon black tow'r SHE died--
"Full well, I do remember!"

"Oft, to the lattice grate I stole
"To hear her, sweetly singing;
"And oft, whole nights, beside the moat,
"I listen'd to the dying note--
"Till matin's bell was ringing.

"And when she died! Poor Lady dear!
"A sack of gold, she gave,
"That, masses every Christmas day
"Twelve bare-foot Monks should sing, or say,
"Slow moving round her Grave.

"That, at the Holy Virgin's shrine
"Three Lamps should burn for ever--
"That, ev'ry month, the bell should toll,
"For pray'rs to save her Husband's soul--
"I shall forget it, never!"

While thus he spoke, the BARON'S eye
Look'd inward on his soul:
For He the masses ne'er had said--
No lamps, their quiv'ring light had shed,
No bell, been taught to toll!

And yet, the bell did toll, self-mov'd;
And sickly lamps were gleaming;
And oft, their faintly wand'ring light
Illum'd the Chapel aisles at night,
Till MORN'S broad eye, was beaming.

IV.

The Maid refus'd the BARON'S suit,
For, well she lov'd another;
The angry GOLFRE'S vengeful rage
Nor pride nor reason could assuage,
Nor pity prompt to smother.

His Sword was gone; the Goatherd Swain
Seem'd guilty, past recalling:
The BARON now his life demands
Where the tall Gibbet skirts the lands
With black'ning bones appalling!

Low at the BARON'S feet, in tears
Fair ZORINETTO kneeling,
The Goatherd's life requir'd;--but found
That Pride can give the deepest wound
Without the pang of feeling.

That Pow'r can mock the suff'rer's woes
And triumph o'er the sighing;
Can scorn the noblest mind oppress'd,
Can fill with thorns the feeling breast
Soft pity's tear denying.

"Take me," she cried, "but spare his age--
"Let me his ransom tender;
"I will the fatal deed atone,
"For crimes that never were my own,
"My breaking heart surrender."

The marriage day was fix'd, the Tow'rs
With banners rich were mounted;
His heart beat high against his side

While GOLFRE, waiting for his bride,
The weary minutes counted.

The snow fell fast, with mingling hail,
The dawn was late, and luring;
Poor ZORINETTO rose aghast!
Unmindful of the Northern blast
And prowling Wolves, devouring.

Swift to the wood of Pines she flew,
Love made the assignation;
For there, the sov'reign of her soul
Watch'd the blue mists of morning roll
Mound her habitation.

The BARON, by a Spy apprized,
Was there before his Bride;
He seiz'd the Youth, and madly strew'd
The white Cliff, with his steaming blood,
Then hurl'd him down its side.

And now 'twas said, an hungry wolf
Had made the Youth his prey:
His heart lay frozen on the snow,
And here and there a purple glow
Speckled the pathless way.

The marriage day at length arriv'd,
The Priest bestow'd his blessing:
A clasp of orient pearl fast bound
A zone of amber circling round,
Her slender waist compressing.

On ZORINETTO'S snowy breast
A ruby cross was heaving;
So the pale snow-drop faintly glows,
When shelter'd by the damask rose,
Their beauties interweaving!

And now the holy vow began
Upon her lips to falter!
And now all deathly wan she grew

And now three lamps, of livid hue
Pass'd slowly round the Altar.

And now she saw the clasp of pearl
A ruby lustre taking:
And thrice she heard the Castle bell
Ring out a loud funereal knell
The antique turrets shaking.

O! then how pale the BARON grew,
His eyes wide staring fearful!
While o'er the Virgin's image fair
A sable veil was borne on air
Shading her dim eyes, tearful.

And, on her breast a clasp of pearl
Was stain'd with blood, fast flowing:
And round her lovely waist she wore
An amber zone; a cross she bore
Of rubies--richly glowing.

The Bride, her dove-like eyes to Heav'n
Rais'd, calling Christ to save her!
The cross now danc'd upon her breast;
The shudd'ring Priest his fears confest,
And benedictions gave her.

Upon the pavement sunk the Bride
Cold as a corpse, and fainting!
The pearly clasp, self-bursting, show'd
Her beating side, where crimson glow'd
Three spots, of nature's painting.

Three crimson spots, of deepest hue!
The BARON gaz'd with wonder:
For on his buried Lady's side
Just three such drops had nature dyed,
An equal space asunder.

And now remembrance brought to view,
For Heaven the truth discloses,
The Baby, who had early died,

Bore, tinted on its little side,
Three spots--as red as roses!

Now, ere the wedding-day had past,
Stern GOLFRE, and his Bride
Walk'd forth to taste the ev'ning breeze
Soft sighing, mid the sombre trees,
That drest the mountain's side.

And now, beneath the grove of Pine,
Two lovely Forms were gliding;
A Lady, with a beauteous face!
A Youth with stern, but manly, grace
Smil'd,--as in scorn deriding.

Close, by the wond'ring Bride they pass'd,
The red Sun sinking slowly:
And to the little cross they hied--
And there she saw them, side by side,
Kneeling, with fervour holy.

The little cross was golden ting'd
The western radiance stealing;
And now it bore a purple hue,
And now all black and dim it grew,
And still she saw them, kneeling.

White were their robes as fleecy snow
Their faces pale, yet chearful.
Their golden hair, like waves of light
Shone lust'rous mid the glooms of night;
Their starry eyes were tearful.

And now they look'd to Heav'n, and smil'd,
Three paly lamps descended!
And now their shoulders seem'd to bear
Expanding pinions broad and fair,
And now they wav'd in viewless air!
And so, the Vision ended.

V.

Now, suddenly, a storm arose,
The thunder roar'd, tremendous!
The lightning flash'd, the howling blast
Fierce, strong, and desolating, past
The Altitudes stupendous!

Rent by the wind, a fragment huge
From the steep summit bounded:
That summit, where the Peasant's breast
Found, mid the snow, a grave of rest,
By GOLFRE'S poniard wounded.

Loud shrieks, across the mountain wild,
Fill'd up the pause of thunder:
The groves of Pine the lightning past,
And swift the desolating blast
Scatter'd them wide asunder.

The Castle-turrets seem'd to blaze,
The lightning round them flashing;
The drawbridge now was all on fire,
The moat foam'd high, with furious ire,
Against the black walls dashing.

The Prison Tow'r was silver white,
And radiant as the morning;
Two angels' wings were spreading wide,
The battlements, from side to side--
And lofty roof adorning.

And now the Bride was sore afraid,
She sigh'd, and cross'd her breast;
She kiss'd her simple rosary,
Made of the mountain holly-tree,
By sainted Fathers blest.

She kiss'd it once, she kiss'd it twice;
It seem'd to freeze her breast;
The cold show'rs fell from ev'ry tree,
They fell upon her rosary
Like nature's tears, "twice blest!"

"What do you fear?" the BARON cried--
For ZORIETTO trembled--
"A WOLF," she sigh'd with whisper low,
"Hark how the angry whirlwinds blow
"Like Demons dark assembled.

"That WOLF! which did my Lover slay!"
The BARON wildly started.
"That Wolf accurs'd!" she madly cried--
"Whose fangs, by human gore were died,
"Who dragg'd him down the mountain's side,
"And left me--Broken hearted!"

Now GOLFRE shook in ev'ry joint,
He grasp'd her arm, and mutter'd
Hell seem'd to yawn, on ev'ry side,
"Hear me!" the frantic tyrant cried--
"HEAR ME!" a faint voice utter'd.

"I hear thee! yes, I hear thee well!"
Cried GOLFRE, "I'll content thee.
"I see thy vengeful eye-balls roll--
"Thou com'st to claim my guilty soul--
"The FIENDS--the FIENDS have sent thee!"

And now a Goatherd-Boy was heard--
Swift climbing up the mountain:
A Kid was lost, the fearful hind--
Had rov'd his truant care to find,
By wood-land's side--and fountain.

And now a murm'ring throng advanc'd,
And howlings echoed round them:
Now GOLFRE tried the path to pace,
His feet seem'd rooted to the place,
As though a spell had bound them.

And now loud mingling voices cried--
"Pursue that WOLF, pursue him!"
The guilty BARON, conscience stung,
About his fainting DAUGHTER hung,

As to the ground she drew him.

"Oh! shield me Holy MARY! shield
"A tortur'd wretch!" he mutter'd.
"A murd'rous WOLF! O GOD! I crave
"A dark unhallow'd silent grave--"
Aghast the Caitiff utter'd.

"'Twas I, beneath the GOATHERD'S bed
"The golden sword did cover;
"'Twas I who tore the quiv'ring wound,
"Pluck'd forth the heart, and scatter'd round
"The life-stream of thy Lover."

And now he writh'd in ev'ry limb,
And big his heart was swelling;
Fresh peals of thunder echoed strong,
With famish'd WOLVES the peaks among
Their dismal chorus yelling!

"O JESU Save me!" GOLFRE shriek'd--
But GOLFRE shriek'd no more!
The rosy dawn's returning light
Display'd his corse,--a dreadful sight,
Black, wither'd, smear'd with gore!

High on a gibbet, near the wood--
His mangled limbs were hung;
Yet ZORIETTO oft was seen
Prostrate the Chapel aisles between--
When holy mass was sung.

And there, three lamps now dimly burn,--
Twelve Monks their masses saying;
And there, the midnight bell doth toll
For quiet to the murd'rer's soul--
While all around are praying.

For CHARITY and PITY kind,
To gentle souls are given;
And MERCY is the sainted pow'r,
Which beams thro' mis'ry's darkest hour,

And lights the way,--TO HEAVEN!

Mary Darby Robinson

January, 1795

Pavement slipp'ry, people sneezing,
Lords in ermine, beggars freezing ;
Titled gluttons dainties carving,
Genius in a garret starving.

Lofty mansions, warm and spacious ;
Courtiers clinging and voracious ;
Misers scarce the wretched heeding ;
Gallant soldiers fighting, bleeding.

Wives who laugh at passive spouses ;
Theatres, and meeting-houses ;
Balls, where simp'ring misses languish ;
Hospitals, and groans of anguish.

Arts and sciences bewailing ;
Commerce drooping, credit failing ;
Placemen mocking subjects loyal ;
Separations, weddings royal.

Authors who can't earn a dinner ;
Many a subtle rogue a winner ;
Fugitives for shelter seeking ;
Misers hoarding, tradesmen breaking.

Taste and talents quite deserted ;
All the laws of truth perverted ;
Arrogance o'er merit soaring ;
Merit silently deploring.

Ladies gambling night and morning ;
Fools the works of genius scorning ;
Ancient dames for girls mistaken,
Youthful damsels quite forsaken.

Some in luxury delighting ;
More in talking than in fighting ;
Lovers old, and beaux decrepid ;
Lordlings empty and insipid.

Poets, painters, and musicians ;
Lawyers, doctors, politicians :
Pamphlets, newspapers, and odes,
Seeking fame by diff'rent roads.

Gallant souls with empty purses ;
Gen'ral's only fit for nurses ;
School-boys, smit with martial spirit,
Taking place of vet'ran merit.

Honest men who can't get places,
Knave's who shew unblushing faces ;
Ruin hasten'd, peace retarded ;
Candour spurn'd, and art rewarded.

Mary Darby Robinson

Lewin And Gynneth

"WHEN will my troubled soul have rest?"

The beauteous LEWIN cried;
As thro' the murky shade of night
With frantic step she hied.

"When shall those eyes my GYNNETH'S face,
My GYNNETH'S form survey ?
When shall those longing eyes again
Behold the dawn of day ?"

Cold are the dews that wet my cheek,
The night-mist damps the ground;
Appalling echoes strike mine ear,
And spectres gleam around.

The vivid lightning's transient rays
Around my temples play;
'Tis all the light my fate affords,
To mark my thorny way.

From the black mountain's awful height,
Where LATHRYTH'S turrets rise;
The dark owl screams a direful song,
And warns me as she flies !

The chilling blast, the whistling winds,
The mould'ring ramparts shake;
The hungry tenants of the wood,
Their cavern'd haunts forsake.

Those tender limbs unus'd to stray
Beyond a father's door;
Full many a mile have journey'd forth,
Each footstep mark'd with gore.

No costly sandals deck those feet,
By thorns and briars torn;
The cold rain chills my rosy cheek,
Whose freshness sham'd the morn !

Slow steals the life-stream at my heart;
Dark clouds o'ershade my eyes;
Foreboding sorrow tells my soul,
My captive Lover dies.

Yet if one gentle ray of hope
Can sooth the soul to rest;
Oh ! may it pierce yon flinty tow'r,
And warm my GYNNETH's breast:

And if soft pity's tearful eye
A Tyrant's heart can move;
Ill-fated LEWIN yet may live
To clasp her vanquish'd Love.

And tho' stern war with bonds of steel
His graceful form shall bind;
No earthly spell has pow'r to hold
The freedom of his mind !

And tho' his warm and gallant heart
Now yields to fate's decree;
Its feelings spurn the base constraint,
And fly to LOVE and ME !

Then, BRANWORTH, Lion of the field !
O, hear a maiden plead;
Sheath not thy sword in GYNNETH'S breast,
Or too, let LEWIN'S bleed ?

To valiant feats of arms renown'd
Shall earthly praise be giv'n;
But deeds of MERCY, mighty Chief,
Are register'd in HEAV'N !

Thy praises shall resounding fill
The Palace of thy foe;
While down the joyful LEWIN'S cheek
The grateful tear shall flow.

And sure the tear that VIRTUE sheds,

Some rapture can impart;
What gem can deck a victor's throne
Like incense from the heart?

Now the grey Morning's silv'ry light,
Dawn'd in the eastern skies,
When at the lofty lattice grate
Her Lover's form she spies:

"He lives," she cried, "My GYNNETH lives !"
Youth of the crimson shield !
The graceful Hero of my heart,
The glory of the field !

"Come down, my soul's delight," she said,
"Thy blue-ey'd LEWIN see;
YRGANVY'S Daughter, thy true Love,
Who only breathes for THEE:

"Then haste THEE from thy prison house
Ere yet the Foe doth rise !
Oh! haste, ere yet the Morning Sun
Doth flame along the skies.

"Ah, speak! my heart is chill'd with fear,
My fault'ring voice doth fail;
Why are thy darling eyes so dim,
Thy cheek so deathly pale ?"

"I am THY GYNNETH'S GHOST, sweet maid,
Avoid the madd'ning sight;
Those eyes that doated on thy charms,
Are lock'd in endless night.

"This loyal heart which beat for thee,
Is rent with many a wound;
Cleft is my shield, my glitt'ring spear
Lies broken on the ground !

"My bones the eagle hath convey'd
To feed her rav'nous brood;
The savage BRANWORTH'S cruel hand

Hath spilt my purple blood.

"Then hie thee hence, ill-fated maid,
Ere greater woes betide;
To where LLANGADOC'S silver streams
Along the vallies glide.

"There, where the modest PRIMROSE blooms,
Pale as thy lover's shade;
My mangled relics shalt thou find
Upon the green turf laid.

"Then hie thee hence, with holy hands,
Build up a sacred shrine,
And oh ! chaste maid, thy faith to prove,
Mingle thy dust with mine ?"

Ah ! have you seen a mother's joy
In cherub sweetness dress'd,
Seiz'd by the numbing hand of death,
Expiring at her breast ?

Or the fond maid, whom morrow's dawn
Had hail'd a wedded fair;
Doom'd to behold her lover's corse
Scorch'd by the lightning's glare ?

So stood the hopeless, frantic maid,
YRGANVY's graceful child,
Cold was her cheek, her dove-like eyes
Fix'd in amazement wild !

"This panting heart," at length she cried
"A sharper pang doth feel,
Than thine, brave youth, when rent in twain
By BRANWORTH'S poison'd steel.

"No more these sad and weeping eyes,
My father's house shall see;
Thy kindred spirit calls me hence.
I haste to follow thee."

Beside thy tomb the TRAV'LLER'S tear
Shall join the crystal spring;
Around the solemn dirge of woe
Shall sainted DRUIDS sing;

The weary PILGRIM faint and sad,
Shall stay his steps awhile;
The memory of his OWN hard fate,
THY story shall beguile;

There wet with many a holy tear,
The sweetest buds shall blow,
There LEWIN'S ghost shall mark the shrine
A monument of woe !

Thrice did he ope the lattice grate,
And thrice he bade adieu;
When lo, to join the parting shade,
The MAIDEN'S SPIRIT FLEW!

Mary Darby Robinson

Life

"What is this world?-thy school, O misery!
"Our only lesson is to learn to suffer."

- YOUNG.

LOVE, thou sportive fickle boy,
Source of anguish, child of joy,
Ever wounding-ever smiling,
Soothing still, and still beguiling;
What are all thy boasted treasures,
Tender sorrows, transient pleasures?
Anxious hopes, and jealous fears,
LAUGHING HOURS, and MOURNING YEARS.

What is FRIENDSHIP'S soothing name?
But a shad'wy, vap'rish flame;
Fancy's balm for ev'ry wound,
Ever sought, but rarely found;
What is BEAUTY ? but a flow'r,
Blooming, fading in an hour;
Deck'd with brightest tints at morn,
At twilight with'ring on a thorn;
Like the gentle Rose of spring,
Chill'd by ev'ry zephyr's wing,
Ah! how soon its colour flies,
Blushes, trembles, falls, and dies.

What is YOUTH ? a smiling sorrow,
Blithe to day, and sad to-morrow;
Never fix'd, for ever ranging,
Laughing, weeping, doating, changing;
Wild, capricious, giddy, vain,
Cloy'd with pleasure, nurs'd with pain;
AGE steals on with wint'ry face,
Ev'ry rapt'rous Hope to chase;
Like a wither'd, sapless tree,
Bow'd to chilling Fate's decree;
Strip'd of all its foliage gay,

Drooping at the close of day;
What of tedious Life remains?
Keen regrets and cureless pains;
Till DEATH appears, a welcome friend,
To bid the scene of sorrow end.

Mary Darby Robinson

Lines Inscribed To P. De Louthembourg, Esq. R. A.

WHERE on the bosom of the foamy RHINE,
In curling waves the rapid waters shine;
Where tow'ring cliffs in awful grandeur rise,
And midst the blue expanse embrace the skies;
The wond'ring eye beholds yon craggy height,
Ting'd with the glow of Evening's fading light:
Where the fierce cataract swelling o'er its bound,
Bursts from its source, and dares the depth profound.
On ev'ry side the headlong currents flow,
Scatt'ring their foam like silv'ry sands below:
From hill to hill responsive echoes sound,
Loud torrents roar, and dashing waves rebound:
Th' opposing rock, the azure stream divides
The white froth tumbling down its sparry sides;
From fall to fall the glitt'ring channels flow,
'Till lost, they mingle in the Lake below.
Tremendous spot ! amid thy views sublime,
The mental sight ethereal realms may climb,
With wonder rapt the mighty work explore,
Confess TH' ETERNAL'S pow'r ! and pensively adore!

ALL VARYING NATURE! oft the outstretch'd eye
Marks o'er the WELKIN's brow the meteor fly:
Marks, where the COMET with impetuous force,
O'er Heaven's wide concave, skims its fiery course:
While on the ALPINE steep thin vapours rise,
Float on the blast-or freeze amidst the skies:
Or half congeal'd in flaky fragments glide
Along the gelid mountain's breezy side;
Or mingling with the waste of yielding snow,
From the vast height in various currents flow.

Now pale-ey'd MORNING, at thy soft command,
O'er the rich landscape spreads her dewy hand:
Swift o'er the plain the lucid rivers fly,
Imperfect mirrors of the dappled sky:
On the fring'd margin of the dimpling tide,
Each od'rous bud, by FLORA'S pencil dy'd,
Expands its velvet leaves of lust'rous hue,

Bath'd in the essence of celestial dew:
While from the METEOR to the simplest FLOW R,
Prolific Nature ! we behold thy pow'r !
Yet has mysterious Heaven with care consign'd
Thy noblest triumphs to the human mind;
MAN feels the proud preeminence impart
Intrepid firmness to his swelling heart;
Creation's lord ! where'er HE bends his way,
The torch of REASON spreads its godlike ray.

As o'er SICILIAN sands the Trav'ler roves,
Feeds on its fruits, and shelters in its groves,
Sudden amidst the calm retreat he hears
The pealing thunders in the distant spheres;
He sees the curling fumes from ETNA rise,
Shade the green vale, and blacken all the skies.
Around his head the forked lightnings glare,
The vivid streams illumine the stagnant air:
The nodding hills hang low'ring o'er the deep,
The howling winds the clust'ring vineyards sweep;
The cavern'd rocks terrific tremours rend;
Low to the earth the tawny forests bend:
While He an ATOM in the direful scene,
Views the wild CHAOS, wond'ring, and serene;
Tho' at his feet sulphureous rivers roll,
No touch of terror shakes his conscious soul:
His MIND ! enlighten'd by PROMETHEAN rays
Expanding, glows with intellectual blaze!

Such scenes, long since, th' immortal POET charm'd,
His MUSE enraptur'd, and his FANCY warm'd:
From them he learnt with magic eye t' explore,
The dire ARCANUM of the STYGIAN shore !
Where the departed spirit trembling, hurl'd
"With restless violence round the pendent world,"
On the swift wings of whistling whirlwinds flung,
Plung'd in the wave, or on the mountain hung.

While o'er yon cliff the ling'ring fires of day,
In ruby shadows faintly glide away;
The glassy source that feeds the CATARACT's stream,
Bears the last image of the solar beam:

Wide o'er the Landscape Nature's tints disclose,
The softest picture of sublime repose;
The sober beauties of EVE'S hour serene,
The scatter'd village, now but dimly seen,
The neighb'ring rock, whose flinty brow inclin'd,
Shields the clay cottage from the northern wind:
The variegated woodlands scarce we view,
The distant mountains ting'd with purple hue:
Pale twilight flings her mantle o'er the skies,
From the still lake, the misty vapours rise;
Cold show'rs descending on the western breeze,
Sprinkle with lucid drops the bending trees,
Whose spreading branches o'er the glade reclin'd,
Wave their dank leaves, and murmur to the wind.

Such scenes, O LOUTHERBOURG! thy pencil fir'd,
Warm'd thy great mind, and every touch inspir'd:
Beneath thy hand the varying colours glow,
Vast mountains rise, and crystal rivers flow:
Thy wond'rous Genius owns no pedant rule,
Nature's thy guide, and Nature's works thy school:
Pursue her steps, each rival's art defy,
For while she charms, THY NAME shall never die.

Mary Darby Robinson

Lines On Hearing It Declared That No Women Were So Handsome As The English

BEAUTY, the attribute of Heaven!
In various forms to mortals given,
With magic skill enslaves mankind,
As sportive fancy sways the mind.
Search the wide world, go where you will,
VARIETY pursues you still;
Capricious Nature knows no bound,
Her unexhausted gifts are found
In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry face,
Each has its own peculiar grace.

To GALLIA's frolic scenes repair,
There reigns the tyny DEBONAIRE;
The mincing step-the slender waist,
The lip with bright vermilion grac'd:
The short pert nose-the pearly teeth,
With the small dimpled chin beneath,-
The social converse, gay and free,
The smart BON-MOT and REPARTEE.

ITALIA boasts the melting fair,
The pointed step, the haughty air,
Th' empassion'd tone, the languid eye,
The song of thrilling harmony;
Insidious LOVE conceal'd in smiles
That charms-and as it charms beguiles.

View GRECIAN MAIDS, whose finish'd forms
The wond'ring sculptor's fancy warms!
There let thy ravish'd eye behold
The softest gems of Nature's mould;
Each charm, that REYNOLDS learnt to trace,
From SHERIDAN's bewitching face.

Imperious TURKEY's pride is seen
In Beauty's rich luxuriant mien;
The dark and sparkling orbs that glow

Beneath a polish'd front of snow:
The auburn curl that zephyr blows
About the cheek of brightest rose:
The shorten'd zone, the swelling breast,
With costly gems profusely drest;
Reclin'd in softly-waving bow'rs,
On painted beds of fragrant flow'rs;
Where od'rous canopies dispense
ARABIA's spices to the sense;
Where listless indolence and ease,
Proclaim the sov'reign wish, to please.
'Tis thus, capricious FANCY shows
How far her frolic empire goes !

On ASIA's sands, on ALPINE snow,
We trace her steps where'er we go;
The BRITISH Maid with timid grace;
The tawny INDIAN 's varnish'd face;
The jetty AFRICAN; the fair
Nurs'd by EUROPA's softer air;
With various charms delight the mind,
For FANCY governs ALL MANKIND.

Mary Darby Robinson

Lines To Him Who Will Understand Them

THOU art no more my bosom's FRIEND;
Here must the sweet delusion end,
That charm'd my senses many a year,
Thro' smiling summers, winters drear.-
O, FRIENDSHIP! am I doom'd to find
Thou art a phantom of the mind?
A glitt'ring shade, an empty name,
An air-born vision's vap'rish flame?
And yet, the dear DECEIT so long
Has wak'd to joy my matin song,
Has bid my tears forget to flow,
Chas'd ev'ry pain, soothed ev'ry woe;
That TRUTH, unwelcome to my ear,
Swells the deep sigh, recalls the tear,
Gives to the sense the keenest smart,
Checks the warm pulses of the Heart,
Darkens my FATE and steals away
Each gleam of joy thro' life's sad day.

BRITAIN, FAREWELL! I quit thy shore,
My native Country charms no more;
No guide to mark the toilsome road;
No destin'd clime; no fix'd abode;
Alone and sad, ordain'd to trace
The vast expanse of endless space;
To view, upon the mountain's height,
Thro' varied shades of glimm'ring light,
The distant landscape fade away
In the last gleam of parting day:-
Or, on the quiv'ring lucid stream,
To watch the pale moon's silv'ry beam;
Or when, in sad and plaintive strains
The mournful PHILOMEL complains,
In dulcet notes bewails her fate,
And murmurs for her absent mate;
Inspir'd by SYMPATHY divine,
I'll weep her woes-FOR THEY ARE MINE.
Driven by my FATE, where'er I go
O'er burning plains, o'er hills of snow,

Or on the bosom of the wave,
The howling tempest doom'd to brave,
Where'er my lonely course I bend,
Thy image shall my steps attend;
Each object I am doom'd to see,
Shall bid remem'brance PICTURE THEE.

Yes; I shall view thee in each FLOW'R,
That changes with the transient hour:
Thy wand'ring Fancy I shall find
Borne on the wings of every WIND:
Thy wild impetuous passions trace
O'er the white wave's tempestuous space:
In every changing season prove
An emblem of thy wav'ring LOVE.

Torn from my country, friends, and you,
The World lies open to my view;
New objects shall my mind engage;
I will explore th' HISTORIC page;
Sweet POETRY shall soothe my soul;
PHILOSOPHY each pang controul:
The MUSE I'll seek, her lambent fire
My soul's quick senses shall inspire;
With finer nerves my heart shall beat,
Touch'd by Heaven's own PROMETHEAN heat;
ITALIA'S gales shall bear my song
In soft-link'd notes her woods among;
Upon the blue hill's misty side,
Thro' trackless deserts waste and wide,
O'er craggy rocks, whose torrents flow
Upon the silver sands below.
Sweet Land of MELODY ! 'tis thine
The softest passions to refine;
Thy myrtle groves, thy melting strains,
Shall harmonize and soothe my pains,
Nor will I cast one thought behind,
On foes relentless, FRIENDS unkind;
I feel, I feel their poison'd dart
Pierce the life-nerve within my heart;
'Tis mingled with the vital heat,
That bids my throbbing pulses beat;

Soon shall that vital heat be o'er,
Those throbbing pulses beat no more!

No, -I will breathe the spicy gale;
Plunge the clear stream, new health exhale;
O'er my pale cheek diffuse the rose,
And drink OBLIVION to my woes.

Mary Darby Robinson

Lines To The Memory Of Richard Boyle, Esq.

"Fate snatch'd him early to the pitying sky."

- POPE.

IF WORTH, too early to the grave consign'd,
Can claim the pitying tear, or touch the mind ?
If manly sentiments unstain'd by art,
Could waken FRIENDSHIP, or delight the heart ?
Ill-fated youth ! to THEE the MUSE shall pay
The last sad tribute of a mournful lay;
On thy lone grave shall MAY'S soft dew be shed,
And fairest flowrets blossom o'er thy head;
The drooping lily, and the snow-drop pale,
Mingling their fragrant leaves, shall there recline,
While CHERUBS hov'ring on th' ethereal gale,
Shall chaunt a requiem o'er the hallow'd shrine.
And if Reflection's piercing eye should scan
The trivial frailties of imperfect MAN;
If in thy generous heart those passions dwelt,
Which all should own, and all that live have felt;
Yet was thy polish'd mind so pure, so brave,
The young admir'd thee, and the old forgave.

And when stern FATE, with ruthless rancour, press'd
Thy withering graces to her flinty breast;
Bright JUSTICE darted from her bless'd abode,
And bore thy VIRTUES to the throne of GOD;
While cold OBLIVION stealing o'er thy mind,
Each youthful folly to the grave consign'd.

O, if thy purer spirit deigns to know
Each thought that passes in this vale of woe,
Accept the incense of a tender tear,
By PITY wafted on a sigh sincere.
And if the weeping MUSE a wreath could give
To grace thy tomb, and bid thy VIRTUES live;
THEN Wealth should blush the gilded mask to wear,
And Avarice shrink the victim of Despair.

While GENIUS bending o'er thy sable bier,
Should mourn her darling SON with many a tear,
While in her pensive form the world should view
The ONLY PARENT that thy SORROWS knew.

Mary Darby Robinson

Lines Written By The Side Of A River

FLOW soft RIVER, gently stray,
Still a silent waving tide
O'er thy glitt'ring carpet glide,
While I chaunt my ROUNDELAY,
As I gather from thy bank,
Shelter'd by the poplar dank,
King-cups, deck'd in golden pride,
Harebells sweet, and daisies pied;
While beneath the evening sky,
Soft the western breezes fly.
Gentle RIVER, should'st thou be
Touch'd with mournful sympathy,
When reflection tells my soul,
Winter's icy breath shall quell
Thy sweet bosom's graceful swell,
And thy dimpling course controul;
Should a crystal tear of mine,
Fall upon thy lucid breast,
Oh receive the trembling guest,
For 'tis PITY'S drop divine!

GENTLE ZEPHYR, softly play,
Shake thy dewy wings around,
Sprinkle odours o'er the ground,
While I chaunt my ROUNDELAY.
While the woodbine's mingling shade,
Veils my pensive, drooping head;
Fan, oh fan, the busy gale,
That rudely wantons round my cheek,
Where the tear of suff'rance meek,
Glitters on the LILY pale:
Ah! no more the damask ROSE,
There in crimson lustre glows;
Thirsty fevers from my lip
Dare the ruddy drops to sip;
Deep within my burning heart,
Sorrow plants an icy dart;
From whose point the soft tears flow,
Melting in the vivid glow;

Gentle Zephyr, should'st thou be
Touch'd with tender sympathy;
When reflection calls to mind,
The bleak and desolating wind,
That soon thy silken wing shall tear,
And waft it on the freezing air;
Zephyr, should a tender sigh
To thy balmy bosom fly,
Oh! receive the flutt'ring thing,
Place it on thy filmy wing,
Bear it to its native sky,
For 'tis PITY'S softest sigh.

O'er the golden lids of day
Steals a veil of sober grey;
Now the flow'rets sink to rest,
On the moist earth's glitt'ring breast;
Homeward now I'll bend my way,
AND CHAUNT MY PLAINITIVE ROUNDELAY.

Mary Darby Robinson

Lines Written On The Sea-Coast

SWIFT o'er the bounding deep the VESSEL glides,
Its streamers flutt'ring in the summer gales,
The lofty mast the breezy air derides,
As gaily o'er the glitt'ring surf she sails.

Now beats each gallant heart with innate joys,
Bright hopes and tender fears alternate vie,
Dear schemes of pure delight the mind employs,
And the soul glistens in the tearful eye.

The fond expecting Maid delighted stands
On the bleak summit of yon chalky bourn,
With waving handkerchief and lifted hands
She hails her darling Sailor's safe return.

Ill-fated Maid, ne'er shall thy gentle breast
The chaste reward of constant passion prove,
Ne'er shall that timid form again be press'd
In the dear bondage of unsullied love:
Stern Heaven forbids-the dark o'erwhelming deep
Mocks the poor pilot's skill, and braves his sighs;
O'er the high deck the frothy billows sweep,
And the fierce tempest drowns the sea boy's cries.

The madd'ning ocean swells with furious roar,
See the devoted bark, the shatter'd mast,
The splitting hulk dash'd on the rocky shore,
Rolls 'midst the howlings of the direful blast.

O'er the vex'd deep the vivid sulphur flies,
The jarring elements their clamours blend,
The deaf'ning thunder roars along the skies,
And whistling winds from lurid clouds descend.

The lab'ring wreck, contending with the wave,
Mounts to the blast, or plunges in the main,
The trembling wretch suspended o'er his grave,
Clings to the tatter'd shrouds, the pouring rain
Chills his sad breast, methinks I see him weep,

I hear his fearful groan his mutter'd pray'r,
O, cease to mourn, behold the yawning deep
Where soon thy weary soul shall mock Despair,
Yes, soon thy aching heart shall rest in peace,
For in the arms of Death all human sorrows cease.

Mary Darby Robinson

Male Fashions For 1799

Crops like hedgehogs, high-crown'd hats,
Whispers like Jew MOSES ;
Padded collars, thick cravats,
And cheeks as red as roses.

Faces painted pink and brown ;
Waistcoats strip'd and gaudy ;
Sleeves thrice doubled thick with down,
And straps to brace the body.

Short great-coats that reach the knees,
Boots like French postillion ;
Worn the G----- race to please,
But laugh'd at by the million.

Square-toed shoes, with silken strings,
Pantaloons not fitting ;
Finger deck'd with wedding rings,
And small-clothes made of knitting.

Curricles so low, that they
Along the ground seem dragging ;
Hacks that weary half the day
In Rotten-row are fagging.

Bull-dogs grim, and boxers bold,
In noble trains attending ;
Science which is bought with gold,
And flatt'ers vice commending.

Hair-cords, and plain rings, to shew
Many a LADY's favour,
BOUGHT by ev'ry vaunting beau,
With mischievous endeavour.

Such is giddy FASHION's son !
Such a MODERN LOVER!
Oh ! wou'd their reign had ne'er begun !
And may it soon BE OVER!

Mary Darby Robinson

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Mary Darby Robinson

Mistress Gurton's Cat

Old MISTRESS GURTON had a Cat,
A Tabby, loveliest of the race,
Sleek as a doe, and tame, and fat
With velvet paws, and whisker'd face;
The Doves of VENUS not so fair,
Nor JUNO'S Peacocks half so grand
As MISTRESS GURTON'S Tabby rare,
The proudest of the purring band;
So dignified in all her paces--
She seem'd, a pupil of the Graces!
There never was a finer creature
In all the varying whims of Nature!

All liked Grimalkin, passing well!
Save MISTRESS GURTON, and, 'tis said,
She oft with furious ire would swell,
When, through neglect or hunger keen,
Puss, with a pilfer'd scrap, was seen,
Swearing beneath the pent-house shed:
For, like some fav'rites, she was bent
On all things, yet with none content;
And still, whate'er her place or diet,
She could not pick her bone, in quiet.

Sometimes, new milk GRIMALKIN stole,
And sometimes--over-set the bowl!
For over eagerness will prove,
Oft times the bane of what we love;
And sometimes, to her neighbour's home,
GRIMALKIN, like a thief would roam,
Teaching poor Cats, of humbler kind,
For high example sways the mind!
Sometimes she paced the garden wall,

Thick guarded by the shatter'd pane,
And lightly treading with disdain,
Fear'd not Ambition's certain fall!
Old China broke, or scratch'd her Dame
And brought domestic friends to shame!

And many a time this Cat was curst,
Of squalling, thieving things, the worst!
Wish'd Dead ! and menanc'd with a string,
For Cats of such scant Fame, deserv'd to swing!

One day, report, for ever busy,
Resolv'd to make Dame Gurton easy;
A Neighbour came, with solemn look,
And thus, the dismal tidings broke.
"Know you, that poor GRIMALKIN died
"Last night, upon the pent-house side?
"I heard her for assistance call;
"I heard her shrill and dying squall!
"I heard her, in reproachful tone,
"Pour, to the stars, her feeble groan!

"Alone, I heard her piercing cries--
"With not a Friend to close her Eyes!"
"Poor Puss ! I vow it grieves me sore,
"Never to see thy beauties more!
"Never again to hear thee purr,
"To stroke thy back, of Zebra fur;
"To see thy emral'd eyes--so bright,
"Flashing around their lust'rous light
"Amid the solemn shades of night!

