

Some transient visits that can ill atone
For our bewilderment when left alone.

Descended from an ancestry, whose crimes
Were prayer and praise in persecuting times,
Hunted among the hills like birds of prey
For worshipping their Maker his own way ;
Hid in the glens where ferns profusely grew
They shunn'd the murderers that did them pursue.
Or, in the caves with brambles curtain'd o'er
Escape the frenzy of perverted power.
(Power, not by right divine to King or Queen,
But delegated and has ever been—
As impotent the conscience to enslave
As Canute's chair to stay the coming wave,)
Driven out from all the sanctities of home
In foreign lands and fev'rish climes to roam,
A price set on their heads, if they should e'er
Again within their native vales appear—
For living faith more than for learning they
Are famous in the annals of their day !
On us their mantle fell not, but will own
Our true position, long did fortune frown
Upon the embryo Poet, oft a sigh,
Deep drawn was ours, altho' then unknown why ;
A longing after something always came
In solitude for which we had no name.
One of those nurselings Nature, more than men
Inoculates with knowledge, now and then.