

Classic Poetry Series

**Thomas Campbell**  
**- poems -**

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## Thomas Campbell(1777-1844)

Born in Glasgow, Thomas Campbell was the youngest son of Alexander Campbell, of the Campbells of Kirnan, Argyll. His father belonged to a Glasgow firm trading in Virginia, and lost his money in consequence of the American Revolutionary War. Campbell, who was educated at the Glasgow High School and University of Glasgow, won prizes for classics and for verse-writing. He spent the holidays as a tutor in the western Highlands. His poem Glenara and the ballad of Lord Ullin's Daughter owe their origin to a visit to Mull. In May 1797 he went to Edinburgh to attend lectures on law. He supported himself by private teaching and by writing, towards which he was helped by Dr Robert Anderson, the editor of the British Poets. Among his contemporaries in Edinburgh were Sir Walter Scott, Henry Brougham, Francis Jeffrey, Dr Thomas Brown, John Leyden and James Grahame. These early days in Edinburgh influenced such works as *The Wounded Hussar*, *The Dirge of Wallace* and the *Epistle to Three Ladies*.

In 1799, six months after the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth and Coleridge, *The Pleasures of Hope* was published. It is a rhetorical and didactic poem in the taste of his time, and owed much to the fact that it dealt with topics near to men's hearts, with the French Revolution, the partition of Poland and with negro slavery. Its success was instantaneous, but Campbell was deficient in energy and perseverance and did not follow it up. He went abroad in June 1800 without any very definite aim, visited Gottlieb Friedrich Klopstock at Hamburg, and made his way to Regensburg, which was taken by the French three days after his arrival. He found refuge in a Scottish monastery. Some of his best lyrics, *Hohenlinden*, *Ye Mariners of England* and *The Soldier's Dream*, belong to his German tour. He spent the winter in Altona, where he met an Irish exile, Anthony McCann, whose history suggested *The Exile of Erin*.

He had at that time the intention of writing an epic on Edinburgh to be entitled *The Queen of the North*. On the outbreak of war between Denmark and England he hurried home, the *Battle of the Baltic* being drafted soon after. At Edinburgh he was introduced to the first Lord Minto, who took him in the next year to London as occasional secretary. In June 1803 appeared a new edition of the *Pleasures of Hope*, to which some lyrics were added.

In 1812 he delivered a series of lectures on poetry in London at the Royal Institution; and he was urged by Sir Walter Scott to become a candidate for the chair of literature at Edinburgh University. In 1814 he went to Paris, making there the acquaintance of the elder Schlegel, of Baron Cuvier and others. His pecuniary anxieties were relieved in 1815 by a legacy of £4000. He continued to

occupy himself with his *Specimens of the British Poets*, the design of which had been projected years before. The work was published in 1819. It contains on the whole an admirable selection with short lives of the poets, and prefixed to it an essay on poetry containing much valuable criticism. In 1820 he accepted the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and in the same year made another tour in Germany.

Four years later appeared his *Theodric*, a not very successful poem of domestic life. He took an active share in the foundation of the University of London, visiting Berlin to inquire into the German system of education, and making recommendations which were adopted by Lord Brougham. He was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University (1826-1829) in competition against Sir Walter Scott. Campbell retired from the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1830, and a year later made an unsuccessful venture with *The Metropolitan Magazine*. He had championed the cause of the Poles in *The Pleasures of Hope*, and the news of the capture of Warsaw by the Russians in 1831 affected him as if it had been the deepest of personal calamities. "Poland preys on my heart night and day," he wrote in one of his letters, and his sympathy found a practical expression in the foundation in London of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland. In 1834 he travelled to Paris and Algiers, where he wrote his *Letters from the South* (printed 1837). The small production of Campbell may be partly explained by his domestic calamities. His wife died in 1828. Of his two sons, one died in infancy and the other became insane. His own health suffered, and he gradually withdrew from public life. He died at Boulogne in 1844 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

# Adelgitha

The ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,  
And sad pale Adelgitha came,  
When forth a valiant champion bounded,  
And slew the slanderer of her fame.  
She wept, delivered from her danger;  
But when he knelt to claim her glove-  
"Seek not!" she cried, "oh, gallant stranger,  
For hapless Adelgitha's love.

For he is dead and in a foreign land  
Whose arm should now have set me free;  
And I must wear the willow garland  
For him that's dead, or false to me."

"Nay! say not that his faith is tainted!"-  
He raised his visor.-At the sight  
She fell into his arms and fainted;  
It was indeed her one true knight!

Thomas Campbell

# Battle Of The Baltic, The

Of Nelson and the North  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;  
By each gun the lighted brand  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line:  
It was ten of April morn by the chime:  
As they drifted on their path  
There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd  
To anticipate the scene;  
And her van the fleeter rush'd  
O'er the deadly space between:  
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried, when each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back;—  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—  
Then ceased—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shatter'd sail,  
Or in conflagration pale  
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then  
As he hail'd them o'er the wave:  
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
And we conquer but to save:—  
So peace instead of death let us bring:  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King.'...

Now joy, old England, raise!  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light!  
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore!

Thomas Campbell

# Benlomond

Hadst thou a genius on thy peak,  
What tales, white-headed Ben,  
Could'st thou of ancient ages speak,  
That mock th' historian's pen!

Thy long duration makes our livea  
Seem but so many hours;  
And likens, to the bees' frail hives,  
Our most stupendous towers.

Temples and towers thou seest begun,  
New creeds, new conquerers sway;  
And, like their shadows in the sun,  
Hast seen them swept away.

Thy steadfast summit, heaven-allied  
(Unlike life's little span),  
Looks down a mentor on the pride  
Of perishable man.

Thomas Campbell

# Freedom And Love

How delicious is the winning  
Of a kiss at love's beginning,  
When two mutual hearts are sighing  
For the knot there's no untying!  
Yet remember, 'Midst our wooing,  
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing;  
Other smiles may make you fickle,  
Tears for other charms may trickle.  
Love he comes, and Love he tarries,  
Just as fate or fancy carries;  
Longest stays, when sorest chidden;  
Laughs and flies, when press'd and bidden.  
Bind the sea to slumber stilly,  
Bind its odour to the lily,  
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,  
Then bind Love to last for ever.  
Love's a fire that needs renewal  
Of fresh beauty for its fuel:  
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,  
Only free, he soars enraptured.  
Can you keep the bee from ranging  
Or the ringdove's neck from changing?  
No! nor fetter'd Love from dying  
In the knot there's no untying.

Thomas Campbell



# Gertrude Of Wyoming

## PART I

On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!  
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall,  
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring,  
Of what thy gentle people did befall;  
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all  
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.  
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,  
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,  
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,  
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do  
But feed their flocks on green declivities,  
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,  
From morn till evening's sweeter pastimes grew,  
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,  
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew;  
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down  
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes  
His leave, how might you the flamingo see  
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes--  
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:  
And every sound of life was full of glee,  
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men;  
While hearkening, fearing naught their revelry,  
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then,  
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime  
Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,  
For here the exile met from every clime,  
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue:  
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung  
Were but divided by the running brook;  
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,

On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,  
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband  
Would sound to many a native roundelay--  
But who is he that yet a dearer land  
Remembers, over hills and far away?  
Green Albin! what though he no more survey  
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,  
Thy pelloch's rolling from the mountain bay,  
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,  
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar!