"Methinks I see her pretty paws--
"As gracefully she paced along;
"I hear her voice, so shrill, among
"The chimney rows ! I see her claws,
"While, like a Tyger, she pursued
"Undauntedly the pilf'ring race;
"I see her lovely whisker'd face
"When she her nimble prey subdued!
"And then, how she would frisk, and play,
"And purr the Evening hours away:

"Now stretch'd beside the social fire;
"Now on the sunny lawn, at noon,
"Watching the vagrant Birds that flew,
"Across the scene of varied hue,
"To peck the Fruit. Or when the Moon

"Stole o'er the hills, in silv'ry suit,
"How would she chaunt her lovelorn Tale
"Soft as the wild Eolian Lyre!
"Till ev'ry brute, on hill, in dale,
"Listen'd with wonder mute!"

"O! Cease!" exclaim'd DAME GURTON, straight,
"Has my poor Puss been torn away?
"Alas ! how cruel is my fate,
"How shall I pass the tedious day?
"Where can her mourning mistress find
"So sweet a Cat? so meek! so kind!
"So keen a mouser, such a beauty,
"So orderly, so fond, so true,
"That every gentle task of duty
"The dear, domestic creature knew!
"Hers, was the mildest tend'rest heart!
"She knew no little cattish art;
"Not cross, like fav'rite Cats , was she
"But seem'd the queen of Cats to be!
"I cannot live--since doom'd, alas ! to part
"From poor GRIMALKIN kind, the darling of my heart!"

And now DAME GURTON, bath'd in tears,
With a black top-knot vast, appears:
Some say that a black gown she wore,
As many oft have done before,
For Beings, valued less, I ween,
Than this, of Tabby Cats, the fav'rite Queen!
But lo ! soon after, one fair day,
Puss, who had only been a roving--
Across the pent-house took her way,
To see her Dame, so sad, and loving;
Eager to greet the mourning fair
She enter'd by a window, where
A China bowl of luscious cream
Was quiv'ring in the sunny beam.

Puss, who was somewhat tired and dry,
And somewhat fond of bev'rage sweet;
Beholding such a tempting treat,
Resolved its depth to try.

She saw the warm and dazzling ray
Upon the spotless surface play:
She purr'd around its circle wide,
And gazed, and long'd, and mew'd and sigh'd!
But Fate, unfriendly, did that hour controul,
She overset the cream, and smash'd the gilded bowl!

As MISTRESS GURTON heard the thief,
She started from her easy chair,
And, quite unmindful of her grief,
Began aloud to swear!
"Curse that voracious beast!" she cried,
"Here SUSAN bring a cord--
I'll hang the vicious, ugly creature--
"The veriest plague e'er form'd by nature!"
And MISTRESS GURTON kept her word--
And Poor GRIMALKIN--DIED !

Thus, often, we with anguish sore
The dead , in clam'rous grief deplore;
Who, were they once alive again
Would meet the sting of cold disdain!
For FRIENDS, whom trifling faults can sever,
Are valued most , WHEN LOST FOR EVER!

Mary Darby Robinson

Monody To The Memory Of Chatterton

Chill penury repress'd his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of his soul.
GRAY.

IF GRIEF can deprecate the wrath of Heaven,
Or human frailty hope to be forgiven !
Ere now thy sainted spirit bends its way
To the bland regions of celestial day;
Ere now, thy soul, immers'd in purest air
Smiles at the triumphs of supreme Despair;
Or bath'd in seas of endless bliss, disdains
The vengeful memory of mortal pains;
Yet shall the MUSE a fond memorial give
To shield thy name, and bid thy GENIUS live.

Too proud for pity, and too poor for praise,
No voice to cherish, and no hand to raise;
Torn, stung, and sated, with this "mortal coil,"
This weary, anxious scene of fruitless toil;
Not all the graces that to youth belong,
Nor all the energies of sacred song;
Nor all that FANCY, all that GENIUS gave,
Could snatch thy wounded spirit from the grave.

Hard was thy lot, from every comfort torn;
In POVERTY'S cold arms condemn'd to mourn;
To live by mental toil, e'en when the brain
Could scarce its trembling faculties sustain;
To mark the dreary minutes slowly creep:
Each day to labour, and each night to weep;
'Till the last murmur of thy frantic soul,
In proud concealment from its mansion stole,
While ENVY springing from her lurid cave,
Snatch'd the young LAURELS from thy rugged grave.
So the pale primrose, sweetest bud of May,
Scarce wakes to beauty, ere it feels decay;
While baleful weeds their hidden n poisons pour,
Choke the green sod, and wither every flow'r.

Immur'd in shades, from busy scenes remov'd;
No sound to solace,-but the verse he lov'd:
No soothing numbers harmoniz'd his ear;
No feeling bosom gave his griefs a tear;
Obscurely born-no gen'rous friend he found
To lead his trembling steps o'er classic ground.
No patron fill'd his heart with flatt'ring hope,
No tutor'd lesson gave his genius scope;
Yet, while poetic ardour nerv'd each thought,
And REASON sanction'd what AMBITION taught;
He soar'd beyond the narrow spells that bind
The slow perceptions of the vulgar mind;
The fire once kindled by the breath of FAME,
Her restless pinions fann'd the glitt'ring flame;
Warm'd by its rays, he thought each vision just;
For conscious VIRTUE seldom feels DISTRUST.

Frail are the charms delusive FANCY shows,
And short the bliss her fickle smile bestows;
Yet the bright prospect pleas'd his dazzled view,
Each HOPE seem'd ripened, and each PHANTOM true;
Fill'd with delight, his unsuspecting mind
Weigh'd not the grov'ling treach'ries of mankind;
For while a niggard boon his Savants supply'd,
And NATURE'S claims subdued the voice of PRIDE:
His timid talents own'd a borrow'd name,
And gain'd by FICTION what was due to FAME.

With secret labour, and with taste refin'd,
This son of mis'ry form'd his infant mind !
When op'ning Reason's earliest scenes began,
The dawn of childhood mark'd the future man !
He scorn'd the puerile sports of vulgar boys,
His little heart aspir'd to nobler joys;
Creative Fancy wing'd his few short hours,
While soothing Hope adorn'd his path with flow'rs,
Yet FAME'S recording hand no trophy gave,
Save the sad TEAR-to decorate his grave.

Yet in this dark, mysterious scene of woe,
Conviction's flame shall shed a radiant glow;

His infant MUSE shall bind with nerves of fire
The sacrilegious hand that stabs its sire.
Methinks, I hear his wand'ring shade complain,
While mournful ECHO lingers on the strain;
Thro' the lone aisle his restless spirit calls,
His phantom glides along the minster's § walls;
Where many an hour his devious footsteps trod,
Ere Fate resign'd him TO HIS PITYING GOD.

Yet, shall the MUSE to gentlest sorrow prone
Adopt his cause, and make his griefs her own;
Ne'er shall her CHATTERTON's neglected name,
Fade in inglorious dreams of doubtful fame;
Shall he, whose pen immortal GENIUS gave,
Sleep unlamented in an unknown grave?
No, -the fond MUSE shall spurn the base neglect,
The verse she cherish'd she shall still protect.

And if unpitied pangs the mind can move,
Or graceful numbers warm the heart to love;
If the fine raptures of poetic fire
Delight to vibrate on the trembling lyre;
If sorrow claims the kind embalming tear,
Or worth oppress'd, excites a pang sincere?
Some kindred soul shall pour the song divine,
And with the cypress bough the laurel twine,
Whose weeping leaves the wint'ry blast shall wave
In mournful murmurs o'er thy unblest'd grave.

And tho' no lofty VASE or sculptur'd BUST
Bends o'er the sod that hides thy sacred dust;
Tho' no long line of ancestry betrays
The PRIDE of RELATIVES, or POMP of PRAISE.
Tho' o'er thy name a blushing nation rears
OBLIVION'S wing- to hide REFLECTION'S tears!
Still shall thy verse in dazzling lustre live,
And claim a brighter wreath THAN WEALTH CAN GIVE.

Mary Darby Robinson

Morning

O'ER fallow plains and fertile meads,
AURORA lifts the torch of day;
The shad'wy brow of Night recedes,
Cold dew-drops fall from every spray;
Now o'er the thistle's rugged head,
Thin veils of filmy vapour fly,
On ev'ry violet's perfum'd bed
The sparkling gems of Nature lie.

The hill's tall brow is crown'd with gold,
The Milk-maid trills her jocund lay,
The Shepherd-boy unpens his fold,
The Lambs along the meadows play;
The pilf'ring LARK, with speckled breast,
From the ripe sheaf's rich banquet flies;
And lifting high his plummy crest,
Soars the proud tenant of the skies.

The PEASANT steals with timid feet,
And gently taps the cottage door;
Or on the green sod takes his seat,
And chaunts some well-known ditty o'er;
Wak'd by the strain, the blushing MAID,
Unpractis'd in Love's mazy wiles,
In clean, but homely garb array'd,
From the small casement peeps-and smiles.

Proud CHANTICLEER unfolds his wing,
And flutt'ring struts in plumage gay;
The glades with vocal echoes ring,
Soft odours deck the hawthorn spray;
The SCHOOL-BOY saunters o'er the green,
With satchel, fill'd with Learning's store;
While with dejected, sullen mien,
He cons his tedious lesson o'er.

When WINTER spreads her banner chill,
And sweeps the vale with freezing pow'r;
And binds in spells the vagrant rill,

And shrivels ev'ry ling'ring flow'r;
When NATURE quits her verdant dress,
And drops to earth her icy tears;
E'EN THEN thy tardy glance can bless,
And soft thy weeping eye appears.

Then at the Horn's enliv'ning peal,
Keen Sportsmen for the chase prepare;
Thro' the young Copse shrill echoes steal,
Swift flies the tim'rous, panting hare;
From ev'ry straw-thatch'd cottage soars
Blue curling smoke in many a cloud;
Around the Barn's expanded doors,
The feather'd throng impatient crowd.

Such are thy charms! health-breathing scene!
Where Nature's children revel gay;
Where Plenty smiles with radiant mien,
And Labour crowns the circling day;
Where Peace, in conscious Virtue blest,
Invites the Heart to joy supreme;
While polish'd Splendour pants for rest
And pines in Fashion's fev'rish dream.

Mary Darby Robinson

Oberon To The Queen Of The Fairies

My OBERON, with ev'ry sprite
"That gilds the vapours of the night,
"Shall dance and weave the verdant ring
"With joy that mortals thus can sing;
"And when thou sigh'st MARIA'S name,
"And mourn'st to feel a hopeless flame,
"Eager they'll catch the tender note
"Just parting from thy tuneful throat,
"And bear it to the careless ear
"Of her who scorn'd a lover's tear. "

- QUEEN OF THE FARIES TO IL FERITO.

SWEET MAB! at thy command I flew
O'er glittering floods of midnight dew,
O'er many a silken violet's head,
Unpress'd by vulgar mortal tread;
Eager to execute thy will,
I mounted on the ZEPHYR'S wing,
And bid her whisp'ring tongue be still,
Nor thro' the air its murmurs fling.

Cold CYNTHIA hid her silver bow
Beneath her azure spangled vest;
No gentle ray my wand'rings blest,
Save the small night-worm's twinkling glow.
Upon the budding thorn I found
A veil of gossamer, which bound
My tiny head;-about my waist
A scarf of magic pow'r I threw,
With many a crystal dew-drop grac'd,
And deck'd with leaves of various hue.

Thus, gaily dress'd, I reach'd the grove,
Where, like the Paphian Queen of Love
Upon a bank of lillies fair
MARIA slept; the am'rous air
Snatch'd nectar from her balmy lips,

Sweeter than haughty JUNO sips,
When GANYMEDE her goblet fills
With juice, the citron bud distills.

Her breast was whiter than the down
That on the RING-DOVE'S bosom grows;
Her cheek, more blushing than the rose
That blooms on FLORA'S May-day crown!
Beneath her dark and "fringed lid,"
I spy'd LOVE'S glittering arrows hid;
I listen'd to the dulcet song
That trembled on her tuneful tongue;
And, "IL FERITO i;" was the sound
The babbling echo whisper'd round:
The blissful moment swift I caught,
And to the maiden's slumb'ring thought
Pictur'd the graces of his mind,
His taste, his eloquence refin'd!

His polish'd manners sweetly mild!
His soft poetic warblings wild !
His warm impassion'd verse, that fills
The soul with Love's extatic thrills.
I mark'd the blush upon her cheek,
Her spotless bosom's language speak;
I mark'd the tear of pity roll,
Sweet emblem of her feeling soul:
I heard the sympathetic sigh
Upon her lips vermilion die.
When busy LOVE too eager sped
His light steps near the charmer's bed;
His pinions rustling thro' the air
Awoke the trembling spotless fair;
Swiftly her radiant eyes unclosed,
When, on my filmy wing I rose
Sweet MAB the rapt'rous tale to bear,
TO "IL FERITO'S" GRATEFUL EAR.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode On Adversity

WHERE o'er my head, the deaf'ning Tempest blew,
And Night's cold lamp cast forth a feeble ray;
Where o'er the woodlands, vivid light'nings flew,
Cleft the strong oak, and scorch'd the blossom'd spray;
At morn's approach, I mark the sun's warm glow
O'er the grey hill a crimson radiance throw;
I mark the silv'ry fragrant dew,
Give lustre to the vi'let's hue;
The shallow rivers o'er their pebbly way,
In slow meanders murmuring play;
Day spreads her beams, the lofty forest tree,
Shakes from its moisten'd head the pearly show'r,
All nature, feels the renovating hour,
All, but the sorrowing child of cold ADVERSITY;
For her, the linnet's downy throat
Breathes harmony in vain;
Unmov'd, she hears the warbling note
In all the melody of song complain;
By her unmark'd the flowret's bloom,
In vain the landscape sheds perfume;
Her languid form, on earth's damp bed,
In coarse and tatter'd garb reclines;
In silent agony she pines;
Or, if she hears some stranger's tread,
To a dark nook, ashamed she flies,
And with her scanty robe, o'er-shades her weeping eyes.

Her hair, dishevel'd, wildly plays
With every freezing gale;
While down her cold cheek, deadly pale,
The tear of pensive sorrow strays;
She shuns, the PITY of the proud,
Her mind, still triumphs, unsubdu'd
Nor stoops, its misery to obtrude,
Upon the vulgar croud.

Unheeded, and unknown,
To some bleak wilderness she flies;
And seated on a moss-clad stone,

Unwholesome vapours round her rise,
And hang their mischiefs on her brow;
The ruffian winds, her limbs expose;
Still, still, her heart disdains to bow,
She cherishes her woes.

NOW FAMINE spreads her sable wings;
INGRATITUDE insults her pangs;
While from a thousand eager fangs,
Madd'ning she flies;-The recreant crew
With taunting smiles her steps pursue;
While on her burning, bleeding heart,
Fresh wounded by Affliction's dart,
NEGLECT, her icy poison flings;
From HOPE's celestial bosom hurl'd,
She seeks oblivion's gloom,
Now, now, she mocks the barb'rous world,
AND TRIUMPHS IN THE TOMB.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode To Beauty

EXULTING BEAUTY,-phantom of an hour,
Whose magic spells enchain the heart,
Ah! what avails thy fascinating pow'r,
Thy thrilling smile, thy witching art?
Thy lip, where balmy nectar glows;
Thy cheek, where round the damask rose
A thousand nameless Graces move,
Thy mildly speaking azure eyes,
Thy golden hair, where cunning Love
In many a mazy ringlet lies?
Soon as thy radiant form is seen,
Thy native blush, thy timid mien,
Thy hour is past! thy charms are vain!
ILL-NATURE haunts thee with her sallow train,
Mean JEALOUSY deceives thy list'ning ear,
And SLANDER stains thy cheek with many a bitter tear.

In calm retirement form'd to dwell,
NATURE, thy handmaid fair and kind,
For thee, a beauteous garland twin'd;
The vale-nurs'd Lily's downcast bell
Thy modest mien display'd,
The snow-drop, April's meekest child,
With myrtle blossoms undefil'd,
Thy mild and spotless mind pourtray'd;
Dear blushing maid, of cottage birth,
'Twas thine, o'er dewy meads to stray,
While sparkling health, and frolic mirth
Led on thy laughing Day.

Lur'd by the babbling tongue of FAME,
Too soon, insidious FLATT'RY came;
Flush'd VANITY her footsteps led,
To charm thee from thy blest repose,
While Fashion twin'd about thy head
A wreath of wounding woes;
See Dissipation smoothly glide,
Cold Apathy, and puny Pride,
Capricious Fortune, dull, and blind,

O'er splendid Folly throws her veil,
While Envy's meagre tribe assail
Thy gentle form, and spotless mind.

Their spells prevail! no more those eyes
Shoot undulating fires;
On thy wan cheek, the young rose dies,
Thy lip's deep tint expires;
Dark Melancholy chills thy mind;
Thy silent tear reveals thy woe;
TIME strews with thorns thy mazy way,
Where'er thy giddy footsteps stray,
Thy thoughtless heart is doom'd to find
An unrelenting foe.

'Tis thus, the infant Forest flow'r
Bespangled o'er with glitt'ring dew,
At breezy morn's refreshing hour,
Glow's with pure tints of varying hue,
Beneath an aged oak's wide spreading shade,
Where no rude winds, or beating storms invade.
Transplanted from its lonely bed,
No more it scatters perfumes round,
No more it rears its gentle head,
Or brightly paints the mossy ground;
For ah! the beauteous bud, too soon,
Scorch'd by the burning eye of day;
Shrinks from the sultry glare of noon,
Droops its enamell'd brow, and blushing, dies away.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode To Della Crusca

ENLIGHTEN'D Patron of the sacred Lyre?
Whose ever-varying, ever-witching song
Revibrates on the heart
With magic thrilling touch,
Till ev'ry nerve with quiv'ring throb divine,
In madd'ning tumults, owns thy wondrous pow'r;
For well thy dulcet notes
Can wind the mazy song,
In labyrinth of wild fantastic form;
Or with empassion'd pathos woo the soul
With sounds more sweetly mild,
Than SAPPHO's plaint forlorn,
When bending o'er the wave she sung her woes,
While pitying ECHO hover'd o'er the deep,
Till in their coral caves,
The tuneful NEREIDES wept.
AH! whither art thou flown? where pours thy song?
The model and the pride of British bards!
Sweet STAR of FANCY's orb,
"O, tell me, tell me, where?"

Say, dost thou waste it on the viewless air
That bears it to the confines of high Heav'n?
Or does it court the meed
Of proud pre-eminence?
Or steals it o'er the glitt'ring Sapphire wave,
Calming the tempest with its silver sounds?
Or does it charm to love
The fond believing maid?
Or does it hover o'er the ALPINE steep,
Or softly breathing under myrtle shades,
With SYMPATHY divine,
Solace the child of woe?
Where'er thou art, Oh! let thy gentle strain
Again with magic pow'r delight mine ear,
Untutor'd in the spells,
And mysteries of song.
Then, on the margin of the deep I'll muse,
And bless the rocking bark ordain'd to bear

My sad heart o'er the wave,
From this ungrateful isle;
When the wan queen of night, with languid eye,
Peeps o'er the mountain's head, or thro' the vale
Illumes the glassy brook,
Or dew-besprinkled heath,
Or with her crystal lamp, directs the feet
Of the benighted TRAV'LLER, cold, and sad,
Thro' the long forest drear,
And pathless labyrinth,
To the poor PEASANT's hospitable cot,
For ever open to the wretch forlorn;
O, then I'll think on THEE,
And iterate thy strain,
And chaunt thy matchless numbers o'er and o'er,
And I will court the sullen ear of night,
To bear the rapt'rous sound,
On her dark shad'wy wing,
To where encircled by the sacred NINE,
Thy LYRE awakes the never-dying song!
Now, BARD admir'd, farwel!
The white sail flutters loud,
The gaudy streamers lengthen in the gale,
Far from my native shore I bend my way;
Yet, as my aching eye
Shall view the less'ning cliff,
'Till its stupendous head shall scarce appear
Above the surface of the swelling deep;
I'll snatch a ray of hope,
For HOPE's the lamp divine
That lights and vivifies the fainting soul,
With extacies beyond the pow'rs of song!
That ere I reach those banks
Where the loud TIBER flows,
Or milder ARNO slowly steals along,
To the soft music of the summer breeze,
The wafting wing of TIME
May bear this last ADIEU,
This wild untutor'd picture of the heart,
To HIM, whose magic verse INSPIR'D THE STRAIN.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode To Despair

TERRIFIC FIEND! thou Monster fell,
Condemn'd in haunts profane to dwell,
Why quit thy solitary Home,
O'er wide Creation's paths to roam?
Pale Tyrant of the timid Heart,
Whose visionary spells can bind
The strongest passions of the mind,
Freezing Life's current with thy baneful Art.

Nature recoils when thou art near,
For round thy form all plagues are seen;
Thine is the frantic tone, the sullen mien,
The glance of petrifying fear,
The haggard Brow, the low'ring Eye,
The hollow Cheek, the smother'd Sigh,
When thy usurping fangs assail,
The sacred Bonds of Friendship fail.
Meek-bosom'd Pity sues in vain;
Imperious Sorrow spurns relief,
Feeds on the luxury of Grief,
Drinks the hot Tear, and hugs the galling Chain.

AH! plunge no more thy ruthless dart,
In the dark centre of the guilty Heart;
The POW'R SUPREME, with pitying eye,
Looks on the erring Child of Misery;
MERCY arrests the wing of Time;
To expiate the wretch's crime;
Insulted HEAV'N consign'd thy brand
To the first Murd'rer's crimson hand.
Swift o'er the earth the Monster flew,
And round th' ensanguin'd Poisons threw,
By CONSCIENCE goaded-driven by FEAR,
Till the meek Cherub HOPE subdued his fell career.

Thy Reign is past, when erst the brave
Imbib'd contagion o'er the midnight lamp,
Close pent in loathsome cells, where poisons damp
Hung round the confines of a Living Grave; *

Where no glimm'ring ray illum'd
The flinty walls, where pond'rous chains
Bound the wan Victim to the humid earth,
Where VALOUR, GENIUS, TASTE, and WORTH,
In pestilential caves entomb'd,
Sought thy cold arms, and smiling mock'd their pains.

THERE,-each procrastinated hour
The woe-worn suff'rer gasping lay,
While by his side in proud array
Stalk'd the HUGE FIEND, DESPOTIC POW'R.
There REASON clos'd her radiant eye,
And fainting HOPE retir'd to die,
Truth shrunk appall'd,
In spells of icy Apathy enthrall'd;
Till FREEDOM spurn'd the ignominious chain,
And roused from Superstition's night,
Exulting Nature claim'd her right,
And call'd dire Vengeance from her dark domain.

Now take thy solitary flight
Amid the turbid gales of night,
Where Spectres starting from the tomb,
Glide along th' impervious gloom;
Or, stretch'd upon the sea-beat shore,
Let the wild winds, as they roar,
Rock Thee on thy Bed of Stone;
Or, in gelid caverns pent,
Listen to the sullen moan
Of subterranean winds;-or glut thy sight
Where stupendous mountains rent
Hurl their vast fragments from their dizzy height.

At Thy approach the rifted Pine
Shall o'er the shatter'd Rock incline,
Whose trembling brow, with wild weeds drest,
Frowns on the tawny EAGLE's nest;
THERE enjoy the 'witching hour,
And freeze in Frenzy's dire conceit,
Or seek the Screech-owl's lone retreat,
On the bleak rampart of some nodding Tow'r.
In some forest long and drear,

Tempt the fierce BANDITTI's rage,
War with famish'd Tygers wage,
And mock the taunts of Fear.

When across the yawning deep,
The Demons of the Tempest sweep,
Or deaf'ning Thunders bursting cast
Their red bolts on the shivering mast,
While fix'd below the sea-boy stands,
As threat'ning Death his soul dismays,
He lifts his supplicating hands,
And shrieks, and groans, and weeps, and prays,
Till lost amid the floating fire
The agonizing crew expire;
THEN let thy transports rend the air,
For mad'ning Anguish feeds DESPAIR.

When o'er the couch of pale Disease
The MOTHER bends, with tearful eye,
And trembles, lest her quiv'ring sigh,
Should wake the darling of her breast,
Now, by the taper's feeble rays,
She steals a last, fond, eager gaze.
Ah, hapless Parent! gaze no more,
Thy CHERUB soars among the Blest,
Life's crimson Fount begins to freeze,
His transitory scene is o'er.

She starts-she raves-her burning brain,
Consumes, unconscious of its fires,
Dead to the Heart's convulsive Pain,
Bewilder'd Memory retires.
See! See! she grasps her flowing hair,
From her fix'd eye the big drops roll,
Her proud Affliction mocks controul,
And riots in DESPAIR,
Such are thy haunts, malignant Pow'r,
There all thy murd'rous Poisons pour;
But come not near my calm retreat,
Where Peace and holy FRIENDSHIP meet;
Where SCIENCE sheds a gentle ray,
And guiltless Mirth beguiles the day,

Where Bliss congenial to the MUSE
Shall round my Heart her sweets diffuse,
Where, from each restless Passion free,
I give my noiseless hours, BLESS'D POETRY, TO THEE.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode To Eloquence

HAIL! GODDESS of persuasive art!
The magic of whose tuneful tongue
Lulls to soft harmony the wand'ring heart
With fascinating song;
O, let me hear thy heav'n-taught strain,
As thro' my quiv'ring pulses steal
The mingling throbs of joy and pain,
Which only sensate minds can feel;
Ah ! let me taste the bliss supreme,
Which thy warm touch unerring flings
O'er the rapt sense's finest strings,
When GENIUS, darting frown the sky,
Glances across my wond'ring eye,
Her animating beam.

SWEET ELOQUENCE! thy mild controul,
Awakes to REASON's dawn, the IDIOT soul;
When mists absorb the MENTAL sight,
'Tis thine, to dart CREATIVE LIGHT;
'Tis thine, to chase the filmy clouds away,
And o'er the mind's deep bloom, spread a refulgent ray.
Nor is thy wond'rous art confin'd,
Within the bounds of MENTAL space,
For thou canst boast exterior grace,
Bright emblem of the fertile mind;
Yes; I have seen thee, with persuasion meek,
Bathe in the lucid tear, on Beauty's cheek,
Have mark'd thee in the downcast eye,
When suff'ring Virtue claim'd the pitying sigh.

Oft, by thy thrilling voice subdued,
The meagre fiend INGRATITUDE
Her treach'rous fang conceals;
Pale ENVY hides her forked sting;
And CALUMNY, beneath the wing
Of dark oblivion steals.

Before thy pure and lambent fire
Shall frozen Apathy expire;

Thy influence warm and unconfin'd,
Shall rapt'rous transports give,
And in the base and torpid mind,
Shall bid the fine Affections live;
When JEALOUSY's malignant dart,
Strikes at the fondly throbbing heart;
When fancied woes, on every side assail,
Thy honey'd accents shall prevail;
When burning Passion withers up the brain,
And the fix'd lids, the glowing drops sustain,
Touch'd by thy voice, the melting eye
Shall pour the balm of yielding SYMPATHY.

'Tis thine, with lenient Song to move
The dumb despair of hopeless LOVE;
Or when the animated soul
On Fancy's wing shall soar,
And scorning Reason's soft controul,
Untrodden paths explore;
'Till by distracting conflicts tost,
The intellectual source is lost:
E'en then, the witching music of thy tongue
Stealing thro' Mis'ry's DARKEST GLOOM,
Weaves the fine threads of FANCY's loom,
'Till every slacken'd nerve new strung,
Bids renovatèd NATURE shine,
Amidst the fost'ring beams of ELOQUENCE DIVINE.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode To Envy

Deep in th' abyss where frantic horror bides,
In thickest mists of vapours fell,
Where wily Serpents hissing glare
And the dark Demon of Revenge resides,
At midnight's murky hour
Thy origin began:
Rapacious MALICE was thy sire;
Thy Dam the sullen witch, Despair;
Thy Nurse, insatiate Ire.
The FATES conspir'd their ills to twine,
About thy heart's infected shrine;
They gave thee each disastrous spell,
Each desolating pow'r,
To blast the fairest hopes of man.

Soon as thy fatal birth was known,
From her unhallow'd throne
With ghastly smile pale Hecate sprung;
Thy hideous form the Sorc'ress press'd
With kindred fondness to her breast;
Her haggard eye
Short forth a ray of transient joy,
Whilst thro' th' infernal shades exulting clamours rung.

Above thy fellow fiends thy tyrant hand
Grasp'd with resistless force supreme command:
The dread terrific crowd
Before thy iron sceptre bow'd.
Now, seated in thy ebon cave,
Around thy throne relentless furies rave:
A wreath of ever-wounding thorn
Thy scowling brows encompass round,
Thy heart by knawing Vultures torn,
Thy meagre limbs with deathless scorpions bound.
Thy black associates, torpid IGNORANCE,
And pining JEALOUSY-with eye askance,
With savage rapture execute thy will,
And strew the paths of life with every torturing ill

Nor can the sainted dead escape thy rage;
Thy vengeance haunts the silent grave,
Thy taunts insult the ashes of the brave;
While proud AMBITION weeps thy rancour to assuage.
The laurels round the POET's bust,
Twin'd by the liberal hand of Taste,
By thy malignant grasp defac'd,
Fade to their native dust:
Thy ever-watchful eye no labour tires,
Beneath thy venom'd touch the angel TRUTH expires.

When in thy petrifying car
Thy scaly dragons waft thy form,
Then, swifter, deadlier far
Than the keen lightning's lance,
That wings its way across the yelling storm,
Thy barbed shafts fly whizzing round,
While every with'ring glance
Inflicts a cureless wound.

Thy giant arm with pond'rous blow
Hurls genius from her glorious height,
Bends the fair front of Virtue low,
And meanly pilfers every pure delight.
Thy hollow voice the sense appalls,
Thy vigilance the mind enthralls;
Rest hast thou none,-by night, by day,
Thy jealous ardour seeks for prey-
Nought can restrain thy swift career;
Thy smile derides the suff'rer's wrongs;
Thy tongue the sland'ers tale prolongs;
Thy thirst imbibes the victim's tear;
Thy breast recoils from friendship's flame;
Sick'ning thou hear'st the trump of Fame;
Worth gives to thee, the direst pang;
The Lover's rapture wounds thy heart,
The proudest efforts of prolific art
Shrink from thy poisonous fang.

In vain the Sculptor's lab'ring hand
Calls fine proportion from the Parian stone;
In vain the Minstrel's chords command

The soft vibrations of seraphic tone;
For swift thy violating arm
Tears from perfection ev'ry charm;
Nor rosy YOUTH, nor BEAUTY's smiles
Thy unrelenting rage beguiles,
Thy breath contaminates the fairest name,
And binds the guiltless brow with ever-blist'ring shame.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode To Health

Come, bright-eyed maid,
Pure offspring of the tranquil mind,
Haste, my fev'rish temples bind
With olive wreaths of em'rald hue
Steep'd in morn's ethereal dew,
Where in mild HELVETIA's shade,
Blushing summer round her flings
Warm gales and sunny show'rs that hang upon her wings.

I'll seek thee in ITALIA's bow'rs,
Where supine on beds of flow'rs
Melody's soul-touching throng
Strike the soft lute or trill the melting song:
Where blithe FANCY, queen of pleasure,
Pours each rich luxuriant treasure.
For thee I'll climb the breezy hill,
While the balmy dews distill
Odours from the budding thorn,
Drop'd from the lust'rous lids of morn;
Who, starting from her shad'wy bed,
Binds her gold fillet round the mountain's head.

There I'll press from herbs and flow'rs
Juices bless'd with opiate pow'rs,
Whose magic potency can heal
The throb of agonizing pain,
And thro' the purple swelling vein
With subtle influence steal:
Heav'n opes for thee its aromatic store
To bathe each languid gasping pore;
But where, O where, shall cherish'd sorrow find
The lenient balm to soothe the feeling mind.

O, mem'ry! busy barb'rous foe,
At thy fell touch I wake to woe:
Alas! the flatt'ring dream is o'er,
From thee the bright illusions fly,
Thou bidst the glitt'ring phantoms die,
And hope, and youth, and fancy, charm no more.

No more for me the tip-toe SPRING
Drops flowrets from her infant wing;
For me in vain the wild thymes bloom
Thro' the forest flings perfume;
In vain I climb th'embroider'd hill
To breathe the clear autumnal air;
In vain I quaff the lucid rill
Since jocund HEALTH delights not there
To greet my heart:-no more I view,
With sparkling eye, the silv'ry dew
Sprinkling May's tears upon the folded rose,
As low it droops its young and blushing head,
Press'd by grey twilight to its mossy bed:
No more I lave amidst the tide,
Or bound along the tufted grove,
Or o'er enamel'd meadows rove,
Where, on Zephyr's pinions, glide
Salubrious airs that waft the nymph repose.

Lightly o'er the yellow heath
Steals thy soft and fragrant breath,
Breath inhal'd from musky flow'rs
Newly bath'd in perfum'd show'rs.
See the rosy-finger'd morn
Opes her bright refulgent eye,
Hills and valleys to adorn,
While from her burning glance the scatter'd vapours fly.

Soon, ah soon! the painted scene,
The hill's blue top, the valley's green,
Midst clouds of snow, and whirlwinds drear,
Shall cold and comfortless appear:
The howling blast shall strip the plain,
And bid my pensive bosom learn,
Tho' NATURE's face shall smile again,
And, on the glowing breast of Spring
Creation all her gems shall fling,
YOUTH's April morn shall ne'er return.

Then come, Oh quickly come, Hygeian Maid!
Each throbbing pulse, each quiv'ring nerve pervade.

Flash thy bright fires across my languid eye,
Tint my pale visage with thy roseate die,
Bid my heart's current own a temp'rate glow,
And from its crimson source in tepid channels flow.

O HEALTH, celestial Nymph! without thy aid
Creation sickens in oblivions shade:
Along the drear and solitary gloom
We steal on thorny footsteps to the tomb;
Youth, age, wealth, poverty alike agree
To live is anguish, when depriv'd of Thee.
To THEE indulgent Heav'n benignly gave
The touch to heal, the extacy to save.
The balmy incense of thy fost'ring breath
Wafts the wan victim from the fangs of Death,
Robs the grim Tyrant of his trembling prize,
Cheers the faint soul, and lifts it to the skies.

Let not the gentle rose thy bounty drest
To meet the rising sun with od'rous breast,
Which glow'd with artless tints at noon-tide hour,
And shed soft tears upon each drooping flower,
With with'ring anguish mourn the parting Day,
Shrink to the Earth, and sorrowing fade away.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode To Meditation

SWEET CHILD OF REASON! maid serene;
With folded arms, and pensive mien,
Who wand'ring near yon thorny wild,
So oft, my length'ning hours beguil'd;
Thou, who within thy peaceful call,
Canst laugh at LIFE'S tumultuous care,
While calm repose delights to dwell
On beds of fragrant roses there;
Where meek-ey'd PATIENCE waits to greet
The woe-worn Trav'ler's weary feet,
'Till by her blest and cheering ray
The clouds of sorrow fade away;
Where conscious RECTITUDE retires;
Instructive WISDOM; calm DESIRES;
Prolific SCIENCE,-lab'ring ART;
And GENIUS, with expanded heart.

Far from thy lone and pure domain,
Steals pallid GUILT, whose scowling eye
Marks the rack'd soul's convulsive pain,
Tho' hid beneath the mask of joy;
Madd'ning AMBITION'S dauntless band;
Lean AVARICE with iron hand;
HYPOCRISY with fawning tongue;
Soft FLATT'RY with persuasive song;
Appall'd in gloomy shadows fly,
From MEDITATION'S piercing eye.

How oft with thee I've stroll'd unseen
O'er the lone valley's velvet green;
And brush'd away the twilight dew
That stain'd the cowslip's golden hue;
Oft, as I ponder'd o'er the scene,
Would mem'ry picture to my heart,
How full of grief my days have been,
How swiftly rapt'rous hours depart;
Then would'st thou sweetly reas'ning say,
"TIME journeys thro' the roughest day."

THE HERMIT, from the world retir'd,
By calm Religion's voice inspir'd,
Tells how serenely time glides on,
From crimson morn, 'till setting sun;
How guiltless, pure, and free from strife,
He journeys thro' the vale of Life;
Within his breast nor sorrows mourn,
Nor cares perplex, nor passions burn;
No jealous fears, or boundless joys,
The tenor of his mind destroys;
And when revolving mem'ry shows
The thorny world's unnumber'd woes;
He blesses HEAV'N's benign decree,
That gave his days to PEACE and THEE.

The gentle MAID, whose roseate bloom
Fades fast within a cloyster's gloom;
Far by relentless FATE remov'd,
From all her youthful fancy lov'd;
When her warm heart no longer bleeds,
And cool Reflection's hour succeeds;
Led by THY downy hand, she strays
Along the green dell's tangled maze;
Where thro' dank leaves, the whisp'ring show'rs
Awake to life the fainting flow'rs;
Absorb'd by THEE, she hears no more
The distant torrent's fearful roar;
The well-known VESPER's silver tone;
The bleak wind's desolating moan;
No more she sees the nodding spires,
Where the dark bird of night retires;
While Echo chaunts her boding song
The cloyster's mould'ring walls among;
No more she weeps at Fate's decree,
But yields her pensive soul to THEE.

