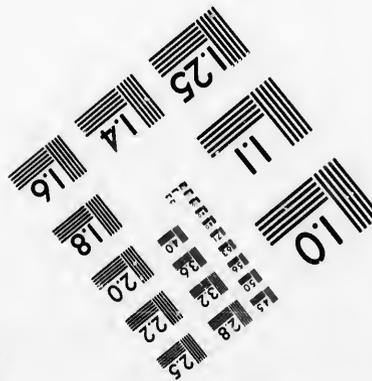
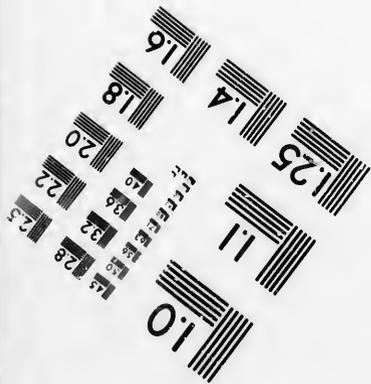
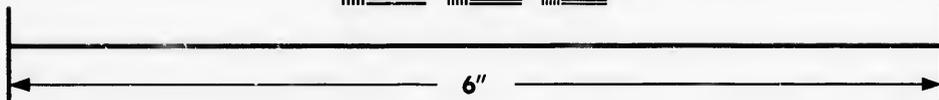
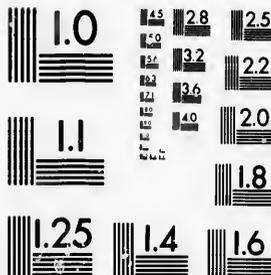


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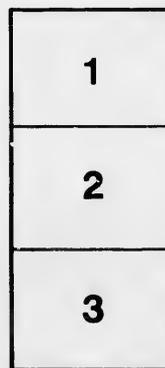
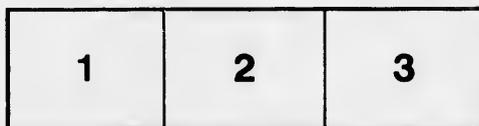
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R E M N A N T S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ODDS AND ENDS.

MONTREAL:

JAMES AND THOMAS A. STARKE.

MDCCCXXXV.

45318



REMNANTS.

I TOOK MY LUTE.

I TOOK my Lute, once more to sing
Those themes of love which still are dear ;
I took my Lute, but every string
Was glistening with a tear.

For oh, I thought of other days,
When one, who must not hear again
The song my simple chords might raise,
Had listened to that strain.

And wildly then I sought to wake
The silence of my slumbering Lute,
And forced my trembling lips to break
The spell which held them mute :

But the light spirit of those chords
I found, too soon, had died away ;
And Love's own pure and sparkling words
Were changed to Sorrow's lay.

As if my Lute but knew too well
How much that loved one had deceived ;
As if my lips refused to tell
What SHE no more believed.

As if they both had deemed it wrong
That other ears should hear a tone,
A word of that impassioned song,
They breathed for hers alone.

WHY DOTH THE BULBUL.

WHY doth the Bulbul to the rose
Repeat his nightly lay,
Yet cease at morn? Because he knows
Thou'dst shame his melody.

Why do those bright seraphic eyes
That round us nightly shine,
Retire when morning bids thee rise?
Because they yield to thine.

I twined a wreath at matin hour,
And bound it in thy hair;
The dew was dripping from the flower
That blushed in beauty there:

But look—even now, ere close of day,
How pale the wreath I wove!
The flowers have died of jealousy,
While I expire of love.

THE WARRIOR-CHIEF.

GOOD-BYE, my love, good-bye,
 I dare no longer stay ;
 The tear is starting in my eye,
 And sorrow must have way.
 And yet no tear should flow,
 Though sadly thus we part ;
 I would not have another know
 The weakness of my heart.

When the Paynim foe is driven
 Before our Christian band,
 And we've reared again the Cross of Heaven
 Within the Holy-Land ;
 Oh, then to thee and bliss
 Thy Chief will homeward hie,
 And that hour shall heal the pangs of this—
 My Isabel, good-bye.

The Warrior-Chief is gone
 To the plains of Palestine,
 And his Lady-Love is left alone
 In her distant bower to pine.
 And years rolled on, long years
 Of suffering and grief;
 Of cherished hopes and maddening fears
 For him, her Warrior-Chief.

From morn till night she gazed,
 His coming sail to mark;
 From night till morn her watch-fire blazed
 To guide his welcome bark.
 But still no tidings came
 Of him she loved so well—
 How could he in the field of Fame
 Forget his Isabel!