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,  
That wants stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,  
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!  
Yet found he here a home and glad relief,  
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,  
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee:  
And England sent her men, of men the chief,  
Who taught those sires of empire yet to be,  
To plant the tree of life,--to plant fair Freedom's tree!

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp  
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom  
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,  
Nor seal'd in blood a fellow-creature's doom,  
Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.  
One venerable man, beloved of all,  
Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,  
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall:  
And Albert was their judge, in patriarchal hall.

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,  
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,  
Where all but kindly fervors were assuaged,  
Undimm'd by weakness' shade, or turbid ire!  
And though, amidst the calm of thought entire,  
Some high and haughty features might betray  
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire  
That fled composure's intellectual ray,  
As AEtna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,  
But yet, oh Nature! is there naught to prize,  
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?  
And dwells in day-light truth's salubrious skies  
No form with which the soul may sympathise?--  
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild  
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,  
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,  
Or blest his noonday walk--she was his only child.

The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek--  
What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire  
A Briton's independence taught to seek  
Far western worlds; and there his household fire  
The light of social love did long inspire,  
And many a halcyon day he lived to see  
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,  
When fate had reft his mutual heart--but she  
Was gone--and Gertrude climb'd a widow'd father's knee.

A loved bequest,--and I may half impart--  
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,  
How like a new existence to his heart  
That living flower uprose beneath his eye  
Dear as she was from cherub infancy,  
From hours when she would round his garden play,  
To time when as the ripening years went by,  
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,  
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms;  
(Unconscious fascination, undesign'd!)  
The orison repeated in his arms,  
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;  
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined,  
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,  
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind:)  
All uncompanion'd else her heart had gone  
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue summer shone.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,

When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,  
An Indian from his bark approach their bower,  
Of buskin limb, and swarthy lineament;  
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,  
And bracelets bound the arm that help'd to light  
A boy, who seem'd, as he beside him went,  
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,  
Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night.

Yet pensive seem'd the boy for one so young--  
The dimple from his polish'd cheek had fled;  
When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,  
Th' Oneyda warrior to the planter said,  
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,  
"Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve;  
The paths of peace my steps have hither led:  
This little nursling, take him to thy love,  
And shield the bird unfledged, since gone the parent dove.

Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe;  
Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace:  
Upon the Michigan, three moons ago,  
We launch'd our pirogues for the bison chase,  
And with the Hurons planted for a space,  
With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk;  
But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,  
And though they held with us a friendly talk,  
The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk!

It was encamping on the lake's far port,  
A cry of Areouski broke our sleep,  
Where storm'd an ambush'd foe thy nation's fort  
And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep;  
But long thy country's war-sign on the steep  
Appear'd through ghastly intervals of light,  
And deathfully their thunders seem'd to sweep,  
Till utter darkness swallow'd up the sight,  
As if a shower of blood had quench'd the fiery fight!

It slept--it rose again--on high their tower  
Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,

Then down again it rain'd an ember shower,  
And louder lamentations heard we rise;  
As when the evil Manitou that dries  
Th' Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,  
In vain the desolated panther flies,  
And howls amidst his wilderness of fire:  
Alas! too late, we reach'd and smote those Hurons dire!

But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,  
So died their warriors by our battle brand;  
And from the tree we, with her child, unbound  
A lonely mother of the Christian land:--  
Her lord--the captain of the British band--  
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.  
Scarce knew the widow our delivering hand;  
Upon her child she sobb'd and soon'd away,  
Or shriek'd unto the God to whom the Christians pray.

Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls  
Of fever-balm and sweet sagamite:  
But she was journeying to the land of souls,  
And lifted up her dying head to pray  
That we should bid an ancient friend convey  
Her orphan to his home of England's shore;  
And take, she said, this token far away,  
To one that will remember us of yore,  
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia wore.

And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd  
With this lorn dove."--A sage's self-command  
Had quell'd the tears from Albert's heart that gush'd;  
But yet his cheek--his agitated hand--  
That shower'd upon the stranger of the land  
No common boon, in grief but ill beguiled  
A soul that was not wont to be unmann'd;  
"And stay," he cried, "dear pilgrim of the wild,  
Preserver of my old, my boon companion's child!--

Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,  
On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here!  
Whose mother oft, a child, has fill'd these arms,  
Young as thyself, and innocently dear,

Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer.  
Ah, happiest home of England's happy clime!  
How beautiful even' now thy scenes appear,  
As in the noon and sunshine of my prime!  
How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of time!

And Julia! when thou wert like Gertrude now  
Can I forget thee, favorite child of yore?  
Or thought I, in thy father's house, when thou  
Wert lightest-hearted on his festive floor,  
And first of all his hospitable door  
To meet and kiss me at my journey's end?  
But where was I when Waldegrave was no more?  
And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend  
In woes, that ev'n the tribe of deserts was thy friend!"

He said--and strain'd unto his heart the boy;--  
Far differently, the mute Oneyda took  
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy;  
As monumental bronze unchanged his look;  
A soul that pity touch'd but never shook;  
Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier  
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook  
Impassive--fearing but the shame of fear--  
A stoic of the woods--a man without a tear.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock  
Of Outalissi's heart disdain'd to grow;  
As lives the oak unwither'd on the rock  
By storms above, and barrenness below;  
He scorn'd his own, who felt another's wo:  
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,  
Or laced his mocassins, in act to go,  
A song of parting to the boy he sung,  
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly tongue.

"Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land  
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,  
Oh! tell her spirit, that the white man's hand  
Hath pluck'd the thorns of sorrow from thy feet;  
While I in lonely wilderness shall greet  
Their little foot-prints--or by traces know

The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet  
To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,  
And pour'd the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain roe.

Adieu! sweet scion of the rising sun!  
But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,  
Then come again--my own adopted one!  
And I will graft thee on a noble stock:  
The crocodile, the condor of the rock,  
Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars;  
And I will teach thee in the battle' shock  
To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,  
And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars!"

So finish'd he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)  
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran;  
(And song is but the eloquence of truth:)  
Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man;  
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan  
In woods required, whose trained eye was keen,  
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan  
His path by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,  
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side--  
His pirogue launch'd--his pilgrimage begun--  
Far, like the red-bird's wing he seem'd to glide;  
Then dived, and vanish'd in the woodlands dun.  
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,  
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,  
If but a dim sail glimmer'd in the sun;  
But never more to bless his longing sight,  
Was Outalissi hail'd, with bark and plumage bright.