THE SAGE, whose palsy'd head bends low
'Midst scatter'd locks of silv'ry snow;
Still by his MIND's clear lustre tells,
What warmth within his bosom dwells;
How glows his heart with treasur'd lore,
How rich in Wisdom's boundless store;

In fading Life's protracted hour,
He smiles at Death's terrific pow'r;
He lifts his radiant eyes, which gleam
With Resignation's sainted beam:
And, as the weeping star of morn,
Sheds lustre on the wither'd thorn,
His tear benign, calm comfort throws,
O'er rugged Life's corroding woes;
His pious soul's enlighten'd rays
Dart forth, to gild his wint'ry days;
He smiles serene at Heav'n's decree,
And his last hour resigns to THEE.

When Learning, with Promethean art,
Unveils to light the youthful heart;
When on the richly-budding spray,
The glorious beams of Genius play;
When the expanded leaves proclaim
The promis'd fruits of rip'ning Fame;
O MEDITATION, maid divine!
Proud REASON owns the work is THINE.

Oft, have I known thy magic pow'r,
Irradiate sorrow's wint'ry hour;
Oft, my full heart to THEE hath flown,
And wept for mis'ries not its own;
When pinch'd with agonizing PAIN,
My restless bosom dar'd complain;
Oft have I sunk upon THY breast,
And lull'd my weary mind to rest;
'Till I have own'd the blest decree,
That gave my soul to PEACE and THEE.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode To Melancholy

SORC'RESS of the Cave profound!
Hence, with thy pale, and meagre train,
Nor dare my roseate bow'r profane,
Where light-heel'd mirth despotic reigns,
Slightly bound in feath'ry chains,
And scatt'ring blisses round.

Hence, to thy native Chaos-where
Nurs'd by thy haggard Dam, DESPAIR,
Shackled by thy numbing spell,
Mis'ry's pallid children dwell;
Where, brooding o'er thy fatal charms,
FRENZY rolls the vacant eye;
Where hopeless LOVE, with folded arms,
Drops the tear, and heaves the sigh;
Till cherish'd Passion's tyrant sway
Chills the warm pulse of Youth, with premature decay.

O, fly Thee, to some Church-yard's gloom,
Where beside the mould'ring tomb,
Restless Spectres glide away,
Fading in the glimpse of Day;
Or, where the Virgin ORB of Night,
Silvers o'er the Forest wide,
Or across the silent tide,
Flings her soft, and quiv'ring light:
Where, beneath some aged Tree,
Sounds of mournful Melody
Caught from the NIGHTINGALE's enamour'd Tale,
Steal on faint Echo's ear, and float upon the gale.

DREAD POW'R! whose touch magnetic leads
O'er enchanted spangled meads,
Where by the glow-worm's twinkling ray,
Aëry Spirits lightly play;
Where around some Haunted Tow'r,
Boding Ravens wing their flight,
Viewless, in the gloom of Night,
Warning oft the luckless hour;

Or, beside the Murd'rer's bed,
From thy dark, and morbid wing,
O'er his fev'rish, burning head,
Drops of conscious auguish fling;
While freezing HORROR's direful scream,
Rouses his guilty soul from kind oblivion's dream.

Oft, beneath the witching Yew,
The trembling MAID, steals forth unseen;
With true-love wreaths, of deathless green,
Her Lover's grave to strew;
Her downcast Eye, no joy illumes,
Nor on her Cheek, the soft Rose blooms;
Her mourning Heart, the victim of thy pow'r,
Shrinks from the glare of Mirth, and hails the MURKY HOUR.

O, say what FIEND first gave thee birth,
In what fell Desart, wert thou born;
Why does thy hollow voice, forlorn,
So fascinate the Sons of Earth;
That once encircled in thy icy arms,
They court thy torpid touch, and doat upon thy Charms?

HATED IMP,-I brave thy Spell,
REASON shuns thy barb'rous sway;
Life, with mirth should glide away,
Despondency, with guilt should dwell;
For conscious TRUTH's unruffled mien,
Displays the dauntless Eye, and patient smile serene.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode To Reflection

O THOU, whose sober precepts can controul
The wild impatience of the troubled soul,
Sweet Nymph serene ! whose all-consoling pow'r
Awakes to calm delight the ling'ring hour;
O hear thy suppliant's ardent pray'r !
Chase from my pensive mind corroding care,
Steal thro' the heated pulses of the brain,
Charm sorrow to repose-and lull the throb of pain.

O, tell me, what are life's best joys?
Are they not visions that decay,
Sweet honey'd poisons, gilded toys,
Vain glitt'ring baubles of a day?
O say what shadow do they leave behind,
Save the sad vacuum of the sated mind?

Borne on the eagle wings of Fame,
MAN soars above calm Reason's sway,
"Vaulting AMBITION" mocks each tender claim,
Plucks the dear bonds of social life away;
As o'er the vanquish'd slave she wields her spear,
COMPASSION turns aside---REFLECTION drops a tear.

Behold the wretch, whose sordid heart,
Steep'd in Content's oblivious balm,
Secure in Luxury's bewitching calm,
Repels pale Mis'ry's touch, and mocks Affliction's smart;
Unmov'd he marks the bitter tear,
In vain the plaints of woe his thoughts assail,
The bashful mourner's pitious tale
Nor melts his flinty soul, nor vibrates on his ear,

O blest REFLECTION ! let thy magic pow'r
Awake his torpid sense, his slumb'ring thought,
Tel1 him ADVERSITY'S unpitied hour
A brighter lesson gives, than Stoics taught:
Tell him that WEALTH no blessing can impart
So sweet as PITY'S tear-that bathes the wounded Heart.

Go tell the vain, the insolent, and fair,
That life's best days are only days of care;
That BEAUTY, flutt'ring like a painted fly,
Owes to the spring of youth its rarest die;
When Winter comes, its charms shall fade away,
And the poor insect wither in decay:
Go bid the giddy phantom learn from thee,
That VIRTUE only braves mortality.

Then come, REFLECTION, soft-ey'd maid!
I know thee, and I prize thy charms;
Come, in thy gentlest smiles array'd,
And I will press thee in my eager arms:
Keep from my aching heart the "fiend DESPAIR,"
Pluck from my brow her THORN, and plant the OLIVE there.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode To The Moon

PALE GODDESS of the witching hour;
Blest Contemplation's placid friend;
Oft in my solitary bow'r,
I mark thy lucid beam
From thy crystal car descend,
Whitening the spangled heath, and limpid sapphire stream.

And oft, amidst the shades of night
I court thy undulating light;
When Fairies dance around the verdant ring,
Or frisk beside the bubbling spring,
When the thoughtless SHEPHERD'S song
Echoes thro' the silent air,
As he pens his fleecy care,
Or plods with saunt'ring gait, the dewy meads along.

CHASTE ORB! as thro' the vaulted sky
Feath'ry clouds transparent sail;
When thy languid, weeping eye,
Sheds its soft tears upon the painted vale;
As I ponder o'er the floods,
Or tread with listless step, th'embow'ring woods,
O, let thy transitory beam,
Soothe my sad mind, with FANCY'S aëry dream.

Wrapt in REFLECTION, let me trace
O'er the vast ethereal space,
Stars, whose twinkling fires illumine
Dark-brow'd NIGHT'S obtrusive gloom;
Where across the concave wide;
Flaming METEORS swiftly glide;
Or along the milky way,
Vapours shoot a silvery ray;
And as I mark, thy faint reclining head,
Sinking on Ocean's pearly bed;
Let REASON tell my soul, thus all things fade.

The Seasons change, the "garish SUN"
When Day's burning car hath run

Its fiery course, no more we view,
While o'er the mountain's golden head,
Streak'd with tints of crimson hue,
Twilight's filmy curtains spread,
Stealing o'er Nature's face, a desolating shade.

Yon musky FLOW'R, that scents the earth;
The SOD, that gave its odours birth;
The ROCK, that breaks the torrent's force;
The VALE, that owns its wand'ring course;
The woodlands where the vocal throng
Trill the wild melodious song;
Thirsty deserts, sands that glow,
Mountains, cap'd with flaky snow;
Luxuriant groves, enamell'd fields,
All, all, prolific Nature yields,
Alike shall end; the sensate HEART,
With all its passions, all its fire,
Touch'd by FATE'S unerring dart,
Shall feel its vital strength expire;
Those eyes, that beam with FRIENDSHIP'S ray,
And glance ineffable delight,
Shall shrink from LIFE'S translucid day,
And close their fainting orbs, in DEATH'S impervious night.

Then what remains for mortal pow'r;
But TIME'S dull journey to beguile;
To deck with joy, the winged hour,
To meet its sorrows with a patient smile;
And when the toilsome pilgrimage shall end,
To greet the tyrant, as a welcome friend.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode To The Muse

O, let me seize thy pen sublime
That paints, in melting dulcet rhyme,
The glowing pow'r, the magic art,
Th' extatic raptures of the Heart;
Soft Beauty's timid smile serene,
The dimples of Love's sportive mien;
The sweet descriptive tale to trace;
To picture Nature's winning grace;
To steal the tear from Pity's eye;
To catch the sympathetic sigh;
O teach me, with swift light'nings force
To watch wild passion's varying course;
To mark th' enthusiast's vivid fire,
Or calmly touch thy golden lyre,
While gentle Reason mildly sings
Responsive to the trembling strings.

SWEET Nymph, enchanting Poetry!
I dedicate my mind to Thee.
Oh! from thy bright Parnassian bow'rs
Descend, to bless my sombre hours;
Bend to the earth thy eagle wing,
And on its glowing plumage bring
Blithe FANCY, from whose burning eye
The young ideas sparkling fly;
O, come, and let us fondly stray,
Where rosy Health shall lead the way,
And soft FAVONIUS lightly spread
A perfum'd carpet as we tread;
Ah! let us from the world remove,
The calm forgetfulness to prove,
Which at the still of evening's close,
Lulls the tir'd peasant to repose;
Repose, whose balmy joys o'er-pay
The sultry labours of the day.

And when the blue-ey'd dawn appears,
Just peeping thro' her veil of tears;
Or blushing opes her silver gate,

And on its threshold, stands elate,
And flings her rosy mantle far
O'er every loit'ring dewy star;
And calls the wanton breezes forth,
And sprinkles diamonds o'er the earth;
While in the green-wood's shade profound,
The insect race, with buzzing sound
Flit o'er the rill,-a glitt'ring train,
Or swarm along the sultry plain.
Then in sweet converse let us rove,
Where in the thyme-embroider'd grove,
The musky air its fragrance pours
Upon the silv'ry scatter'd show'rs;
To hail soft Zephyr, as she goes
To fan the dew-drop from the rose;
To shelter from the scorching beam,
And muse beside the rippling stream.

Or when, at twilight's placid hour,
We stroll to some sequester'd bow'r;
And watch the haughty Sun retire
Beneath his canopy of fire;
While slow the dusky clouds enfold
Day's crimson curtains fring'd with gold;
And o'er the meadows faintly fly
Pale shadows of the purpling sky:
While softly o'er the pearl-deck'd plain,
Cold Dian leads the sylvan train;
In mazy dance and sportive glee,
SWEET MUSE, I'll fondly turn to thee;
And thou shalt deck my couch with flow'rs,
And wing with joy my silent hours.

When Sleep, with downy hand, shall spread
A wreath of poppies round my head;
Then, FANCY, on her wing sublime,
Shall waft me to the sacred clime
Where my enlighten'd sense shall view,
Thro' ether realms of azure hue,
That flame, where SHAKESPEARE us'd to fill,
With matchless fire, his "golden quill."
While, from its point bright Genius caught

The wit supreme, the glowing thought,
The magic tone, that sweetly hung
About the music of his tongue.
Then will I skim the floating air,
On a light couch of gossamer,
While with my wonder-aching eye,
I contemplate the spangled sky,
And hear the vaulted roof repeat
The song of Inspiration sweet;
While round the winged cherub train,
Shall iterate the aëry strain:
Swift, thro' my quiv'ring nerves shall float
The tremours of each thrilling note;
And every eager sense confess
Extatic transport's wild excess:
'Till, waking from the glorious dream,
I hail the morn's refulgent beam.

DEAR Maid! of ever-varying mien,
Exulting, pensive, gay, serene,
Now, in transcendent pathos drest,
Now, gentle as the turtle's breast;
Where'er thy feath'ry steps shall lead,
To side-long hill, or flow'ry mead;
To sorrow's coldest, darkest cell,
Or where, by Cynthia's glimm'ring ray,
The dapper fairies frisk and play
About some cowslip's golden bell;
And, in their wanton frolic mirth,
Pluck the young daisies from the earth,
To canopy their tiny heads,
And decorate their verdant beds;
While to the grass-hopper's shrill tune,
They quaff libations to the moon,
From acorn goblets, amply fill'd
With dew, from op'ning flow'rs distill'd.
Or when the lurid tempest pours,
From its dark urn, impetuous show'rs,
Or from its brow's terrific frown,
Hurls the pale murd'rous lightnings down;
To thy enchanting breast I'll spring,
And shield me with thy golden wing.

Or when amidst ethereal fire,
Thou strik'st thy DELLA CRUSCAN lyre,
While round, to catch the heavenly song,
Myriads of wond'ring seraphs throng:
Whether thy harp's empassioned strain
Pours forth an OVID's tender pain;
Or in PINDARIC flights sublime,
Re-echoes thro' the starry clime;
Thee I'll adore; transcendent guest,
And woe thee to my burning breast.

But, if thy magic pow'rs impart
One soft sensation to the heart,
If thy warm precepts can dispense
One thrilling transport o'er my sense;
Oh! keep thy gifts, and let me fly,
In APATHY's cold arms to die.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode To The Nightingale

SWEET BIRD OF SORROW! -why complain
In such soft melody of Song,
That ECHO, am'rous of thy Strain,
The ling'ring cadence doth prolong?
Ah! tell me, tell me, why,
Thy dulcet Notes ascend the sky.
Or on the filmy vapours glide
Along the misty moutain's side?
And wherefore dost Thou love to dwell,
In the dark wood and moss-grown cell,
Beside the willow-margin'd stream-
Why dost Thou court wan Cynthia's beam?
Sweet Songstress-if thy wayward fate
Hath robb'd Thee of thy bosom's mate,
Oh, think not thy heart-piercing moan
Evap'rates on the breezy air,
Or that the plaintive Song of Care
Steals from THY Widow'd Breast alone.
Oft have I heard thy mournful Tale,
On the high Cliff, that o'er the Vale
Hangs its dark brow, whose awful shade
Spreads a deep gloom along the glade:
Led by its sound, I've wander'd far,
Till crimson evening's flaming Star
On Heav'n's vast dome refulgent hung,
And round ethereal vapours flung;
And oft I've sought th'HYGEIAN MAID,
In rosy dimply smiles array'd,
Till forc'd with every HOPE to part,
Resistless Pain subdued my Heart.

Oh then, far o'er the restless deep
Forlorn my poignant pangs I bore,
Alone in foreign realms to weep,
Where ENVY's voice could taunt no more.
I hop'd, by mingling with the gay,
To snatch the veil of Grief away;
To break Affliction's pond'rous chain;
VAIN was the Hope-in vain I sought

The placid hour of careless thought,
Where Fashion wing'd her light career,
And sportive Pleasure danc'd along,
Oft have I shunn'd the blithsome throng,
To hide th'involuntary tear,
For e'en where rapt'rous transports glow,
From the full Heart the conscious tear will flow,
When to my downy couch remov'd,
FANCY recall'd my wearied mind
To scenes of FRIENDSHIP left behind,
Scenes still regretted, still belov'd!
Ah, then I felt the pangs of Grief,
Grasp my warm Heart, and mock relief;
My burning lids Sleep's balm defied,
And on my fev'rish lip imperfect murmurs died.

Restless and sad-I sought once more
A calm retreat on BRITAIN's shore;
Deceitful HOPE, e'en there I found
That soothing FRIENDSHIP's specious name
Was but a short-liv'd empty sound,
And LOVE a false delusive flame.

Then come, Sweet BIRD, and with thy strain,
Steal from my breast the thorn of pain;
Blest solace of my lonely hours,
In craggy caves and silent bow'rs,
When HAPPY Mortals seek repose,
By Night's pale lamp we'll chaunt our woes,
And, as her chilling tears diffuse
O'er the white thorn their silv'ry dews,
I'll with the lucid boughts entwine
A weeping Wreath, which round my Head
Shall by the waning Crescent shine,
And light us to our leafy bed,-
But ah! nor leafy beds nor bow'rs
Fring'd with soft MAY's enamell'd flow'rs,
Nor pearly leaves, nor Cynthia's beams,
Nor smiling Pleasure's shad'wy dreams,
Sweet BIRD, not e'en THY melting Strains
Can calm the Heart, where TYRANT SORROW REIGNS.

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode To Valour

[Inscribed to Colonel Banastre Tarleton]

TRANSCENDENT VALOUR! -godlike Pow'r!
Lord of the dauntless breast, and stedfast mien!
Who, rob'd in majesty sublime,
Sat in thy eagle-wafted car,
And led the hardy sons of war,
With head erect, and eye serene,
Amidst the arrowy show'r;
When unsubdued, from clime to clime,
YOUNG AMMON taught exulting Fame
O'er earth's vast space to sound the glories of thy name.

ILLUSTRIOUS VALOUR ! from whose glance,
Each recreant passion shrinks dismay'd;
To whom benignant Heaven consign'd,
All that can elevate the mind;
'Tis THINE, in radiant worth array'd,
To rear thy glitt'ring helmet high,
And with intrepid front, defy
Stern FATE's uplifted arm, and desolating lance,
When, from the CHAOS of primeval Night,
This wond'rous ORB first sprung to light;
And pois'd amid the sphery clime
By strong Attraction's pow'r sublime,
Its whirling course began;
With sacred spells encompass'd round,
Each element observ'd its bound,
Earth's solid base, huge promontories bore;
Curb'd OCEAN roar'd, clasp'd by the rocky shore;
And midst metallic fires, translucent rivers ran.

All nature own'd th'OMNIPOTENT's command!
Luxuriant blessings deck'd the vast domain;
HE bade the budding branch expand;
And from the teeming ground call'd forth the cherish'd grain;
Salubrious springs from flinty caverns drew;
Enamell'd verdure o'er the landscape threw;

HE taught the scaly host to glide
Sportive, amidst the limpid tide;
HIS breath sustain'd the EAGLE's wing;
With vocal sounds bade hills and valleys ring;
Then, with his Word supreme, awoke to birth
THE HUMAN FORM SUBLIME! THE SOV'REIGN LORD OF EARTH!

VALOUR! thy pure and sacred flame
Diffus'd its radiance o'er his mind;
From THEE he learnt the fiery STEED to tame;
And with a flow'ry band, the speckled PARD to bind;
Guarded by Heaven's eternal shield,
He taught each living thing to yield;
Wond'ring, yet undismay'd he stood,
To mark the SUN's fierce fires decay;
Fearless, he saw the TYGER play;
While at his stedfast gaze, the LION crouch'd subdued!

From age to age on FAME's bright roll,
Thy glorious attributes have shone!
Thy influence soothes the soldier's pain,
Whether beneath the freezing pole,
Or basking in the torrid zone,
Upon the barren thirsty plain.
Led by thy firm and daring hand,
O'er wastes of snow, o'er burning sand,
INTREPID TARLETON chas'd the foe,
And smil'd in DEATH's grim face, and brav'd his with'ring blow!

When late on CALPE's rock, stern VICT'RY stood,
Hurling swift vengeance o'er the bounding flood;
Each winged bolt illum'd a flame,
IBERIA's vaunting sons to tame;
While o'er the dark unfathom'd deep,
The blasts of desolation blew,
Fierce lightnings hov'ring round the frowning steep,
'Midst the wild waves their fatal arrows threw;
Loud roar'd the cannon's voice with ceaseless ire,
While the vast BULWARK glow'd,-a PYRAMID OF FIRE!

Then in each BRITON's gallant breast,
Benignant VIRTUE shone confest !

When Death spread wide his direful reign,
And shrieks of horror echoed o'er the main;
Eager they flew, their wretched foes to save
From the dread precincts of a whelming grave;
THEN, VALOUR was thy proudest hour!
THEN, didst thou, like a radiant GOD,
Check the keen rigours of th' avenging rod,
And with soft MERCY's hand subdue the scourge of POW'R!

When fading, in the grasp of Death,
ILLUSTRIOUS WOLFE on earth's cold bosom lay;
His anxious soldiers thronging round,
Bath'd with their tears each gushing wound;
As on his pallid lip the fleeting breath,
In faint, and broken accents, stole away,
Loud shouts of TRIUMPH fill'd the skies!
To Heaven he rais'd his grateul eyes;
"TIS VIC'TRY'S VOICE," the Hero cried!
"I THANK THEE, BOUNTEOUS HEAVEN,"-then smiling, DIED!

TARLETON, thy mind, above the POET's praise
Asks not the labour'd task of flatt'ring lays!
As the rare GEM with innate lustre glows,
As round the OAK the gadding Ivy grows,
So shall THY WORTH, in native radiance live!
So shall the MUSE spontaneous incense give!
Th' HISTORIC page shall prove a lasting shrine,
Where Truth and Valour shall THY laurels twine;
Where, with thy name, recording FAME shall blend
The ZEALOUS PATRIOT, and the FAITHFUL FRIEND!

Mary Darby Robinson

Ode To Vanity

INSATIATE TYRANT OF THE MIND;
Fantastic, aëry, empty thing;
Borne on Illusion's flutt'ring wing,
Fallacious as the wanton wind;
Capricious Goddess!-Beauty's foe;
THOU-who no settled home dost know;
The busy World, the sylvan Plain,
Alike confess thy potent reign.
Queen of the motley garb-at thy command
FASHION waves her flow'ry wand;
See she kindles Fancy's flame,
Around her dome thy incense flies,
The curling fumes ascend the skies,
And fill the "Trump of Fame."

When Heaven's translucent ray
Unveil'd the mighty work of GOD;
When the Promethean spark of day
Awoke his Image from a torpid clod;
When radiance pour'd on human sight,
And the illumin'd Soul beam'd with celestial light;
EXULTING MAN, sole Potentate below,
First felt thy pois'nous glow;
He gaz'd upon his wond'rous frame;
The self-approving conscious flame
Thrill'd in each trembling vein with subtle art,
Then fix'd its baneful source within his godlike Heart.

Thy breath accurs'd brought deathless woe
On Man's devoted race;
Hurl'd th' aspiring FIEND to realms below,
Who, plung'd in fell disgrace,
There deep enthrall'd in adamantine spells,
In chains of scorpions bound, for ever, ever dwells.

In ev'ry scene of social joy,
Amidst the rude unpolish'd train,
From the low offspring of the barren plain,
To him whose lofty bosom owns

Descent sublime from scepter'd thrones,
All, all thy laws obey.

Thy light hand plumes the warrior's brow,
Trims the fierce war with tinsel show,
E'en in the tented fields thy banners flow,
To thee illustrious Chieftans bow;
'Tis thy capricious influence forms
All that mad ambition warms;
The laurel wreath, tho' steep'd in blood,
Plac'd by thy fickle hand appears
Radiant as the sunny spheres,
When Morn's proud beams roll in a golden flood.

AH, VANITY! avert thine eye;
Check thy fell exulting joy;
With burning drops thy flush'd cheek lave.
Nor gloat upon the carnag'd brave:
For what can trophied wreaths supply,
To drown the desolating cry,
That, o'er th' empurpled fields afar,
Proclaims the dread-destructive pow'r of War?

E'en amidst the SAVAGE race,
The untam'd INDIAN owns thy sway;
For THEE he paints his tawny face,
And decks his shaggy hair with fragments gay:
For THEE he marks his sun-burnt breast,
With beads and feathers idly drest:-
His hardy limbs with gaudy tints imbru'd,
Reeking and mangled with the pointed dart,
Vainly he vaunts-nor heeds the smart,
Tho' pitying NATURE weeps with tears of blood.

Then turn my MUSE, where milder joys
The village hero's mind employs;
Where gentler sports delight the breast,
And soften'd Nature smiles confest.
Let me paint the rural scene,
The white-wash'd hut-the velvet green,
May's blithe morn-exulting glee,
The chaplet pendant on each tree,

The shining hat with tawdry ribbands bound,
The lofty may-pole and the well-swept ground,
Where valiant combats speak the thirst of Fame,
And the loud shout proclaims the victor's name.

O VANITY, thy potent reign
Spreads its influence o'er the plain-
For thee, the blushing maids prepare
Garlands wove with nicest care,
For thee, they dress their festive bow'rs
With waving wreaths of scented flow'rs,
Where the bold Youth that wins the prize
Reads his best Victory in his Sweetheart's Eyes.

Such is thy pow'r-thy mandate rules
Above the laws of Pedant Schools;
REASON, in vain contends with Thee,
TRIUMPHANT, DEATHLESS VANITY!
E'en now, I feel thy vivid sparks infuse
A warmth that guides my hand, and bids me court the MUSE.

Mary Darby Robinson

Old Barnard -- A Monkish Tale

OLD BARNARD was still a lusty hind,
Though his age was full fourscore;
And he us'd to go
Thro' hail and snow,
To a neighb'ring town,
With his old coat brown,
To beg, at his GRANDSON'S door!

OLD BARNARD briskly jogg'd along,
When the hail and snow did fall;
And, whatever the day,
He was always gay,
Did the broad Sun glow,
Or the keen wind blow,
While he begg'd in his GRANDSON'S Hall.

His GRANDSON was a Squire, and he
Had houses, and lands, and gold;
And a coach beside,
And horses to ride,
And a downy bed
To repose his head,
And he felt not the winter's cold.

Old BARNARD had neither house nor lands,
Nor gold to buy warm array;
Nor a coach to carry,
His old bones weary
Nor beds of feather
In freezing weather,
To sleep the long nights away.

But BARNARD a quiet conscience had,
No guile did his bosom know;
And when Ev'ning clos'd,
His old bones repos'd,
Tho' the wintry blast
O'er his hovel past,
And he slept, while the winds did blow!

But his GRANDSON, he could never sleep
'Till the Sun began to rise;
For a fev'rish pain
Oppress'd his brain,
And he fear'd some evil
And dream'd of the Devil,
Whenever he clos'd his eyes!

And whenever he feasted the rich and gay,
The Devil still had his joke;
For however rare
The sumptuous fare,
When the sparkling glass
Was seen to pass,--
He was fearful the draught would choke!

And whenever, in fine and costly geer,
The Squire went forth to ride:
The owl would cry,
And the raven fly
Across his road,
While the sluggish toad
Would crawl by his Palfry's side.

And he could not command the Sunny day,
For the rain would wet him through;
And the wind would blow
Where his nag did go,
And the thunder roar,
And the torrents pour,
And he felt the chill Evening dew.

And the cramp would wring his youthful bones,
And would make him groan aloud;
And the doctor's art
Could not cure the heart,
While the conscience still
Was o'ercharg'd with ill;
And he dream'd of the pick-axe and shroud.

And why could Old BARNARD sweetly sleep,

Since so poor, and so old was he?
Because he could say
At the close of day,
"I have done no wrong
"To the weak or strong,
"And so, Heaven look kind on me!"

One night, the GRANDSON hied him forth,
To a MONK, that liv'd hard by;
"O ! Father !" said he,
"I am come to thee,
"For I'm sick of sin,
"And would fain begin
"To repent me, before I die!"

"I must pray for your Soul; the MONK replied,
"But will see you to-morrow, ere noon:
Then the MONK flew straight
To Old BARNARD'S gate,
And he bade him haste
O'er the dewy waste,
By the light of the waning Moon.

In the Monkish cell did old BARNARD wait,
And his GRANDSON went thither soon;
In a habit of grey
Ere the dawn of day,
With a cowl and cross,
On the sill of moss,
He knelt by the light of the Moon.

"O! shrive me, Father!" the GRANDSON cried,
"For the Devil is waiting for me!
"I have robb'd the poor,
"I have shut my door,
"And kept out the good
"When they wanted food,--
"And I come for my pardon, to Thee."

"Get home young Sinner," Old BARNARD said,
And your GRANDSIRE quickly see;
"Give him half your store ,

"For he's old, and poor,
"And avert each evil
"And cheat the Devil,--
By making him rich as thee ."

The SQUIRE obey'd; and Old BARNARD now
Is rescued from every evil:
For he fears no wrong,
From the weak or strong,
And the Squire can snore,
When the loud winds roar,
For he dreams no more of THE DEVIL!

Mary Darby Robinson

Pastoral Stanzas

WHEN AURORA'S soft blushes o'erspread the blue hill,
And the mist dies away at the glances of morn;
When the birds join the music that floats on the rill,
And the beauties of spring the young woodlands adorn.

To breathe the pure air and enliven my soul,
I bound from my cottage exulting and gay;
No care to molest me, no pow'r to controul,
I sport with my lambkins, as thoughtless as they.

Yet, the bright tear of pity bedews my fond eyes,
When I think that for MAN the dear victims must fall,
While nature such stores of provision supplies,
And the bounties of Heaven are common to all.

Ah! tell me, Reflection, why custom decreed
That the sweet feather'd songsters so slaughter'd should be?
For the board of the rich the poor minstrels may bleed,
But the fruits of the field are sufficient for me.

When I view the proud palace, so pompously gay,
Whose high gilded turrets peep over the trees;
I pity its greatness and mournfully say,
Can mortals delight in such trifles as these!

Can a pillow of down sooth the woe-stricken mind,
Can the sweets of Arabia calm sickness and pain;
Can fetters of gold Love's true votaries bind,
Or the gems of Peru Time's light pinions restrain?

Can those limbs which bow down beneath sorrow and age,
From the floss of the silk-worm fresh vigour receive;
Can the pomp of the proud, death's grim tyrant assuage,
Can it teach you to die, or instruct you to live?

Ah, no! then sweet PEACE, lovely offspring of Heav'n,
Come dwell in my cottage, thy handmaid I'll be;
Thus my youth shall pass on, unmolested and even,
And the winter of age be enliven'd by thee!

Mary Darby Robinson

Petrarch To Laura

"Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
"How often must it love, how often hate,
"How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
"Conceal, disdain, do all things, but forget."

- POPE.

YE silent haunts, ye dark embow'ring shades,
Lone shaggy wilds and melancholy glades;
Ye mountains black'ning o'er the thorny vale;
Ye lucid lakes that trembling meet the gale;
Ye gloomy avenues of dire despair,
Dear last asylums of long-cherish'd care;
Eternal solitudes ! where LOVE retires
To bathe his wounds, and quench his fatal fires;
Where frantic, lost, forlorn, and sad I go
A wand'ring pilgrim in a maze of woe;
Oh! to your deepest caverns let me fly,
Breathe a fond pray'r, and 'MIDST YOUR HORRORS DIE.

Ye sparry grots, ye once ador'd retreats,
Ye tinkling rills, ye consecrated seats,
Whose velvet sod embroider'd o'er with flow'rs,
On the charm'd sense celestial odour pours;
Ye roseate banks o'erhung with waving trees,
That moan responsive to the murm'ring breeze;
How cold, how desolate your shade appears,
A path of mis'ry thro' a vale of tears.
Now pale Despair hangs brooding o'er your bow'rs,
Absorbs your sweets, and withers all your flow'rs;
Strips the thick foliage from your verdant shades,
And spreads eternal darkness o'er your glades;
No more for ME your sunny banks shall pour
In purple tides ripe Autumn's luscious store;
No more for ME your lust'rous tints shall glow,
Your forests wave, your silv'ry channels flow;
Yet 'midst your heav'n my wounded breast shall crave
One narrow cell, my SOLACE and my GRAVE.

Subdu'd, o'erwhelm'd, a with'ring shade I stray,
Shrink from myself; and shudder at the day:
No more fond HOPE sustains my sick'ning soul,
Resistless passion spurns her meek controul;
Corroding anguish o'er each prospect low'rs,
Bends my weak frame, my lusty youth devours;
Clings to my breast where ev'ry fibre bleeds,
And on its vital throne insatiate feeds.
Where shall I fly ? what path untrod explore,
Where love can wound, and memory live no more;
Where, LAURA, shall I turn, what balsam find
To soothe the throbbings of my fev'rish mind ?
What blest relief can life's dull round impart,
What rapture vivify the hopeless heart;
What pitying star its beamy stream dispense,
To light my soul, and cheer my vagrant sense;
To gild the gloom of desolating woes,
And lead my wand'ring footsteps to repose?

When wild with passion, madd'ning with remorse,
From AVIGNON'S lov'd walls I bent my course;
While roll'd in crimson clouds the orb of day,
O'er seas of ether shed his parting ray;
As to his western goal he journey'd forth,
Leaving pale twilight weeping o'er the earth;
Oft did I pause, oft turn my longing eyes
To the tall spire that pierc'd the evening skies;
All was serene ! save when the curfew's sound
Struck on my pensive heart with knell profound;
While Fancy bade my frantic mind explore,
Those scenes of holy joy I taste no more;
Unsullied altars, consecrated shrines,
Where curling incense round each taper twines;
Where, thro' long aisles, seraphic PÆANS ring,
And meek-ey'd virgins choral anthems sing!
Where, like a being of celestial mould,
My LAURA'S beauteous form I dar'd behold * !
While at the shrine her orisons she pour'd,
Pure as the spirit of the saint ador'd !
Oft as the cross her snowy fingers press'd,
Her auburn tresses veil'd her spotless breast !

A shade transparent deck'd her brow divine,
And bade her eyes with temper'd lustre shine!
As low she bow'd before the throne of Grace,
A cherub's softness harmoniz'd her face;
A smile benign reveal'd her tranquil soul,
While from her lips devotion's fervour stole;
Each conscious rapture to her share was giv'n,
Her form was virtue, and her mind was heav'n.

Fix'd to the earth with trembling zeal I gaz'd.
Each passion waken'd, and each sense amaz'd !
Involuntary sighs, too soon confess'd
The struggling tumults lab'ring in my breast;
No thought sublime on my rapt feelings hung,
No sacred eloquence unchain'd my tongue;
ALL, ALL WAS LOVE ! while thro' my burning brain
Rush'd a fierce torrent of convulsive pain;
From my dim eyes celestial radiance stole,
While howling demons grasp'd my sinking soul,
Guilt's writhing scorpions twining round my heart,
Enflam'd each wound, and heighten'd every smart;
In vain I sought Religion's calm domain,
And at her footstool pour'd my hopeless pain;
The priestess frowning on my impious pray'r,
Check'd the bold suit, and hurl'd me to despair.

AH, LAURA! canst thou seal the dread decree
That tears thy PETRARCH from his GOD and THEE?
That gives his mental hopes, his fond desires
To conscious anguish and consuming fires ?
Canst thou with unrelenting vengeance urge
A trembling soul to fate's extremest verge;
And while subdu'd it supplicates relief,
Dash the doom'd suff'rer to eternal grief ?
Why, soft enchantress, spread the fatal snare
That lures thy struggling victim to despair ?
Why with meek smiles my wand'ring sense reclaim?
Why feed with pitying looks my hopeless flame?

Ah! rather come in awful lustre drest,
Calm my touch'd sense, and lull the fiends to rest;
Teach me each rebel passion to disown,

Chill my hot pulse, and freeze my heart to stone:
With contrite sighs devotion's flame illumine;
With holy tear-drops gem this mental gloom:
Come in transcendent VIRTUE'S sacred form,
Stem the fierce torrent, and appease the storm;
Grasp the dire bolt suspended o'er my head,
And o'er my quiv'ring heart-strings patience shed;
Check with thy councils ev'ry madd'ning flight,
Direct me trembling to the paths of light;
Bow my parch'd lip to kiss the chast'ning rod,
And lead me blushing to the throne of GOD!

Where'er I fly, where'er my frenzy roves,
To pine-clad summits, or low bending groves:
Still on my shatter'd brain thy form appears,
Steals to my heart, and glistens thro' my tears:
Thy voice I hear in ev'ry whispering gale,
Thy fragrant breath from Citron buds inhale;
I mark the ROSE in native sweetness drest,
I snatch the blushing emblem to my breast;
Thy burnish'd ringlets float across my sight,
In the last glowing stream of orient light;
And as the star of morn unfolds its fire,
Stolen from the glances of its burning sire:
Thy beaming eyes emit translucent rays,
The lust'rous heralds of thy soul's rich blaze!
A matron's purity thy smiles impart,
And Heav'n's best splendours brighten in thy heart;
Ah! wherefore PETRARCH, wherefore rashly dare
The dang'rous magic of a form so fair?