More pallid grew her cheek,
 Her eye became more dim;
 Her heart was broke, so purely meek,
 And all for love of him.
 He came at last, but Death
 Had claimed the mastery;
 He only caught her parting breath—
 Good-bye, my love, good-bye.

OH, DO NOT BRUSH THE TEARS AWAY.

Oh, do not brush the tears away
Which thus at meeting rise ;
But let them tremble while they may,
And glitter in thine eyes.
And I will think the drops that wet
Those lids, are drops of dew,
And each sweet orb a violet,
So softly shining through.

More dear than smiles such tears to me,
And yet I could not bear
That even these, though sweet they be,
Too long should linger there.
They look so like the drops of pain
I cannot ask their stay ;
But thus—and thus—and thus again—
I kiss them all away.

WHERE ARE THE FLOWERS.

WHERE are the flowers, the blooming flowers
 That filled with fragrance our summer bowers ;
 And where are the birds that on tuneful wing
 Round those summer bowers were fluttering ?
 The flowers lie withered upon their stem,
 And the song of the birds expired with them.

Where are the friends of our early years,
 Companions alike in their smiles and tears ;
 And where is the one loved, faithful breast,
 Truer and dearer than all the rest ?
 Our youth, like the summer, is gone, and they
 Like the birds and the flowers have passed away.

Yet not like them—for again in Spring
 The flowers will bloom, and the birds will sing ;
 But where is the power that can restore
 The friends of our youth, whom we valued more
 Than the bloom of the flowers, or the birds' soft strain ?
 Oh, who can bring us those friends again !

WHEN I LOOK ON THAT BEAUTIFUL
CHEEK.

WHEN I look on that beautiful cheek,
Which an Anchorite's bosom might move ;
And that eye through whose dark lashes break
The soft, chastened sunbeams of love :
Can I deem that the spirit within
Riots wildly and wantonly there ?
Can I think that the worship of sin
Hath polluted a temple so fair ?

Oh no, they must slander thy name,
Who say that thy heart is untrue ;
That thy love's like the vapour-lamp's flame,
As impure and as wandering too.
Oh no—the warm blushes which dye
That cheek, ne'er to falsehood were given ;
And the light which illumines that eye
Must be light which is borrowed from Heaven.

LOVE'S EMBLEM.

'Tis said Love's emblem is the rose
Which blooms so fair at morn,
But withers away ere evening's close
And leaves behind its thorn.

Believe it not—'mid winter's snow
The laurel rears its head,
Its leaf as fresh as in Summer's glow
Though all around be dead ;

In this, in this the emblem sure
Of heart-felt Love is seen ;
As the virgin snow of heaven pure,
As the laurel ever green.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE.

As I lay on my bed t'other night I idealized
 Thus to myself in a whimsical mood ;
 Wishes are vain when they cannot be realized,
 That which is evil will seldom prove good.
 What is impossible, though it be plausible,
 Never can happen, as sages agree ;
 Then let us be merry all until our burial,
 Sorrow and care being—Fiddle-de-dee.

What are the Muses and all those Divinities,
 Hyads and Dryads, but humbugs or tools ?
 The Fates and the Furies are quizzical Trinities,
 Pan and Pandora a couple of fools.
 Even Jupiter Ammon is nothing but gammon,
 And Juno, his wife, little better than he ;
 So let us be merry all until our burial,
 Sorrow and care being—Fiddle-de-dee.

In the days of our Fathers—it warms one to think of it—
 Topers fared better than now by long odds ;
 For they'd Nectar, as much as they ever could drink of it,
 Nectar distilled from the grape of the Gods.
 But who, in this era, would spurn at Madeira,
 Because no receipt for such liquor have we !
 Oh, let us be merry all until our burial,
 Sorrow and care being—Fiddle-de-dee.

Such were the wise cogitations with which I,
 'Twixt sleeping and waking, exerted my brain ;
 And even to this hour, had the skies remained pitchy,
 I might have continued the sensible strain.
 But morning, then beaming, dispelled all my dreaming,
 And I sprang from my couch, most determined to be
 Funny and merry all until my burial,
 Sorrow and care being—Fiddle-de-dee.

FILL TO THE BRIM.

FILL to the brim, for this bowl so bright
Was meant as a balm to sorrow ;
To-morrow may lower if it will, but, to-night,
We'll think not of to-morrow.

Few and brief are the summer flowers
With which old Time supplies us ;
Then let us enjoy their bloom while ours,
Nor murmur at what he denies us.