## PART II.

A valley from the river shower withdrawn  
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,  
Whose lofty verdure overlook'd his lawn  
And waters to their resting-place serene  
Came freshening, and reflecting all the scene:

(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves;)
So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween,)
Have guess'd some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas open'd by the wandering stream;
Both where at evening Alleghany views
Through ridges burning in her western beam
Lake after lake interminably gleam:
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote low'd far from human home.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown,)
Like tumults heard from some far distant town;
But softening in approach he left his gloom,
And murmur'd pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem'd to love whate'er they look'd upon;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,
(As if for heavenly musing meant alone;)
Yet so becomingly th' expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that look'd from such a face!
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace



To hills with high magnolia overgrown,  
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,  
That thus apostrophised its viewless scene:  
"Land of my father's love, my mother's birth!  
The home of kindred I have never seen!  
We know not other--oceans are between:  
Yet say, far friendly hearts! from whence we came,  
Of us does oft remembrance intervene?  
My mother sure--my sire a thought may claim;--  
But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

And yet, loved England! when thy name I trace  
In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,  
How can I choose but wish for one embrace  
Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong  
My mother's looks; perhaps her likeness strong?  
Oh, parent! with what reverential awe,  
From features of thine own related throng,  
An image of thy face my soul could draw!  
And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw!"

Yet deem not Gertrude sighed for foreign joy;  
To soothe a father's couch her only care,  
And keep his reverend head from all annoy:  
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,  
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair;  
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,  
While boatmen carol'd to the fresh-blown air,  
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,  
And early fox appear'd in momentary view.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,  
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore,  
Tradition had not named its lonely spot;  
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore  
Their fathers' dust, or lift, perchance of yore,  
Their voice to the great Spirit:--rocks sublime  
To human art a sportive semblance bore,  
And yellow lichens color'd all the clime,  
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decay'd by time.

But high in amphitheatre above,  
Gay tinted woods their massy foliage threw:  
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove  
As if instinct with living spirit grew,  
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue;  
And now suspended was the pleasing din,  
Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,  
Like the first note of organ heard within  
Cathedral aisles,--ere yet its symphony begin.

It was in this lonely valley she would charm  
The lingering noon, where flowers a couch had strown;  
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm  
On hillock by the pine-tree half o'ergrown:  
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,  
Which every heart of human mould endears;  
With Shakspear's self she speaks and smiles alone,  
And no intruding visitation fears,  
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

And naught within the grove was heard or seen  
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom profound,  
Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,  
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round;  
When, lo! there enter'd to its inmost ground  
A youth, the stranger of a distant land;  
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound;  
But late th' equator suns his cheek had tann'd,  
And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,  
He led dismounted; here his leisure pace,  
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,  
Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space  
Those downcast features:--she her lovely face  
Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame  
Wore youth and manhood's intermingled grace:  
Iberian seem'd his booth--his robe the same,  
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

For Albert's home he sought--her finger fair

Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.  
Returning from the copse he soon was there;  
And soon has Gertrude hied from dark greenwood:  
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood  
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,  
That gay congeniality of mood,  
And early liking from acquaintance sprung;  
Full fluently conversed their guest in England's tongue.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste  
Unfold,--and much they loved his fervid strain,  
While he each fair variety retraced  
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main.  
Now happy Switzer's hills,--romantic Spain,--  
Gay lilled fields of France,--or, more refined,  
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign;  
Nor less each rural image he design'd  
Than all the city's pomp and home of humankind.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws;  
Of Nature's savage glories he would spea,--  
The loneliness of earth at overawes,--  
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,  
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak  
Nor living voice nor motion marks around;  
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,  
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,  
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would ply  
Each earnest question, and his converse court;  
But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why  
A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.  
"In England thou hast been,--and, by report,  
An orphan's name (quoth Albert) may'st have known.  
Sad tale!--when latest fell our frontier fort,--  
One innocent--one soldier's child--alone  
Was spared, and brought to me, who loved him as my own.

Young Henry Waldegrave! three delightful years  
These very walls his infants sports did see,  
But most I loved him when his parting tears

Alternately bedew'd my child and me:  
His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee;  
Nor half its grief his little heart could hold;  
By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea,  
They tore him from us when but twelve years old,  
And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consoled!"

His face the wanderer hid--but could not hide  
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell;  
"And speak! mysterious strange!" (Gertrude cried)  
"It is!--it is!--I knew--I knew him well;  
'Tis Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to tell!"  
A burst of joy the father's lips declare!  
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell;  
At once his open arms embraced the pair,  
Was never group more blest in this wide world of care.

"And will ye pardon then (replied the youth)  
Your Waldegrave's feign'd name, and false attire?  
I durst not in the neighborhood, in truth,  
The very fortunes of your house inquire;  
Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire  
Impart, and I my weakness all betray,  
For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire  
I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day,  
Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass away.

But here ye life, ye bloom,--in each dear face,  
The changing hand of time I may not blame;  
For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,  
And here, of beauty perfected the frame:  
And well I know your hearts are still the same--  
They could not change--ye look the very way,  
As when an orphan first to you I came.  
And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray?  
Nay, wherefore weep ye, friends, on such a joyous day!"

"And art thou here? or is it but a dream?  
And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou, leave us more!"  
"No, never! thou that yet dost lovelier seem  
Than aught on earth--than even thyself of yore--  
I will not part thee from thy father's shore;

But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,  
And hand in hand again the path explore  
Which every ray of young remembrance warms,  
While thou shalt be my own, with all thy truth and charms!"

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy  
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,  
Where all was odorous scent and harmony,  
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight:  
There, if, O gentle Love! I read aright  
The utterance that seal'd thy sacred bond,  
'Twas listening to these accents of delight,  
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond  
Expression's power to paint, all languishingly fond--

"Flower of my life, so lovely, and so lone!  
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,  
Scorning, and scorn'd by fortune's power, than own  
Her pomp and splendors lavish'd at my feet!  
Turn not from me thy breath, move exquisite  
Than odors cast on heaven's own shrine--to please--  
Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,  
And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,  
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas."

Then would that home admit them--happier far  
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,  
While, here and there, a solitary star  
Flush'd in the darkening firmament of June;  
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon  
Ineffable, which I may not portray;  
For never did the hymenean moon  
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,  
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

### PART III.

O Love! in such a wilderness as this,  
Where transport and security entwine,  
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,  
And here thou art a god indeed divine.

Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine  
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!  
Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,  
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

Three little moons, how short! amidst the grove  
And pastoral savannas they consume!  
While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,  
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,  
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;  
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;  
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom,  
'Tis but the breath of heaven--the blessed air--  
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to share.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,  
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing;  
Yet who, in Love's own presence, would devote  
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring,  
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?  
No!--nor let fear one little warbler rouse;  
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,  
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,  
That shade ev'n now her love, and witness'd first her vows.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,  
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,  
Where welcome hills shut out the universe,  
And pines their lawny walk encompass round;  
There, if a pause delicious converse found,  
'Twas but when o'er each heart th' idea stole,  
(Perchance a while in joy's oblivion drown'd)  
That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,  
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

And in the visions of romantic youth,  
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!  
But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?  
The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!  
And must I change my song? and must I show,  
Sweet Wyoming! the day when thou art doom'd,  
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid low!

When were of yesterday a garden bloom'd,  
Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes gloom'd!

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,  
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,  
Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,  
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,  
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes;  
Her birth star was the light of burning plains;  
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows  
From kindred hearts--the blood of British veins--  
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

Yet, here the storm of death had raged remote,  
Or seige unseen in heaven reflects its beams,  
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,  
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly dreams!  
Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams  
Portentous light! and music's voice is dumb;  
Save where the fife its shrill reveille screams,  
Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum,  
That speaks of maddening strife, and blood-stained fields to come.

