

That maiden is my plighted love,
My joy and sole delight.

Sad Ellen mildly answer'd thus :
May every bliss betide,
And still increasing rapture wait
Earl Walter and his bride.

The princely bow'r they enter soon,
And hail the glittering train ;
Earl Walter courts each lovely nymph,
Nor heeds his Ellen's pain.

His sister with superior grace
Shone far above the rest,
Who when the Ellen's form survey'd,
Her wonder thus express'd :

Ah ! whence, my brother, is thy page ?
How heavenly fair his face !
What pity that his size uncouth
Such beauty should disgrace.

But let the boy on me attend,
In my apartment wait ;
My care shall soothe his gentle mind,
And mend his present state.

Too great for him that honour were,
A youth of low degree,
Enough distinguish'd as my page,
On foot to follow me.

Now midnight closing ev'ry eye,
Left Ellen free to weep,
But with the morn the Earl arose,
And broke the bands of sleep.

Awake ! awake ! thou slothful page,
'Tis dawn of breaking day,
Bring forth in haste my milk-white steed,
I must from hence away.

But 'ere her Lord could be obey'd,
Uncall'd Lucina came,
And to sad Ellen's other woes,
She adds a mother's name.

Now burst their way the heart-felt groan
Now falls the trickling tear,
'Till thro' the high resounding dome,
They reach Earl Walter's ear.

With eager steps he sought the place,
Then made a fearful pause,
While broken accents breath'd in sighs,
Reveal the fatal cause.

Lie still, thou pledge of hapless love,
Lie still, my infant dear ;
I would, thy father were a king,
Thy mother on a bier !

Enough had now the lover heard,
He clasps her in his arms,
Look up my mistress, friend, my wife,
Revive thy drooping charms.

Thy trial now is fairly pass'd,
Thou first of woman kind ;
Thy form, tho' cast in beauty's mould,
Enfines a hero's mind.

And dost thou know at length my heart ?
Then have I well been tried ;
I only liv'd to prove my faith : —
She grasp'd his hand and died.

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

SCIENCE ! thou fair effusive ray
From the Great Source of mental Day
Free, generous, and refin'd,
Descend, with all thy treasures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
And bless my lab'ring mind.

But, first, with thy restless light,
Disperse those phantoms from my sight,
Those mimic shades of thee,
The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,
The visionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philosophy.

O let thy powerful charm impart
The patient head, the candid heart
Devoted to thy sway ;
Which no weak passions e'er mislead
Which still with dauntless steps proceed,
Where Reason points the way,

Give me to know each secret cause ;
Let numbers, figures, motion's laws
Revealed before me stand :
Then to great Nature's scenes apply,
And round the globe, and through the air
Disclose her working hand.

Next to thy nobler search resign'd,
The busy restless human mind
Through every maze pursue,
Detect perception, where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they rise,
And all their changes view.

Her secret stores let Memory tell,
Bid Fancy quit her airy cell,
In all her treasures dress ;
Whilst prompt her sallies to controul,
Reason, the judge, recalls the soul
To Truth's severest test.