Yet ere thy pow'r supreme my soul confess'd,
Ere fainting Virtue fled my burning breast;
While in its veins one ling'ring spark remain'd,
One heavenly spark by trembling hope sustain'd;
VAUCLUSE thy sylvan solitudes I chose
To cure my passion, or conceal my woes;
And oft beneath thy melancholy shade
Reluctant, pensive, half-resolv'd I stray'd;
And trembling, fault'ring, frequent sighs I pour'd
Before the shrine of HIM but half ador'd:
While as the sacred Virgin's form I view'd

A brighter IDOL, every sense subdu'd!
While holy vows were lost in warm desires
LOVE drop'd a tear that quench'd religion's fires:
While thro' my eyes my heart's true fervour shone,
And my fond soul, dear Saint, WAS ALL THY OWN!
Now o'er some craggy peak when frowning night
Grasps the last shad'wy tint of ruby light;
When o'er the vast expanse I seek in vain
The tawny vineyard and the yellow plain;
Heedless I wander, while the tempest flies,
Brave the bleak winds, and mock the threat'ning skies.
Where from the wild romantic cliffs around
The headlong torrents fall with hollow sound;
And stealing thro' the winding vale below,
Unseen, thro' mid-day glooms incessant flow;
While sullen echo's aëry tongue betrays,
Where round her seat each brawling channel strays;
While the lone owl her lurid haunts among,
To the pale moon repeats her nightly song;
While rocks acute, my fev'rish limbs sustain,
Chill'd by the freezing blast and drizzling rain;

Madd'ning I see thy glitt'ring phantom rise,
Spring from the steep, and hover 'midst the skies.
I rave, I howl, from point to point I start,
While hell's worst torments riot in my heart;
I court the fiends my rending pangs to share,
And prove the PROUDEST TRANSPORTS OF DESPAIR,
When first to these calm shades I bent my way,
Led by the light of intellectual ray;
I mark'd soft peace her gentlest balm diffuse,
To sooth the hapless HERMIT OF VAUCLUSE!
Where 'midst the foliage of my laurel I bow'rs,
The MUSE had sprinkled never-fading flow'rs;
Where mild PHILOSOPHY unveil'd her shrine,
Each care to solace, and each wish refine;
Whole years my studious eye intent explor'd
The treasur'd gems by hoary wisdom stor'd!
Each truth sublime by ancient sages taught,
Grac'd with the glossy charm of polish'd thought:
And oft the sickly taper's feeble rays
Shrunk from the splendours of the solar blaze,

While o'er the classic page absorb'd I hung,
Where HOMER breath'd, or tuneful VIRGIL sung!
When all was rapture, all was peace, my breast
No pang endur'd, no wayward thought confess'd!
Swiftly thy beauty gleam'd across my sight,
Dim'd the bright flame of transitory light,
Spurn'd each weak barrier trembling Reason gave,
And plung'd me vanquish'd in affliction's wave.
Yet, yet once more, my aching bosom sought
A lenient pause from agonizing thought;
I left these bow'rs o'er foreign realms to stray,
LOVE lit his torch to guide my thorny way !
Mournful I journey'd o'er ITALIA'S lands,
And moisten'd with my tears SICILIAN sands,
Where the proud DANUBE'S rushing waters roll,
I pour'd the madd'ning anguish of my soul.
O'er ALPINE hills in solitary woe,
I wept and wander'd 'midst eternal snow.
Oft did I mark the RHONE'S impetuous stream
By the faint lustre of pale Cynthia's beam;
And as the foamy current curl'd along,
Heard the rocks echo with my frantic song !
Where ROME'S majestic ruins tott'ring stand
The hourly victims of Time's mould'ring hand;
Whole nights I've trod the tessellated stone,
While scarce a glimm'ring star in pity shone;
And starting 'midst th' impenetrable gloom,
Grasp'd the cold fragment of some MARTYR'S tomb,
And tore the crawling ivy from its bed,
To weave a pillow for my burning head:
Then rais'd my eyes to GOD in fervent pray'r,
To end my BEING and my SORROWS there.
For O! eternal MARTYRDOM I prove,
Heav'n's doom'd APOSTATE-my fell tyrant, LOVE!

When ROME her proud applause exulting gave,
And round my car her laurels stoop'd to wave!
When borne triumphant o'er the sacred ground,
By holy hands with flow'ry chaplets crown'd!
While clanking cymbals echo'd thro' the sky;
And rosy infants bade the censers I fly!

When nation's throng'd THY POET'S Fame to share,
And shouts of rapture fill'd the perfum'd air!
No flush'd delight from adulation caught,
No selfish joy with false ambition fraught
Could draw my prostrate soul from LOVE and THEE;
Still at THY shrine I bent the trembling knee!
For who but THEE, transcendent Angel ! taught
The flame to live, which kindled every thought?
For who, like THEE, could heavenly themes inspire,
Or touch the sensate mind with hallow'd fire,
Mingling with mortal dust the spark divine,
That bade my verse with deathless glories shine.

In yon cool grot emboss'd with shells and flow'rs,
Where the hot stream of noon-day light scarce pours;
Where silence reigns, save when the shallow rill
With gurgling sound steals o'er the mossy sill;
While 'midst the shadows of the twilight gleam,
I tun'd my LYRE-thy FATAL CHARMS my theme;
O'er my chill'd form sleep's sable curtain hung,
Veil'd my sad eyes, and chain'd my fault'ring tongue.
Each sense absorb'd, yet my fond SOUL was free,
Its thoughts, its faculties, all dwelt with thee;
Celestial visions hover'd o'er my breast,
And rose lip'd Angels sooth'd my pangs to rest.
Their silver harps hung pendant on the sky,
Bound with unfading wreaths of em'rald die,
While the wing'd choristers inscrib'd thy name
On Heav'n's blue tablet with ethereal flame.
In the bland portal of the rosy East
AURORA sat in golden mantle drest;

The silent air in crystal fetters bound,
Slept on the folded clouds that glisten'd round;
When to my ravish'd sight thy form was shown,
The guardian spirit of the sphery throne!
A crown of orient pearls thy brow compress'd,
A zone of myrtle clasp'd thy iv'ry breast!
The tear of PITY trembled in thine eye
Like a bright PLANET in the morning sky!
The blush of HEBE mantled o'er thy cheek,
When thus thy voice seraphic seem'd to speak:

"Freed from the goading chain of mortal care,
I rove a bless'd inhabitant of air;
Yet, in delicious extacy I wait,
Till my lov'd PETRARCH shall partake my fate:
Death's but a messenger that brings relief
To the last pang of sublunary grief.
THE SOUL, once purified, awaits on those
Who toil amidst a wilderness of woes:
It guards the partners of its mortal hours,
When anguish threatens, or despair devours,
Shields the frail bosom with a cherub's wing,
And robs thy tyrant DEATH of EV'RY STING.
But see the ruddy dawn's advancing blaze,
Tears my fond shadow from thy eager gaze;
I leave thee in life's wild'ring vale to rove,
The mourning victim of disast'rous love:
Farewell, thy LAURA'S last fond hope is this,
To meet her PETRARCH in the realms of bliss."
The vision vanish'd, while my frantic mind
"Awoke to all the griefs it left behind!"

Now driven from each vain hope, each fond delight,
My SUN of glory saddens into night;
My once bright laurels doom'd, alas ! to fade
On the pale forehead of a ling'ring shade.
A living spectre drooping and forlorn,
A star obscur'd of all its lustre shorn:
I count my midnight beads, and kneeling, rave,
On the damp sod my PALLET and my GRAVE.
Toiling thro' tedious years unseen, unblest,
Eternal thorns corroding in my breast;
I fast, I pray, and yet no comfort find;
Heaven on my lips, but hell within my mind!
I feel THEE ever on my heated brain;
I weep, I sigh, I supplicate in vain !
Or, if by chance one pitying ray of rest
Warms the sad inmate of my throbbing breast;
'Tis but a gleam of INTELLECTUAL light
That feebly glances o'er my MENTAL sight,
And for a moment dissipates the gloom,
To point my weary footsteps TO THE TOMB.

Mary Darby Robinson

Poor Marguerite

Swift, o'er the wild and dreary waste
A NUT-BROWN GIRL was seen to haste;
Wide waving was her unbound hair,
And sun-scorch'd was her bosom bare;
For Summer's noon had shed its beams
While she lay wrapp'd in fev'rish dreams;
While, on the wither'd hedge-row's side,
By turns she slept, by turns she cried,
"Ah ! where lies hid the balsam sweet,
"To heal the wounds of MARGUERITE?"

Dark was her large and sunken eye
Which wildly gaz'd upon the sky;
And swiftly down her freckled face
The chilling dews began to pace:
For she was lorn, and many a day,
Had, all alone, been doom'd to stray,
And, many a night, her bosom warm,
Had throbb'd, beneath the pelting storm,
And still she cried, "the rain falls sweet,
"It bathes the wounds of MARGUERITE."

Her garments were by briars torn,
And on them hung full many a thorn;
A thistle crown, she mutt'ring twin'd,
Now darted on,--now look'd behind--
And here, and there, her arm was seen
Bleeding the tatter'd folds between;
Yet, on her breast she oft display'd
A faded branch, that breast to shade:
For though her senses were astray,
She felt the burning beams of day:

She felt the wintry blast of night,
And smil'd to see the morning light,
For then she cried, "I soon shall meet
"The plighted love of MARGUERITE."

Across the waste of printless snow,

All day the NUT-BROWN GIRL would go;
And when the winter moon had shed
Its pale beams on the mountain's head,
She on a broomy pillow lay
Singing the lonely hours away;
While the cold breath of dawnlight flew
Across the fields of glitt'ring dew:--
Swift o'er the frozen lake she past
Unmindful of the driving blast,
And then she cried "the air is sweet--
"It fans the breast of MARGUERITE."

The weedy lane she lov'd to tread
When stars their twinkling lustre shed;
While from the lone and silent Cot
The watchful Cur assail'd her not,
Though at the beggar he would fly,
And fright the Trav'ler passing by:
But she, so kind and gentle seem'd,
Such sorrow in her dark eyes beam'd,
That savage fierceness could not greet
With less than love,--POOR MARGUERITE!

Oft, by the splashy brook she stood
And sung her Song to the waving wood;
The waving wood, in murmurs low,
Fill'd up the pause of weary woe;
Oft, to the Forest tripp'd along
And inly humm'd her frantic Song;
Oft danc'd mid shadows Ev'ning spread
Along the whisp'ring willow-bed.
And wild was her groan,
When she climb'd, alone--
The rough rock's side,
While the foaming tide,
Dash'd rudely against the sandy shore,
And the lightning flash'd mid the thunder's roar.

And many a time she chac'd the fly,
And mock'd the Beetle, humming by;
And then, with loud fantastic tone
She sang her wild strain, sad--alone.

And if a stranger wander'd near
Or paus'd the frantic Song to hear,
The burthen she would soft repeat,
"Who comes to soothe POOR MARGUERITE?"

And why did she with sun-burnt breast,
So wander, and so scorn to rest?
Why did the NUT-BROWN MAIDEN go
O'er burning plains and wastes of snow?
What bade her fev'rish bosom sigh,
And dimm'd her large and hazle eye?
What taught her o'er the hills to stray
Fearless by night, and wild by day?
What stole the hour of slumber sweet--
From the scorch'd brain of MARGUERITE.

Soon shalt thou know; for see how lorn
She climbs the steep of shaggy thorn--
Now on the jutting cliff she stands,
And clasps her cold,--but snow-white hands.
And now aloud she chaunts her strain
While fiercely roars the troublous main.
Now the white breakers curling shew
The dread abyss that yawns below,
And still she sighs, "the sound is sweet,
"It seems to say, POOR MARGUERITE!"

"Here will I build a rocky shed,
"And here I'll make my sea-weed bed;
"Here gather, with unwearied hands--
"The orient shells that deck the sands.
"And here will I skim o'er the billows so high,
"And laugh at the moon and the dark frowning sky.
"And the Sea-birds, that hover across the wide main,
"Shall sweep with their pinions, the white bounding plain.--
"And the shivering sail shall the fierce tempest meet,
"Like the storm, in the bosom of POOR MARGUERITE!

"The setting Sun, with golden ray,
"Shall warm my breast, and make me gay.
"The clamours of the roaring Sea
"My midnight serenade shall be!

"The Cliff that like a Tyrant stands
"Exulting o'er the wave lash'd sands,
"With its weedy crown, and its flinty crest,
"Shall, on its hard bosom, rock me to rest;
"And I'll watch for the Eagle's unfledg'd brood,
"And I'll scatter their nest, and I'll drink their blood;
"And under the crag I will kneel and pray
"And silver my robe, with the moony ray:
"And who shall scorn the lone retreat
"Which Heaven has chose, for MARGUERITE?

"Here, did the exil'd HENRY stray
"Forc'd from his native land, away;
"Here, here upon a foreign shore,
"His parents, lost, awhile deplore;
"Here find, that pity's holy tear
"Could not an alien wand'rer cheer;
"And now, in fancy, he would view,
"Shouting aloud, the rabble crew--
"The rabble crew, whose impious hands
"Tore asunder nature's bands!--
"I see him still,--He waves me on!
"And now to the dark abyss he's gone--
"He calls--I hear his voice, so sweet,--
"It seems to say--POOR MARGUERITE!"

Thus, wild she sung! when on the sand
She saw her long lost HENRY, stand:
Pale was his cheek, and on his breast
His icy hand he, silent, prest;
And now the Twilight shadows spread
Around the tall cliff's weedy head;
Far o'er the main the moon shone bright,
She mark'd the quiv'ring stream of light--
It danc'd upon the murm'ring wave
It danc'd upon--her HENRY'S Grave!
It mark'd his visage, deathly pale,--
His white shroud floating in the gale;
His speaking eyes--his smile so sweet
That won the love--of MARGUERITE!

And now he beckon'd her along

The curling moonlight waves among;
No footsteps mark'd the slanting sand
Where she had seen her HENRY stand!
She saw him o'er the billows go--
She heard the rising breezes blow;
She shriek'd aloud ! The echoing steep
Frown'd darkness on the troubled deep;
The moon in cloudy veil was seen,
And louder howl'd the night blast keen!--
And when the morn, in splendour dress'd,
Blush'd radiance on the Eagle's nest,
That radiant blush was doom'd to greet--
The lifeless form --of MARGUERITE!

Mary Darby Robinson

Rinaldo To Laura Maria

THOU! whose sublime poetic art
Can pierce the pulses of the heart,
Can force the treasur'd tear to flow
In prodigality of woe;
Or lure each jocund bliss to birth
Amid the sportive bow'rs of mirth:
LAURA DIVINE! I call thee now
To yonder promontory's brow
That props the skies; while at its feet
With fruitless ire the billows beat,
There let my fainting sense behold
Those sapphire orbs their heaven unfold,
While from thy lips vermilion bow
Sweet melody her shafts shall throw-
Yet do not, do not yield delight,
Nor with dear visions bless my sight.

Grant me despair, thou mightiest Muse!
O'er the vast scene thy spells diffuse,
And with a mad terrific strain
Conjure up demons from the main:
Storms upon storms indignant heap,
Bid Ocean howl, and Nature weep;
'Till the Creator blush to see
How horrible His World can be;
While I will glory to blaspheme,
And make the joys of hell my theme.
Hah! check this frenzy, spare my soul,
O'er my parch'd cheek soft sorrows roll,
Subdue this vain impassion'd rage,
An atom's energies assuage;
Nor let a mortal wretch presume
To invoke so dire a doom.
What tho' the EAGLE sits forlorn
And swoln and sad awaits the morn,
When he may wave his golden wing,
From Night's detested gloom to spring,
And with the Sun's advancement fly,
In full meridian blaze to die:

Yet shall the chirping FINCH decay,
Upon the hedgerow's wither'd spray,
Ere the first beam of light is found,
And drop unnotic'd to the ground.
So I alas! shall never see
The dawn of hope awake for me,
Still as I turn, new storms appear,
And darker lours this mental sphere.
Ah, who shall one short comfort give,
Or teach my struggling thought to live;

What hand my bleeding bosom bind,
What MOSELEY medicate my mind?
What Star disperse the thick'ning shade,
That bids my restless Being fade?
Yet I have seen the Lord of Day
Dart from his car the burning ray,
And rush a hero to the fight,
Across the pendant plains of light:
I've seen the bashful Moon aspire
To bind her brow with mimic fire,
And o'er the calm translucent air
Diffusive shake her silver hair.
I've paus'd enraptur'd at the tone
That from the Evening Copse is thrown
By the wild Poet of the glade,
Who rests his wing beneath the shade,
And I have prov'd th' unequal bliss
That burns upon the crimson kiss,
When true adoring souls unite
To perish in the proud delight.
These now are lost to me-I stand
Alone in ev'ry peopled land,
No pleasure now my cold heart cheers,
The future points a vale of tears-
Love rends my name from his bright page,
And yields it to approaching age-
Then lead me, LAURA! to the bow'r
Where sadly droops each with'ring flow'r,
Where pois'nous shrubs disease exhale,
And fev'rish vapours load the gale;
There sink me to the sordid grief

That meanly supplicates relief;

There tell me I am most despis'd,
E'en by thyself, whom most I priz'd,
So shall I gladly welcome fate,
And perish in thy perfect hate:
So shall I better bear th' eternal pain,
Never to see thy Form, or hear thy Voice again.

Mary Darby Robinson

Second Ode To The Nightingale

BLEST be thy song, sweet NIGHTINGALE,
Lorn minstrel of the lonely vale !
Where oft I've heard thy dulcet strain
In mournful melody complain;
When in the POPLAR'S trembling shade,
At Evening's purple hour I've stray'd,
While many a silken folded flow'r
Wept on its couch of Gossamer,
And many a time in pensive mood
Upon the upland mead I've stood,
To mark grey twilight's shadows glide
Along the green hill's velvet side;
To watch the perfum'd hand of morn
Hang pearls upon the silver thorn,
Till rosy day with lustrous eye
In saffron mantle deck'd the sky,
And bound the mountain's brow with fire,
And ting'd with gold the village spire:
While o'er the frosted vale below
The amber tints began to glow:
And oft I seek the daisied plain
To greet the rustic nymph and swain,
When cowslips gay their bells unfold,
And flaunt their leaves of glitt'ring gold,
While from the blushes of the rose
A tide of musky essence flows,
And o'er the odour-breathing flow'rs
The woodlands shed their diamond show'rs,
When from the scented hawthorn bud
The BLACKBIRD sips the lucid flood,
While oft the twitt'ring THRUSH essays
To emulate the LINNET'S lays;
While the poiz'd LARK her carol sings
And BUTTERFLIES expand their wings,
And BEES begin their sultry toils
And load their limbs with luscious spoils,
I stroll along the pathless vale,
And smile, and bless thy soothing tale.

But ah ! when hoary winter chills
The plummy race-and wraps the hills
In snowy vest, I tell my pains
Beside the brook in icy chains
Bound its weedy banks between,
While sad I watch night's pensive queen,
Just emblem of MY weary woes:
For ah ! where'er the virgin goes,
Each flow'ret greets her with a tear
To sympathetic sorrow dear;
And when in black obtrusive clouds
The chilly MOON her pale cheek shrouds,
I mark the twinkling starry train
Exulting glitter in her wane,
And proudly gleam their borrow'd light
To gem the sombre dome of night.
Then o'er the meadows cold and bleak,
The glow-worm's glimm'ring lamp I seek.
Or climb the craggy cliff to gaze
On some bright planet's azure blaze,
And o'er the dizzy height inclin'd
I listen to the passing wind,
That loves my mournful song to seize,
And bears it to the mountain breeze.
Or where the sparry caves among
Dull ECHO sits with aëry tongue,
Or gliding on the ZEPHYR'S wings
From hill to hill her cadence flings,
O, then my melancholy tale
Dies on the bosom of the gale,
While awful stillness reigning round
Blanches my cheek with chilling fear;
Till from the bushy dell profound,
The woodman's song salutes mine ear.

When dark NOVEMBER'S boist'rous breath
Sweeps the blue hill and desert heath,
When naked trees their white tops wave
O'er many a famish'd REDBREAST'S grave,
When many a clay-built cot lays low
Beneath the growing hills of snow,
Soon as the SHEPHERD's silv'ry head

Peeps from his tottering straw-roof'd shed,
To hail the glimm'ring glimpse of day,
With feeble steps he ventures forth
Chill'd by the bleak breath of the North,
And to the forest bends his way,
To gather from the frozen ground
Each branch the night-blast scatter'd round.-
If in some bush o'erspread with snow
He hears thy moaning wail of woe,
A flush of warmth his cheek o'erspreads,
With anxious timid care he treads,
And when his cautious hands infold
Thy little breast benumb'd with cold,
"Come, plaintive fugitive," he cries,
While PITY dims his aged eyes,
"Come to my glowing heart, and share
"My narrow cell, my humble fare,
"Tune thy sweet carol-plume thy wing,
"And quaff with me the limpid spring,
"And peck the crumbs my meals supply,
"And round my rushy pillow fly."

O, MINSTREL SWEET, whose jocund lay
Can make e'en POVERTY look gay,
Who can the poorest swain inspire
And while he fans his scanty fire,
When o'er the plain rough Winter pours
Nocturnal blasts, and whelming show'rs,
Canst thro' his little mansion fling
The rapt'rous melodies of spring.
To THEE with eager gaze I turn,
Blest solace of the aching breast;
Each gaudy, glitt'ring scene I spurn,
And sigh for solitude and rest,
For art thou not, blest warbler, say,
My mind's best balm, my bosom's friend ?
Didst thou not trill thy softest lay,
And with thy woes my sorrows blend ?
YES, darling Songstress ! when of late
I sought thy leafy-fringed bow'r,
The victim of relentless fate,
Fading in life's dark ling'ring hour,

Thou heard'st my plaint, and pour'd thy strain
Thro' the sad mansion of my breast,
And softly, sweetly lull'd to rest
The throbbing anguish of my brain.

AH ! while I tread this vale of woe,
Still may thy downy measures flow,
To wing my solitary hours
With kind, obliterating pow'rs;
And tho' my pensive, patient heart
No wild, extatic bliss shall prove,
Tho' life no raptures shall impart,
No boundless joy, or, madd'ning love,
Sweet NIGHTINGALE, thy lenient strain
Shall mock Despair, AND BLUNT THE SHAFT OF PAIN.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sir Raymond Of The Castle

[The following little Poems are written after the Model of the Old English Ballads, and are inscribed to those who admire the simplicity of that kind of versification.]

NEAR GLARIS, on a mountain's side,
Beneath a shad'wy wood,
With walls of ivy compass'd round,
An ancient Castle stood.

By all rever'd, by all ador'd,
There dwelt a wealthy dame;
One peerless daughter bless'd her age,
A maid of spotless fame !

While one fair son, a gallant boy,
Whose VIRTUE was his shield,
Led on the dauntless sons of war,
Amidst the crimson'd field:

For o'er the land dissension reign'd
Full many a direful year,
And many a heart's best blood had stain'd
The proud oppressor's spear.

Young ELLA'S charms had spread her fame
O'er all the country wide;
And youths of high descent and brave,
Had sought her for their bride !

Amongst the rest SIR RAYMOND came,
Sprung from a princely race;
Right valiant in each warlike art,
And blest with ev'ry grace !

In tournaments renown'd afar,
For manly feats admir'd;
His brilliant fame, his bold exploits,
The damsel's bosom fir'd.

Her blushing cheek, her down-cast eye
Her secret flame confess'd;
The gallant RAYMOND'S circling arm,
The beauteous ELLA press'd.

From her fond mother's doating eyes
The radiant gem he bore;
The weeping maids and village swains
Beheld her charms no more.

Where the swift billows of the RHINE
Their shining curls disclose;
With many a gilded turret crown'd
His splendid Palace rose.

The festive scene had scarce began,
When near the Castle wall,
A messenger of warlike mein,
On RAYMOND'S name did call;

"Come forth thou valiant Knight," he said,
"Thy prowess quickly show,
With speed prepare thy lance and shield
To meet the dauntless foe:

"The blood of many a noble Swiss
Doth stain the country round,
And many a brave aspiring youth
Lies vanquish'd on the ground.

"The daring Chief, whose shining spear
With purple gore is dy'd;
Oh ! direful news, prepare to meet
THE BROTHER OF THY BRIDE."

Enrag'd, the haughty RAYMOND cried,
"Base wretch receive thy doom,
For thy bold errand thou shalt die
Within a dungeon's gloom."

Speechless the mournful ELLA stood,
Despair her heart did wound;

When from the echoing tow'r she heard,
Th' larum-bell's dreadful sound!

Her cold wan cheek, her quiv'ring lip,
Bespoke her soul's deep woe,
From her blue eye the crystal drop
In silent grief did flow,

"For shame, shake off those woman's tears,"
The frowning bridegroom cried,
"And know, SIR RAYMOND'S warlike breast
Disdains a timid bride.

"In vain you weep, ignoble dame,
Behold yon neighing steed;
My soldiers wait, my bosom burns
TO CONQUER or to BLEED."

Forth went the Knight;-the frantic bride
To the high rampart flew;
With trembling knee she climb'd the wall,
Th' embattled plain to view.

On either side, by turns she thought
Proud vict'ry grac'd the field;
'Till vanquish'd by her BROTHER'S sword,
She saw her HUSBAND yield.

For refuge to his Castle gate,
The bleeding warrior flew;
And from the battlements on high,
His daring gauntlet threw !

Three days from dawn to setting sun,
The hardy soldiers stood,
'Till faint with toil, by famine press'd,
They saw their chief subdu'd.

"Oh! haste my page," SIR RAYMOND said,
"The captive youth set free,
And bid him to the conqu'rer's feet
This message bear from me.

"Treasures immense of massy gold,
Rich gems, and jewels rare,
As ransom will I freely give,
If he our lives will spare;

"If he consents, let garlands green
His peaceful brows adorn;
If hostile yet, beneath our walls,
Thrice sound his bugle horn."

Gaily he pass'd the outward gate;
But sadly he return'd;
His bugle horn he sounded thrice,
—No wreath his brows adorn'd.

"Thy gold" he cried " the conqu'ror scorns,
He claims thy forfeit LIFE,
Thy precious gems, and jewels rare,
He gives thy beauteous wife."

"Your lands are free, your soldiers too,
And for young ELLA'S sake
To prove his truth, the gen'rous chief
This solemn vow did make:"

"That whatsoe'er she holds most dear,
At morrow's dawn of day:
Her pages, to some distant place,
May safely bear away;"

At dawn of light fair ELLA came,
Fresh as the rose of May;
SIR RAYMOND in a chest of gold,
Her pages bore away !

She pass'd the gate with throbbing heart,
She pass'd the ranks among;
The praises of her peerless charms,
Fell fast from ev'ry tongue !

"Halt, halt," they cried, "right noble dame,

'Tis fit we should behold
Whether thy coffer ought contains
But gems and messy gold;"

"O stay me not ye gallant youths,
For soon it shall appear;
This burnish'd coffer doth contain
ALL THAT I HOLD MOST DEAR !"

"Take heed, my Brother, ah, take heed,
Nor break thy sacred word;
Nor let thy kinsman's blood degrade
The glories of thy sword !"

The Hero smil'd-fair ELLA'S cheek
Glow'd with vermilion dye;
Fear chill'd her heart, the starting tear
Stood trembling in her eye.

Subdu'd, abash'd, her brother flew
And clasp'd her to his breast,
Then with an angel's pitying voice,
The vanquish'd chief address'd:

"Come forth SIR RAYMOND, valiant knight,
Behold thy peerless wife;
Receive thy sword, and from HER hand
Accept thy forfeit life.

"Here shall the bloody contest end,
Let peace o'erspread the land;
More homage than the conqueror's sword
CAN BEAUTY'S TEARS COMMAND!"

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet

In early youth, blithe Spring's exulting day,
Each hour put forth new raptures to my view;
Each sunny morn on downy pinions flew,
And swift the jocund minutes danc'd away!

Ere Summer's breath matur'd my ripening mind,
I found the blissful scene begin to fade;
Cold sorrow hover'd round with wings unkind,
And o'er my bosom spread a dreary shade;

An early Winter chills my glowing breast,
Frost-nipp'd too soon my fondest hopes decay;
My cheek no more with rosy graces bless'd,
Smiles with the freshness of returning May;
So freezing gales in sunny splendours drest,
Fade the young blossoms of the infant spray.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet -- The Mariner

THE SEA-BEAT MARINER, whose watchful eye
Full many a boist'rous night hath wak'd to weep;
When the keen blast descending from the sky,
Snatch'd his warm tear-drop from the rav'nous deep.

Drench'd by the chilling rain, his dreary hour
Creeps slowly onward to the dawn of day;
Till burning PHOEBUS darting thro' the show'r,
Warms with his golden beam the frothy spray:

With lightning's swiftness he ascends the mast,
And cries, "another tedious night is o'er;"
He spreads the swelling sail, he sees at last
His darling MISTRESS, and his NATIVE SHORE;
The restless wand'rer then forgets past pain,
Steals a fond kiss, and BRAVES HIS FATE AGAIN.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet -- The Peasant

WIDE o'er the barren plain the bleak wind flies,
Sweeps the high mountain's top, and with its breath
Swells the curl'd river o'er the plain beneath,
Where many a clay-built hut in ruin lies.

The hardy PEASANT in his little cot,
Lights his small fire, his homely meal prepares;
No pamper'd luxury, no splendid cares
Invade the comforts of his humble lot.

Born to endure, he labours thro' the day,
And when the midnight storm o'er spreads the skies,
On a clean pallet peacefully he lies,
And sweetly sleeps the lonely hours away;
Till at the peep of dawn he wakes to find,
HEALTH in his veins, and RAPTURE IN HIS MIND.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet -- The Snow-Drop

THOU meekest emblem of the infant year,
Why droops so cold and wan thy fragrant head ?
Ah ! why retiring to thy frozen bed,
Steals from thy silky leaves the trembling tear ?

Day's op'ning eye shall warm thy gentle breast,
Revive thy timid charms and sickly hue;
Thy drooping buds shall drink the morning dew,
And bloom again by glowing PHOEBUS drest;

Or should the midnight damp, with icy breath,
Nip thy pale cheek, and bow thee to the ground,
Or the bleak winds thy blossoms scatter round,
And all thy modest beauties fade to death;
E'en in decay thy spotless sweets shall rise,
And midst AURORA'S TEARS evap'rate IN THE SKIES.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet -- The Tear

AH! LUST'ROUS GEM, bright emblem of the Heart,
That nobly scorns a borrow'd ray to share,
Whose gentle pow'r can break the spells of care,
And sooth, with lenient balm, the keenest smart.

Whether from holy FRIENDSHIP'S vow profan'd,
Or the dire frenzy of unpitied LOVE;
Whether from cherish'd passion unrestrain'd,
Or the worst pang the jealous mind can prove.

Yet, if sad mem'ry ling'ring o'er past woe,
Calls THEE, soft trembler, from thy crystal throne,
And sternly bids thy pearly incense flow,
E'en when the treach'rous phantom, HOPE, is flown;
How fickle are the gifts thy rays impart,
At once the BALM and POISON OF THE HEART.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet I: Favour'D By Heav'N

Favour'd by Heav'n are those, ordain'd to taste
The bliss supreme that kindles fancy's fire;
Whose magic fingers sweep the muses' lyre,
In varying cadence, eloquently chaste!
Well may the mind, with tuneful numbers grac'd,
To Fame's immortal attributes aspire,
Above the treach'rous spells of low desire,
That wound the sense, by vulgar joys debas'd.
For thou, blest POESY! with godlike pow'rs
To calm the miseries of man wert giv'n;
When passion rends, and hopeless love devours,
By mem'ry goaded, and by frenzy driv'n,
'Tis thine to guide him 'midst Elysian bow'rs,
And shew his fainting soul,--a glimpse of Heav'n.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet II: High On A Rock

High on a rock, coeval with the skies,
A Temple stands, rear'd by immortal pow'rs
To Chastity divine! ambrosial flow'rs
Twining round icicles, in columns rise,
Mingling with pendent gems of orient dyes!
Piercing the air, a golden crescent tow'rs,
Veil'd by transparent clouds; while smiling hours
Shake from their varying wings--celestial joys!
The steps of spotless marble, scatter'd o'er
With deathless roses arm'd with many a thorn,
Lead to the altar. On the frozen floor,
Studded with tear-drops petrified by scorn,
Pale vestals kneel the Goddess to adore,
While Love, his arrows broke, retires forlorn.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Iii: Turn To Yon Vale Beneath

Turn to yon vale beneath, whose tangled shade
Excludes the blazing torch of noon-day light,
Where sportive Fawns, and dimpled Loves invite,
The bow'r of Pleasure opens to the glade:
Lull'd by soft flutes, on leaves of violets laid,
There witching beauty greets the ravish'd sight,
More gentle than the arbitress of night
In all her silv'ry panoply array'd!
The birds breathe bliss! light zephyrs kiss the ground,
Stealing the hyacinth's divine perfume;
While from the pellucid fountains glitt'ring round,
Small tinkling rills bid rival flow'rets bloom!
HERE, laughing Cupids bathe the bosom's wound;
THERE, tyrant passion finds a glorious tomb!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Iv: Why, When I Gaze

Why, when I gaze on Phaon's beauteous eyes,
Why does each thought in wild disorder stray?
Why does each fainting faculty decay,
And my chill'd breast in throbbing tumults rise?
Mute, on the ground my Lyre neglected lies,
The Muse forgot, and lost the melting lay;
My down-cast looks, my faltering lips betray,
That stung by hopeless passion,--Sappho dies!
Now, on a bank of Cypress let me rest;
Come, tuneful maids, ye pupils of my care,
Come, with your dulcet numbers soothe my breast;
And, as the soft vibrations float on air,
Let pity waft my spirit to the blest,
To mock the barb'rous triumphs of despair!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet IX: Ye, Who In Alleys Green

Ye, who in alleys green and leafy bow'rs,
Sport, the rude children of fantastic birth;
Where frolic nymphs, and shaggy tribes of mirth,
In clam'rous revels waste the midnight hours;
Who, link'd in flaunting bands of mountain flow'rs,
Weave your wild mazes o'er the dewy earth,
Ere the fierce Lord of Lustre rushes forth,
And o'er the world his beamy radiance pours!
Oft has your clanking cymbal's madd'ning strain,
Loud ringing through the torch-illumin'd grove,
Lur'd my lov'd Phaon from the youthful train,
Through rugged dells, o'er craggy rocks to rove;
Then how can she his vagrant heart detain,
Whose Lyre throbs only to the touch of Love!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet To Amicus

WHOE'ER thou art, whose soul-enchancing song
Steals on the sullen ear of pensive woe;
To whom the sounds of melody belong,
Sounds, that can more than human bliss bestow;

Like the wak'd God of day, whose rays pervade
The spangled veil of night, and fling their fires
O'er the cold bosom of the em'rald glade,
While bath'd in tears, the virgin orb retires.

Thy glowing verse illumines my path of care,
And warms each torpid fibre of my heart,
And tho' my MUSE exults thy smiles to share,
She feels the force of thy superior art;
YET, shall she proudly own her timid lays,
The cherish'd darlings of thy ENVIED PRAISE.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet To Evening

[Written under a tree in the woods of St. Amand, in Flanders.]

SWEET BALMY HOUR! -dear to the pensive mind,
Oft have I watch'd thy dark and weeping shade,
Oft have I hail'd thee in the dewy glade,
And drop'd a tear of SYMPATHY refin'd.

When humming bees, hid in their golden bow'rs,
Sip the pure nectar of MAY'S blushing rose,
Or faint with noon-day toils, their limbs repose,
In Baths of Essence stol'n from sunny flow'rs.

Oft do I seek thy shade dear with'ring tree,
Sad emblem of my OWN disast'rous state;
Doom'd in the spring of life, alas ! like THEE
To fade, and droop beneath the frowns of FATE;
Like THEE, may Heaven to ME the meed bestow,
To shelter Sorrow's tear, and sooth THE CHILD OF WOE.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet To Ingratitude

He that's ungrateful, has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.
- YOUNG.

I COULD have borne affliction's sharpest thorn;
The sting of malice-poverty's deep wound;
The sneers of vulgar pride, the idiot's scorn;
Neglected Love, false Friendship's treach'rous sound;

I could, with patient smile, extract the dart
Base calumny had planted in my heart;
The fangs of envy; agonizing pain;
ALL, ALL, nor should my steady soul complain:

E'en had relentless FATE, with cruel pow'r,
Darken'd the sunshine of each youthful day;
While from my path she snatch'd each transient flow'r.
Not one soft sigh my sorrow should betray;
But where INGRATITUDE'S fell poisons pour,
HOPE shrinks subdued-and LIFE'S BEST JOYS DECAY.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet To My Beloved Daughter

WHEN FATE in ruthless rage assail'd my breast,
And Heaven relentless seal'd the harsh decree;
HOPE, placid soother of the mind distress'd;
To calm my rending sorrows-gave me THEE.

In all the charms of innocence array'd,
'Tis thine to sprinkle patience on my woes;
As from thy voice celestial comfort flows,
Glancing bright lustre o'er each dreary shade.

Still may thy growing REASON's light divine,
Illume with joy my melancholy bow'rs;
Still may the beams of sacred VIRTUE shine,
To deck thy spring of youth with thornless flow'rs;
So shall their splendid attributes combine,
To shed soft sunshine on MY WINTRY HOURS.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet To The Memory Of Miss Maria Linley

So bends beneath the storm yon balmy flow'r,
Whose spicy blossoms once perfum'd the gale;
So press'd with tears reclines yon lily pale,
Obedient to the rude and beating show'r.