It was in truth a momentary pang;  
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of wo!  
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,  
A husband to the battle doom'd to go!  
"Nay meet not thou( she cried) thy kindred foe!  
But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand!"  
"Ah, Gertrude, thy beloved heart, I know,  
Would feel like mine the stigmatising brand!  
Could I forsake the cause of Freedom's holy band!

But shame--but flight--a recreant's name to prove,  
To hide in exile ignominious fears;  
Say, ev'n if this I brook'd, the public love  
Thy father's bosom to his home endears:  
And how could I his few remaining years,  
My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child?"  
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers:  
At last that heart to hope is half beguiled,

And, pale, through tears suppress'd, the mournful beauty smiled.

Night came,--and in their lighted bower, full late,  
The joy of converse had endured--when, hark!  
Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate;  
And heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark,  
A form had rush'ed amidst them from the dark,  
And spread his arms,--and fell upon the floor:  
Of aged strength his limbs retained the mark;  
But desolate he look's and famish'd, poor,  
As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desert shore.

Uprisen, each wond'ring brow is knit and arch'd:  
A spirit form the dead they deem him first:  
To speak he tries; but quivering, pale, and parch'd,  
From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed  
Emotions unintelligible burst;  
And long his filmed eye is red and dim;  
At length the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst  
Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering limb  
When Albert's hand he grasp'd;--but Albert knew not him--

"And hast thou then forgot," (he cried forlorn,  
And eyed the group with half indignant air,)  
"Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn  
When I with thee the cup of peace did share?  
Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,  
That now is white as Appalachia's snow;  
But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,  
And age hath bow'd me, and the torturing foe,  
Bring me my boy--and he will his deliverer know!"--

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,  
Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew:  
"Bless thee, my guide!"--but backward as he came,  
The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew,  
And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and look'd him through.  
'Twas strange--nor could the group a smile control--  
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view:  
At last delight o'er all his features stole,  
"It is--my own," he cried, and clasp'd him to his soul.



"Yes! thou recallest my pride of years, for then  
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,  
When, spite of woods and floods, and ambush'd men,  
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,  
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;  
Nor foreman then, nor cougar's crouch I fear'd,  
For I was strong as mountain cataract:  
And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd,  
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appear'd?"

Then welcome be my death-song, and my death  
Since I have seen thee, and again embrac'd."  
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath;  
But with affectionate and eager haste,  
Was every arm outstretch'd around their guest,  
To welcome and to bless his aged head.  
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed;  
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed  
On wounds with fever'd joy that more profusely bled.

"But this is not a time,"--he started up,  
And smote his breast with wo-denouncing hand--  
"This is no time to fill the joyous cup,  
The Mammoth comes,--the foe,--the Monster Brandt,--  
With all his howling desolating band;  
These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine  
Awake at once, and silence half your land.  
Red is the cup they drink; but not with wine:  
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine!

Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,  
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:  
Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe  
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:  
No! not the dog that watch'd my household hearth,  
Escaped that night of blood, upon our plains!  
All perish'd!--I alone am left on earth!  
To whom nor relative nor blood remains.  
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

But go!--and rouse your warriors, for, if right

These old bewilder'd eyes could guess, by signs  
Of striped, and starred banners, on yon height  
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines--  
Some fort embattled by your country shines:  
Deep roars th' innavigable gulf below  
Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.  
Go! seek the light its warlike beacons show;  
Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe!"

Scarce had he utter'd--when Heaven's virge extreme  
Reverberates the bomb's descending star,  
And sounds that mingled laugh,--and shout,--and scream,--  
To freeze the blood in once discordant jar  
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.  
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd;  
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;  
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevail'd:--  
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wail'd.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung  
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare;  
Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock unrun  
Told legible that midnight of despair.  
She faints,--she falters not,--th' heroic fair,  
As he the sword and plume in haste array'd.  
One short embrace--he clasp'd his dearest care--  
But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade?  
Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through the shade!

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,  
Far rung the groves and gleam'd the midnight grass,  
With Flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;  
As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,  
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,  
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines:  
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,  
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins--  
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

And in, the buskin'd hunters of the deer,  
To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal throng--  
Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,

Old Outalissi woke his battle song,  
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,  
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,  
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,  
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,  
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,  
Pale on his venerable brow its rays  
Of martyr light the conflagration throws;  
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,  
And one th' uncover'd crowd to silence sways;  
While, though the battle flash is faster driven,--  
Unaw'd, with eye unstartled by the blaze,  
He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,--  
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

Short time is now for gratulating speech:  
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began  
Thy country's flight, yon distant towers to reach,  
Looks not on thee the rudest partisan  
With brow relax'd to love? And murmurs ran,  
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,  
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.  
Grateful on them a placid look she threw,  
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

Past was the flight, and welcome seem'd the tower,  
That like a giant standard-bearer frown'd  
Defiance on the roving Indian power,  
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound  
With embrasure emboss'd, and armor crown'd.  
And arrowy frise, and wedg'd ravelin,  
Wove like a diadem its tracery round  
The loft summit of that mountain green;  
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene--

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,  
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;  
And for the business of destruction done,  
Its requiem the war-horn seem'd to blow:  
There, sad spectatress of her country's wo!

The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,  
Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow  
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm  
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild alarm!

But short that contemplation--sad and short  
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!  
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,  
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;  
Ah! who could deem that root of Indian crew  
Was near?--yet there, with lust of murd'rous deeds,  
Gleam'd like a basilisk, form woods in view,  
The ambush'd foeman's eye, his volley speeds,  
And Albert--Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds!

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd;  
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,  
Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,  
These drops?--Oh, God! the life-blood is her own!  
And faltering on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown;  
"Weep not, O Love!"--she cries, "to see me bleed;  
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone  
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed  
These wounds;--yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed!

Clasp me a little longer on the brink  
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;  
And when this heart hath ceased to beat--oh! think,  
And let it mitigate thy wo's excess,  
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
And friend no more than human friendship just.  
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,  
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,  
God shall assuage thy pangs--when I am laid in dust!

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,  
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,  
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,  
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove  
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove  
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast  
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.

And must this parting be our very last!  
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.--

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,--  
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,  
If I had lived to smile but on the birth  
Of one dear pledge;--but shall there then be none  
In future times--no gentle little one,  
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?  
Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,  
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,  
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland  
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt  
With love that could not die! and still his hand  
She presses to the heart no more that felt.  
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,  
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.  
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,--  
Of them that stood encircling his despair,  
He heard some friendly words;--but knew not what they were.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives  
A faithful band. With solemn rites between  
'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,  
And in their deaths had not divided been.  
Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,  
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:--  
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen  
To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-loved shroud,  
While woman's softer soul in wo, dissolved aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid  
Its farewell, o'er the grave of worth and truth;  
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid  
His face on earth; him watch'd, in gloomy ruth,  
His woodland guide; but words had none to soothe  
The grief that knew not consolation's name;  
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,  
He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that came  
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

"And I could weep;"--th' Oneyda chief  
His descant wildly thus begun:  
"But that I may not stain with grief  
The death-song of my father's son,  
Or bow this head in wo!  
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!  
To-morrow Areouski's breath,  
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death,)  
Shall light us to the foe:  
And we shall share, my Christian boy!  
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

But thee, my flower whose breath was given  
By milder genii o'er the deep,  
The spirits of the white man's heaven  
Forbid not thee to weep:--  
Nor will the Christian host,  
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,  
To see thee, on the battle's eve,  
Lamenting take a mournful leave  
Of her who loved thee most:  
She was the rainbow to thy sight!  
Thy sun--thy heaven--of lost delight!