So fill to the brim—from this bowl so bright
Its cheering influence borrow ;
To-morrow may lower as it will, but, to-night,
We care not for to-morrow.

The languishing plant will droop its head
When the sun shines fiercely o'er it ;
But soon as the dews of eve are shed,
Oh, look how their drops restore it !

And thus it is with the drooping soul—
Affliction may dim its brightness ;
But the drops which are shed from a sparkling bowl
Can restore all its former lightness.

So fill to the brim, for this bowl so bright
Was meant as a balm to sorrow ;
To-morrow may lower if it will, but, to-night,
What care we for to-morrow !

FAREWELL, FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, farewell—'tis more than time to part,
All false, and yet all lovely as thou art ;
When peace and hope have fled the troubled breast,
Where shall the weary spirit turn to rest !

There was a time when every look was dear,
And every word was music to mine ear ;
Nor thought I then that I should e'er awaken
From dreams so sweet, to find myself forsaken.

Yet still thy mouth is circled by its smiles,
As if no heart had bled beneath their guiles ;
And still thy cheek is fair, and bright thine eye,
As if no breast had felt their perfidy.

So ocean's billows, when their rage is o'er
And the whelmed bark has sunk to rise no more,
Sport in their dimples round the fatal spot,
And smile above the ruin they have wrought.

Farewell, farewell—I meant not thus to blame ;
Nor, from this moment, ever shall thy name
Escape my lips, save in my prayers to Heaven,
And then to ask that thou mayst be forgiven.

To pray that never may thy bosom feel,
As mine does now, the pangs no time can heal ;
But that the current of thy days may be
Tranquil as mine was, ere disturbed by thee.

WOMAN.

WOMAN, thy chains, for a day,
 Promise us lots of joy ;
 But the gilding soon wears away,
 And leaves behind the alloy.
 Thou compound of glee and strife,
 Nonsense, wit, and oddity ;
 Pest and comfort of life—
 Oh, what a queer commodity !

He that would stoop to merit
 Thy favour's scanty pittance,
 Poor as it is, must share it
 With Monkeys, Parrots, and Ki^{ns} :
 But he that would rank as wise,
 Should laugh at sighs, smiles, and tears ;
 When you ogle, should close his eyes,
 When you flatter, should stop his ears.

For the smile, so brightly beaming,
 Is transient, alas, as the sigh ;
And the tear, so purely streaming,
 But wets the cheek, and is dry :
And the flattery, though so itching,
 Is much too free for jealousy ;
And the ogling glance, so witching,
 Every one shares as well as he.

Yet cold were our hearts, if those sighs
 And those tears could fail to win them ;
And who could resist those eyes
 When the light of love is in them !
Not I—who, I blush to say,
 Like a fool have still bowed before you ;
And, though cursing you every day,
 Have ne'er ceased all the time to adore you.

LINES

WRITTEN BENEATH A PORTRAIT.

SWEET Portrait, thus with: powerful art revealing
Those features which I never can forget,
I gaze upon thee with a mingled feeling
Of pain and pleasure, rapture and regret.
Methinks I see that form again before me,
As when I saw it first in beauty's prime ;
And boyhood's dreams come rushing warmly o'er me,
And thoughts that had but slumbered for a time.

Those ringlets, straying in their auburn brightness
Around thy brow, and those sweet smiles, whose glow
Shed a soft radiance o'er that forehead's whiteness,
Like morning's blush upon a wreath of snow :
Those lips, whose every tone was mirth and gladness,
Whose every word was pure as Vestal's vow ;
Those eyes, unclouded then by care or sadness—
Methinks I see them all before me now.

Alas, that brow by sorrow has been shaded,
Those auburn ringlets changed to locks of grey ;
The rose that bloomed upon that cheek has faded,
And all the smiles of youth have passed away.
But what though Time those beauties has been stealing—
In thee, sweet Portrait, I behold them yet ;
And gaze upon thee with a mingled feeling
Of pain and pleasure, rapture and regret.

OH, WELL I REMEMBER THE HOUR.

OH, well I remember the hour
 When first, in the freshness of youth,
We met in that eglantine bower,
 And pledged to each other our truth.
When our eyes spoke such eloquent things,
 And we felt such a glow through our frame ;
While Love, in delight, shook his wings
 O'er our hearts till they burst into flame.

We parted, and parted in tears—
 But the flame which that urchin had nursed,
Was burning through long after-years,
 As bright and as warm as at first :
Till age shed its snows on my head,
 And my thoughts to new objects could turn :
And my heart grew so cold and so dead,
 That I wondered it ever could burn.