Still is the LARK, that hov'ring o'er yon spray,
With jocund carol usher'd in the morn;
And mute the NIGHTINGALE, whose tender lay
Melted the feeling mind with sounds forlorn:

More sweet, MARIA, was thy plaintive strain!
That strain is o'er; but mem'ry ne'er shall fade,
When erst it cheer'd grey twilight's dreary shade,
And charm'd the sorrow-stricken soul from pain;
STILL, STILL, melodious maid, thy dulcet song
Shall breathe, immortal, on an ANGEL'S TONGUE!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet V: O! How Can Love

O! How can LOVE exulting Reason quell!
How fades each nobler passion from his gaze!
E'en Fame, that cherishes the Poet's lays,
That fame, ill-fated Sappho lov'd so well.
Lost is the wretch, who in his fatal spell
Wastes the short Summer of delicious days,
And from the tranquil path of wisdom strays,
In passion's thorny wild, forlorn to dwell.
O ye! who in that sacred Temple smile
Where holy Innocence resides enshrin'd;
Who fear not sorrow, and who know not guile,
Each thought compos'd, and ev'ry wish resign'd;
Tempt not the path where pleasure's flow'ry wile
In sweet, but pois'nous fetters, holds the mind.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Vi: Is It To Love

Is it to love, to fix the tender gaze,
To hide the timid blush, and steal away;
To shun the busy world, and waste the day
In some rude mountain's solitary maze?
Is it to chant one name in ceaseless lays,
To hear no words that other tongues can say,
To watch the pale moon's melancholy ray,
To chide in fondness, and in folly praise?
Is it to pour th' involuntary sigh,
To dream of bliss, and wake new pangs to prove;
To talk, in fancy, with the speaking eye,
Then start with jealousy, and wildly rove;
Is it to loathe the light, and wish to die?
For these I feel,--and feel that they are Love.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet VII: Come, Reason

Come, Reason, come! each nerve rebellious bind,
Lull the fierce tempest of my fev'rish soul;
Come, with the magic of thy meek controul,
And check the wayward wand'rings of my mind:
Estrang'd from thee, no solace can I find,
O'er my rapt brain, where pensive visions stole,
Now passion reigns and stormy tumults roll--
So the smooth Sea obeys the furious wind!
In vain Philosophy unfolds his store,
O'erwhelm'd is ev'ry source of pure delight;
Dim is the golden page of wisdom's lore;
All nature fades before my sick'ning sight:
For what bright scene can fancy's eye explore,
'Midst dreary labyrinths of mental night?

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet VIII: Why, Through Each Aching Vein

Why, through each aching vein, with lazy pace
Thus steals the languid fountain of my heart,
While, from its source, each wild convulsive start
Tears the scorch'd roses from my burning face?
In vain, O Lesbian Vales! your charms I trace;
Vain is the poet's theme, the sculptor's art;
No more the Lyre its magic can impart,
Though wak'd to sound, with more than mortal grace!
Go, tuneful maids, go bid my Phaon prove
That passion mocks the empty boast of fame;
Tell him no joys are sweet, but joys of love,
Melting the soul, and thrilling all the frame!
Oh! may th'ecstatic thought in bosom move,
And sighs of rapture, fan the blush of shame!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet X: Dang'Rous To Hear

Dang'rous to hear, is that melodious tongue,
And fatal to the sense those murd'rous eyes,
Where in a sapphire sheath, Love's arrow lies,
Himself conceal'd the crystal haunts among!
Oft o'er that form, enamour'd have I hung,
On that smooth cheek to mark the deep'ning dyes,
While from that lip the fragrant breath would rise,
That lip, like Cupid's bow with rubies strung!
Still let me gaze upon that polish'd brow,
O'er which the golden hair luxuriant plays;
So, on the modest lily's leaves of snow
The proud Sun revels in resplendent rays!
Warm as his beams this sensate heart shall glow,
Till life's last hour, with Phaon's self decays!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xi: O! Reason!

O! Reason! vaunted Sovereign of the mind!
Thou pompous vision with a sounding name!
Can'st thou, the soul's rebellious passions tame!
Can'st thou in spells the vagrant fancy bind?
Ah, no! capricious as the wav'ring wind,
Are sighs of Love that dim thy boasted flame,
While Folly's torch consumes the wreath of fame,
And Pleasure's hands the sheaves of truth unbind.
Press'd by the storms of Fate, hope shrinks and dies;
Frenzy darts forth in mightiest ills array'd;
Around thy throne destructive tumults rise,
And hell-fraught jealousies, thy rights invade!
Then, what art thou? O! Idol of the wise!
A visionary theme!--a gorgeous shade!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xii: Now, O'Er The Tesselated Pavement

Now, o'er the tessellated pavement strew
Fresh saffron, steep'd in essence of the rose,
While down yon agate column gently flows
A glitt'ring streamlet of ambrosial dew!
My Phaon smiles! the rich carnation's hue,
On his flush'd cheek in conscious lustre glows,
While o'er his breast enamour'd Venus throws
Her starry mantle of celestial blue!
Breathe soft, ye dulcet flutes, among the trees
Where clust'ring boughs with golden citron twine;
While slow vibrations, dying on the breeze,
Shall soothe his soul with harmony divine!
Then let my form his yielding fancy seize,
And all his fondest wishes, blend with mine.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xiii: Bring, Brick To Deck My Brow

Bring, bring to deck my brow, ye Sylvan girls,
A roseate wreath; nor for my waving hair
The costly band of studded gems prepare,
Of sparkling crysolite or orient pearls:
Love, o'er my head his canopy unfurls,
His purple pinions fan the whisp'ring air;
Mocking the golden sandal, rich and rare,
Beneath my feet the fragrant woodbine curls.
Bring the thin robe, to fold about my breast,
White as the downy swan; while round my waist
Let leaves of glossy myrtle bind the vest,
Not idly gay, but elegantly chaste!
Love scorns the nymph in wanton trappings drest;
And charms the most concealed, are doubly grac'd.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xiv: Come, Soft Aeolian Harp

Come, soft Aeolian harp, while zephyr plays
Along the meek vibration of thy strings,
As twilight's hand her modest mantle brings,
Blending with sober grey, the western blaze!
O! prompt my Phaon's dreams with tend'rest lays,
Ere night o'er shade thee with its humid wings,
While the lorn Philomel his sorrow sings
In leafy cradle, red with parting rays!
Slow let thy dulcet tones on ether glide,
So steals the murmur of the am'rous dove;
The mazy legions swarm on ev'ry side,
To lulling sounds the sunny people move!
Let not the wise their little world deride,
The smallest sting can wound the breast of Love.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xix: Farewell, Ye Coral Caves

Farewell, ye coral caves, ye pearly sands,
Ye waving woods that crown yon lofty steep;
Farewell, ye Nereides of the glitt'ring deep,
Ye mountain tribes, ye fawns, ye sylvan bands:
On the bleak rock your frantic minstrel stands,
Each task forgot, save that, to sigh and weep;
In vain the strings her burning fingers sweep,
No more her touch, the Grecian Lyre commands!
In Circe's cave my faithless Phaon's laid,
Her daemons dress his brow with opiate flow'rs;
Or, loit'ring in the brown pomgranate shade,
Beguile with am'rous strains the fateful hours;
While Sappho's lips, to paly ashes fade,
And sorrow's cank'ring worm her heart devours!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet XI: On The Low Margin

On the low margin of a murm'ring stream,
As rapt in meditation's arms I lay;
Each aching sense in slumbers stole away,
While potent fancy form'd a soothing dream;
O'er the Leucadian deep, a dazzling beam
Shed the bland light of empyrean day!
But soon transparent shadows veil'd each ray,
While mystic visions sprang athwart the gleam!
Now to the heaving gulf they seem'd to bend,
And now across the sphery regions glide;
Now in mid-air, their dulcet voices blend,
"Awake! awake!" the restless phalanx cried,
"See ocean yawns the lover's woes to end,
"Plunge the green wave, and bid thy griefs subside."

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xli: Yes, I Will Go

Yes, I will go, where circling whirlwinds rise,
Where threat'ning clouds in sable grandeur lour;
Where the blast yells, the liquid columns pour,
And madd'ning billows combat with the skies!
There, while the Daemon of the tempest flies
On growing pinions through the troublous hour,
The wild waves gasp impatient to devour,
And on the rock the waken'd Vulture cries!
Oh! dreadful solace to the stormy mind!
To me, more pleasing than the valley's rest,
The woodland songsters, or the sportive kind,
That nip the turf, or prune the painted crest;
For in despair alone, the wretched find
That unction sweet, which lulls the bleeding breast!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xlii: Oh! Canst Thou Bear

Oh! can'st thou bear to see this faded frame,
Deform'd and mangled by the rocky deep?
Wilt thou remember, and forbear to weep,
My fatal fondness, and my peerless fame?
Soon o'er this heart, now warm with passion's flame,
The howling winds and foamy waves shall sweep;
Those eyes be ever clos'd in death's cold sleep,
And all of Sappho perish, but her name!
Yet, if the Fates suspend their barb'rous ire,
If days less mournful, Heav'n designs for me!
If rocks grow kind, and winds and waves conspire,
To bear me softly on the swelling sea;
To Phoebus only will I tune my Lyre,
"What suits with Sappho, Phoebus suits with thee!"

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xliii: While From The Dizzy Precipice

While from the dizzy precipice I gaze,
The world receding from my pensive eyes,
High o'er my head the tyrant eagle flies,
Cloth'd in the sinking sun's transcendent blaze!
The meek-ey'd moon, 'midst clouds of amber plays
As o'er the purpling plains of light she hies,
Till the last stream of living lustre dies,
And the cool concave owns her temper'd rays!
So shall this glowing, palpitating soul,
Welcome returning Reason's placid beam,
While o'er my breast the waves Lethean roll,
To calm rebellious Fancy's fev'rish dream;
Then shall my Lyre disdain love's dread control,
And loftier passions, prompt the loftier theme!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xliv: Here Droops The Muse

Here droops the muse! while from her glowing mind,
Celestial Sympathy, with humid eye,
Bids the light Sylph capricious Fancy fly,
Time's restless wings with transient flow'r's to bind!
For now, with folded arms and head inclin'd,
Reflection pours the deep and frequent sigh,
O'er the dark scroll of human destiny,
Where gaudy buds and wounding thorns are twin'd.
O! Sky-born VIRTUE! sacred is thy name!
And though mysterious Fate, with frown severe,
Oft decorates thy brows with wreaths of Fame,
Bespangled o'er with sorrow's chilling tear!
Yet shalt thou more than mortal raptures claim,
The brightest planet of th' ETERNAL SPHERE!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xv: Now, Round My Favour'D Grot

Now, round my favor'd grot let roses rise,
To strew the bank where Phaon wakes from rest;
O! happy buds! to kiss his burning breast,
And die, beneath the lustre of his eyes!
Now, let the timbrels echo to the skies,
Now damsels sprinkel cassia on his vest,
With od'rous wreaths of constant myrtle drest,
And flow'rs, deep tinted with the rainbow's dyes!
From cups of porphyry let nectar flow,
Rich as the perfume of Phoenicia's vine!
Now let his dimpling cheek with rapture glow,
While round his heart love's mystic fetters twine;
And let the Grecian Lyre its aid bestow,
In songs of triumph, to proclaim him mine!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xvi: Delusive Hope

Delusive Hope! more transient than the ray
That leads pale twilight to her dusky bed,
O'er woodland glen, or breezy mountain's head,
Ling'ring to catch the parting sigh of day.
Hence with thy visionary charms, away!
Nor o'er my path the flow'rs of fancy spread;
Thy airy dreams on peaceful pillows shed,
And weave for thoughtless brows, a garland gay.
Farewell low vallies; dizzy cliffs, farewell!
Small vagrant rills that murmur as ye flow:
Dark bosom'd labyrinth and thorny dell;
The task be mine all pleasures to forego;
To hide, where meditation loves to dwell,
And feed my soul, with luxury of woe!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet XVII: Love Steals Unheeded

Love steals unheeded o'er the tranquil mind,
As Summer breezes fan the sleeping main,
Slow through each fibre creeps the subtle pain,
'Till closely round the yielding bosom twin'd.
Vain is the hope the magic to unbind,
The potent mischief riots in the brain,
Grasps ev'ry thought, and burns in ev'ry vein,
'Till in the heart the Tyrant lives enshrin'd.
Oh! Victor strong! bending the vanquish'd frame;
Sweet is the thraldom that thou bid'st us prove!
And sacred is the tear thy victims claim,
For blest are those whom sighs of sorrow move!
Then nymphs beware how ye profane my name,
Nor blame my weakness, till like me ye love!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet XVIII: Why Art Thou Chang'D?

Why art thou chang'd? O Phaon! tell me why?
Love flies reproach, when passion feels decay;
Or, I would paint the raptures of that day,
When, in sweet converse, mingling sigh with sigh,
I mark'd the graceful languor of thine eye
As on a shady bank entranc'd we lay:
O! Eyes! whose beamy radiance stole away
As stars fade trembling from the burning sky!
Why art thou chang'd? dear source of all my woes!
Though dark my bosom's tint, through ev'ry vein
A ruby tide of purest lustre flows,
Warm'd by thy love, or chill'd by thy disdain;
And yet no bliss this sensate Being knows;
Ah! why is rapture so allied to pain?

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xx: Oh! I Could Toil For Thee

Oh! I could toil for thee o'er burning plains;
Could smile at poverty's disastrous blow;
With thee, could wander 'midst a world of snow,
Where one long night o'er frozen Scythia reigns.
Sever'd from thee, my sick'ning soul disdains
The thrilling thought, the blissful dream to know,
And can'st thou give my days to endless woe,
Requiting sweetest bliss with cureless pains?
Away, false fear! nor think capricious fate
Would lodge a daemon in a form divine!
Sooner the dove shall seek a tyger mate,
Or the soft snow-drop round the thistle twine;
Yet, yet, I dread to hope, nor dare to hate,
Too proud to sue! too tender to resign!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxi: Why Do I Live

Why do I live to loath the cheerful day,
To shun the smiles of Fame, and mark the hours
On tardy pinions move, while ceaseless show'rs
Down my wan cheek in lucid currents stray?
My tresses all abound, nor gems display,
Nor scents Arabian! on my path no flow'rs
Imbibe the morn's resuscitating pow'rs,
For one blank sorrow, saddens all my way!
As slow the radiant Sun of reason rose,
Through tears my dying parents saw it shine;
A brother's frailties, swell'd the tide of woes,-
And, keener far, maternal griefs were mine!
Phaon! if soon these weary eyes shall close,
Oh! must that task, that mournful task, be thine?

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxii: Wild Is The Foaming Sea

Wild is the foaming Sea! The surges roar!
And nimbly dart the livid lightnings round!
On the rent rock the angry waves rebound;
Ah me! the less'ning bark is seen no more!
Along the margin of the trembling shore,
Loud as the blast my frantic cries shall sound,
My storm-drench'd limbs the flinty fragments wound,
And o'er my bleeding breast the billows pour!
Phaon! return! ye winds, O! waft the strain
To his swift bark; ye barb'rous waves forbear!
Taunt not the anguish of a lover's brain,
Nor feebly emulate the soul's despair!
For howling winds, and foaming seas, in vain
Assail the breast, when passion rages there!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxiii: To Aetna's Scorching Sands

To AEtna's scorching sands my Phaon flies!
False Youth! can other charms attractive prove?
Say, can Sicilian loves thy passions move,
Play round thy heart, and fix thy fickle eyes,
While in despair the Lesbian Sappho dies?
Has Spring for thee a crown of poppies wove,
Or dost thou languish in th' Idalian grove,
Whose altar kindles, fann'd by Lover's sighs?
Ah! think, that while on AEtna's shores you stray,
A fire, more fierce than AEtna's, fills my breast;
Nor deck Sicilian nymphs with garlands gay,
While Sappho's brows with cypress wreaths are drest;
Let one kind word my weary woes repay,
Or, in eternal slumbers bid them rest.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxiv: O Thou! Meek Orb

O thou! meek Orb! that stealing o'er the dale
Cheer'st with thy modest beams the noon of night!
On the smooth lake diffusing silv'ry light,
Sublimely still, and beautifully pale!
What can thy cool and placid eye avail,
Where fierce despair absorbs the mental sight,
While inbred glooms the vagrant thoughts invite,
To tempt the gulph where howling fiends assail?
O, Night! all nature owns thy temper'd pow'r;
Thy solemn pause, thy dews, thy pensive beam;
Thy sweet breath whisp'ring in the moonlight bow'r,
While fainting flow'rets kiss the wand'ring stream!
Yet, vain is ev'ry charm! and vain the hour,
That brings to madd'ning love, no soothing dream!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxix: Farewell, Ye Tow'Ring Cedars

Farewell, ye tow'ring Cedars, in whose shade,
Lull'd by the Nightingale, I sunk to rest,
While spicy breezes hover'd o'er my breast
To fan my cheek, in deep'ning tints array'd;
While am'rous insects, humming round me, play'd,
Each flow'r forsook, of prouder sweets in quest;
Of glowing lips, in humid fragrance drest,
That mock'd the Sunny Hybla's vaunted aid!
Farewell, ye limpid rivers! Oh! farewell!
No more shall Sappho to your grots repair;
No more your white waves to her bosom swell,
Or your dank weeds, entwine her floating hair;
As erst, when Venus in her sparry cell
Wept, to behold a brighter goddess there!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxv: Can'st Thou Forget

Can'st thou forget, O! Idol of my Soul!
Thy Sappho's voice, her form, her dulcet Lyre!
That melting ev'ry thought to fond desire,
Bade sweet delerium o'er thy senses roll?
Can'st thou, so soon, renounce the blest control
That calm'd with pity's tears love's raging fire,
While Hope, slow breathing on the trembling wire,
In every note with soft persuasion stole?
Oh! Sov'reign of my heart! return! return!
For me no spring appears, no summers bloom,
No Sun-beams glitter, and no altars burn!
The mind's dark winter of eternal gloom,
Shews 'midst the waste a solitary urn,
A blighted laurel, and a mould'ring tomb!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxvi: Where Antique Woods

Where antique woods o'er-hang the mountains' crest,
And mid-day glooms in solemn silence lour;
Philosophy, go seek a lonely bow'r,
And waste life's fervid noon in fancied rest.
Go, where the bird of sorrow weaves her nest,
Cooing, in sadness sweet, through night's dim hour;
Go, cull the dew-drops from each potent flow'r
That med'cines to the cold and reas'ning breast!
Go, where the brook in liquid lapse steals by,
Scarce heard amid'st the mingling echoes round,
What time, the noon fades slowly down the sky,
And slumb'ring zephyrs moan, in caverns bound:
Be these thy pleasures, dull Philosophy!
Nor vaunt the balm, to heal a lover's wound.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxvii: Oh! Ye Bright Stars

Oh! ye bright Stars! that on the Ebon fields
Of Heav'n's empire, trembling seems to stand;
'Till rosy morn unlocks her portal bland,
Where the proud Sun his fiery banner wields!
To flames, less fierce than mine, your lustre yields,
And pow'rs more strong my countless tears command;
Love strikes the feeling heart with ruthless hand,
And only spares the breast which dullness shields!
Since, then, capricious nature but bestows
The fine affections of the soul, to prove
A keener sense of desolating woes,
Far, far from me the empty boast remove;
If bliss from coldness, pain from passion flows,
Ah! who would wish to feel, or learn to love?

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxviii: Weak Is The Sophistry

Weak is the sophistry, and vain the art
That whispers patience to the mind's despair!
That bids reflection bathe the wounds of care,
While Hope, with pleasing phantoms, soothes their smart.
For mem'ry still, reluctant to depart
From the dear spot, once rich in prospects fair,
Bids the fond soul enamour'd there,
And its least charm is grateful to the heart!
He never lov'd, who could not muse and sigh,
Spangling the sacred turf with frequent tears,
Where the small rivulet, that ripples by,
Recalls the scenes of past and happier years,
When, on its banks he watch'd the speaking eye,
And one sweet smile o'erpaid an age of fears!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxx: O'Er The Tall Cliff

O'er the tall cliff that bounds the billowy main
Shad'wing the surge that sweeps the lonely strand,
While the thin vapours break along the sand,
Day's harbinger unfolds the liquid plain.
The rude Sea murmurs, mournful as the strain
That love-lorn minstrels strike with trembling hand,
While from their green beds rise the Syren band
With tongues aerial to repeat my pain!
The vessel rocks beside the pebbly shore,
The foamy curls its gaudy trappings lave;
Oh! Bark propitious! bear me gently o'er,
Breathe soft, ye winds; rise slow, O! swelling wave!
Lesbos; these eyes shall meet thy sands no more:
I fly, to seek my Lover, or my Grave!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxxi: Far O'Er The Waves

Far o'er the waves my lofty Bark shall glide,
Love's frequent sighs the flutt'ring sails shall swell,
While to my native home I bid farewell,
Hope's snowy hand the burnis'd helm shall guide!
Triton's shall sport amidst the yielding tide,
Myriads of Cupids round the prow shall dwell,
And Venus, thron'd within her opal shell,
Shall proudly o'er the glitt'ring billows ride!
Young Dolphins, dashing in the golden spray,
Shall with their scaly forms illumine the deep
Ting'd with the purple flush of sinking day,
Whose flaming wreath shall crown the distant steep;
While on the breezy deck soft minstrels play,
And songs of love, the lover soothe to sleep!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxxii: Blest As The Gods

Blest as the Gods! Sicilian Maid is he,
The youth whose soul thy yielding graces charm;
Who bound, O! thraldom sweet! by beauty's arm,
In idle dalliance fondly sports with thee!
Blest as the Gods! that iv'ry throne to see,
Throbbing with transports, tender, timid, warm!
While round thy fragrant lips zephyrs swarm!
As op'ning buds attract the wand'ring Bee!
Yet, short is youthful passion's fervid hour;
Soon, shall another clasp the beauteous boy;
Soon, shall a rival prove, in that gay bow'r,
The pleasing torture of excessive joy!
The Bee flies sicken'd from the sweetest flow'r;
The lightning's shaft, but dazzles to destroy!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxxiii: I Wake

I wake! delusive phantoms hence, away!
Tempt not the weakness of a lover's breast;
The softest breeze can shake the halcyon's nest,
And lightest clouds o'ercast the dawning ray!
'Twas but a vision! Now, the star of day
Peers, like a gem on Aetna's burning crest!
Wellcome, ye Hills, with golden vintage drest;
Sicilian forests brown, and vallies gay!
A mournful stranger, from the Lesbian Isle,
Not strange, in loftiest eulogy of Song!
She, who could teach the Stoic's cheek to smile,
Thaw the cold heart, and chain the wond'ring throng,
Can find no balm, love's arrows to beguile;
Ah! Sorrows known too soon! and felt too long!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxxiv: Venus! To Thee

Venus! to thee, the Lesbian Muse shall sing,
The song, which Myttellenian youths admir'd,
when Echo, am'rous of the strain inspir'd,
Bade the wild rocks with madd'ning plaudits ring!
Attend my pray'r! O! Queen of rapture! bring
To these fond arms, he, whom my soul has fir'd;
From these fond arms remov'd; yet, still desir'd,
Though love, exulting, spreads his varying wing!
Oh! source of ev'ry joy! of ev'ry care
Blest Venus! Goddess of the zone divine!
To Phaon's bosom, Phaon's victim bear;
So shall her warmest, tend'rest vows be thine!
For Venus, Sappho shall a wreath prepare,
And Love be crown'd, immortal as the Nine!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxxix: Prepare Your Wreaths

Prepare your wreaths, Aonian maids divine,
To strew the tranquil bed where I shall sleep;
In tears, the myrtle and the laurel steep,
And let Erato's hand the trophies twine.
No parian marble, there, with labour'd line,
Shall bid the wand'ring lover stay to weep;
There holy silence shall her vigils keep.
Save, when the nightingale such woes as mine
Shall sadly sing; as twilight's curtains spread,
There shall the branching lotos widely wave,
Sprinkling soft show'rs upon the lily's head,
Sweet drooping emblem for a lover's grave!
And there shall Phaon pearls of pity shed,
To gem the vanquish'd heart he scorn'd to save!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxxv: What Means The Mist

What means the mist opaque that veils these eyes;
Why does yon threat'ning tempest shroud the day?
Why does thy altar, Venus, fade away,
And on my breast the dews of horror rise?
Phaon is false! be dim ye orient Skies;
And let black Erebus succeed your ray;
Let clashing thunders roll, and lightning play;
Phaon is false! and hopeless Sappho dies!
"Farewell! my Lesbian love, you might have said,"
Such sweet remembrance had some pity prov'd,
"Or coldly this, farewell, Oh! Lesbian maid!"
No task severe, for one so fondly lov'd!
The gentle thought had sooth'd my wand'ring shade,
From life's dark valley, and its thorns remov'd!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxxvi: Lead Me, Sicilian Maids

Lead me, Sicilian Maids, to haunted bow'rs,
While yon pale moon displays her faintest beams
O'er blasted woodlands, and enchanted streams,
Whose banks infect the breeze with pois'nous flow'rs.
Ah! lead me, where the barren mountain tow'rs,
Where no sounds echo, but the night-owl's screams,
Where some lone spirit of the desart gleams,
And lurid horrors wing the fateful hours!
Now goaded frenzy grasps my shrinking brain,
Her touch absorbs the crystal fount of woe!
My blood rolls burning through each gasping vein;
Away, lost Lyre! unless thou can'st bestow
A charm, to lull that agonizing pain,
Which those who never lov'd, can never know!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxxvii: When, In The Gloomy Mansion

When, in the gloomy mansion of the dead,
This with'ring heart, this faded form shall sleep;
When these fond eyes, at length shall cease to weep,
And earth's cold lap receive this fev'rish head;
Envy shall turn away, a tear to shed,
And Time's obliterating pinions sweep
The spot, where poets shall their vigils keep,
To mourn and wander near my freezing bed!
Then, my pale ghost, upon th' Elysian shore,
Shall smile, releas'd from ev'ry mortal care;
Whil, doom'd love's victim to repine no more,
My breast shall bathe in endless rapture there!
Ah! no!my restless shade would still deplore,
Nor taste that bliss, which Phaon did not share.

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet Xxxviii: Oh Sigh

Oh Sigh! thou steal'st, the herald of the breast,
The lover's fears, the lover's pangs to tell;
Thou bid'st with timid grace the bosom swell,
Cheating the day of joy, the night of rest!
Oh! lucid Tears! with eloquence confest,
Why on my fading cheek unheeded dwell,
Meek, as the dew-drops on the flowret's bell
By ruthless tempests to the green-sod prest.
Fond sigh be hush'd! congeal, O! slighted tear!
Thy feeble pow'rs the busy Fates control!
Or if thy crystal streams again appear,
Let them, like Lethe's, oblivion roll:
For Love the tyrant plays, when hope is near,
And she who flies the lover, chains the soul!

Mary Darby Robinson

Sonnet. Inscribed To Her Grace The Duchess Of Devonshire

'TIS NOT thy flowing hair of orient gold,
Nor those bright eyes, like sapphire gems that glow;
Nor cheek of blushing rose, nor breast of snow,
The varying passions of the heart could hold:

Those locks, too soon, shall own a silv'ry ray,
Those radiant orbs their magic fires forego;
Insatiate TIME shall steal those tints away,
Warp thy fine form, and bend thy beauties low:

But the rare wonders of thy polish'd MIND
Shall mock the empty menace of decay;
The GEM, that in thy SPOTLESS BREAST enshrin'd,
Glow with the light of intellectual ray;
Shall, like the Brilliant, scorn each borrow'd aid,
And deck'd with native lustre NEVER FADE!

Mary Darby Robinson

Stanzas

WHEN fragrant gales and summer show'rs
Call'd forth the sweetly scented flow'rs;
When ripen'd sheaves of golden grain,
Strew'd their rich treasures o'er the plain;
When the full grape did nectar yield,
In tepid drops of purple hue;
When the thick grove, and thirsty field,
Drank the soft show'r and bloom'd a-new;
O then my joyful heart did say,
"Sure this is Nature's Holy-day!"

But when the yellow leaf did fade,
And every gentle flow'r decay'd;
When whistling winds, and drenching rain,
Swept with rude force the naked plain;
When o'er the desolated scene,
I saw the drifted snow descend;
And sadness darken'd all the green,
And Nature's triumphs seem'd to end;
O! then, my mourning heart did say,
"Thus Youth shall vanish, Life decay."

When Beauty blooms, and Fortune smiles,
And wealth the easy breast beguiles;
When pleasure from her downy wings,
Her soft bewitching incense flings;
THEN, Friends look kind-and round the heart
The brightest flames of passion move,
False Flatt'ry's soothing strains impart
The warmest Friendship-fondest Love;
But when capricious FORTUNE flies,
Then FRIENDSHIP fades;-and PASSION dies.

Mary Darby Robinson

Stanzas Inscribed To Lady William Russell

NATURE, to prove her heav'n-taught pow'r,
That gems the earth, and paints the flow'r;
That bids the soft enchanting note
Steal from the LINNET'S downy throat;
That from young MAY'S ambrosial wings,
The balmy dew of HYBLA flings;
With partial hand, each charm combin'd,
To deck THY Form, and grace THY Mind.

She gave her ROSE, to tint thy cheek,
Her witching smile, her blushes meek;
She bade thy ruby lips impart
The chastest precepts of the heart;
She taught thy dulcet voice to prove,
The soothing softness of the DOVE;
While thro' each wond'rous beauty stole
THE PERFECT IMAGE OF THY SOUL.

Mary Darby Robinson

Stanzas To A Friend

AH! think no more that Life's delusive joys,
Can charm my thoughts from FRIENDSHIP'S dearer claim;
Or wound a heart, that scarce a wish employs,
For age to censure, or discretion blame.

Tir'd of the world, my weary mind recoils
From splendid scenes, and transitory joys;
From fell Ambition's false and fruitless toils,
From hope that flatters, and from bliss that cloys.

With THEE, above the taunts of empty pride,
The rigid frowns to youthful error given;
Content in solitude my griefs I'll hide,
Thy voice my counsellor-thy smiles my Heaven.

With thee I'll hail the morn's returning ray,
Or climb the dewy mountain bleak and cold;
On the smooth lake observe the sun-beams play,
Or mark the infant flow'rs their buds unfold.

Pleas'd will I watch the glitt'ring queen of Night
Spread her white mantle o'er the face of Heaven;
And from thy converse snatch the pure delight,
By truth sublime to MENTAL feeling given.

And as the varying seasons glide away,
This moral lesson shall my bosom learn,
How TIME steals on, while blissful hours decay
Like fleeting shadows;-NEVER to return.

And when I see thy warm unspotted mind,
Torn with the wound of broken FRIENDSHIP'S dart;
When sickness chills thy breast with pangs unkind,
Or ruthless sorrow preys upon thy heart;

The task be MINE to soothe thee to repose,
To check the sigh, and wipe the trickling tear,
Or with soft SYMPATHY to share thy woes;
O, proudest rapture of the soul sincere !

And ye who flutter thro' the vacant hour,
Where tasteless Apathy's empoison'd wand
Arrests the vagrant sense with numbing pow'r,
While vanquish'd REASON bows at her command.

O say, what bliss can transient Life bestow,
What balm so grateful to the social mind,
As FRIENDSHIP'S voice-where gentle precepts flow
From the blest source of sentiment refin'd?

When FATE'S stern hand shall close my weeping eye,
And seal, at length, my wand'ring spirit's doom;
Oh! may kind FRIENDSHIP catch my parting sigh,
And cheer with HOPE the terrors of the TOMB.

Mary Darby Robinson

Stanzas To Flora

LET OTHERS wreaths of ROSES twine
With scented leaves of EGLANTINE;
Enamell'd buds and gaudy flow'rs,
The pride of FLORA'S painted bow'rs;
Such common charms shall ne'er be wove
Around the brows of him I LOVE.

Fair are their beauties for a day,
But swiftly do they fade away;
Each PINK sends forth its choicest sweet
AURORA'S warm embrace to meet;
And each inconstant breeze, that blows,
Steals essence from the musky ROSE.

Then lead me, FLORA, to some vale,
Where, shelter'd from the fickle gale,
In modest garb, amidst the gloom,
The constant MYRTLE sheds perfume;
And hid secure from prying eyes,
In spotless beauty BLOOMS and DIES.

And should its velvet leaves dispense
No pow'rful odours to the sense;
Should no proud tints of gaudy hue,
With dazz'ling lustre pain the view;
Still shall its verdant boughs defy
The northern blast, and wintry sky.

AH, VENUS ! should this hand of mine
Steal from thy tree a wreath divine,
Assist me, while I fondly bind
Two Hearts, by holy FRIENDSHIP join'd;
Thy cherish'd branches then shall prove,
Sacred to TRUTH, as well as LOVE.

Mary Darby Robinson

Stanzas To Love

TELL ME, LOVE, when I rove o'er some far distant plain,
Shall I cherish the passion that dwells in my breast?
Or will ABSENCE subdue the keen rigours of pain,
And the swift wing of TIME bring the balsam of rest?

Shall the image of HIM I was born to adore,
Inshrin'd in my bosom my idol still prove?
Or seduced by caprice shall fine feeling no more,
With the incense of TRUTH gem the altar of LOVE?

When I view the deep tint of the dew-dropping Rose,
Where the bee sits enamour'd its nectar to sip;
Then, ah say, will not memory fondly disclose
The softer vermilion that glow'd on HIS lip?

Will the SUN when he rolls in his chariot of fire,
So dazzle my mind with the glare of his rays,
That my senses one moment shall cease to admire
The more perfect refulgence that beam'd in HIS lays?

When the shadows of twilight steal over the plain,
And the NIGHTINGALE pours its lorn plaint in the grove,
Ah! will not the fondness that thrills thro' the strain,
Then recall to my mind HIS dear accents of Love!

When I gaze on the STARS that bespangle the sky,
Ah! will not their mildness some pity inspire;
Like the soul-touching softness that beam'd in HIS eye,
When the tear of REGRET chill'd the flame of DESIRE?

Then spare, thou dear Urchin, thou soother of pain,
Oh! spare the sweet PICTURE engrav'd on my heart;
As a record of LOVE let it ever remain;
My bosom thy tablet- thy pencil A DART.

Mary Darby Robinson

Stanzas To The Rose

SWEET PICTURE of Life's chequer'd hour!
Ah, wherefore droop thy blushing head?
Tell me, oh tell me, hap'less flow'r,
Is it because thy charms are fled?
Come, gentle ROSE, and learn from me
A lesson of Philosophy.

Thy scented buds, LIFE'S joys disclose;
They strew our paths with magic sweets;
Where many a thorn like thine, fair ROSE,
Full oft the weary wand'rer meets;
And when he sees thy charms depart,
He feels thy thorn within his heart.

When Morn's bright torch illum'd the sky,
Vainly thy flaunting buds display'd
Enamell'd leaves of crimson die,
Ill-fated blossoms doom'd to fade;
So 'tis with BEAUTY, hapless flow'r,
Its lustre blooms but for an hour.

Come blushing ROSE, and on my breast
Recline thy gentle head, and die;
Thy scatter'd leaves shall there be press'd,
Bath'd with a tear from PITY'S eye;
There shall thy balmy sweets impart
An essence grateful to my heart.

Thus SYMPATHY, with lenient pow'r,
Shall bid thy fading charms bestow
Soft odours for life's happy hour,
Kind, healing balsam for its woe!
If such thy virtues, ROSE DIVINE!
OH ! MAY THY ENVIED FATE BE MINE.

Mary Darby Robinson

Stanzas To Time

CAPRICIOUS foe to human joy,
Still varying with the fleeting day;
With thee the purest raptures cloy,
The fairest prospects fade away;
Nor worth, nor pow'r thy wings can bind,
All earthly pleasures fly with THEE;
Inconstant as the wav'ring wind
That plays upon the summer sea.

I court thee not, ungentle guest,
For I have e'er been doom'd to find
Life's gayest hours but idly drest,
With sweets that pall the sick'ning mind:
When smiling HOPE with placid mien,
Around my couch did fondly play;
Too oft thy aëry form I've seen,
On DOWNY pinions glide away.

But when, perplex'd with pain or care,
My couch with THORNS was scatter'd round;
When the pale priestess of DESPAIR
My mind in fatal spells had bound;
When the dull hours no joy could bring,
No bliss my weary fancy prove;
I mark'd thy leaden, pond'rous wing,
With TARDY pace, unkindly move.

IF SUCH THY GIFTS, O Time! for thee
My sated heart shall ne'er repine;
I bow content to FATE'S decree,
And with thy thorns thy roses twine;
Yet e'er thy fickle reign shall end,
The balmy sweets of FRIENDSHIP'S hour,
I'll with my cup of sorrow blend,
And smile, REGARDLESS OF THY POW'R.