To-morrow let us do or die!  
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,  
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,  
Shall Outalissi roam the world?  
Seek we thy once-loved home?  
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers;  
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!  
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!  
And should we thither roam,  
Its echoes, and its empty tread,  
Would sound like voices from the dead!

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,  
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd  
And by my side, in battle true,  
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?  
Ah! there, in desolation cold,

The desert serpent dwells alone,  
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone  
And stones themselves to ruin grown  
Like me are death-like old.  
Then seek we not their camp,--for there--  
The silence dwells of my despair!

But hark, the trump!--to-morrow thou  
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:  
Ev'n from the land of shadows now  
My father's awful ghost appears,  
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;  
He bids my soul for battle thirst--  
He bids me dry the last--the first--  
The only tears that ever burst  
From Outalissi's soul;  
Because I may not stain with grief  
The death-song of an Indian chief!"

Thomas Campbell

# Glenara

O, heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,  
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?  
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;  
And her sire and her people are called to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud;  
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud;  
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;  
They marched all in silence, - they looked on the ground.

In silence they reached, over mountain and moor,  
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;  
'Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn; -  
Why speak ye no word?' said Glenara the stern.

'And tell me, I charge ye, ye clan of my spouse,  
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?'  
So spake the rude chieftain; no answer is made.  
But each mantle, unfolding, a dagger displayed.

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud.'  
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;  
'And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem;  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

O, pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,  
When the shroud was unclosed and no lady was seen;  
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn, -  
'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn,

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,  
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;  
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
And the desert revealed where his lady was found;  
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne;  
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn.



Thomas Campbell

# Hohenlinden

1 On Linden, when the sun was low,  
2 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
3 And dark as winter was the flow  
4 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

5 But Linden saw another sight  
6 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
7 Commanding fires of death to light  
8 The darkness of her scenery.

9 By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
10 Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
11 And furious every charger neighed  
12 To join the dreadful revelry.

13 Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
14 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,  
15 And louder than the bolts of heaven  
16 Far flashed the red artillery.

17 But redder yet that light shall glow  
18 On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
19 And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
20 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

21 'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
22 Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,  
23 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
24 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

25 The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
26 Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
27 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
28 And charge with all thy chivalry!

29 Few, few shall part where many meet!  
30 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
31 And every turf beneath their feet  
32 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell

# Hope

At summer eve, when heaven's aerial bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near? -  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thomas Campbell

# Hope Triumphant In Death

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn -  
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,  
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!  
Oh! then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power!  
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!  
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
The morning dream of life's eternal day -  
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,  
And all the phoenix-spirit burns within!

Oh, deep enchanting prelude to repose,  
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!  
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread and awful thing to die!  
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!  
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,  
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,  
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.  
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,  
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!  
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled thrust,  
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;  
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine  
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!  
Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll  
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!  
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,  
Chased, on his night-steed, by the star of day!  
The strife is o'er - the pangs of Nature close,  
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.  
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,  
The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,  
On heavenly winds, that waft her to the sky,  
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;  
Wild as that hallow'd anthem, sent to hail

Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,  
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still  
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!  
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?  
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,  
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;  
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,  
And doom'd, like thee, to travel and return.  
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,  
With sounds, that shook the firmament of heaven,  
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,  
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car:  
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,  
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought:  
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,  
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!  
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd  
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;  
And, o'er the path by mortal never trod,  
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Thomas Campbell

# Last Man, The

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
The Sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume  
Its Immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep  
That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulf of Time!

I saw the last of human mould,  
That shall Creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The Earth with age was wan,  
The skeletons of nations were  
Around that lonely man!  
Some had expired in fight,--the brands  
Still rested in their bony hands;  
In plague and famine some!  
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;  
And ships were drifting with the dead  
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood  
With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sere leaves from the wood  
As if a storm passed by,  
Saying, "We are twins in death, proud Sun,  
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
'Tis Mercy bids thee go.  
For thou ten thousand thousand years  
Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put forth  
His pomp, his pride, his skill;  
And arts that made fire, floods, and earth,  
The vassals of his will;--  
Yet mourn not I thy parted sway,  
Thou dim discrowned king of day:

For all those trophied arts  
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
Healed not a passion or a pang  
Entailed on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the stage of men,  
Nor with thy rising beams recall  
Life's tragedy again.  
Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
Of pain anew to writhe;  
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the scythe.

"Ee'n I am weary in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire;  
Test of all sumless agonies  
Behold not me expire.  
My lips that speak thy dirge of death--  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
To see thou shalt not boast.  
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,--  
The majesty of Darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost!

"This spirit shall return to Him  
That gave its heavenly spark;  
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
When thou thyself art dark!  
No! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recalled to breath,  
Who captive led captivity.  
Who robbed the grave of Victory,--  
And took the sting from Death!

"Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up  
On Nature's awful waste  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that man shall taste--



Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
On Earth's sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his Immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God!"

Thomas Campbell

# Lochiel's Warning

Wizard. - Lochiel.

Wizard.

- Lochiel! Lochiel, beware of the day  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!  
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:  
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;  
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!  
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
'Tis thine, Oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,  
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;  
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!  
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:  
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel.

- Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!  
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight!  
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard.

- Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?  
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!  
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,  
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?  
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!  
Ah! home let him speed - for the spoiler is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast  
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?  
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.  
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,  
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;  
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel.

- False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan:  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!  
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!  
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws:  
When her bonnetted chieftains to victory crowd,  
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array -

Wizard.

- Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!  
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:  
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadow before.  
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
With the bloodhounds, that bark for thy fugitive king.  
Lo! annointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,  
Behold; where he flies on his desolate path!  
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:  
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!  
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;  
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores;  
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?  
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.

Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,  
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?  
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;  
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;  
His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel  
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!  
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,  
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,  
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale -

Lochiel.

- Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:  
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,  
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!  
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Thomas Campbell

# Lord Ullin's Daughter

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, `` Boatman, do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry!"--

`` Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy weather?"  
`` O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.--

`` And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together,  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

`` His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover?"--

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,--  
`` I'll go, my chief--I'm ready:--  
It is not for your silver bright;  
But for your winsome lady:

`` And by my word! the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."--

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armèd men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.--

` ` O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
` ` Though tempests round us gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."--

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,--  
When, O! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing:  
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,--  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover:--  
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

` ` Come back! come back!" he cried in grief  
` ` Across this stormy water:  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter!--O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
Return or aid preventing:  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

Thomas Campbell

# Love And Madness

Hark ! from the battlements of yonder tower  
The solemn bell has tolled the midnight hour !  
Roused from drear visions of distempered sleep,  
Poor Broderick wakes—in solitude to weep !

"Cease, Memory; cease (the friendless mourner cried)  
To probe the bosom too severely tried !  
Oh ! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray  
Through the bright fields of Fortune's better day,  
When youthful Hope, the music of the mind,  
Tuned all its charms, and Errington was kind !