But now that we meet as of yore,
And thine eyes their old lustre impart,
I feel little Love, as before,
Rekindle his flame in my heart.
And if of that fire, once so bright,
But a spark in thy bosom remain,
May he flutter his pinions of light,
And wake up the embers again!

THOU WAST NOT THERE.

I stood within a brilliant hall,
 Among the young and gay ;
 And joyous was the festival,
 And loud the revelry.
 Why was my spirit dark and dull,
 Where all seemed free from care ?
 Why was my heart so sorrowful ?—
 Thou wast not there.

Another sang that simple song
 I oft had heard from thee ;
 And merry voices, 'mid the throng,
 Recalled thy notes of glee.
 I could not listen to that strain,
 That mirth I could not share ;
 The song, the glee alike were vain—
 Thou wast not there.

Around me flitted many a form,
In graceful movement light ;
Their cheeks with youth's pure blushes warm,
Their eyes with rapture bright.
I thought of one as light as they,
As exquisitely fair ;
And turned in bitterness away—
Thou wast not there.

Can splendour, to the aching heart,
For distant friends atone ?
Can pleasure charm us, when we part
From those we loved alone ?
Oh no—the humblest cot on earth
With thee I'd rather share,
Than dwell in courts, if, 'mid their mirth,
Thou wast not there.

UNIVERSAL LOVE SONG.

“JAIMERAIS TOUT LE MONDE.”

SOME love the flashing eye of jet,
 And some the languishing orb of blue ;
 Some choose the Blonde and some the Brunette,
 Some are for old loves and some for new.
 But black or blue, or old or new,
 Dark or fair, I can love every soul of them ;
 Foolish and wise, of every size,
 Here, in my heart, there is room for the whole of them.

Some but those passive souls admire
 Who, simpering, never can say you nay ;
 While some prefer those spirits of fire
 Who spurn at whatever you do or say.
 To me is sweet whichever I meet,
 The haughty pride, or the rigmarole of them ;
 Wild or tame, it is all the same,
 Here, in my heart, there is room for the whole of them.

Some cannot fancy a flaming head,
 Some cannot relish a grizzly pate ;
 And some hold in dread a nose of red,
 Or a stocking of blue abominate.
 But, by hook or by crook, still I find some nook
 In which to cram dozens, cheek by jole, of them ;
 None I deny, but ever cry
 Here, in my heart, there is room for the whole of them.

Ye who are pestered with scolding Wives,
 Gadding Daughters, or flirting Nieces ;
 Ye who are worried out of your lives
 With Sisters' whims, or Cousins' caprices :
 Lame or blind, crabbed or kind,
 Pouting, flouting—call o'er the roll of them—
 Send them to me, wherever they be,
 Here, in my heart, there is room for the whole of them.

WE MET.

WE met—but oh, how cold, the while,
 Was every transient glance she threw !
 How much unlike the happy smile
 That welcomed me when love was new !
 And yet I could not deem untrue
 That heart, once free from every guile,
 But thought she laboured to subdue
 Each fond regard with Woman's wile.

But now we part without a tear,
 How much unlike our last farewell !
 And all that I have held so dear
 Has left me in despair to dwell.
 Her love was round me like a spell,
 'Twas joy alone while she was near ;
 Oh, who the bitter grief can tell
 Of hearts, like mine, thus lone and drear !

It was not thus we should have met,
It is not thus that we should part;
Has absence taught her to forget?
Has pride estranged her wayward heart?
Or was she still a thing of art,
Whose loss 'twere folly to regret?
It matters not—those tears that start
But tell how much I love her yet.

THE BEAUTIFUL STAR.

I'm in love, I'm in love with no child of the earth,
I'm in love with a maiden of heavenly birth;
With one of those sweet little Peris, whose eye
Shines forth, like a gem, from the depths of the sky.
Never tell me of Woman—the Daughters of Eve
But warble to wreck us—but smile to deceive;
More true is my Mistress, more brilliant by far—
I'm in love, I'm in love with a Beautiful Star.

When the eye of the world is sealed up in repose,
And the wretch, for a time, has forgotten his woes;
When hushed is the rancorous tongue that might rail
At our innocent vigils, and blazon the tale;
She steals through the gloom, upon tiptoe so light
That she leaves not a trace on the cold dew of night,
And, robed in a silvery cloud, her cymar,
She peeps in at my window, my Beautiful Star.