Mary Darby Robinson

Stanzas Written Under An Oak In Windsor Forest

"HERE POPE FIRST SUNG!" O, hallow'd Tree !
Such is the boast thy bark displays;
Thy branches, like thy Patron's lays,
Shall ever, ever, sacred be;
Nor with'ring storm, nor woodman's stroke,
Shall harm the POET'S favourite Oak.

'Twas HERE, he woo'd his MUSE of fire,
While Inspiration's wond'rous art,
Sublimely stealing thro' his heart
Did Fancy's proudest themes inspire:
'Twas HERE he wisely learnt to smile
At empty praise, and courtly guile.

Retir'd from flatt'ring, specious arts.
From fawning sycophants of state,
From knaves, with ravag'd wealth elate,
And little SLAVES with TYRANT Hearts;
In conscious freedom nobly proud,
He scorn'd the envious, grov'ling crowd.

Tho' splendid DOMES around them rise,
And pompous TITLES lull to rest
Each strugg'ling Virtue in the breast,
'Till POW'R the place of WORTH supplies;
The wretched herd can never know
The sober joys these haunts bestow.

Does the fond MUSE delight to dwell,
Where freezing Penance spreads its shade ?
When scarce the Sun's warm beams pervade
The hoary HERMIT'S dreary cell?
Ah! no-THERE, Superstition blind,
With torpid languor chills the mind.

Or, does she seek Life's busy scene,
Ah ! no, the sordid, mean, and proud,
The little, trifling, flutt'ring crowd,
Can never taste her bliss serene;

She flies from Fashion's tinsel toys,
Nor courts her smile, nor shares her joys.

Nor can the dull pedantic mind,
E'er boast her bright creative fires;
Above constraint her wing aspires,
Nor rigid spells her flight can bind;
The narrow track of musty schools,
She leaves to plodding VAPID FOOLS.

To scenes like THESE she bends her way,
HERE the best feelings of the soul
Nor interest taints, nor threats controul,
Nor vice allures, nor snares betray;
HERE from each trivial hope remov'd,
Our BARD first sought the MUSE he lov'd.

Still shall thy pensive gloom diffuse,
The verse sublime, the dulcet song;
While round the POET'S seat shall throng,
Each rapture sacred to the MUSE;
Still shall thy verdant branches be
The bow'r of wond'rous minstrelsy.

When glow-worms light their little fires,
The am'rous SWAIN and timid MAID
Shall sit and talk beneath thy shade,
AS EVE'S last rosy tint expires;
While on thy boughs the plaintive DOVE,
Shall learn from them the tale of LOVE.

When round the quiv'ring moon-beams play,
And FAIRIES form the grassy ring,
'Till the shrill LARK unfurls his wing,
And soars to greet the blushing day;
The NIGHTINGALE shall pour to THEE,
Her Song of Love-lorn Melody.

When, thro' the forest dark and drear,
Full oft, as ancient stories say,
Old HERNE THE HUNTER i loves to stray,
While village damsels quake with fear;

Nor sprite or spectre, shall invade
The still repose that marks THY shade.

BLEST OAK! thy mossy trunk shall be
As lasting as the LAUREL'S bloom
That deck's immortal VIRGIL'S tomb,
And fam'd as SHAKSPERE'S hallow'd Tree;
For every grateful MUSE shall twine
A votive Wreath to deck THY SHRINE.

Mary Darby Robinson

The Adieu To Love

LOVE, I renounce thy tyrant sway,
I mock thy fascinating art,
MINE, be the calm unruffled day,
That brings no torment to the heart;
The tranquil mind, the noiseless scene,
Where FANCY, with enchanting mien,
Shall in her right-hand lead along
The graceful patroness of Song;
Where HARMONY shall softly fling
Her light tones o'er the dulcet string;
And with her magic LYRE compose
Each pang that throbs, each pulse that glows;
Till her resistless strains dispense,
The balm of blest INDIFFERENCE.

LOVE, I defy thy vaunted pow'r!
In still Retirement's sober bow'r
I'll rest secure;-no fev'rish pain
Shall dart its hot-shafts thro' my brain,
No start'ling dreams invade my mind
No spells my stagnate pulses bind;
No jealous agonies impart
Their madd'ning poisons to my heart
But sweetly lull'd to placid rest,
The sensate tenant of my breast
Shall one unshaken course pursue,
Such as thy vot'ries never knew.-

SWEET SOLITUDE ! pure Nature's child,
Fair pensive daughter of the wild;
Nymph of the Forest; thee I press
My weary sick'ning soul to bless;
To give my heart the dear repose,
That smiles unmov'd at transient woes;
That shelter'd from Life's trivial cares,
Each calm delicious comfort shares;
While conscious rectitude of mind,
Blends with each thought a bliss refin'd,
And scorning fear's soul-chilling pow'r,

Dares court REFLECTION'S dang'rous hour,
To scrutinize with cautious art,
Each hidden channel of the heart.-

Ah, gentle maiden, let me stray,
Where Innocence for ever gay,
Shall lead me to her loveliest bow'rs
And crown my brow with thornless flow'rs;
And strew the weedy paths of time
With Resignation's balm sublime;
While Rosy SPRING, shall smiling haste,
On light steps o'er the dewy waste,
Eager her brightest gems to shed
Around my verdant perfum'd bed;
And in her train the glowing hours
Shall bathe their wings in scented show'rs;
And shake the fost'ring drops to earth,
To nurse meek blossoms into birth;
And when autumnal zephyrs fly
Sportive, beneath the sapphire sky,
Or in the stream their pinions lave,
Or teach the golden sheaves to wave;
I'll watch the ruby eye of day
In awful lustre glide away,
And closing sink to transient rest,
On panting Ocean's pearly breast.

O SOLITUDE ! how blest the lot
Of her who shares thy silent cot!
Who with celestial peace, pursues
The pensive wand'rings of the MUSE;
To stray unseen where'er she leads,
O'er grassy hills and sunny meads,
Or at the still of Night's cold noon
To gaze upon the chilly Moon,
While PHILOMELA'S mournful Song
Meanders fairy haunts among,
To tell the hopeless LOVER'S ear,
That SYMPATHY'S FOND BIRD is near;
Whose note shall soothe his aching heart,
Whose grief shall emulate his smart;
And by its sadly proud excess,

Make every pang he suffers less;
For oft in passion's direst woes,
The veriest wretch can yield repose;
While from the voice of kindred grief,
We gain a sad, but kind relief.

AH LOVE! thou barb'rous fickle boy,
Thou semblance of delusive joy,
Too long my heart has been thy slave:
For thou hast seen me wildly rave,
And with impetuous frenzy haste,
Heedless across the thorny waste,
And drink the cold dews, ere they fell
On my bare bosom's burning swell;
When bleak the wintry whirlwinds blew;
And swift the sultry meteors flew;
Yes, thou hast seen me, tyrant pow'r,
At freezing midnight's witching hour,
Start from my couch, subdu'd, oppres'd,
While jealous anguish wrung my breast,
While round my eager senses flew,
Dark brow'd Suspicion's wily crew,
Taunting my soul with restless ire,
That set my pulsate brain on fire.
What didst thou then ? Inhuman Boy!
Didst thou not paint each well-feign'd joy,
Each artful smile, each study'd grace
That deck'd some sordid rival's face;
Didst thou not feed my madd'ning sense
With Love's delicious eloquence,
While on my ear thy accents pour'd
The voice of him my soul ador'd,
His rapt'rous tones-his strains divine,
And all those vows that once were mine.
But mild Reflection's piercing ray,
Soon chas'd the fatal dream away,
And with it all my rending woes,
While in its place majestic rose
The Angel TRUTH !-her stedfast mien
Bespoke the conscious breast serene;
Her eye more radiant than the day
Beam'd with persuasion's temper'd ray;

Sweet was her voice, and while she sung
Myriads of Seraphs hover'd round,
Eager to iterate the sound,
That on her heav'n-taught accents hung.
Wond'ring I gaz'd! my throbbing breast,
Celestial energies confest;
Transports, before unfelt, unknown,
Throng'd round my bosom's tremb'ling throne,
While ev'ry nerve with rapture strange,
Seem'd to partake the blissful change.

Now with unmov'd and dauntless Eye,
I mark thy winged arrows fly;
No more thy baneful spells shall bind
The purer passions of my mind;
No more, false Love, shall jealous fears
Inflame my cheek with scalding tears;
Or shake my vanquish'd sense, or rend
My aching heart with poignant throes,
Or with tumultuous fevers blend,
Self-wounding, visionary woes.-

No more I'll waste the midnight hour
In expectation's silent bow'r;
And musing o'er thy transcripts dear,
Efface their sorrows with a tear.
No more with timid fondness wait
Till morn unfolds her glitt'ring gate,
When thy lov'd song's seraphic sound,
Wou'd on my quiv'ring nerves rebound
With proud delight;-no more thy blush
Shall o'er my cheek unbidden rush,
And scorning ev'ry strong controul,
Unveil the tumults of my soul.
No more when in retirement blest,
Shalt thou obtrude upon my rest;
And tho' encircled with delight,
Absorb my sense, obscure my sight,
Give to my eye the vacant glance,
The mien that marks the mental trance;
The fault'ring tone-the sudden start,
The trembling hand, the bursting heart;

The devious step, that strolls along
Unmindful of the gazing throng;
The feign'd indiff'rence prone to chide;
That blazons-what it seeks to hide.

Nor do I dread thy vengeful wiles,
Thy soothing voice, thy winning smiles,
Thy trick'ling tear, thy mien forlorn,
Thy pray'r, thy sighs, thy oaths I scorn;
No more on ME thy arrows show'r,
Capricious Love-! I BRAVE THY POW'R.

Mary Darby Robinson

The Alien Boy

'Twas on a Mountain, near the Western Main
An ALIEN dwelt. A solitary Hut
Built on a jutting crag, o'erhung with weeds,
Mark'd the poor Exile's home. Full ten long years
The melancholy wretch had liv'd unseen
By all, save HENRY, a lov'd, little Son
The partner of his sorrows. On the day
When Persecution, in the sainted guise
Of Liberty, spread wide its venom'd pow'r,
The brave, Saint HUBERT, fled his Lordly home,
And, with his baby Son, the mountain sought.

Resolv'd to cherish in his bleeding breast
The secret of his birth, Ah! birth too high
For his now humbled state, from infancy
He taught him, labour's task: He bade him cheer
The dreary day of cold adversity
By patience and by toil. The Summer morn
Shone on the pillow of his rushy bed;
The noontide, sultry hour, he fearless past
On the shagg'd eminence; while the young Kid
Skipp'd, to the cadence of his minstrelsy.

At night young HENRY trimm'd the faggot fire
While oft, Saint HUBERT, wove the ample net
To snare the finny victim. Oft they sang
And talk'd, while sullenly the waves would sound
Dashing the sandy shore. Saint HUBERT'S eyes
Would swim in tears of fondness, mix'd with joy,
When he observ'd the op'ning harvest rich
Of promis'd intellect, which HENRY'S soul,
Whate'er the subject of their talk, display'd.

Oft, the bold Youth, in question intricate,
Would seek to know the story of his birth;
Oft ask, who bore him: and with curious skill
Enquire, why he, and only one beside,
Peopled the desert mountain ? Still his Sire
Was slow of answer, and, in words obscure,

Varied the conversation. Still the mind
Of HENRY ponder'd; for, in their lone hut,
A daily journal would Saint HUBERT make
Of his long banishment: and sometimes speak
Of Friends forsaken, Kindred, massacred;--
Proud mansions, rich domains, and joyous scenes
For ever faded,--lost!

One winter time,
'Twas on the Eve of Christmas, the shrill blast
Swept o'er the stormy main. The boiling foam
Rose to an altitude so fierce and strong

That their low hovel totter'd. Oft they stole
To the rock's margin, and with fearful eyes
Mark'd the vex'd deep, as the slow rising moon
Gleam'd on the world of waters. 'Twas a scene
Would make a Stoic shudder! For, amid
The wavy mountains, they beheld, alone ,
A LITTLE BOAT, now scarcely visible;
And now not seen at all; or, like a buoy,
Bounding, and buffetting, to reach the shore!

Now the full Moon, in crimson lustre shone
Upon the outstretch'd Ocean. The black clouds
Flew stiffly on, the wild blast following,
And, as they flew, dimming the angry main
With shadows horrible ! Still, the small boat
Struggled amid the waves, a sombre speck
Upon the wide domain of howling Death!
Saint HUBERT sigh'd ! while HENRY'S speaking eye
Alternately the stormy scene survey'd
And his low hovel's safety. So past on
The hour of midnight,--and, since first they knew
The solitary scene, no midnight hour
E'er seem'd so long and weary.
While they stood,
Their hands fast link'd together, and their eyes
Fix'd on the troublous Ocean, suddenly
The breakers, bounding on the rocky shore,
Left the small wreck; and crawling on the side
Of the rude crag,--a HUMAN FORM was seen!
And now he climb'd the foam-wash'd precipice,

And now the slip'ry weeds gave way, while he
Descended to the sands: The moon rose high--
The wild blast paus'd, and the poor shipwreck'd Man
Look'd round aghast, when on the frowning steep
He marked the lonely exiles. Now he call'd
But he was feeble, and his voice was lost
Amid the din of mingling sounds that rose
From the wild scene of clamour.

Down the steep

Saint HUBRET hurried, boldly venturous,
Catching the slimy weeds, from point to point,
And unappall'd by peril. At the foot
Of the rude rock, the fainting mariner
Seiz'd on his outstretch'd arm; impatient, wild,
With transport exquisite ! But ere they heard
The blest exchange of sounds articulate,
A furious billow, rolling on the steep,
Engulph'd them in Oblivion!

On the rock

Young HENRY stood; with palpitating heart,
And fear-struck, e'en to madness ! Now he call'd,
Louder and louder, as the shrill blast blew;
But, mid the elemental strife of sounds,
No human voice gave answer ! The clear moon
No longer quiver'd on the curling main,
But, mist-encircled, shed a blunted light,
Enough to shew all things that mov'd around,
Dreadful, but indistinctly ! The black weeds
Wav'd, as the night-blast swept them; and along
The rocky shore the breakers, sounding low
Seem'd like the whisp'ring of a million souls
Beneath the green-deep mourning.

Four long hours

The lorn Boy listen'd ! four long tedious hours
Pass'd wearily away, when, in the East
The grey beam coldly glimmer'd. All alone
Young HENRY stood aghast : his Eye wide fix'd;
While his dark locks, uplifted by the storm
Uncover'd met its fury. On his cheek
Despair sate terrible ! For, mid the woes,
Of poverty and toil, he had not known,
Till then, the horror-giving cheerless hour

OF TOTAL SOLITUDE!

He spoke--he groan'd,
But no responsive voice, no kindred tone
Broke the dread pause: For now the storm had ceas'd,
And the bright Sun-beams glitter'd on the breast
Of the green placid Ocean. To his Hut
The Iorn Boy hasten'd; there the rushy couch,
The pillow still indented, met his gaze
And fix'd his eye in madness.--From that hour
A maniac wild, the Alien Boy has been;
His garb with sea-weeds fring'd, and his wan cheek
The tablet of his mind, disorder'd, chang'd,
Fading, and worn with care. And if, by chance,
A Sea-beat wand'rer from the outstretch'd main
Views the lone Exile, and with gen'rous zeal
Hastes to the sandy beach, he suddenly
Darts 'mid the cavern'd cliffs, and leaves pursuit
To track him, where no footsteps but his own,
Have e'er been known to venture ! YET HE LIVES
A melancholy proof that Man may bear
All the rude storms of Fate, and still suspire
By the wide world forgotten!

Mary Darby Robinson

The Bee And The Butterfly

UPON a garden's perfum'd bed
With various gaudy colours spread,
Beneath the shelter of a ROSE
A BUTTERFLY had sought repose;
Faint, with the sultry beams of day,
Supine the beauteous insect lay.

A BEE, impatient to devour
The nectar sweets of ev'ry flow'r,
Returning to her golden store,
A weight of fragrant treasure bore;
With envious eye, she mark'd the shade,
Where the poor BUTTERFLY was laid,
And resting on the bending spray,
Thus murmur'd forth her drony lay:-

"Thou empty thing, whose merit lies
In the vain boast of orient dyes;
Whose glittering form the slightest breath
Robs of its gloss, and fades to death;
Who idly rov'st the summer day,
Flutt'ring a transient life away,
Unmindful of the chilling hour,
The nipping frost, the drenching show'r;
Who heedless of "to-morrow's fare,"
Mak'st present bliss thy only care;
Is it for THEE, the damask ROSE
With such transcendent lustre glows?
Is it for such a giddy thing
Nature unveils the blushing spring?
Hence, from thy lurking place, and know,
'Tis not for THEE her beauties glow."

The BUTTERFLY, with decent pride,
In gentle accents, thus reply'd:
"'Tis true, I flutter life away
In pastime, innocent and gay;
The SUN that decks the blushing spring
Gives lustre to my painted wing;

'Tis NATURE bids each colour vie,
With rainbow tints of varying die;
I boast no skill, no subtle pow'r
To steal the balm from ev'ry flow'r;
The ROSE, that only shelter'd ME,
Has pour'd a load of sweets on THEE;
Of merit we have both our share,
Heav'n gave thee ART, and made me FAIR;
And tho' thy cunning can despise
The humble worth of harmless flies;
Remember, envious, busy thing,
Thy honey'd form conceals a sting;
Enjoy thy garden, while I rove
The sunny hill, the woodbine grove,
And far remov'd from care and THEE,
Embrace my humble destiny;
While in some lone sequester'd bow'r,
I'll live content beyond thy pow'r;
For where ILL-NATURE holds her reign
TASTE, WORTH, and BEAUTY, plead in vain;
E'en GENIUS must to PRIDE submit
When ENVY wings the shaft of WIT.

Mary Darby Robinson

The Confessor, A Sanctified Tale

When SUPERSTITION rul'd the land
And Priestcraft shackled Reason,
At GODSTOW dwelt a goodly band,
Grey monks they were, and but to say
They were not always giv'n to pray,
Would have been construed Treason.
Yet some did scoff, and some believ'd
That sinners were themselves deceiv'd;
And taking Monks for more than men
They prov'd themselves, nine out of ten,
Mere dupes of these Old Fathers hoary;
But read--and mark the story.

Near, in a little Farm, there liv'd
A buxom Dame of twenty three;
And by the neighbours 'twas believ'd
A very Saint was She!
Yet, ev'ry week, for some transgression,
She went to sigh devout confession.
For ev'ry trifle seem'd to make
Her self-reproving Conscience ache;
And Conscience, waken'd, 'tis well known,
Will never let the Soul alone.

At GODSTOW, 'mid the holy band,
Old FATHER PETER held command.
And lusty was the pious man,
As any of his crafty clan:
And rosy was his cheek, and sly
The wand'rings of his keen grey eye;
Yet all the Farmers wives confest
The wond'rous pow'r this Monk possess'd;
Pow'r to rub out the score of sin,
Which SATAN chalk'd upon his Tally;
To give fresh licence to begin,--
And for new scenes of frolic, rally.
For abstinence was not his way--
He lov'd to live --as well as pray ;
To prove his gratitude to Heav'n

By taking freely all its favors,--
And keeping his account still even,
Still mark'd his best endeavours:
That is to say, He took pure Ore
For benedictions,--and was known,
While Reason op'd her golden store,--
Not to unlock his own.--
And often to his cell went he
With the gay Dame of twenty-three:
His Cell was sacred, and the fair
Well knew, that none could enter there,
Who, (such was PETER'S sage decree,)
To Paradise ne'er bought a key.

It happen'd that this Farmer's wife
(Call MISTRESS TWYFORD--alias BRIDGET,)
Led her poor spouse a weary life--
Keeping him, in an endless fidget!
Yet ev'ry week she sought the cell
Where Holy FATHER PETER stay'd,
And there did ev'ry secret tell,--
And there, at Sun-rise, knelt and pray'd.
For near, there liv'd a civil friend,
Than FARMER TWYFORD somewhat stouter,
And he would oft his counsel lend,
And pass the wintry hours away
In harmless play;
But MISTRESS BRIDGET was so chaste,
So much with pious manners grac'd,
That none could doubt her!

One night, or rather morn, 'tis said
The wily neighbour chose to roam,
And (FARMER TWYFORD far from home),
He thought he might supply his place;
And, void of ev'ry spark of grace,
Upon HIS pillow, rest his head.
The night was cold, and FATHER PETER,
Sent his young neighbour to entreat her,
That she would make confession free--
To Him,--his saintly deputy.
Now, so it happen'd, to annoy

The merry pair, a little boy
The only Son of lovely Bridget,
And, like his daddy , giv'n to fidget,
Enquir'd who this same neighbour was
That took the place his father left--
A most unworthy, shameless theft,--
A sacrilege on marriage laws!

The dame was somewhat disconcerted--
For, all that she could say or do,--
The boy his question would renew,
Nor from his purpose be diverted.
At length, the matter to decide,
"Tis FATHER PETER" she replied.
"He's come to pray." The child gave o'er,
When a loud thumping at the door
Proclaim'd the Husband coming! Lo!
Where could the wily neighbour go?
Where hide his recreant, guilty head--
But underneath the Farmer's bed?--

NOW MASTER TWYFORD kiss'd his child;
And straight the cunning urchin smil'd :
"Hush father ! hush ! 'tis break of day--
"And FATHER PETER'S come to pray!
"You must not speak," the infant cries--
"For underneath the bed he lies."
Now MISTRESS TWYFORD shriek'd, and fainted,
And the sly neighbour found, too late,
The FARMER, than his wife less sainted,
For with his cudgel he repaid--
The kindness of his faithless mate,
And fiercely on his blows he laid,
'Till her young lover, vanquish'd, swore
He'd play THE CONFESSOR no more !

Tho' fraud is ever sure to find
Its scorpion in the guilty mind:
Yet, PIOUS FRAUD, the DEVIL'S treasure,
Is always paid, in TENFOLD MEASURE.

Mary Darby Robinson

The Deserted Cottage

Who dwelt in yonder lonely Cot,
Why is it thus forsaken?
It seems, by all the world forgot,
Above its path the high grass grows,
And through its thatch the northwind blows
--Its thatch, by tempests shaken.

And yet, it tops a verdant hill
By Summer gales surrounded:
Beneath its door a shallow rill
Runs brawling to the vale below,
And near it sweetest flowrets grow
By banks of willow bounded.

Then why is ev'ry casement dark?
Why looks the Cot so cheerless?
Ah ! why does ruin seem to mark
The calm retreat where LOVE should dwell,
And FRIENDSHIP teach the heart to swell
With rapture, pure and fearless?

There, far above the busy croud,
Man may repose in quiet;
There, smile, that he has left the proud,
And blest with liberty, enjoy
More than Ambition's gilded toy,
Or Folly's sick'ning riot.

For there, the ever tranquil mind,
On calm Religion resting,
May in each lonely labyrinth find
The DEITY, whose boundless pow'r
Directs the blast, or tints the flow'r--
No mortal foe molesting.

Stranger, yon spot was once the scene
Where peace and joy resided:
And oft the merry time has been
When Love and Friendship warm'd the breast,

And Freedom, making wealth a jest,
The pride of Pomp derided.

Old JACOB was the Cottage Lord,
His wide domain, surrounding,
By Nature's treasure amply stor'd;
He from his casement could behold
The breezy mountain, ting'd with gold,
The varied landscape bounding!

The coming morn, with lustre gay,
Breath'd sweetly on his dwelling;
The twilight veil of parting day
Stole softly o'er his quiet shed,
Hiding the mountain's misty head,
Where the night-breeze was swelling.

One lovely Girl, Old JACOB rear'd
And she was fair, and blooming;
She, like the morning Star, appear'd,
Swift gliding o'er the mountain's crest,
While her blue eyes her soul confess'd,
No borrow'd rays assuming.

'Twas her's, the vagrant lamb to lead,
To watch the wild goat playing:
To join the Shepherd's tuneful reed,
And, when the sultry Sun rose high,
To tend the Herds, deep-lowing nigh,
Where the swift brook was straying.

One sturdy Boy, a younker bold,
Ere they were doom'd to sever,
Maintain'd poor JACOB, sick and old;
But now, where yon tall poplars wave,
Pale primroses adorn the grave--
Where JACOB sleeps, for Ever!

Young, in the wars, the brave Boy fell!
His Sister died of sadness!
But one remain'd their fate to tell,
For JACOB now was left alone,

And he, alas ! was helpless grown,
And pin'd in moody madness.

At night, by moonshine would he stray,
Along the upland dreary;
And, talking wildly all the way,
Would fancy, 'till the Sun uprose,
That Heav'n, in pity, mark'd the woes--
Of which his soul was weary.

One morn, upon the dewy grass
Poor JACOB's sorrows ended,
The woodland's narrow winding pass
Was his last scene of lonely care,
For, gentle Stranger, lifeless there--
Was JACOB'S form extended!

He lies beneath yon Poplar tree
That tops the church-yard, sighing!
For sighing oft it seems to be,
And as its waving leaves, around,
With morning's tears begem the ground
The Zephyr trembles, flying!

And now behold yon little Cot
All dreary and forsaken!
And know, that soon 'twill be thy lot,
To fall, like Jacob and his race,
And leave on Time's swift wing no trace,
Which way thy course is taken.

Yet, if for Truth and feeling known,
Thou still shalt be lamented!
For when thy parting sigh has flown,
Fond MEM'RY on thy grave shall give
A tear --to bid thy VIRTUES live!
Then--Smile, AND BE CONTENTED!

Mary Darby Robinson

The Faded Bouquet

FAIR was this blushing ROSE of May,
And fresh it hail'd morn's breezy hour,
When ev'ry spangled leaf look'd gay,
Besprinkled with the twilight show'r;
When to its mossy buds so sweet,
The BUTTERFLY enamour'd flew,
And hov'ring o'er the fragrant treat,
Oft bath'd its silken wings in dew.

SWEET was this PRIMROSE of the dale,
When on its native turf it grew;
And deck'd with charms this LILY pale,
And rich this VIOLET'S purple hue;
This od'rous WOODBINE fill'd the grove
With musky gales of balmy pow'r;
When with the MYRTLE interwove
It hung luxuriant round my bow'r.

AH ! ROSE, forgive the hand severe,
That snatch'd thee from thy scented bed;
Where, bow'd with many a pearly tear,
Thy widow'd partner droops its head;
And thou, sweet VI'LET, modest flow'r,
O! take my sad, relenting sigh;
Nor stain the breast whose glowing pow'r,
With too much fondness bade thee die.

SWEET LILY had I never gaz'd
With rapture on your gentle form;
You might have dy'd, unknown, unprais'd,
The victim of some ruthless storm;
Where fickle LOVE his altar rears,
Your little bells had learnt to wave;
Or sadly gemm'd with kindred tears,
Had deck'd some hapless MAIDEN's grave.

Inconstant WOODBINE, wherefore rove
With gadding stem about my bow'r?
Why, with my darling MYRTLE wove,

In bold defiance mock my pow'r?
Why quit thy native, lonely vale,
To flaunt thy buds, thy odours fling;
And idly greet the passing gale,
On ev'ry wanton zephyr's wing?

Yet, yet, repine not, tho' stern FATE
Hath nipp'd thy leaves of varying hue;
Since all that's lovely, soon or late,
Shall sick'ning, fade,-and die like you.
The fire of YOUTH-the frost of AGE,
Nor WISDOM S voice-nor BEAUTY'S bloom,
Th' insatiate tyrant can assuage,
Or stop the hand that seal'd YOUR DOOM.

Mary Darby Robinson

The Fortune-Teller, A Gypsy Tale

LUBIN and KATE, as gossips tell,
Were Lovers many a day;
LUBIN the damsel lov'd so well,
That folks pretend to say
The silly, simple, doting Lad,
Was little less than loving mad:
A malady not known of late--
Among the little-loving Great!

KATE liked the youth; but woman-kind
Are sometimes giv'n to range.
And oft, the giddy Sex, we find,
(They know not why)
When most they promise, soonest change,
And still for conquest sigh:
So 'twas with KATE; she, ever roving
Was never fix'd, though always loving!

STEPHEN was LUBIN'S rival; he
A rustic libertine was known;
And many a blushing simple She,
The rogue had left,--to sigh alone!
KATE cared but little for the rover,
Yet she resolv'd to have her way,
For STEPHEN was the village Lover,
And women pant for Sov'reign sway.
And he, who has been known to ruin,--
Is always sought, and always wooing.

STEPHEN had long in secret sigh'd;
And STEPHEN never was deny'd:
Now, LUBIN was a modest swain,
And therefore, treated with disdain:
For, it is said, in Love and War ,--
The boldest, most successful are!

Vows, were to him but fairy things
Borne on capricious Fancy's wings;
And promises, the Phantom's Airy

Which falsehood form'd to cheat th' unwary;
For still deception was his trade,
And though his traffic well was known,
Still, every trophy was his own
Which the proud Victor, Love, display'd.
In short, this STEPHEN was the bane
Of ev'ry maid,--and ev'ry swain!

KATE had too often play'd the fool,
And now, at length, was caught;
For she, who had been pleas'd to rule,
Was now, poor Maiden, taught!
And STEPHEN rul'd with boundless sway,
The rustic tyrant of his day.

LUBIN had giv'n inconstant KATE,
Ten pounds , to buy her wedding geer:
And now, 'tis said, tho' somewhat late,
He thought his bargain rather dear.
For, Lo ! The day before the pair
Had fix'd, the marriage chain to wear,
A GYPSY gang, a wand'ring set,
In a lone wood young LUBIN met.
All round him press with canting tale,
And, in a jargon, well design'd
To cheat the unsuspecting mind,
His list'ning ears assail.

Some promis'd riches; others swore
He should, by women, be ador'd;
And never sad, and never poor--
Live like a Squire, or Lord;--
Do what he pleas'd, and ne'er be brought
To shame,--for what he did, or thought;
Seduce mens wives and daughters fair,
Spend wealth, while others toil'd in vain,
And scoff at honesty, and swear,--
And scoff, and trick, and swear again!

ONE roguish Girl, with sparkling eyes,
To win the handsome LUBIN tries;
She smil'd, and by her speaking glance,

Enthrall'd him in a wond'ring trance;
He thought her lovelier far than KATE,
And wish'd that she had been his mate;
For when the FANCY is on wing,
VARIETY'S a dangerous thing:
And PASSIONS, when they learn to stray
Will seldom seldom keep the beaten way.

The gypsy-girl, with speaking eyes,
Observ'd her pupil's fond surprize,
She begg'd that he her hand would cross,
With Sixpence; and that He should know
His future scene of gain and loss,
His weal and woe.--

LUBIN complies. And straight he hears
That he had many long, long years;
That he a maid inconstant, loves,
Who, to another slyly roves.
That a dark man his bane will be--
"And poison his domestic hours;
"While a fair woman, treach'rously--
"Will dress his brow--with thorns and flow'rs!"
It happen'd, to confirm his care--
STEPHEN was dark ,--and KATE was fair!
Nay more that "home his bride would bring
"A little, alien, prattling thing
"In just six moons!" Poor LUBIN hears
All that confirms his jealous fears;
Perplex'd and frantic, what to do
The cheated Lover scarcely knew.
He flies to KATE, and straight he tells
The wonder that in magic dwells!
Speaks of the Fortune-telling crew,
And how all things the Vagrants knew;
KATE hears: and soon determines, she
Will know her future destiny.

Swift to the wood she hies, tho' late
To read the tablet of her Fate.
The Moon its crystal beam scarce shew'd
Upon the darkly shadow'd road;

The hedge-row was the feasting-place
Where, round a little blazing wood,
The wand'ring, dingy, gabbling race,
Crowded in merry mood.

And now she loiter'd near the scene.
Now peep'd the hazle copse between;
Fearful that LUBIN might be near
The story of her Fate to hear.--
She saw the feasting circle gay
By the stol'n faggot's yellow light;
She heard them, as in sportive play,
They cheer'd the sullen gloom of night.
Nor was sly KATE by all unseen
Peeping, the hazle copse between.

And now across the thicket side
A tatter'd, skulking youth she spied;
He beckon'd her along, and soon,
Hid safely from the prying moon,
His hand with silver, thrice she crosses--
"Tell me," said she, "my gains and losses?"

"You gain a fool ," the youth replies,
"You lose a lover too."
The false one blushes deep, and sighs,
For well the truth she knew!
"You gave to STEPHEN, vows; nay more
"You gave him favors rare:
"And LUBIN is condemn'd to share
"What many others shar'd before!
"A false, capricious, guilty heart,
"Made up of folly, vice, and art,
"Which only takes a wedded mate
"To brand with shame, an husband's fate."

"Hush! hush!" cried KATE, for Heav'n's sake be
"As secret as the grave--
"For LUBIN means to marry me--
"And if you will not me betray,
"I for your silence well will pay;
"Five pounds this moment you shall have."--

"I will have TEN!" the gypsy cries--
"The fearful, trembling girl complies.

But, what was her dismay, to find
That LUBIN was the gypsy bold;
The cunning, fortune-telling hind
Who had the artful story told--
Who thus, was cur'd of jealous pain,--
"And got his TEN POUNDS back again!

Thus, Fortune pays the LOVER bold!
But, gentle Maids, should Fate
Have any secret yet untold,--
Remember, simple KATE!

Mary Darby Robinson

The Fugitive

Oft have I seen yon Solitary Man
Pacing the upland meadow. On his brow
Sits melancholy, mark'd with decent pride,
As it would fly the busy, taunting world,
And feed upon reflection. Sometimes, near
The foot of an old Tree, he takes his seat
And with the page of legendary lore
Cheats the dull hour, while Evening's sober eye
Looks tearful as it closes. In the dell
By the swift brook he loiters, sad and mute,
Save when a struggling sigh, half murmur'd, steals
From his wrung bosom. To the rising moon,
His eye rais'd wistfully, expression fraught,
He pours the cherish'd anguish of his Soul,
Silent yet eloquent: For not a sound
That might alarm the night's lone sentinel,
The dull-eyed Owl, escapes his trembling lip,
Unapt in supplication. He is young,
And yet the stamp of thought so tempers youth,
That all its fires are faded. What is He?
And why, when morning sails upon the breeze,
Fanning the blue hill's summit, does he stay
Loit'ring and sullen, like a Truant boy,
Beside the woodland glen; or stretch'd along
On the green slope, watch his slow wasting form
Reflected, trembling, on the river's breast?

His garb is coarse and threadbare, and his cheek
Is prematurely faded. The check'd tear,
Dimming his dark eye's lustre, seems to say,
"This world is now, to me, a barren waste,
"A desert, full of weeds and wounding thorns,
"And I am weary: for my journey here
"Has been, though short, but cheerless." Is it so?
Poor Traveller! Oh tell me, tell me all--
For I, like thee, am but a Fugitive
An alien from delight, in this dark scene!

And, now I mark thy features, I behold

The cause of thy complaining. Thou art here
A persecuted Exile ! one, whose soul
Unbow'd by guilt, demands no patronage
From blunted feeling, or the frozen hand
Of gilded Ostentation. Thou, poor PRIEST!
Art here, a Stranger, from thy kindred torn--
Thy kindred massacred ! thy quiet home,
The rural palace of some village scant,
Shelter'd by vineyards, skirted by fair meads,
And by the music of a shallow rill
Made ever chearful, now thou hast exchang'd
For stranger woods and vallies.

What of that!

Here, or on torrid desarts; o'er the world
Of trackless waves, or on the frozen cliffs
Of black Siberia, thou art not alone!
For there, on each, on all, The DEITY
Is thy companion still! Then, exiled MAN!
Be chearful as the Lark that o'er yon hill
In Nature's language, wild, yet musical,
Hails the Creator ! nor thus, sullenly
Repine, that, through the day, the sunny beam
Of lust'rous fortune gilds the palace roof,
While thy short path, in this wild labyrinth,
Is lost in transient shadow.

Who, that lives,
Hath not his portion of calamity?
Who, that feels, can boast a tranquil bosom?
The fever, throbbing in the Tyrant's veins
In quick, strong language, tells the daring wretch
That He is mortal, like the poorest slave
Who wears his chain, yet healthfully suspires.

The sweetest Rose will wither, while the storm
Passes the mountain thistle. The bold Bird,
Whose strong eye braves the ever burning Orb,
Falls like the Summer Fly, and has at most,
But his allotted sojourn. EXILED MAN!
Be chearful ! Thou art not a fugitive!
All are thy kindred--all thy brothers, here--
The hoping--trembling Creatures--of one GOD!

Mary Darby Robinson

The Granny Grey, A Love Tale

DAME DOWSON, was a granny grey,
Who, three score years and ten,
Had pass'd her busy hours away,
In talking of the Men !
They were her theme, at home, abroad,
At wake, and by the winter fire,
Whether it froze, or blew, or thaw'd,
In sunshine or in shade, her ire
Was never calm'd; for still she made
Scandal her pleasure--and her trade!