Yet, can I cease, while glows this trembling frame,  
In sighs to speak thy melancholy name !  
I hear thy spirit wail in every storm !  
In midnight shades I view thy passing form !  
Pale as in that sad hour when doomed to feel !  
Deep in thy perjured heart, the bloody steel !

Demons of Vengeance ! ye, at whose command  
I grasped the sword with more than woman's hand  
Say ye, did Pity's trembling voice control,  
Or horror damp the purpose of my soul ?  
No ! my wild heart sat smiling o'er the plan,  
'Till Hate fulfilled what baffled love began !

Yes ; let the clay-cold breast that never knew  
One tender pang to generous nature true,  
Half-mingling pity with the gall of scorn,  
Condemn this heart, that bled in love forlorn !

And ye, proud fair, whose soul no gladness warms,  
Save Rapture's homage to your conscious charms !  
Delighted idols of a gaudy train,  
Ill can your blunter feelings guess the pain,  
When the fond, faithful heart, inspired to prove  
Friendship refined, the calm delight of Love,  
Feels all its tender strings with anguish torn,  
And bleeds at perjured Pride's inhuman scorn.

Say, then, did pitying Heaven condemn the deed,  
When Vengeance bade thee, faithless lover! bleed ?  
Long had I watched thy dark foreboding brow,  
What time thy bosom scorned its dearest vow !  
Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover changed,  
Still thy cold look was scornful and estranged,  
Till from thy pity, love, and shelter thrown,  
I wandered hopeless, friendless, and alone !

Oh ! righteous Heaven ! 't was then my tortured soul  
First gave to wrath unlimited control !  
Adieu the silent look ! the streaming eye !  
The murmured plaint ! the deep heart-heaving sigh !  
Long-slumbering Vengeance wakes to better deeds ;  
He shrieks, he falls, the perjured lover bleeds !  
Now the last laugh of agony is o'er,  
And pale in blood he sleeps, to wake no more !

'T is done ! the flame of hate no longer burns :  
Nature relents, but, ah! too late returns!  
Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel ?  
Trembling and faint, I drop the guilty steel !  
Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies,  
And shades of horror close my languid eyes !

Oh ! 't was a deed of Murder's deepest grain !  
Could Broderick's soul so true to wrath remain ?  
A friend long true, a once fond lover fell ?  
Where Love was fostered could not Pity dwell ?

Unhappy youth ! while you pale cresscent glows  
To watch on silent Nature's deep repose,  
Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb ,  
Foretells my fate, and summons me to come !  
Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand ,  
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand !

Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame  
Forsake its languid melancholy frame !  
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,  
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose !



Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne  
Where, lulled to slumber, Grief forgets to mourn !"

Thomas Campbell

# Maternal Hope

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,  
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps:  
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,  
Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,  
And weaves a song of melancholy joy:-  
'Sleep, image of thy father! - sleep, my boy!  
No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine,  
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine.  
Bright, as his manly sire, the son shall be,  
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!  
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,  
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past;  
With many a smile my solitude repay,  
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

'And say, when summon'd from the world and thee  
I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,  
And soothe may parted spirit ling'ring near?  
Oh! wilt thou come at evening hour, to shed  
The tears of mem'ry o'er my narrow bed;  
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,  
Muse on the last 'farewell!' I leave behind,  
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,  
And think on all my love, and all my woe?'

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye  
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;  
But, when the cherub lip hath learn'd to claim  
A mother's ear by that endearing name, -  
Soon as the playful innocent can prove  
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,  
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,  
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,  
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear  
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear, -  
How fondly looks admiring hope the while,  
At every artless tear, and every smile!  
How glows the joyous parent to descry  
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Thomas Campbell

# Ode To The Memory Of Burns

Soul of the Poet ! wheresoe'er,  
Reclaimed from earth, thy genius plume  
Her wings of immortality ;  
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,  
And with thine influence illumine  
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,  
Discord and Strife, at Burn's name,  
Exorcised by his memory ;  
For he was chief of bards that swell  
The heart with songs of social flame,  
And high delicious revelry.

And Love's own strain to him was given,  
To warble all its ecstasies  
With Pythian words unsought, unwilled,—  
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven  
The choicest sweet of Paradise,  
In life's else bitter cup distilled.

Who that has melted o'er his lay  
To Mary's soul, in Heaven above ,  
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,  
The landscape and the livelong day  
That smiled upon their mutual love ?  
Who that has felt forgets the song ?

Nor skilled one flame alone to fan:  
His country's high-souled peasantry  
What patriot-pride he taught !—how much  
To weigh the inborn worth of man !  
And rustic life and poverty  
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him, in his clay-built cot, the Muse  
Entranced, and showed him all the forms,  
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom,  
(That only gifted Poet views,)

The Genii of the floods and storms,  
And martial shades from Glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse  
The swain whom Burns's song inspires !  
Beat not his Caledonian veins,  
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,  
With all the spirit of his sires,  
And all their scorn of death and chains ?

And see the Scottish exile, tanned  
By many a far and foreign clime,  
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep  
In memory of his native land,  
With love that scorns the lapse of time,  
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamped by Indian rivers wild,  
The soldier resting on his arms,  
In Burns's carol sweet recalls  
The scenes that blessed him when a child,  
And glows and gladdens at the charms  
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,  
An idle art the Poet brings:  
Let high Philosophy control,  
And sages calm the stream of life,  
'T is he refines its fountain-springs,  
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates  
The native banner of the brave,  
Unfurling, at the trumpet's breath,  
Rose, thistle, harp ; 't is she elates

To sweep the field or ride the wave,  
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero , when thy pall  
Is crossed with mournful sword and plume,  
When public grief begins to fade,

And only tears of kindred fall,  
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb,  
And greet with fame thy gallant shade ?

Such was the soldier—Burns, forgive  
That sorrows of mine own intrude  
In strains to thy great memory due.  
In verse like thine, oh ! Could he live,  
The friend I mourned—the brave—the good  
Edward that died at Waterloo !\*

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song !  
That couldst alternately impart  
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,  
And brand each vice with satire strong,  
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart?  
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell ! and ne'er may Envy dare  
To wring one baleful poison drop  
From the crushed laurels of thy bust ;  
But while the lark sings sweet in air,  
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,  
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

Thomas Campbell

# Ode To Winter

When first the fiery-mantled sun  
His heavenly race begun to run;  
Round the earth and ocean blue,  
His children four the Seasons flew.  
First, in green apparel dancing,  
The young Spring smiled with angel grace;  
Rosy summer next advancing,  
Rushed into her sire's embrace:-  
Her blue-haired sire, who bade her keep  
For ever nearest to his smile,  
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,  
On India's citron-covered isles:  
More remote and buxom-brown,  
The Queen of vintage bowed before his throne,  
A rich pomegranate gemmed her gown,  
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.  
But howling Winter fled afar,  
To hills that prop the polar star,  
And lives on deer-borne car to ride  
With barren darkness at his side,  
Round the shore where loud Lofoden  
Whirls to death the roaring whale,  
Round the hall where runic Odin  
Howls his war-song to the gale;  
Save when adown the ravaged globe  
He travels on his native storm,  
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,  
And trampling on her faded form:-  
Till light's returning lord assume  
The shaft the drives him to his polar field,  
Of power to pierce his raven plume  
And crystal-covered shield.  
Oh, sire of storms! whose savage ear  
The Lapland drum delights to hear,  
When frenzy with her blood-shot eye  
Implores thy dreadful deity,  
Archangel! power of desolation!  
Fast descending as thou art,  
Say, hath mortal invocation

