

And onward still, another field—  
 Preston! thy scene of civil strife;  
 But broken now the spear and shield,  
 Or turn'd into the pruning knife:—  
 There met a christian hero's grave,  
 Gardiner, at once the good and brave.

Yon lonely rock amid the sea,  
 That lifts itself to giant height,  
 Round which the billows ceaselessly,  
 Chafe in their restless might:  
 'Twas there the martyrs of the Rock  
 Defied the Tyrant's rudest shock.

Tuntallan, from the neighbouring steep—  
 The proudest stronghold of the land—  
 Still grandly looks o'er half the deep,  
 Where once it held command:—  
 Faint relic of its former day—  
 Its feudal, all but regal sway!

Ah! well that war has hush'd its notes:  
 The trumpet peals not to the ear:  
 No more the hostile banner floats  
 O'er citadel and mere:  
 Thy triumphs, Christian truth, are seen  
 In what is now, and what has been.

Now Scotland, England's, host, is one:  
 Rebellion lifts not now its head:  
 No more the foray raid is run,  
 And peace, with wing outspread,  
 Now broods o'er all the landscape wide,  
 More peaceful in this Sabbath tide.

The feudal hate, the civic strife,  
 The mustering host, the gathering clan:  
 For these, the amenities of life  
 That flow 'twixt man and man:  
 The hostile shock, the battle-cry  
 Contend not now for victory.

Surely this calm has something holy:  
 The stillness of the mourner's room;  
 Which yet is not all melancholy:  
 The dead has not the sinner's doom.—  
 How happy when the soul subdued  
 Thus finds repose in its own mood!

It seems that I could linger here,  
 If I might always feel as now,  
 With scarce a hope, and scarce a fear,  
 And sorrow banish'd from my brow:  
 The quiet of this twilight hour—  
 How deep, how hallow'd is its power!