A Grand-daughter DAME DOWSON had--
As fair, as fair could be!
Lovely enough to make Men mad;
For, on her cheek's soft downy rose
LOVE seem'd in dimples to repose;
Her clear blue eyes look'd mildly bright
Like ether drops of liquid light,
Or sapphire gems,--which VENUS bore,
When, for the silver-sanded shore,
She left her native Sea!

ANNETTA, was the damsel's name;
A pretty, soft, romantic sound;
Such as a lover's heart may wound;
And set his fancy in a flame:
For had the maid been christen'd JOAN,
Or DEBORAH, or HESTER,--
The little God had coldly prest her,
Or, let her quite alone!
For magic is the silver sound--
Which, often, in a NAME is found!

ANNETTA was belov'd; and She
To WILLIAM gave her vows;
For WILLIAM was as brave a Youth,
As ever claim'd the meed of truth,
And, to reward such constancy,
Nature that meed allows.

But Old DAME DOWSON could not bear
A Youth so brave--a Maid so fair.

The GRANNY GREY, with maxims grave
Oft to ANNETTA lessons gave:
And still the burthen of the Tale
Was, "Keep the wicked Men away,
"For should their wily arts prevail
"You'll surely rue the day!"
And credit was to GRANNY due,
The truth, she, by EXPERIENCE, knew!
ANNETTA blush'd, and promis'd She
Obedient to her will would be.

But Love, with cunning all his own,
Would never let the Maid alone:
And though she dar'd not see her Lover,
Lest GRANNY should the deed discover,
She, for a woman's weapon, still,
From CUPID'S pinion pluck'd a quill:
And, with it, prov'd that human art
Cannot confine the Female Heart.

At length, an assignation She
With WILLIAM slyly made,
It was beneath an old Oak Tree,
Whose widely spreading shade
The Moon's soft beams contriv'd to break
For many a Village Lover's sake.
But Envy has a Lynx's eye
And GRANNY DOWSON cautious went
Before, to spoil their merriment,
Thinking no creature nigh.

Young WILLIAM came; but at the tree
The watchful GRANDAM found!
Straight to the Village hasten'd he
And summoning his neighbours round,
The Hedgerow's tangled boughs among,
Conceal'd the list'ning wond'ring throng.
He told them that, for many a night,
An OLD GREY OWL was heard;

A fierce, ill-omen'd, crabbed Bird--
Who fill'd the village with affright.
He swore this Bird was large and keen,
With claws of fire, and eye-balls green;
That nothing rested, where she came;
That many pranks the monster play'd,
And many a timid trembling Maid
She brought to shame
For negligence, that was her own;
Turning the milk to water, clear,
And spilling from the cask, small-beer;

Pinching, like fairies, harmless lasses,
And shewing Imps, in looking-glasses;
Or, with heart-piercing groan,
Along the church-yard path, swift gliding,
Or, on a broomstick, witchlike, riding.
All listen'd trembling; For the Tale
Made cheeks of Oker, chalky pale;
The young a valiant doubt pretended;
The old believ'd, and all attended.

Now to DAME DOWSON he repairs
And in his arms, enfolds the Granny:
Kneels at her feet, and fondly swears
He will be true as any !
Caresses her with well feign'd bliss
And, fearfully , implores a Kiss--
On the green turf distracted lying ,
He wastes his ardent breath, in sighing.

The DAME was silent; for the Lover
Would, when she spoke,
She fear'd, discover
Her envious joke:
And she was too much charm'd to be
In haste,--to end the Comedy!

Now WILLIAM, weary of such wooing,
Began, with all his might, hollooming:--
When suddenly from ev'ry bush
The eager throngs impatient rush;

With shouting, and with boist'rous glee
DAME DOWSON they pursue,
And from the broad Oak's canopy,
O'er moonlight fields of sparkling dew,
They bear in triumph the Old DAME,
Bawling, with loud Huzza's, her name;
"A witch, a witch !" the people cry,
"A witch !" the echoing hills reply:
'Till to her home the GRANNY came,
Where, to confirm the tale of shame,
Each rising day they went, in throngs,
With ribbald jests, and sportive songs,
'Till GRANNY of her spleen, repented;
And to young WILLIAM'S ardent pray'r,
To take, for life, ANNETTA fair,--
At last ,--CONSENTED.

And should this TALE, fall in the way
Of LOVERS CROSS'D, or GRANNIES GREY,--
Let them confess, 'tis made to prove--
The wisest heads ,--TOO WEAK FOR LOVE!

Mary Darby Robinson

The Haunted Beach

Upon a lonely desert Beach
Where the white foam was scatter'd,
A little shed uprear'd its head
Though lofty Barks were shatter'd.
The Sea-weeds gath'ring near the door,
A sombre path display'd;
And, all around, the deaf'ning roar,
Re-echo'd on the chalky shore,
By the green billows made.

Above, a jutting cliff was seen
Where Sea Birds hover'd, craving;
And all around, the craggs were bound
With weeds- for ever waving.
And here and there, a cavern wide
Its shad'wy jaws display'd;
And near the sands, at ebb of tide,
A shiver'd mast was seen to ride
Where the green billows stray'd.

And often, while the moaning wind
Stole o'er the Summer Ocean;
The moonlight scene, was all serene,
The waters scarce in motion:
Then, while the smoothly slanting sand
The tall cliff wrapp'd in shade,
The Fisherman beheld a band
Of Spectres, gliding hand in hand-
Where the green billows play'd.

And pale their faces were, as snow,
And sullenly they wander'd:
And to the skies with hollow eyes
They look'd as though they ponder'd.
And sometimes, from their hammock shroud,
They dismal howlings made,
And while the blast blew strong and loud
The clear moon mark'd the ghastly croud,
Where the green billows play'd!

And then, above the haunted hut
The Curlews screaming hover'd;
And the low door with furious roar
The frothy breakers cover'd.
For, in the Fisherman's lone shed
A MURDER'D MAN was laid,
With ten wide gashes in his head
And deep was made his sandy bed
Where the green billows play'd.

A Shipwreck'd Mariner was he,
Doom'd from his home to sever;
Who swore to be thro' wind and sea
Firm and undaunted ever!
And when the wave resistless roll'd,
About his arm he made
A packet rich of Spanish gold,
And, like a British sailor, bold,
Plung'd, where the billows play'd!

The Spectre band, his messmates brave
Sunk in the yawning ocean,
While to the mast he lash'd him fast
And brav'd the storm's commotion.
The winter moon, upon the sand
A silv'ry carpet made,
And mark'd the Sailor reach the land,
And mark'd his murd'rer wash his hand
Where the green billows play'd.

And since that hour the Fisherman
Has toil'd and toil'd in vain!
For all the night, the moony light
Gleams on the specter'd main!
And when the skies are veil'd in gloom,
The Murd'rer's liquid way
Bounds o'er the deeply yawning tomb,
And flashing fires the sands illumine,
Where the green billows play!

Full thirty years his task has been,

Day after day more weary;
For Heav'n design'd, his guilty mind
Should dwell on prospects dreary.
Bound by a strong and mystic chain,
He has not pow'r to stray;
But, destin'd mis'ry to sustain,
He wastes, in Solitude and Pain-
A loathsome life away.

Mary Darby Robinson

The Hermit Of Mont-Blanc

High, on the Solitude of Alpine Hills,
O'er-topping the grand imag'ry of Nature,
Where one eternal winter seem'd to reign;
An HERMIT'S threshold, carpetted with moss,
Diversified the Scene. Above the flakes
Of silv'ry snow, full many a modest flow'r
Peep'd through its icy veil, and blushing ope'd
Its variegated hues; The ORCHIS sweet,
The bloomy CISTUS, and the fragrant branch
Of glossy MYRTLE. In his rushy cell,
The lonely ANCHORET consum'd his days,
Unnotic'd, and unblest. In early youth,
Cross'd in the fond affections of his soul
By false Ambition, from his parent home
He, solitary, wander'd; while the Maid
Whose peerless beauty won his yielding heart
Pined in monastic horrors ! Near his sill
A little cross he rear'd, where, prostrate low
At day's pale glimpse, or when the setting Sun
Tissued the western sky with streamy gold,
His Orisons he pour'd, for her, whose hours
Were wasted in oblivion. Winters pass'd,
And Summers faded, slow, uncheerly all
To the lone HERMIT'S sorrows: For, still, Love
A dark, though unpolluted altar, rear'd
On the white waste of wonders!
From the peak
Which mark'd his neighb'ring Hut, his humid Eye
Oft wander'd o'er the rich expanse below;
Oft trac'd the glow of vegetating Spring,
The full-blown Summer splendours, and the hue
Of tawny scenes Autumnal: Vineyards vast,
Clothing the upland scene, and spreading wide
The promised tide nectareous; while for him
The liquid lapse of the slow brook was seen
Flashing amid the trees, its silv'ry wave!
Far distant, the blue mist of waters rose
Veiling the ridgy outline, faintly grey,
Blended with clouds, and shutting out the Sun.

The Seasons still revolv'd, and still was he
By all forgotten, save by her, whose breast
Sigh'd in responsive sadness to the gale
That swept her prison turrets. Five long years,
Had seen his graces wither ere his Spring
Of life was wasted. From the social scenes
Of human energy an alien driv'n,
He almost had forgot the face of Man.--
No voice had met his ear, save, when perchance
The Pilgrim wand'rer, or the Goatherd Swain,
Bewilder'd in the starless midnight hour
Implor'd the HERMIT'S aid, the HERMIT'S pray'rs;
And nothing loath by pity or by pray'r
Was he, to save the wretched. On the top
Of his low rushy Dome, a tinkling bell
Oft told the weary Trav'ler to approach
Fearless of danger. The small silver sound
In quick vibrations echo'd down the dell
To the dim valley's quiet, while the breeze
Slept on the glassy LEMAN. Thus he past
His melancholy days, an alien Man
From all the joys of social intercourse,
Alone, unpitied, by the world forgot!

His Scrip each morning bore the day's repast
Gather'd on summits, mingling with the clouds,
From whose bleak altitude the Eye look'd down
While fast the giddy brain was rock'd by fear.
Oft would he start from visionary rest
When roaming wolves their midnight chorus howl'd,
Or blasts infuriate shatter'd the white cliffs,
While the huge fragments, rifted by the storm,
Plung'd to the dell below. Oft would he sit
In silent sadness on the jutting block
Of snow-encrusted ice, and, shudd'ring mark
(Amid the wonders of the frozen world)
Dissolving pyramids, and threatening peaks,
Hang o'er his hovel, terribly Sublime.

And oft, when Summer breath'd ambrosial gales,
Soft sailing o'er the waste of printless dew
Or twilight gossamer, his pensive gaze

Trac'd the swift storm advancing, whose broad wing
Blacken'd the rushy dome of his low Hut;
While the pale lightning smote the pathless top
Of tow'ring CENIS, scatt'ring high and wide
A mist of fleecy Snow. Then would he hear,
(While MEM'RY brought to view his happier days)
The tumbling torrent, bursting wildly forth
From its thaw'd prison, sweep the shaggy cliff
Vast and Stupendous ! strength'ning as it fell,
And delving, 'mid the snow, a cavern rude!

So liv'd the HERMIT, like an hardy Tree
Plac'd on a mountain's solitary brow,
And destin'd, thro' the Seasons, to endure
Their wond'rous changes. To behold the face
Of ever-varying Nature, and to mark
In each grand lineament, the work of GOD!
And happier he, in total Solitude
Than the poor toil-worn wretch, whose ardent Soul
That GOD has nobly organiz'd, but taught,
For purposes unknown, to bear the scourge
Of sharp adversity, and vulgar pride.
Happier, O ! happier far, than those who feel,
Yet live amongst the unfeeling ! feeding still
The throbbing heart, with anguish, or with Scorn.

One dreary night when Winter's icy breath
Half petrified the scene, when not a star
Gleam'd o'er the black infinity of space,
Sudden, the HERMIT started from his couch
Fear-struck and trembling! Ev'ry limb was shook
With painful agitation. On his cheek
The blanch'd interpreter of horror mute
Sat terribly impressive! In his breast
The ruddy fount of life convulsive flow'd
And his broad eyes, fix'd motionless as death,
Gaz'd vacantly aghast ! His feeble lamp
Was wasting rapidly; the biting gale
Pierc'd the thin texture of his narrow cell;
And Silence, like a fearful centinel
Marking the peril which awaited near,
Conspir'd with sullen Night, to wrap the scene

In tenfold horrors. Thrice he rose; and thrice
His feet recoil'd; and still the livid flame
Lengthen'd and quiver'd as the moaning wind
Pass'd thro' the rushy crevice, while his heart
Beat, like the death-watch, in his shudd'ring breast.

Like the pale Image of Despair he sat,
The cold drops pacing down his hollow cheek,
When a deep groan assail'd his startled ear,
And rous'd him into action. To the sill
Of his low hovel he rush'd forth, (for fear
Will sometimes take the shape of fortitude,
And force men into bravery) and soon
The wicker bolt unfasten'd. The swift blast,
Now unrestrain'd, flew by; and in its course
The quiv'ring lamp extinguish'd, and again
His soul was thrill'd with terror. On he went,
E'en to the snow-fring'd margin of the cragg,
Which to his citadel a platform made
Slipp'ry and perilous! 'Twas darkness, all!
All, solitary gloom!--The concave vast
Of Heav'n frown'd chaos; for all varied things
Of air, and earth, and waters, blended, lost
Their forms, in blank oblivion ! Yet not long
Did Nature wear her sable panoply,
For, while the HERMIT listen'd, from below
A stream of light ascended, spreading round
A partial view of trackless solitudes;
And mingling voices seem'd, with busy hum,
To break the spell of horrors. Down the steep
The HERMIT hasten'd, when a shriek of death
Re-echoed to the valley. As he flew,
(The treach'rous pathway yielding to his speed,)
Half hoping, half despairing, to the scene
Of wonder-waking anguish, suddenly
The torches were extinct; and second night
Came doubly hideous, while the hollow tongues
Of cavern'd winds, with melancholy sound
Increas'd the HERMIT'S fears. Four freezing hours
He watch'd and pray'd: and now the glimm'ring dawn
Peer'd on the Eastern Summits; (the blue light
Shedding cold lustre on the colder brows

Of Alpine deserts;) while the filmy wing
 Of weeping Twilight, swept the naked plains
 Of the Lombardian landscape.
 On his knees
 The ANCHORET blest Heav'n, that he had 'scap'd
 The many perilous and fearful falls
 Of waters wild and foamy, tumbling fast
 From the shagg'd altitude. But, ere his pray'rs
 Rose to their destin'd Heav'n, another sight,
 Than all preceding far more terrible,
 Palsied devotion's ardour. On the Snow,
 Dappled with ruby drops, a track was made
 By steps precipitate; a rugged path
 Down the steep frozen chasm had mark'd the fate
 Of some night traveller, whose bleeding form
 Had toppled from the Summit. Lower still
 The ANCHORET descended, 'till arrived
 At the first ridge of silv'ry battlements,
 Where, lifeless, ghastly, paler than the snow
 On which her cheek repos'd, his darling Maid
 Slept in the dream of Death ! Frantic and wild
 He clasp'd her stiff'ning form, and bath'd with tears
 The lilies of her bosom,--icy cold--
 Yet beautiful and spotless.
 Now, afar
 The wond'ring HERMIT heard the clang of arms
 Re-echoing from the valley: the white cliffs
 Trembled as though an Earthquake shook their base
 With terrible concussion ! Thund'ring peals
 From warfare's brazen throat, proclaim'd th' approach
 Of conquering legions: onward they extend
 Their dauntless columns ! In the foremost group
 A Ruffian met the HERMIT'S startled Eyes
 Like Hell's worst Demon ! For his murd'rous hands
 Were smear'd with gore; and on his daring breast
 A golden cross, suspended, bore the name
 Of his ill-fated Victim!--ANCHORET!
 Thy VESTAL Saint, by his unhallow'd hands
 Torn from RELIGION'S Altar, had been made
 The sport of a dark Fiend, whose recreant Soul
 Had sham'd the cause of Valour ! To his cell
 The Soul-struck Exile turn'd his trembling feet,

And after three lone weeks, of pain and pray'r,
Shrunk from the scene of Solitude--and DIED!

Mary Darby Robinson

The Lascar

I.

"Another day, Ah! me, a day
"Of dreary Sorrow is begun!
"And still I loath the temper'd ray,
"And still I hate the sickly Sun!
"Far from my Native Indian shore,
"I hear our wretched race deplore;
"I mark the smile of taunting Scorn,
"And curse the hour, when I was born!
"I weep, but no one gently tries
"To stop my tear, or check my sighs;
"For, while my heart beats mournfully,
"Dear Indian home, I sigh for Thee!

"Since, gaudy Sun! I see no more
"Thy hottest glory gild the day;
"Since, sever'd from my burning shore,
"I waste the vapid hours away;
"O! darkness come ! come, deepest gloom!
"Shroud the young Summer's op'ning bloom;
"Burn, temper'd Orb, with fiercer beams
"This northern world ! and drink the streams
"That thro' the fertile vallies glide
"To bathe the feasted Fiends of Pride!
"Or, hence, broad Sun ! extinguish'd be!
"For endless night encircles Me!

"What is, to me, the City gay?
"And what, the board profusely spread?
"I have no home, no rich array,
"No spicy feast, no downy bed!
"I, with the dogs am doom'd to eat,
"To perish in the peopled street,
"To drink the tear of deep despair;
"The scoff and scorn of fools to bear!
"I sleep upon a bed of stone,
"I pace the meadows, wild--alone!
"And if I curse my fate severe,

"Some Christian Savage mocks my tear!

"Shut out the Sun, O! pitying Night!
"Make the wide world my silent tomb!
"O'ershade this northern, sickly light,
"And shroud me, in eternal gloom!
"My Indian plains, now smiling glow,
"There stands my Parent's hovel low,
"And there the tow'ring aloes rise
"And fling their perfumes to the skies!
"There the broad palm Trees covert lend,
"There Sun and Shade delicious blend;
"But here, amid the blunted ray,
"Cold shadows hourly cross my way!

"Was it for this, that on the main
"I met the tempest fierce and strong,
"And steering o'er the liquid plain,
"Still onward, press'd the waves among?
"Was it for this, the LASCAR brave
"Toil'd, like a wretched Indian Slave;
"Preserv'd your treasures by his toil,
"And sigh'd to greet this fertile soil?
"Was it for this, to beg, to die,
"Where plenty smiles, and where the Sky
"Sheds cooling airs; while fev'rish pain,
"Maddens the famish'd LASCAR'S brain?

"Oft, I the stately Camel led,
"And sung the short-hour'd night away;
"And oft, upon the top-mast's head,
"Hail'd the red Eye of coming day.
"The Tanyan's back my mother bore;
"And oft the wavy Ganges' roar
"Lull'd her to rest, as on she past--
"Mid the hot sands and burning blast!
"And oft beneath the Banyan tree
"She sate and fondly nourish'd me;
"And while the noontide hour past slow,
"I felt her breast with kindness glow.

"Where'er I turn my sleepless eyes,

"No cheek so dark as mine, I see;
"For Europe's Suns, with softer dyes
"Mark Europe's favour'd progeny!
"Low is my stature, black my hair,
"The emblem of my Soul's despair!
"My voice no dulcet cadence flings,
"To touch soft pity's throbbing strings!
"Then wherefore cruel Briton, say,
"Compel my aching heart to stay?
"To-morrow's Sun--may rise, to see--
"The famish'd LASCAR, blest as thee!"

The morn had scarcely shed its rays
When, from the City's din he ran;
For he had fasted, four long days,
And faint his Pilgrimage began!
The LASCAR, now, without a friend,--
Up the steep hill did slow ascend;
Now o'er the flow'ry meadows stole,
While pain, and hunger, pinch'd his Soul;
And now his fev'rish lip was dried,
And burning tears his thirst supply'd,
And, ere he saw the Ev'ning close,
Far off, the City dimly rose!

Again the Summer Sun flam'd high
The plains were golden, far and wide;
And fervid was the cloudless sky,
And slow the breezes seem'd to glide:
The gossamer, on briar and spray,
Shone silv'ry in the solar ray;
And sparkling dew-drops, falling round
Spangled the hot and thirsty ground;
The insect myriads humm'd their tune
To greet the coming hour of noon,
While the poor LASCAR Boy, in haste,
Flew, frantic, o'er the sultry waste.

And whither could the wand'rer go?
Who would receive a stranger poor?
Who, when the blasts of night should blow,
Would ope to him the friendly door?

Alone, amid the race of man,
The sad, the fearful alien ran!
None would an Indian wand'rer bless;
None greet him with the fond caress;
None feed him, though with hunger keen
He at the Lordly gate were seen,
Prostrate, and humbly forc'd to crave
A shelter, for an Indian Slave.

The noon-tide Sun, now flaming wide,
No cloud its fierce beam shadow'd o'er,
But what could worse to him betide
Than begging, at the proud man's door?
For clos'd and lofty was the gate,
And there, in all the pride of State,
A surly Porter turn'd the key,
A man of sullen soul was he--
His brow was fair; but in his eye
Sat pamper'd scorn, and tyranny;
And, near him, a fierce mastiff stood,
Eager to bathe his fangs in blood.

The weary LASCAR turn'd away,
For trembling fear his heart subdued,
And down his cheek the tear would stray,
Though burning anguish drank his blood!
The angry Mastiff snarl'd, as he
Turn'd from the house of luxury;
The sultry hour was long, and high
The broad-sun flamed athwart the sky--
But still a throbbing hope possess'd
The Indian wand'rer's fev'rish breast,
When from the distant dell a sound
Of swelling music echo'd round.

It was the church-bell's merry peal;
And now a pleasant house he view'd:
And now his heart began to feel
As though, it were not quite subdu'd!
No lofty dome, shew'd loftier state,
No pamper'd Porter watch'd the gate,
No Mastiff, like a tyrant stood,

Eager to scatter human blood;
Yet the poor Indian wand'rer found,
E'en where Religion smil'd around--
That tears had little pow'r to speak
When trembling, on a sable cheek!

With keen reproach, and menace rude,
The LASCAR Boy away was sent;
And now again he seem'd subdu'd,
And his soul sicken'd, as he went.
Now, on the river's bank he stood;
Now, drank the cool refreshing flood;
Again his fainting heart beat high;
Again he rais'd his languid eye;
Then, from the upland's sultry side,
Look'd back, forgave the wretch, and sigh'd!
While the proud PASTOR bent his way
To preach of CHARITY--and PRAY!

II.

The LASCAR Boy still journey'd on,
For the hot Sun, HE well could bear,
And now the burning hour was gone,
And Evening came, with softer air!
The breezes kiss'd his sable breast,
While his scorch'd feet the cold dew prest;
The waving flow'rs soft tears display'd,
And songs of rapture fill'd the glade;
The South-wind quiver'd, o'er the stream
Reflecting back the rosy beam,
While, as the purpling twilight clos'd,
On a turf bed--the Boy repos'd!

And now, in fancy's airy dream,
The LASCAR Boy his Mother spied;
And, from her breast, a crimson stream
Slow trickled down her beating side:
And now he heard her wild, complain,
As loud she shriek'd--but shriek'd in vain!
And now she sunk upon the ground,

The red stream trickling from her wound,
And near her feet a murd'rer stood,
His glitt'ring poniard tipp'd with blood!
And now, "farewell, my son !" she cried,
Then clos'd her fainting eyes--and died!

The Indian Wand'rer, waking, gaz'd
With grief, and pain, and horror wild;
And tho' his fev'rish brain was craz'd,
He rais'd his eyes to Heav'n, and smil'd!
And now the stars were twinkling clear,
And the blind Bat was whirling near;
And the lone Owlet shriek'd, while He
Still sate beneath a shelt'ring tree;
And now the fierce-ton'd midnight blast
Across the wide heath, howling past,
When a long cavalcade he spied
By torch-light near the river's side.

He rose, and hast'ning swiftly on,
Call'd loudly to the Sumptuous train,--
But soon the cavalcade was gone--
And darkness wrapp'd the scene again.
He follow'd still the distant sound;
He saw the lightning flashing round;
He heard the crashing thunder roar;
He felt the whelming torrents pour;
And, now beneath a shelt'ring wood
He listen'd to the tumbling flood--
And now, with falt'ring, feeble breath,
The famish'd LASCAR, pray'd for Death.

And now the flood began to rise
And foaming rush'd along the vale;
The LASCAR watch'd, with stedfast eyes,
The flash descending quick and pale;
And now again the cavalcade
Pass'd slowly near the upland glade;--
But HE was dark, and dark the scene,
The torches long extinct had been;
He call'd, but, in the stormy hour,
His feeble voice had lost its pow'r,

'Till, near a tree, beside the flood,
A night-bewilder'd Trav'ller stood.

The LASCAR now with transport ran
"Stop ! stop !" he cried--with accents bold;
The Trav'ller was a fearful man--
And next his life he priz'd his gold!--
He heard the wand'rer madly cry;
He heard his footsteps following nigh;
He nothing saw, while onward prest,
Black as the sky, the Indian's breast;
Till his firm grasp he felt, while cold
Down his pale cheek the big drop roll'd;
Then, struggling to be free, he gave--
A deep wound to the LASCAR Slave.

And now he groan'd, by pain opprest,
And now crept onward, sad and slow:
And while he held his bleeding breast,
He feebly pour'd the plaint of woe!
"What have I done ?" the LASCAR cried--
"That Heaven to me the pow'r denied
"To touch the soul of man, and share
"A brother's love, a brother's care;
"Why is this dingy form decreed
"To bear oppression's scourge and bleed?--
"Is there a GOD, in yon dark Heav'n,
"And shall such monsters be forgiv'n?

"Here, in this smiling land we find
"Neglect and mis'ry sting our race;
"And still, whate'er the LASCAR'S mind,
"The stamp of sorrow marks his face!"
He ceas'd to speak; while from his side
Fast roll'd life's swiftly-ebbing tide,
And now, though sick and faint was he,
He slowly climb'd a tall Elm tree,
To watch, if, near his lonely way,
Some friendly Cottage lent a ray,
A little ray of chearful light,
To gild the LASCAR'S long, long night!

And now he hears a distant bell,
His heart is almost rent with joy!
And who, but such a wretch can tell,
The transports of the Indian boy?
And higher now he climbs the tree,
And hopes some shelt'ring Cot to see;
Again he listens, while the peal
Seems up the woodland vale to steal;
The twinkling stars begin to fade,
And dawnlight purples o'er the glade--
And while the sev'ring vapours flee,
The LASCAR boy looks chearfully!

And now the Sun begins to rise
Above the Eastern summit blue;
And o'er the plain the day-breeze flies,
And sweetly bloom the fields of dew!
The wand'ring wretch was chill'd, for he
Sate, shiv'ring in the tall Elm tree;
And he was faint, and sick, and dry,
And bloodshot was his fev'rish eye;
And livid was his lip, while he
Sate silent in the tall Elm tree--
And parch'd his tongue; and quick his breath,
And his dark cheek, was cold as Death!

And now a Cottage low he sees,
The chimney smoke, ascending grey,
Floats lightly on the morning breeze
And o'er the mountain glides away.
And now the Lark, on flutt'ring wings,
Its early Song, delighted sings;
And now, across the upland mead,
The Swains their flocks to shelter lead;
The shelt'ring woods, wave to and fro;
The yellow plains, far distant, glow;
And all things wake to life and joy,
All I but the famish'd Indian Boy!

And now the village throngs are seen,
Each lane is peopled, and the glen
From ev'ry op'ning path-way green,

Sends forth the busy hum of men.
They cross the meads, still, all alone,
They hear the wounded LASCAR groan!
Far off they mark the wretch, as he
Falls, senseless, from the tall Elm tree!
Swiftly they cross the river wide
And soon they reach the Elm tree's side,
But, ere the sufferer they behold,
His wither'd Heart , is DEAD, and COLD!

Mary Darby Robinson

The Mistletoe (A Christmas Tale)

A farmer's wife, both young and gay,
And fresh as op'ning buds of May;
Had taken to herself, a Spouse,
And plighted many solemn vows,
That she a faithful mate would prove,
In meekness, duty, and in love!
That she, despising joy and wealth,
Would be, in sickness and in health,
His only comfort and his Friend--
But, mark the sequel,--and attend!

This Farmer, as the tale is told--
Was somewhat cross, and somewhat old!
His, was the wintry hour of life,
While summer smiled before his wife;
A contrast, rather form'd to cloy
The zest of matrimonial joy!

'Twas Christmas time, the peasant throng
Assembled gay, with dance and Song:
The Farmer's Kitchen long had been
Of annual sports the busy scene;
The wood-fire blaz'd, the chimney wide
Presented seats, on either side;
Long rows of wooden Trenchers, clean,
Bedeck'd with holly-boughs, were seen;
The shining Tankard's foamy ale
Gave spirits to the Goblin tale,
And many a rosy cheek--grew pale.

It happen'd, that some sport to shew
The ceiling held a MISTLETOE.
A magic bough, and well design'd
To prove the coyest Maiden, kind.
A magic bough, which DRUIDS old
Its sacred mysteries enroll'd;
And which, or gossip Fame's a liar,
Still warms the soul with vivid fire;
Still promises a store of bliss

While bigots snatch their Idol's kiss.

This MISTLETOE was doom'd to be
The talisman of Destiny;
Beneath its ample boughs we're told
Full many a timid Swain grew bold;
Full many a roguish eye askance
Beheld it with impatient glance,
And many a ruddy cheek confest,
The triumphs of the beating breast;
And many a rustic rover sigh'd
Who ask'd the kiss, and was denied.

First MARG'RY smil'd and gave her Lover
A Kiss; then thank'd her stars, 'twas over!
Next, KATE, with a reluctant pace,
Was tempted to the mystic place;
Then SUE, a merry laughing jade
A dimpled yielding blush betray'd;
While JOAN her chastity to shew
Wish'd "the bold knaves would serve her so,"
She'd "teach the rogues such wanton play!"
And well she could, she knew the way.

The FARMER, mute with jealous care,
Sat sullen, in his wicker chair;
Hating the noisy gamesome host
Yet, fearful to resign his post;
He envied all their sportive strife
But most he watch'd his blooming wife,
And trembled, lest her steps should go,
Incautious, near the MISTLETOE.

Now HODGE, a youth of rustic grace
With form athletic; manly face;
On MISTRESS HOMESPUN turn'd his eye
And breath'd a soul-declaring sigh!
Old HOMESPUN, mark'd his list'ning Fair
And nestled in his wicker chair;
HODGE swore, she might his heart command--
The pipe was dropp'd from HOMESPUN'S hand!

HODGE prest her slender waist around;
The FARMER check'd his draught, and frown'd!
And now beneath the MISTLETOE
'Twas MISTRESS HOMESPUN'S turn to go;
Old Surly shook his wicker chair,
And sternly utter'd--"Let her dare!"

HODGE, to the FARMER'S wife declar'd
Such husbands never should be spar'd;
Swore, they deserv'd the worst disgrace,
That lights upon the wedded race;
And vow'd--that night he would not go
Unblest, beneath the MISTLETOE.

The merry group all recommend
An harmless Kiss, the strife to end:
"Why not ?" says MARG'RY, "who would fear,
"A dang'rous moment, once a year?"
SUSAN observ'd, that "ancient folks
"Were seldom pleas'd with youthful jokes;"
But KATE, who, till that fatal hour,
Had held, o'er HODGE, unrivall'd pow'r,
With curving lip and head aside
Look'd down and smil'd in conscious pride,
Then, anxious to conceal her care,
She humm'd--"what fools some women are!"

Now, MISTRESS HOMESPUN, sorely vex'd,
By pride and jealous rage perplex'd,
And angry, that her peevish spouse
Should doubt her matrimonial vows,
But, most of all, resolved to make
An envious rival's bosom ache;
Commanded Hodge to let her go,
Nor lead her to the Mistletoe;

"Why should you ask it o'er and o'er?"
Cried she, "we've been there twice before!"
'Tis thus, to check a rival's sway,
That Women oft themselves betray;
While VANITY, alone, pursuing,
They rashly prove, their own undoing.

Mary Darby Robinson

The Negro Girl

I.

Dark was the dawn, and o'er the deep
The boist'rous whirlwinds blew;
The Sea-bird wheel'd its circling sweep,
And all was drear to view--
When on the beach that binds the western shore
The love-lorn ZELMA stood, list'ning the tempest's roar.

II.

Her eager Eyes beheld the main,
While on her DRACO dear
She madly call'd, but call'd in vain,
No sound could DRACO hear,
Save the shrill yelling of the fateful blast,
While ev'ry Seaman's heart, quick shudder'd as it past.

III.

White were the billows, wide display'd
The clouds were black and low;
The Bittern shriek'd, a gliding shade
Seem'd o'er the waves to go !
The livid flash illum'd the clam'rous main,
While ZELMA pour'd, unmark'd, her melancholy strain.

IV.

"Be still!" she cried, "loud tempest cease!
"O ! spare the gallant souls:
"The thunder rolls--the winds increase--
"The Sea, like mountains, rolls!
"While, from the deck, the storm worn victims leap,
"And o'er their struggling limbs, the furious billows sweep.

V.

"O! barb'rous Pow'r! relentless Fate!
"Does Heav'n's high will decree
"That some should sleep on beds of state,--
"Some, in the roaring Sea ?
"Some, nurs'd in splendour, deal Oppression's blow,
"While worth and DRACO pine--in Slavery and woe!

VI.

"Yon Vessel oft has plough'd the main
"With human traffic fraught;
"Its cargo,--our dark Sons of pain--
"For worldly treasure bought !
"What had they done?--O Nature tell me why--
"Is taunting scorn the lot, of thy dark progeny?

VII.

"Thou gav'st, in thy caprice, the Soul
"Peculiarly enshrin'd;
"Nor from the ebon Casket stole
"The Jewel of the mind!
"Then wherefore let the suff'ring Negro's breast
"Bow to his fellow, MAN, in brighter colours drest.

VIII.

"Is it the dim and glossy hue
"That marks him for despair?--
"While men with blood their hands embrue,
"And mock the wretch's pray'r?
"Shall guiltless Slaves the Scourge of tyrants feel,
"And, e'en before their GOD ! unheard, unpitied kneel.

IX.

"Could the proud rulers of the land
"Our Sable race behold;
"Some bow'd by torture's Giant hand
"And others, basely sold !
"Then would they pity Slaves, and cry, with shame,
"Whate'er their TINTS may be, their SOULS are still the same!

X.

"Why seek to mock the Ethiop's face?
"Why goad our hapless kind?
"Can features alienate the race--
"Is there no kindred mind?
"Does not the cheek which vaunts the roseate hue
"Oft blush for crimes, that Ethiops never knew?

XI.

"Behold ! the angry waves conspire
"To check the barb'rous toil!
"While wounded Nature's vengeful ire--
"Roars, round this trembling Isle!
"And hark ! her voice re-echoes in the wind--
"Man was not form'd by Heav'n, to trample on his kind!

XII.

"Torn from my Mother's aching breast,
"My Tyrant sought my love--
"But, in the Grave shall ZELMA rest,
"E'er she will faithless prove--
"No DRACO!--Thy companion I will be
"To that celestial realm, where Negros shall be free!

XIII.

"The Tyrant WHITE MAN taught my mind--

"The letter'd page to trace;--
"He taught me in the Soul to find
"No tint, as in the face:
"He bade my Reason, blossom like the tree--
"But fond affection gave, the ripen'd fruits to thee.

XIV.

"With jealous rage he mark'd my love
"He sent thee far away;--
"And prison'd in the plantain grove--
"Poor ZELMA pass'd the day--
"But ere the moon rose high above the main,
"ZELMA, and Love contriv'd, to break the Tyrant's chain.

XV.

"Swift, o'er the plain of burning Sand
"My course I bent to thee;
"And soon I reach'd the billowy strand
"Which bounds the stormy Sea.--
"DRACO! my Love! Oh yet, thy ZELMA'S soul
"Springs ardently to thee,--impatient of controul.

XVI.

"Again the lightning flashes white--
"The rattling cords among!
"Now, by the transient vivid light,
"I mark the frantic throng!
"Now up the tatter'd shrouds my DRACO flies--
While o'er the plunging prow, the curling billows rise.

XVII.

"The topmast falls--three shackled slaves--
"Cling to the Vessel's side!
"Now lost amid the madd'ning waves--

"Now on the mast they ride--
"See ! on the forecastle my DRACO stands
"And now he waves his chain, now clasps his bleeding hands.

XVIII.

"Why, cruel WHITE-MAN! when away
"My sable Love was torn,
"Why did you let poor ZELMA stay,
On Afric's sands to mourn?
"No ! ZELMA is not left, for she will prove
"In the deep troubled main, her fond--her faithful LOVE."

XIX.

The lab'ring Ship was now a wreck,
The shrouds were flutt'ring wide!
The rudder gone, the lofty deck
Was rock'd from side to side--
Poor ZELMA'S eyes now dropp'd their last big tear,
While, from her tawny cheek, the blood recoil'd with fear.

XX.

