

APPENDIX.

28.—TO LADY FITZGERALD,

IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright,
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood; whene'er thou meet'st my sight, 5
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare; 10
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb
From desolation toward the genial prime;
Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive Evening deepens into night.

— Wordsworth.

29.—EJACULATION.

Glory to God! and to the Power who came
In filial duty, clothed with love divine,
That made this human tabernacle shine
Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame; 5
Or like the Alpine Mount that takes its name
From roseate hues, far kened at morn and even,
In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven
Along the nether region's rugged frame!
Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us seek the light, 10
Studios of that pure intercourse begun
When first our infant brows their lustre won;
So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright
From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
At the approach of all-involving night.

-- Wordsworth.