Spells to touch thy stony heart?  
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,  
And gently rule the ruined year;  
Nor chill the wanders bosom bare,  
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;-  
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed  
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,  
And gently on the orphan head  
Of innocence descend.-  
But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!  
The sailor on his airy shrouds;  
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,  
And specters walk along the deep.  
Milder yet thy snowy breezes  
Pour on yonder tented shores,  
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,  
Or the Dark-brown Danube roars.  
Oh, winds of winter! List ye there  
To many a deep and dying groan;  
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,  
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.  
Alas! Even unhallowed breath  
May spare the victim fallen low;  
But man will ask no truce of death,-  
No bounds to human woe.

Thomas Campbell



# River Of Life, The

The more we live, more brief appear  
Our life's succeeding stages;  
A day to childhood seems a year,  
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,  
Ere passion yet disorders,  
Steals lingering like a river smooth  
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,  
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,  
Ye stars, that measure life to man,  
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,  
And life itself is vapid,  
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death  
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change  
Time's course to slower speeding,  
When one by one our friends have gone,  
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
Indemnifying fleetness;  
And those of youth, a seeming length,  
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

Thomas Campbell

# Song To The Evening Star

1 Star that bringest home the bee,  
2 And sett'st the weary labourer free!  
3 If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,  
4 That send'st it from above,  
5 Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow  
6 Are sweet as hers we love.

7 Come to the luxuriant skies  
8 Whilst the landscape's odours rise,  
9 Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,  
10 And songs, when toil is done,  
11 From cottages whose smoke unstirred  
12 Curls yellow in the sun.

13 Star of lover's soft interviews,  
14 Parted lovers on thee muse;  
15 Their remembrancer in heaven  
16 Of thrilling vows thou art,  
17 Too delicious to be riven  
18 By absence from the heart.

Thomas Campbell

# The Battle Of The Baltic

Of Nelson and the North  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;  
By each gun the lighted brand  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line:  
It was ten of April morn by the chime:  
As they drifted on their path  
There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd  
To anticipate the scene;  
And her van the fleeter rush'd  
O'er the deadly space between:  
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried, when each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back;—  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—  
Then ceased—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shatter'd sail,  
Or in conflagration pale  
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then  
As he hail'd them o'er the wave:  
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
And we conquer but to save:—  
So peace instead of death let us bring:  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King.'...

Now joy, old England, raise!  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light!  
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore!

Thomas Campbell

# The Beech Tree's Petition

O leave this barren spot to me!  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!  
Though bush or floweret never grow  
My dark unwarming shade below;  
Nor summer bud perfume the dew  
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;  
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,  
My green and glossy leaves adorn;  
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive  
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;  
Yet leave this barren spot to me:  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen  
The sky grow bright, the forest green;  
And many a wintry wind have stood  
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,  
Since childhood in my pleasant bower  
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;  
Since youthful lovers in my shade  
Their vows of truth and rapture made,  
And on my trunk's surviving frame  
Carved many a long-forgotten name.  
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,  
First breathed upon this sacred ground;  
By all that Love has whispered here,  
Or Beauty heard with ravished ear;  
As Love's own altar honor me:  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thomas Campbell

# The Child And The Hind

Come, maids and matrons, to caress  
Wiesbaden's gentle hind;  
And, smiling, deck its glossy neck  
With forest flowers entwined.

'Twas after church - on Ascension day -  
When organs ceased to sound,  
Wiesbaden's people crowded gay  
The deer park's pleasant ground.

Here came a twelve years' married pair -  
And with them wander'd free  
Seven sons and daughters, blooming fair,  
A gladsome sight to see!

Their Wilhelm, little innocent,  
The youngest of the seven,  
Was beautiful as painters' paint -  
The cherubim of heaven.

By turns he gave his hand, so dear,  
To parent, sister, brother,  
And each, that he was safe and near,  
Confided in the other.

But Wilhelm loved the field-flowers bright,  
With love beyond all measure;  
And cull'd them with as keen delight  
As misers gather treasure.

Unnoticed, he contrived to glide  
Adown a greenwood alley,  
By lilies lured - that grew beside  
A streamlet in the valley;

And there, where under beech and birch  
The rivulet meander'd,  
He stray'd, till neither shout nor search,  
Could track where he had wander'd.

Still louder, with increasing dread,  
They call'd his darling name:  
But 'twas like speaking to the dead -  
An echo only came.

Hours pass'd till evening's beetle roams,  
And blackbird's songs begin;  
Then all went back to happy homes,  
Save Wilhelm's kith and kin.

The night came on - all others slept  
Their cares away till morn;  
But sleepless, all night watch'd and wept  
That family forlorn.

Betimes the town-crier had been sent  
With loud bell up and down;  
And told th' afflicting accident  
Throughout Wiesbaden's town.

The news reach'd Nassau's Duke - ere earth  
Was gladden'd by the lark,  
He sent a hundred solders forth  
To ransack all his park.

But though they roused up beast and bird  
From many a nest and den,  
No signal of success was heard  
From all the hundred men.

A second morning's light expands,  
Unfound the infant fair;  
And Wilhelm's household wring their hands,  
Abandon'd to despair.

But, haply, a poor artizan  
Search'd ceaselessly, till he  
Found safe asleep the little one,  
Beneath a birchen tree.

His hand still grasp'd a bunch of flowers;

And - true, though wondrous - near,  
To sentry his reposing hours,  
There stood a female deer,

Who dipp'd her horns at all that pass'd  
The spot where Wilhelm lay;  
Till force was had to hold her fast,  
And bear the boy away.

Hail! sacred love of childhood - hail!  
How sweet it is to trace  
Thine instinct in Creation's scale,  
Even 'neath the human race.

To this poor wanderer of the wild  
Speech, reason were unknown -  
And yet she watch'd a sleeping child,  
As if it were her own!

Thomas Campbell



# The Dirge Of Wallace

When Scotland's great Regent, our warrior most dear,  
The debt of his nature did pay,  
T' was Edward, the cruel, had reason to fear,  
And cause to be struck with dismay.

At the window of Edward the raven did croak,  
Though Scotland a widow became;  
Each tie of true honor to Wallace he broke-  
The raven croaked "Sorrow and shame!"

At Eldersie Castle no raven was heard,  
But soothings of honor and truth;  
His spirit inspired the soul of the bard  
To comfort the Love of his youth!

They lighted the tapers at dead of night,  
And chanted their holiest hymn;  
But her brow and her bosom were all damp with affright,  
Her eye was all sleepless and dim!

And the lady of Eldersie wept for her lord,  
With a death-watch beat in her lonely room,  
When her curtain shook of its own accord,  
And the raven flapped at her window board  
To tell of her warrior's doom.

Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray  
For the soul of my knight so dear!  
And call me a widow, this wretched day,  
Since the warning of God is here.

For a nightmare rests on my strangled sleep;  
The lord of my bosom is doomed to die!  
His valorous heart they have wounded deep,  
And the blood-red tears his country shall weep  
For Wallace of Elderslie.

Yet knew not his country, that ominous hour,  
Ere the loud matin-bell was rung,

That the trumpet of death on an English tower,  
The dirge of her champion sung.

When his dungeon light looked dim and red  
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,  
No anthem was sung at his lowly death-bed,-  
No weeping was there when his bosom bled,  
And his heart was rent in twain.

When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,  
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land;  
For his lace was not shivered on helmet or shield,  
And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield  
Was light in his terrible hand.

Yet, bleeding and bound, though the "Wallacewight"  
For his long-loved country die,,  
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver night  
Than William of Elderslie.

But the day of his triumphs shall never depart;  
His head, unemtombed, shall with glory be palmed:  
From its blood streaming altar his spirit shall start;  
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,  
A nobler was never embalmed!

Thomas Campbell

# The Exile Of Erin

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:  
For his country he sign'd, when at twilight repairing  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle fo the ocean,  
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion.  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin Go Bragh!

'Sad is my fate!'- said the heart-broken stranger -  
'The wild deer and wolf to the covert can flee;  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger:  
A home and a country remain not to me!  
Never again, in my green, sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours;  
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin Go Bragh!

'Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore!  
But, alas! in a far - foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!  
Oh! cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?  
Never again shall my brothers embrace me!-  
They died to defend me!- or live to deplore!

'Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?  
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?  
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?  
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?  
Ah! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure!  
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?  
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure;  
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall!

'Yet - all its fond recollections suppressing -  
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw:  
Erin!- an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!

Land of my forefathers!- Erin go bragh!  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!  
And thy harp-striking bards sind aloud with devotion,-  
ERIN MAVOURNEEN! ERIN GO BRAGH!'

Thomas Campbell

# The Last Man

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
The Sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume  
Its Immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep  
That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulf of Time!

I saw the last of human mould,  
That shall Creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The Earth with age was wan,  
The skeletons of nations were  
Around that lonely man!  
Some had expired in fight,--the brands  
Still rested in their bony hands;  
In plague and famine some!  
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;  
And ships were drifting with the dead  
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood  
With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sere leaves from the wood  
As if a storm passed by,  
Saying, "We are twins in death, proud Sun,  
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
'Tis Mercy bids thee go.  
For thou ten thousand thousand years  
Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put forth  
His pomp, his pride, his skill;  
And arts that made fire, floods, and earth,  
The vassals of his will;--  
Yet mourn not I thy parted sway,  
Thou dim discrowned king of day:

For all those trophied arts  
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
Healed not a passion or a pang  
Entailed on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the stage of men,  
Nor with thy rising beams recall  
Life's tragedy again.  
Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
Of pain anew to writhe;  
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the scythe.

"Ee'n I am weary in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire;  
Test of all sumless agonies  
Behold not me expire.  
My lips that speak thy dirge of death--  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
To see thou shalt not boast.  
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,--  
The majesty of Darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost!

"This spirit shall return to Him  
That gave its heavenly spark;  
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
When thou thyself art dark!  
No! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recalled to breath,  
Who captive led captivity.  
Who robbed the grave of Victory,--  
And took the sting from Death!

"Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up  
On Nature's awful waste  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that man shall taste--

Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
On Earth's sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his Immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God!"

Thomas Campbell

# The Pleasures Of Hope (Excerpt)

PART I (excerpt)

...

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,  
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;  
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,  
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,  
Truth shall pervade the unfathomed darkness there,  
And light the dreadful features of despair.  
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,  
And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed.  
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,  
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,  
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,  
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars  
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,  
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;  
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,  
Presaging wrath to Poland--and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed  
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid;  
"Oh! Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!  
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?  
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,  
Rise, fellow men! our country yet remains!  
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,  
And swear for her to live!--with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed  
His trusty warriors, few but undismayed;  
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;  
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
Revenge, or death,--the watch-word and reply;  
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!



In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!  
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew;  
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,  
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!  
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,  
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career,--  
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shrieked--as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there.  
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air;  
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;  
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way;  
Bursts the wide cry of horror and dismay!  
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!  
Earth shook; red meteors flashed along the sky,  
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,  
Why slept the sword omnipotent to save?  
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,  
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,  
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car  
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?  
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host  
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast,  
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,  
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

...

Thomas Campbell

# The River Of Life

The more we live, more brief appear  
Our life's succeeding stages;  
A day to childhood seems a year,  
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,  
Ere passion yet disorders,  
Steals lingering like a river smooth  
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,  
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,  
Ye stars, that measure life to man,  
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,  
And life itself is vapid,  
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death  
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change  
Time's course to slower speeding,  
When one by one our friends have gone,  
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
Indemnifying fleetness;  
And those of youth, a seeming length,  
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

Thomas Campbell

# To The Evening Star

Star that bringest home the bee,  
And sett'st the weary labourer free!  
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,  
That send 'st it from above,  
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow  
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,  
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,  
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,  
And songs when toil is done,  
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd  
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews.  
Parted lovers on thee muse;  
Their remembrancer in heaven  
Of thrilling vows thou art,  
Too delicious to be riven  
By absence from the heart.

Thomas Campbell

# To The Rainbow

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky  
When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud Philosophy  
To teach me what thou art; -

Still seem; as to my childhood's sight,  
A midway station given  
For happy spirits to alight  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach unfold  
Thy form to please me so,  
As when I dreamt of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,  
But words of the Most High,  
Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green, undeluged earth  
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
How came the world's gray fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow luster smiled  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,  
The first-made anthem rang  
On earth, delivered from the deep,  
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
Unraptured greet thy beam;  
Theme of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the prophet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When, glittering in the freshened fields,  
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam:

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span;  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,  
That first spoke peace to man.

Thomas Campbell

# Ye Mariners Of England

1 Ye Mariners of England  
2 That guard our native seas,  
3 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
4 The battle and the breeze--  
5 Your glorious standard launch again  
6 To match another foe!  
7 And sweep through the deep,  
8 While the stormy winds do blow,--  
9 While the battle rages loud and long,  
10 And the stormy winds do blow.

11 The spirits of your fathers  
12 Shall start from every wave!  
13 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
14 And Ocean was their grave.  
15 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
16 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
17 As ye sweep through the deep,  
18 While the stormy winds do blow,--  
19 While the battle rages loud and long,  
20 And the stormy winds do blow.

21 Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
22 No towers along the steep;  
23 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
24 Her home is on the deep.  
25 With thunders from her native oak  
26 She quells the floods below,  
27 As they roar on the shore  
28 When the stormy winds do blow,--  
29 When the battle rages loud and long  
30 And the stormy winds do blow.

31 The meteor flag of England  
32 Shall yet terrific burn,  
33 Till danger's troubled night depart  
34 And the star of peace return.  
35 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!  
36 Our song and feast shall flow

37 To the fame of your name,  
38 When the storm has ceased to blow,--  
39 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
40 And the storm has ceased to blow

Thomas Campbell