Now frantic, on the sands she roam'd,
Now shrieking stop'd to view
Where high the liquid mountains foam'd,
Around the exhausted crew--
'Till, from the deck, her DRACO'S well known form
Sprung mid the yawning waves, and buffeted the Storm.

XXI.

Long, on the swelling surge sustain'd
Brave DRACO sought the shore,
Watch'd the dark Maid, but ne'er complain'd,
Then sunk, to gaze no more!
Poor ZELMA saw him buried by the wave--

And, with her heart's true Love, plung'd in a wat'ry grave.

Mary Darby Robinson

The Origin Of Cupid -- A Fable

ON IDA'S mount the gods were met,
A sportive, jolly, noisy set,
Resolving nectar bowls to quaff,
To revel, riot, sing and laugh;
For gods will frolic now and then,
And err like earth-born sons of men.
From early dawn till setting day
The jocund hours had roll'd away,
When midst the group Apollo rose
This serious question to propose,
Who should succeed upon the throne-
When Jupiter their king was gone?

MARS first his best excuses made,
War his delight and ancient trade;
Old NEPTUNE vow'd at such an age,
In state affairs he'd not engage:
BACCHUS preferr'd a draught of nectar
To any monarch's crown and sceptre.

At length fatigu'd with idle prating,
With contradiction and debating;
It was propos'd, and straight agreed,
A new-form'd monarch should succeed,
And each, to make the plan expedient,
Should of offer some DIVINE ingredient.

MARS offer'd courage-train'd to arms;
VENUS her soft bewitching charms:
HERCULES strength; proud JUNO grace;
MOMUS his laughing, dimpled face;
APOLLO and the SISTERS NINE,
Gave polish'd manners, wit divine!

At length the infant was completed,
And on a throne of ether seated;
His beauty aw'd the gazing crowd;
Before his feet each veteran bow'd;
Each hop'd his gentle smiles to prove,

And hail'd the little monarch LOVE.

When lo, to check the mirthful hour,
Old TIME appear'd, with aspect sour;
His hoary locks like silver thread
Upon his stooping shoulders spread;
"Vain are your wishes" cried the sage;
"In useless toil you now engage,
Think ye, with all this vain parade,
To form a god without MY aid?
In all debates am I alone,
For age, and wise experience known;

Presumptuous wretches, you shall prove,
That TIME has pow'r TO CONQUER LOVE!
No settled bliss the Boy shall taste,
My pinions to his shoulders plac'd
Shall bear him to the world below;
Each change of fortune there to know;
While in each state the wretch shall be
A SUBJECT VASSAL STILL TO ME."

Mary Darby Robinson

The Poor Singing Dame

Beneath an old wall, that went round an old Castle,
For many a year, with brown ivy o'erspread;
A neat little Hovel, its lowly roof raising,
Defied the wild winds that howl'd over its shed:
The turrets, that frown'd on the poor simple dwelling,
Were rock'd to and fro, when the Tempest would roar,
And the river, that down the rich valley was swelling,
Flow'd swiftly beside the green step of its door.

The Summer Sun, gilded the rushy-roof slanting,
The bright dewes bespangled its ivy-bound hedge
And above, on the ramparts, the sweet Birds were chanting,
And wild buds thick dappled the clear river's edge.
When the Castle's rich chambers were haunted, and dreary,
The poor little Hovel was still, and secure;
And no robber e'er enter'd, or goblin or fairy,
For the splendours of pride had no charms to allure.

The Lord of the Castle, a proud, surly ruler,
Oft heard the low dwelling with sweet music ring:
For the old Dame that liv'd in the little Hut chearly,
Would sit at her wheel, and would merrily sing:
When with revels the Castle's great Hall was resounding,
The Old Dame was sleeping, not dreaming of fear;
And when over the mountains the Huntsmen were bounding
She would open her wicket, their clamours to hear.

To the merry-ton'd horn, she would dance on the threshold,
And louder, and louder, repeat her old Song:
And when Winter its mantle of Frost was displaying
She caroll'd, undaunted, the bare woods among:
She would gather dry Fern, ever happy and singing,
With her cake of brown bread, and her jug of brown beer,
And would smile when she heard the great Castle-bell ringing,
Inviting the Proud--to their prodigal chear.

Thus she liv'd, ever patient and ever contented,
Till Envy the Lord of the Castle possess'd,
For he hated that Poverty should be so chearful,

While care could the fav'rites of Fortune molest;
He sent his bold yeomen with threats to prevent her,
And still would she carol her sweet roundelay;
At last, an old Steward, relentless he sent her--
Who bore her, all trembling, to Prison away!

Three weeks did she languish, then died, broken-hearted,
Poor Dame! how the death-bell did mournfully sound!
And along the green path six young Bachelors bore her,
And laid her, for ever, beneath the cold ground!
And the primroses pale, 'mid the long grass were growing,
The bright dews of twilight bespangled her grave
And morn heard the breezes of summer soft blowing
To bid the fresh flow'rets in sympathy wave.

The Lord of the Castle, from that fatal moment
When poor Singing MARY was laid in her grave,
Each night was surrounded by Screech-owls appalling,
Which o'er the black turrets their pinions would wave!
On the ramparts that frown'd on the river, swift flowing,
They hover'd, still hooting a terrible song,
When his windows would rattle, the Winter blast blowing,
They would shriek like a ghost, the dark alleys among!

Wherever he wander'd they followed him crying,
At dawnlight, at Eve, still they haunted his way!
When the Moon shone across the wide common, they hooted,
Nor quitted his path, till the blazing of day.
His bones began wasting, his flesh was decaying,
And he hung his proud head, and he perish'd with shame;
And the tomb of rich marble, no soft tear displaying,
O'ershadows the grave, of THE POOR SINGING DAME!

Mary Darby Robinson

The Reply To Time

O TIME, forgive the mournful song
That on thy pinions stole along,
When the rude hand of pain severe
Chas'd down my cheek the burning tear;
When sorrow chill'd each warm desire
That kindles FANCY'S lambent fire;
When HOPE, by fost'ring FRIENDSHIP rear'd,
A phantom of the brain appear'd;
Forgive the song, devoid of art,
That stole spontaneous from my heart;
For when that heart shall throb no more,
And all its keen regrets be o'er;
Should kind remembrance shed one tear
To sacred FRIENDSHIP o'er my bier;
When the dark precincts of the tomb,
Shall hide me in its deepest gloom;
O! should'st thou on thy wafting wing
The sigh of gentle sorrow bring;
Or fondly deign to bear the name
Of one, alas! unknown to fame;
Then, shall my weak untutor'd rhyme,
Exulting boast the gifts of TIME.

But while I feel youth's vivid fire
Fann'd by the breath of care expire;
While no blest ray of HOPE divine,
O'er my chill'd bosom deigns to shine:
While doom'd to mark the vapid day
In tasteless languor waste away:
Still, still, my sad and plaintive rhyme
Must blame the ruthless pow'r of TIME.

Each infant flow'r of rainbow hue,
That bathes its head in morning dew,
At twilight droops; the mountain PINE,
Whose high and waving brows incline
O'er the white cataract's foamy way,
Shall at THY withering touch decay!
The craggy cliffs that proudly rise

In awful splendour 'midst the skies,
Shall to the vale in fragments roll,
Obedient to thy fell controul!
The loftiest fabric rear'd to fame;
The sculptur'd BUST, the POET'S name;
The softest tint of TITIAN die;
The boast of magic MINSTRELSY;
The vows to holy FRIENDSHIP dear;
The sainted smile of LOVE sincere,
The flame that warms th' empassion'd heart;
All that fine feeling can impart;
The wonders of exterior grace;
The spells that bind the fairest face;
Fade in oblivion's torpid hour
The victims of thy TYRANT POW'R!

Mary Darby Robinson

The Shepherd's Dog

I.

A Shepherd's Dog there was; and he
Was faithful to his master's will,
For well he lov'd his company,
Along the plain or up the hill;
All Seasons were, to him, the same
Beneath the Sun's meridian flame;
Or, when the wintry wind blew shrill and keen,
Still the Old Shepherd's Dog, was with his Master seen.

II.

His form was shaggy clothed; yet he
Was of a bold and faithful breed;
And kept his master company
In smiling days, and days of need;
When the long Ev'ning slowly clos'd,
When ev'ry living thing repos'd,
When e'en the breeze slept on the woodlands round,
The Shepherd's watchful Dog, was ever waking found.

III.

All night, upon the cold turf he
Contented lay, with list'ning care;
And though no stranger company,
Or lonely traveller rested there;
Old Trim was pleas'd to guard it still,
For 'twas his aged master's will; -
And so pass'd on the chearful night and day,
'Till the poor Shepherd's Dog, was very old, and grey.

IV.

Among the villagers was he
Belov'd by all the young and old,
For he was chearful company,
When the north-wind blew keen and cold;
And when the cottage scarce was warm,
While round it flew, the midnight storm,
When loudly, fiercely roll'd the swelling tide-
The Shepherd's faithful Dog, crept closely by his side.

V.

When Spring in gaudy dress would be,
Sporting across the meadows green,
He kept his master company,
And all amid the flow'rs was seen;
Now barking loud, now pacing fast,
Now, backward he a look would cast,
And now, subdu'd and weak, with wanton play,
Amid the waving grass, the Shepherd's Dog would stay.

VI.

Now, up the rugged path would he
The steep hill's summit slowly gain,
And still be chearful company,
Though shiv'ring in the pelting rain;
And when the brook was frozen o'er,
Or the deep snow conceal'd the moor,
When the pale moon-beams scarcely shed a ray,
The Shepherd's faithful Dog, would mark the dang'rous way.

VII.

On Sunday, at the old Yew Tree,
Which canopies the church-yard stile,
Forc'd from his master's company,
The faithful TRIM would mope awhile;
For then his master's only care
Was the loud Psalm, or fervent Pray'r,
And, 'till the throng the church-yard path retrod,
The Shepherd's patient guard, lay silent on the sod.

VIII.

Near their small hovel stood a tree,
Where TRIM was ev'ry morning found-
Waiting his master's company,
And looking wistfully around;
And if, along the upland mead,
He heard him tune the merry reed,
O, then! o'er hedge and ditch, thro' brake and briar,
The Shepherd's dog would haste, with eyes that seem'd on fire.

IX.

And now he pac'd the valley, free,
And now he bounded o'er the dew,
For well his master's company
Would recompence his toil he knew;
And where a rippling rill was seen
Flashing the woody brakes between,
Fearless of danger, thro' the lucid tide,
The Shepherd's eager dog, yelping with joy, would glide.

X.

Full many a year, the same was he
His love still stronger every day,
For, in his master's company,
He had grown old, and very grey;
And now his sight grew dim: and slow
Up the rough mountain he would go,
And his loud bark, which all the village knew,
With ev'ry wasting hour, more faint, and peevish grew.

XI.

One morn, to the low mead went he,
Rous'd from his threshold-bed to meet
A gay and lordly company!
The Sun was bright, the air was sweet;
Old TRIM was watchful of his care,
His master's flocks were feeding there,
And, fearful of the hounds, he yelping stood
Beneath a willow Tree, that wav'd across the flood.

XII.

Old TRIM was urg'd to wrath; for he
Was guardian of the meadow bounds;
And, heedless of the company,
With angry snarl attack'd the hounds!
Some felt his teeth, though they were old,
For still his ire was fierce and bold,
And ne'er did valiant chieftain feel more strong
Than the Old Shepherd's dog, when daring foes among.

XIII.

The Sun was setting o'er the Sea
The breezes murmuring sad, and slow,

When a gay lordly company,
Came to the Shepherd's hovel low;
Their arm'd associates stood around
The sheep-cote fence's narrow bound,
While its poor master heard, with fix'd despair,
That TRIM, his friend, deem'd MAD, was doom'd to perish there!

XIV.

The kind old Shepherd wept, for he
Had no such guide, to mark his way,
And kneeling pray'd the company,
To let him live, his little day!
'For many a year my Dog has been
'The only friend these eyes have seen,
'We both are old and feeble, he and I-
'Together we have liv'd, together let us die!

XV.

'Behold his dim, yet speaking eye!
'Which ill befits his visage grim
'He cannot from your anger fly,
'For slow and feeble is old TRIM!
'He looks, as though he fain would speak,
'His beard is white- his voice is weak-
'He IS NOT MAD! O! then, in pity spare
'The only watchful friend, of my small fleecy care! '

XVI.

The Shepherd ceas'd to speak, for He
Leant on his maple staff, subdu'd;
While pity touch'd the company,
And all, poor TRIM with sorrow view'd:
Nine days upon a willow bed
Old TRIM was doom'd to lay his head,
Oppress'd and sever'd from his master's door,
Enough to make him MAD- were he not so before!

XVII.

But not forsaken yet, was he,
For ev'ry morn, at peep of day,
To keep his old friend company,
The lonely Shepherd bent his way:

A little boat, across the stream,
Which glitter'd in the sunny beam,
Bore him, where foes no longer could annoy,
Where TRIM stood yelping loud, and ALMOST MAD with joy!

XVIII.

Six days had pass'd and still was he
Upon the island left to roam,
When on the stream a wither'd tree
Was gliding rapid midst the foam!
The little Boat now onward prest,
Danc'd o'er the river's bounding breast,
Till dash'd impetuous, 'gainst the old tree's side,
The Shepherd plung'd and groan'd, then sunk amid the tide.

XIX.

Old TRIM, now doom'd his friend to see
Beating the foam with wasted breath,
Resolv'd to bear him company,
E'en in the icy arms of death;
Soon with exulting cries he bore
His feeble master to the shore,
And, standing o'er him, howl'd in cadence sad,
For, fear and fondness, now, had nearly made him MAD.

XX.

Together, still their flocks they tend,
More happy than the proudly great;
The Shepherd has no other friend-
No Lordly home, no bed of state!
But on a pallet, clean and low,
They hear, unmov'd, the wild winds blow,
And though they ne'er another spring may see;
The Shepherd, and his Dog, are chearful company.

Mary Darby Robinson

The Trumpeter, An Old English Tale

It was in the days of a gay British King
(In the old fashion'd custom of merry-making)
The Palace of Woodstock with revels did ring,
While they sang and carous'd--one and all:
For the monarch a plentiful treasury had,
And his Courtiers were pleas'd, and no visage was sad,
And the knavish and foolish with drinking were mad,
While they sat in the Banquetting hall.

Some talk'd of their Valour, and some of their Race,
And vaunted, till vaunting was black in the face;
Some bragg'd for a title, and some for a place,
And, like braggarts, they bragg'd one and all!
Some spoke of their scars in the Holy Crusade,
Some boasted the banner of Fame they display'd,
And some sang their Loves in the soft serenade
As they sat in the Banquetting hall.

And here sat a Baron, and there sat a Knight,
And here stood a Page in his habit all bright,
And here a young Soldier in armour bedight
With a Friar carous'd, one and all.
Some play'd on the dulcimer, some on the lute,
And some, who had nothing to talk of, were mute,
Till the Morning, awakened, put on her grey suit--
And the Lark hover'd over the Hall.

It was in a vast gothic Hall that they sate,
And the Tables were cover'd with rich gilded plate,
And the King and his minions were toping in state,
Till their noddles turn'd round, one and all:--
And the Sun through the tall painted windows 'gan peep,
And the Vassals were sleeping, or longing to sleep,
Though the Courtiers, still waking, their revels did keep,
While the minstrels play'd sweet, in the Hall.

And, now in their Cups, the bold toppers began
To call for more wine, from the cellar yeoman,
And, while each one replenish'd his goblet or can,

The Monarch thus spake to them all:

"It is fit that the nobles do just what they please,
"That the Great live in idleness, riot, and ease,
"And that those should be favor'd, who mark my decrees,
"And should feast in the Banquetting Hall.

"It is fit," said the Monarch, "that riches should claim
"A passport to freedom, to honor, and fame,--
"That the poor should be humble, obedient, and tame,
"And, in silence, submit--one and all.
"That the wise and the holy should toil for the Great,
"That the Vassals should tend at the tables of state,
"That the Pilgrim should--pray for our souls at the gate
"While we feast in our Banquetting Hall.

"That the low-lineag'd CARLES should be scantily fed--
"That their drink should be small, and still smaller their bread;
"That their wives and their daughters to ruin be led,
"And submit to our will, one and all !
"It is fit, that whoever I choose to defend--
"Shall be courted, and feasted, and lov'd as a friend,
"While before them the good and enlighten'd shall bend,
"While they sit in the Banquetting Hall."

Now the Toppers grew bold, and each talk'd of his right,
One would fain be a Baron, another a Knight;
And another, (because at the Tournament fight
He had vanquished his foes, one and all)
Demanded a track of rich lands; and rich fare;
And of stout serving Vassals a plentiful share;
With a lasting exemption from penance and pray'r
And a throne in the Banquetting Hall.

But ONE, who had neither been valiant nor wise,
With a tone of importance, thus vauntingly cries,
"My Leige he knows how a good subject to prize--
"And I therefore demand--before all--
"I this Castle possess: and the right to maintain
"Five hundred stout Bowmen to follow my train,
"And as many strong Vassals to guard my domain
"As the Lord of the Banquetting Hall!

"I have fought with all nations, and bled in the field,
"See my lance is unshiver'd, tho' batter'd my shield,
"I have combatted legions, yet never would yield
"And the Enemy fled--one and all !
"I have rescued a thousand fair Donnas, in Spain,
"I have left in gay France, every bosom in pain.
"I have conquer'd the Russian, the Prussian, the Dane,
"And will reign in the Banquetting Hall!"

The Monarch now rose, with majestic look,
And his sword from the scabbard of Jewels he took,
And the Castle with laughter and ribaldry shook.
While the braggart accosted thus he:
"I will give thee a place that will suit thy demand,
"What to thee, is more fitting than Vassals or Land--
"I will give thee,--what justice and valour command,
"For a TRUMPETER bold--thou shalt be!"

Now the revellers rose, and began to complain--
While they menanc'd with gestures, and frown'd with disdain,
And declar'd, that the nobles were fitter to reign
Than a Prince so unruly as He.
But the Monarch cried, sternly, they taunted him so,
"From this moment the counsel of fools I forego--
"And on Wisdom and Virtue will honors bestow
"For such, ONLY, are welcome to Me!"

So saying, he quitted the Banquetting Hall,
And leaving his Courtiers and flatterers all--
Straightway for his Confessor loudly 'gan call
"O ! Father ! now listen !" said he:
"I have feasted the Fool, I have pamper'd the Knave,
"I have scoff'd at the wise, and neglected the brave--
"And here, Holy Man, Absolution I crave--
"For a penitent now I will be."

From that moment the Monarch grew sober and good,
(And nestled with Birds of a different brood,)
For he found that the pathway which wisdom pursu'd
Was pleasant, safe, quiet, and even !
That by Temperance, Virtue and liberal deeds,
By nursing the flowrets, and crushing the weeds,

The loftiest Traveller always succeeds--
For his journey will lead him to HEAV'N.

Mary Darby Robinson

The Widow's Home

Close on the margin of a brawling brook
That bathes the low dell's bosom, stands a Cot;
O'ershadow'd by broad Alders. At its door
A rude seat, with an ozier canopy
Invites the weary traveller to rest.
'Tis a poor humble dwelling; yet within,
The sweets of joy domestic, oft have made
The long hour not uncheerly, while the Moor
Was covered with deep snow, and the bleak blast
Swept with impetuous wing the mountain's brow!
On ev'ry tree of the near shelt'ring wood
The minstrelsy of Nature, shrill and wild,
Welcomes the stranger guest, and carolling
Love-songs, spontaneous, greets him merrily.
The distant hills, empurpled by the dawn
And thinly scatter'd with blue mists that float
On their bleak summits dimly visible,
Skirt the domain luxuriant, while the air
Breathes healthful fragrance. On the Cottage roof
The gadding Ivy, and the tawny Vine
Bind the brown thatch, the shelter'd winter-hut
Of the tame Sparrow, and the Red-breast bold.

There dwells the Soldier's Widow! young and fair
Yet not more fair than virtuous. Every day
She wastes the hour-glass, waiting his return,--
And every hour anticipates the day,
(Deceiv'd, yet cherish'd by the flatt'rer hope)
When she shall meet her Hero. On the Eve
Of Sabbath rest, she trims her little hut
With blossoms, fresh and gaudy, still, herself
The queen-flow'r of the garland ! The sweet Rose
Of wood-wild beauty, blushing thro' her tears.

One little Son she has, a lusty Boy,
The darling of her guiltless, mourning heart,
The only dear and gay associate
Of her lone widowhood. His sun-burnt cheek
Is never blanch'd with fear, though he will climb

The broad oak's branches, and with brawny arm
Sever the limpid wave. In his blue eye
Beams all his mother's gentleness of soul;
While his brave father's warm intrepid heart
Throbs in his infant bosom. 'Tis a wight
Most valourous, yet pliant as the stem
Of the low vale-born lily, when the dew
Presses its perfum'd head. Eight years his voice
Has chear'd the homely hut, for he could lisp
Soft words of filial fondness, ere his feet
Could measure the smooth path-way.

On the hills

He watches the wide waste of wavy green
Tissued with orient lustre, till his eyes
Ache with the dazzling splendour, and the main,
Rolling and blazing, seems a second Sun !
And, if a distant whitening sail appears,
Skimming the bright horizon while the mast
Is canopied with clouds of dappled gold,
He homeward hastes rejoicing. An old Tree
Is his lone watch-tow'r; 'tis a blasted Oak
Which, from a vagrant Acorn, ages past,
Sprang up, to triumph like a Savage bold
Braving the Season's warfare. There he sits
Silent and musing the long Evening hour,
'Till the short reign of Sunny splendour fades
At the cold touch of twilight. Oft he sings;
Or from his oaten pipe, untiring pours
The tune mellifluous which his father sung,
When HE could only listen.

On the sands

That bind the level sea-shore, will he stray,
When morn unlocks the East, and flings afar
The rosy day-beam ! There the boy will stop
To gather the dank weeds which ocean leaves
On the bleak strand, while winter o'er the main
Howls its nocturnal clamour. There again
He chaunts his Father's ditty. Never more
Poor mountain minstrel, shall thy bosom throb
To the sweet cadence ! never more thy tear
Fall as the dulcet breathings give each word
Expression magical ! Thy Father, Boy,

Sleeps on the bed of death ! His tongue is mute,
His fingers have forgot their pliant art,
His oaten pipe will ne'er again be heard
Echoing along the valley ! Never more
Will thy fond mother meet the balmy smile
Of peace domestic, or the circling arm
Of valour, temper'd by the milder joys
Of rural merriment. His very name
Is now forgotten! for no trophied tomb
Tells of his bold exploits; such heraldry
Befits not humble worth: For pomp and praise
Wait in the gilded palaces of Pride
To dress Ambition's Slaves. Yet, on his grave,
The unmark'd resting place of Valour's Sons,
The morning beam shines lust'rous; The meek flow'r
Still drops the twilight tear, and the night breeze
Moans melancholy music!
Then, to ME,
O ! dearer far is the poor Soldier's grave,
The Widow's lone and unregarded Cot,
The brawling Brook, and the wide Alder-bough,
The ozier Canopy, and plummy choir,
Hymning the Morn's return, than the rich Dome
Of gilded Palaces ! and sweeter far--
O! far more graceful ! far more exquisite,
The Widow's tear bathing the living rose,
Than the rich ruby, blushing on the breast,
Of guilty greatness. Welcome then to me--
The WIDOW'S LOWLY HOME : The Soldier's HEIR;
The proud inheritor of Heav'n's best gifts--
The mind unshackled--and the guiltless Soul!

Mary Darby Robinson

To Cesario

CESARIO, thy Lyre's dulcet measure,
So sweetly, so tenderly flows;
That could my sad soul taste of pleasure,
Thy music would soften its woes.

But ah, gentle soother, where anguish
Takes root in the grief-stricken heart;
'Tis the triumph of sorrow to languish,
'Tis rapture to cherish the smart.

The mind where pale Mis'ry sits brooding,
Repels the soft touch of repose;
Shrinks back when blest Reason intruding,
The balm of mild comfort bestows.

There is luxury oft in declining,
What pity's kind motives impart;
And to bear hapless fate, unrepining,
Is the proudest delight of the heart.

Still, still shall thy Lyre's gentle measure,
In strains of pure melody flow;
While each heart beats with exquisite pleasure,
SAVE MINE-the doom'd VICTIM OF WOE.

Mary Darby Robinson

To Leonardo

"Yes, LAURA, yes, pure as the virgin snow's
"That on the bosom of the whirlwind move,,
"For thee my faithful endless passion glows."

- LEONARDO TO LAURA.

COLD blows the wind upon the mountain's brow;
In murmuring cadence wave the leafless woods;
The feath'ry tribe mope on the frozen bough,
And icy fetters hold the silent floods;
But endless spring the POET'S breast shall prove,
Whose GENIUS kindles at the torch of LOVE.

For HIM, unfading, blooms the fertile mind,
The current of the heart for ever flows;
Fearless His bosom braves the wintry wind,
While thro' each nerve, eternal summer glows;
In vain would chilling apathy controul,
The lambent fire that warms the lib'ral soul!

To me the limped brook, the painted mead,
The crimson dawn, the twilight's purple close;
The mirthful dance, the shepherd's tuneful reed,
The musky fragrance of the opening rose;
To me, alas! all pleasures senseless prove,
Save the sweet converse of the FRIEND I love.

Mary Darby Robinson

To Rinaldo

SOFT is the balmy breath of May,
When from the op'ning lids of day
Meek twilight steals; and from its wings
Translucent pearls of ether flings.
MILD is the chaste Moon's languid eye,
When gliding down the dappled sky
She feebly lifts her spangled bow,
Around her glitt'ring darts to throw.-
SWEET are the aromatic bowers,
When Night sends forth refreshing showers
O'er every thirsty fainting bud,
That drinks with joy the grateful flood.
Yet, can the deeply wounded Mind,
From these, no lenient balsam find.-

What can the force of anguish quell,
Where sullen Sorrow loves to dwell,
Where round the bosom's burning throne,
HOPELESS, the mingling PASSIONS groan?
While thro' each quiv'ring, scorching vein,
Rolls a revolving tide of pain;
That struggling with the Storms of FATE,
Provokes her darkest, direst, HATE.
O, BARD ADMIR'D ! if ought could move
The soul of Apathy to love;
If, o'er my aching, bleeding breast,
Ought could diffuse the balm of rest,
The pow'r is thine -for oh ! thy lays
Warm'd by thy Mind's transcendent blaze,
Dart thro' my frame with force divine,
While all my rending woes combine,
And thronging round thy glorious LYRE,
In momentary bliss EXPIRE.

So, the meek ROSE, that droops forlorn,
Opes its cold breast to meet the morn,
And shaking round a brilliant show'r,
Tempts the bright SUN'S meridian pow'r;
Trembling, its blushing cheek receives

The glowing kiss warms PHOEBUS gives;
Yet, to his fire unconscious flies,
And midst his burning glances, DIES.

Why wilt thou fly ?-why give thy form
To the pale phantoms of the storm,
And from the dizzy madd'ning steep
Dash thy proud harp-while o'er the deep
Each envious FIEND shall fiercely glare,
And howling, mock thy RASH DESPAIR!
Ah! wherefore, prodigal of FAME,
Damp with thy tears the MUSE'S flame?
Say, dost thou think, as the soft show'r
Checks the wing'd lightning's fervid pow'r,
To quell the transports of Thy Lyre,
And with cold Sorrow quench its fire?
Know, BARD SUPREME ! thy wond'rous song
Doth not to mortal power belong;
The flame, that to thy care is giv'n,
Owns an eternal source in Heav'n;
And like thy PURE, ILLUSTRIOUS Soul,
SHALL LIVE, beyond thy weak controul.

YES, I will lead thee to some rock,
Whose frowns the dashing billows mock;
While the fierce LORD OF LIGHT shall reign
DESPOTIC o'er th' ethereal plain.-
Or when his fiery coursers fly
On red wings down the Western sky;
While Ocean's curling waves unfold,
In one vast sheet of liquid gold;
Then shalt thou mark CREATION'S pride
In slow and trembling tints subside,
'Till darkness stealing o'er the globe,
Unfurls its sable spangled robe.
Then shall thy conscious feelings find
An emblem of the Human Mind;
How grand, ineffable and bright,
When all its lustrous fires unite:
But when chill sorrow spreads its snare,
And tempts its victim to DESPAIR,
All, all its proud perfections fade

In black, oblivion's baneful shade.

O, SUN OF GENIUS! pierce the cloud
That dares thy radiant glories shroud;
Turn, turn thy course to bowers of joy,
Where rob'd in Bliss, the Angel Boy
Shall spread each witching, nameless sweet,
Thy truant, wand'ring heart to greet;
There, pour thy soul in faithful vows,
While thy own LAUREL'S deathless boughs
From each blest leaf shall drop a tear
To bathe the wounds of love sincere.
There, some chaste maid shall list thy lays
In speechless eloquence of praise;
And with her soft eye's melting glance
Infold thee in delicious trance.
And when her heart's celestial shrine
Shall burn with passion warm as thine,
Then, shalt thou feel the rapt'rous glow,
Which none, but souls like THINE, CAN KNOW;
Then, shalt thou hear her tongue declare,
THOU ART NOT FORM'D FOR COLD DESPAIR.

From ME the barb'rous fates unite
To wrest each vision of delight;
No gleam of joy my sad-heart knows,
No interval of calm repose;
Save, when thy LOV'D SERAPHIC Strain
Thrills thro' my breast, with quiv'ring pain;
And bids each throbbing pulse deplore,
That "IF I E'ER COULD PLEASE, I PLEASE NO MORE."

Mary Darby Robinson

To Simplicity

[Inscribed to Lady Duncannon.]

SWEET blushing Nymph, who loves to dwell
In the dark forest's silent gloom;
Who smiles within the Hermit's cell,
And sighs upon the rustic's tomb;
Who, pitying, sees the busy throng,
The slaves of fashion's giddy sway;
Who in a wild and artless song,
Warbles the feath'ry hours away.

Oft have I flown thy steps to trace,
In the low valley's still retreat,
Oft have I view'd thy blooming face,
In the small cottage, proudly neat!
I've seen thee, veil'd in vestal lawn,
In the cold cloyster's hallow'd shade;
I've seen thee, at the peep of dawn,
In simple, russet garb array'd.

I've seen thee, crowned with APRIL flow'rs,
Light bounding o'er the rural mead;
I've heard thee in sequester'd bow'rs
Sing to the SHEPHERD'S past'ral reed;
When pleasure led the nymphs along
In moonlight gambols o'er the green,
I've mark'd THEE, fairest of the throng,
With modest eye and timid mien.

No more my eager gaze shall trace
Thy varying footsteps, blithe and free;
For what art thou, but native grace,
Soft Beauty's child, SIMPLICITY?
'Tis thine in every path to dwell,
Where TRUTH and INNOCENCE are seen,
In cottage low, or Hermit's cell,
Or splendid dome, or rural green.

The spotless MIND, the brow serene,
'Tis THINE, enchanting Maid, to boast!
The sweet, benignant, humble mien,
And all that VIRTUE values most!
Thy blushes paint DUNCANNONS's cheek,
Thy light hand weaves her golden hair,
Around her form, THY charms I'll seek,
FOR ALL THE GRACES REVEL THERE!

Mary Darby Robinson

To The Muse Of Poetry

EXULT MY MUSE! exult to see
Each envious, waspish, jealous thing,
Around its harmless venom fling,
And dart its powerless fangs at THEE!
Ne'er shalt THOU bend thy radiant wing,
To sweep the dark revengeful string;
Or meanly stoop, to steal a ray,
E'en from RINALDO'S glorious lay,
Tho' his transcendent Verse should twine
About thy heart, each bliss divine.

O MUSE ADOR'D, I woo thee now
From yon bright Heaven, to hear my vow;
From thy blest wing a plume I'll steal,
And with its burning point record
Each firm indissoluble word,
And with my lips the proud oath seal!

I SWEAR;-OH, YE, whose souls like mine
Beam with poetic rays divine,
Attend my voice;-whate'er my FATE
In this precarious wild'ring state,
Whether the FIENDS with rancorous ire
Strike at my heart's unsullied fire:
While busy ENVY'S recreant guile
Calls from my cheek THE PITYING SMILE;
Or jealous SLANDER mean and vain,
Essays my mind's BEST BOAST to stain;
Should all combine to check my lays,
And tear me from thy fost'ring gaze,
Ne'er will I quit thy burning eye,
'Till my last, eager, gasping sigh,
Shall, from its earthly mansion flown,
Embrace THEE on thy STARRY THRONE.

Sweet soother of the pensive breast,
Come in thy softest splendours dress'd;
Bring with thee, REASON, chastely mild;
And CLASSIC TASTE-her loveliest child;

And radiant FANCY'S offspring bright,
Then bid them all their charms unite,
My mind's wild rapture to inspire,
With thy own SACRED, GENUINE FIRE.

I ask no fierce terrific strain,
That rends the breast with tort'ring pain,
No frantic flight, no labour'd art,
To wring the fibres of the heart!
No frenzy'd GUIDE, that madd'ning flies
O'er cloud-wrapp'd hills-thro' burning skies;

That sails upon the midnight blast,
Or on the howling wild wave cast,
Plucks from their dark and rocky bed
The yelling DEMONS of the deep,
Who soaring o'er the COMET'S head,
The bosom of the WELKIN sweep!
Ne'er shall MY hand, at Night's full noon,
Snatch from the tresses of the moon
A sparkling crown of silv'ry hue,
Besprent with studs of frozen dew,
To deck my brow with borrow'd rays,
That feebly imitate the SUN'S RICH BLAZE.

AH lead ME not, dear gentle Maid,
To poison'd bow'r or haunted glade;
Where beck'ning spectres shrieking, glare
Along the black infected air;
While bold "fantastic thunders " leap
Indignant, midst the clam'rous deep,
As envious of its louder tone,
While lightnings shoot, and mountains groan
With close pent fires, that from their base
Hurl them amidst the whelming space;
Where OCEAN'S yawning throat resounds,
And gorg'd with draughts of foamy ire,
Madly o'er-leaps its crystal bounds,
And soars to quench the SUN'S proud fire.
While NATURE'S self shall start aghast,
Amid the desolating blast,
That grasps the sturdy OAK'S firm breast,

And tearing off its shatter'd vest,
Presents its gnarled bosom, bare,
To the hot light'ning's with'ring glare!

TRANSCENDENT MUSE! assert thy right,
Chase from thy pure PARNASSIAN height
Each bold usurper of thy LYRE,
Each phantom of phosphoric fire,
That dares, with wild fantastic flight
The timid child of GENIUS fright;
That dares with pilfer'd glories shine
Along the dazzling frenzy'd line,
Where tinsel splendours cheat the mind,
While REASON, trembling far behind,
Drops from her blushing front thy BAYS,
And scorns to share the wreath of praise.

But when DIVINE RINALDO flings
Soft rapture o'er the bounding strings;
When the bright flame that fills HIS soul,
Bursts thro' the bonds of calm controul,
And on enthusiastic wings
To Heaven's Eternal Mansion springs,
Or darting thro' the yielding skies,
O'er earth's disastrous valley flies;
Forbear his glorious flight to bind;
YET o'er his TRUE POETIC Mind
Expand thy chaste celestial ray,
Nor let fantastic fires diffuse
Deluding lustre round HIS MUSE,
To lead HER glorious steps astray!
AH ! let his matchless HARP prolong
The thrilling Tone, the classic song,
STILL bind his Brow with deathless Bays,
STILL GRANT HIS VERSE-A NATION'S PRAISE.

But, if by false persuasion led,
His varying FANCY e'er should tread
The paths of vitiated Taste,
Where folly spreads a "weedy waste;"
OH ! may HE feel no more the genuine fire,
That warms HIS TUNEFUL SOUL, and prompts THY SACRED LYRE.

Mary Darby Robinson

To The Myrtle

UNFADING branch of verdant hue,
In modest sweetness drest,
Shake off thy pearly tears of dew,
And decorate my breast.

Dear emblem of the constant mind,
Truth's consecrated tree,
Still shall thy trembling blossoms find
A faithful friend in me.

Nor chilling breeze, nor drizzling rain
Thy glossy leaves can spoil,
Their sober beauties fresh remain
In every varying soil.

If e'er this aching heart of mine
A wand'ring thought should prove;
O, let thy branches round it twine,
And bind it fast to Love.

For ah ! the little fluttering thing,
Amidst LIFE'S tempest rude;
Has felt Affliction's sharpest sting,
YET TRIUMPHS UNSUBDUED.

Like THEE it braves the wintry wind,
And mocks the storm's fierce pow'r,
Tho' from its HOPES the blast unkind,
Has torn each promis'd flow'r.

Tho' round its fibres barb'rous fate
Has twin'd an icy spell;
Still in its central fires elate,
The purest passions dwell.

When LIFE'S disast'rous scene is fled,
This humble boon I crave;
Oh! bind your branches round my head,
AND BLOSSOM ON MY GRAVE.

Mary Darby Robinson