

Now dead, or distant, haply e'en estrang'd
From this sad heart by their own fault or mine!
But hush! my soul! be grief and self-reproach
Far from thee now; and sights and sounds of sweetness
Beguile my spirit in fond memory's dream.

Methinks I hear the roar of rushing waters,
As erst when first that sound my soul entranc'd;
Lo! Pow'rscourer hurls its torrent from on high!
Lo! from the brow of yon o'erhanging hill
The torrent thunders down with foaming rage
And ceaseless din: the rocks and groves resound:
All fresh with spray the vernal woods appear.

Now guide me, memory, to a wilder scene:
You dark and awful glen with ruins spread,*
Solemn and fearful, strange, and drear, and lone.
Glen of the Lakes! thy dark and gloomy breast
Sleeping in sombre shadows; the black wave
Surging amid the rocks; the still expanse
Of yonder sullen tide, around whose shores
Stand the eternal mountains high and bare,
Drearing in misty vastness; black Lugdun,
Huge Connalerry, giant Luglure,
Cloth'd in dim shadow and eternal cloud,
E'en at bright summer's noon—yon ruin'd heaps
Where dreary Desolation sits and smiles,
And you tall tow'r that tells of other days—
Oppress the heart; and like yon dusky cloud,
Whose mighty masses shade the struggling day,
Nor lets one beam illumine the mountain's height;
Thus a strange spell of dark impressive pow'r
Fetters the soul while gazing on thy bleak
And solitary scene; where silence dwells,
And mighty nature broods o'er ruin's work;
Nor wears a smile, or smiles but as in scorn.
Strange scene!—how dread thou art!—the dusky shade
Of yon huge masses overpends my heart,
That labours with the load oppressively!
Not thine is beauty, save where yonder stream,
Fring'd with young flow'rs, hazels, and alders grey,
Shouts wild with rapid course around the hill:
Sole thing like life, where all around seems death—
Black mighty mounds—loose scattered rocks and cliffs,
Piercing the sky; but not with summit sharp,
Tall spire and pointed cone; but broad bare brow
Savage and stern, and grey with grief of years.
Farewell! I turn me to a brighter scene—
Lara and Ammanoe, and Ashford fair,
By Vartrey's tide—Dunran—Rosanna too,
Where the sweet poetess who *Psyche* sang
Was wont to walk; sweet New-Rath Bridgel, the haunt
Of wedded love, where blissful Hymen smiles.
But chief that gleiz that reaching from the foot
Of Ballycurry, Clara's verdant slopes,
And proud Glenmore, extends its varied length
In loneliness and majesty sublime.
See how yon gloomy gorge, between the hills
Deep cleft, gives issue to the torrent tide
Of Vartrey, roaring o'er its bed of rocks;
There let us enter, and beside that stream
By darkling mountains overshadow'd deep,
Pause for awhile. How steep yon awful hills,
With their bald brows, from whence a stripling's arm

Might launch a pebble to the torrent's bed—
So steep they stand: there grows no forest there;
Nor verdure, save where hardy, stunted heath
Springs from some cleft, and waves aloft in air.
See how the torrent foams around each rock,
And, furious in its intercepted course,
Flings up its surging wave with mighty heave,
And in blind phrenzy boils within its bed;
With everlasting roar and ceaseless din
Gulphs its arms and smites the opposing rock!
Now onward let us tread. Behold a new
And lovelier scene—but not the less sublime—
Strikes on the view. With wildering forests clad
The steep and shadowy hills on either hand
Reach to the skies; forests of ancient oak
Uprear their verdant wall; while far above
Sharp spiring cliffs upraise their heads to heav'n.
See how the slanting sunbeam, as toward noon
Th' ascending orb aspires—shoots lovely down
Over yon brow, and lights with living gold
The dark green shade. How fresh the forest seems—
All wet with sparkling drops of vernal rain,
Just fallen from the clouds! What fragrance breathes
From yonder banks, where wanton the wild dews
In new-born beauty 'mid the waving grass!
And lo! the stream, congenial to the scene,
In peaceful calmness glides along its course,
With not a sound, save the weak, babbling voice
Of infancy well pleas'd, 'mong islets green
Lollers; while from its crystal wave the trout
Oft springs in speckled pride. Now onward, on,
Let us our path continue, while each step
Bids beauty rise, or strikes with scenes sublime.
Now barren, bleak and wild, on either hand,
Huge crags arise, upon whose ledgy brow
The storms of thousand years have rudely beat—
The torrent rain for centuries hath pour'd—
Nor shook their iron strength. Supreme they stand,
In sullen glory, and beat off the blast
That hurries baffled by. Now groves succeed
In sylvan grandeur: princely pine, and fir,
And stately oak, that seated on the rock
Sends far its roots, and from old mother earth
Sucks wholesome nourishment. *But hark! what roar*
Strikes on the ear? Lo! where the river leaps
From yonder hill in majesty of might;
Cleaving its way between the rugged rocks,
Hark! how it thunders from yon heathy height
With madd'ning bound; then sullenly along
Sweeps its proud course. Now let us onward tend,
And o'er yon barren moor for many a mile
Our path pursue, till high o'er Glenmalur,
Stern Lagnaquilen* frowns o'er bleak Drumgoff
Magnificent! The crimson ruddy ray
Of evening slanting from the western sky
Burns on his brow—enwraps his form in flame
Of red resplendent fire; along the glen
A flood of orange tinted splendour streams.
The sloping heights, all scatter'd o'er with rocks,
Loose crags, dissever'd from the mountain's brow,
And yonder work of man—old castle-walls—
Are gilt with glory. Not a sound ascends
To heaven, save the far-floating voice
Of streamlet murmuring in some distant dell.
But see! the clouds collect; and dusky night,
Spreading her sable plumes, darts o'er the ridge
Of yon sky-piercing range, whose barrier tall
With huge proportions tow'rs above the glen—
And with o'ershadowing and raven wings

* Glendalough.

† Mrs. H. Tighe.

‡ The favourite resort of new-married couples from Dublin.

§ The Devil's Glen—so called.

* 3,070 feet high.