Then we roam forth together by valley and mount,
And so calmly she listens, the while I recount
All the doubts, and the hopes, and the fears of my heart,
Until morning, in envy, commands us to part.
Oh, sweet is the smile which she throws round me then,
As if she would whisper we soon meet again ;
While, trembling, she flies through the ether afar,
And melts into heaven, my Beautiful Star.

Still, still may she gladden my breast with that ray
Which can chase even sorrows, like mine, far away ;
Still, still let me look on those smiles as my own,
And I'll envy not Monarchs their cares and their throne.
Oh, give me a cot in some wild, secret glen,
Apart from the strife and the tumults of men ;
Where, with nothing of earth my devotion to mar,
I may worship for ever my Beautiful Star !

OH, LOVE, LIKE THE SUN, CAN BRIGHTEN.

Oh, Love, like the sun, can brighten
 Whatever he shines upon ;
Our present joys he can heighten,
 And bring back those that were gone.
Whatever is fairest and sweetest,
 'Tis Love makes it sweet and fair ;
Whatever of bliss thou meetest,
 'Tis bliss, because Love is there.
Oh, Love is a sun that brightens
 Whatever he shines upon ;
The joys of the present he heightens,
 And brings back those that were gone.

The flower on its stem reposes,
 Unknown or unnoticed its bloom,
Till Zephyr its sweets discloses,
 And wafts all around its perfume,
And Pleasure may bloom like the flower,
 But we know not its sweetness and worth,
Till Love wakes it up with his power,
 And draws all its fragraney forth.
Oh, Love, like the sun, can brighten
 Whatever he shines upon ;
And long may his beams enlighten
 Thy path, as they now have done !

WHEN LAST I SAW THEE.

WHEN last I saw thee, ne'er again
I thought to taste a joy so sweet ;
In tears of bliss we parted then,
And now in tears of bliss we meet.
But though so sweet was every tear
That fell upon my parting track,
I feel that those are doubly dear
Which bid me welcome back.

The smiles on Beauty's cheek that play
Too oft but gild its surface o'er ;
Like beams that o'er a glacier stray,
Then leave it cold as 'twas before.
But tears, like these, a language speak
Truer than lover's warmest vow ;
May sadder drops ne'er wet thy cheek
Than those which trickle now !

YOUTH.

In Youth, dear Youth, through bowers of bliss
I roved, with spirits that now are gone ;
And my love's sweet smile or her sweeter kiss
Was all the heaven I thought upon.
Unfelt, unheeded, my hours flew by ;
For Time, while he sped like an arrow of light,
So muffled his wings, that no passing sigh
Escaped from their plumage to mark his flight.

Those bowers only bloomed in my Youth's short spring,
The smile and the kiss were too sweet to last ;
And now every flap of Time's heavy wing
Sounds the knell of some pleasure for ever past.
Oh Youth, though the sun which illumed thee has set,
Though thy blossoming hopes have long ceased to live,
More precious dear is thy memory yet,
Than all that this bleak world has left to give.

OH, HAD I A THOUSAND EYES.

Oh, had I a thousand eyes, dear,
On thee they should all be turned ;
And no other orbs, though bright their ray,
Should tempt for a moment my gaze away,
While thine before me burned, dear,
While thine before me burned.

And had I a thousand tongues, dear,
They all should speak thy praise ;
Each prayer they uttered should breathe of thee,
And of none but thee, and thy name should be
The burthen of all their lays, dear,
The burthen of all their lays.

Oh, had I a thousand ears, dear,
They should listen to thee alone ;
Though sweetest voices were warbling near
Their sweetest strains, I should only hear
The soft notes of thine own, dear,
The soft notes of thine own.

And had I a thousand hearts, dear,
They should every one be thine ;
For I'd do with them all as I have done,
In the temple of Love, with my present one—
I'd offer them at thy shrine, dear,
I'd offer them at thy shrine.

WHEN THOU ART NEAR.

When thou art near,
One smile of thine, one sunny ray
Can chase the clouds that linger here ;
Like morning mists they melt away
When thou art near.

When thou art near,
The birds their softest notes resume,
The streamlet flows more purely clear ;
The flowers put forth their richest bloom
When thou art near.

When thou art near,
My lute—whose chords, if touched alone,
Breathe saddest music to my ear—
How grateful is its altered tone
When thou art near !

When thou art near,
The sweetest joys still sweeter seem,
The brightest hopes more bright appear ;
And life is all one happy dream
When thou art near.

IS IT SO.

They have told me that thou art
Not what thine own lips have told,
But a fickle thing, whose heart
Is as vain as it is cold.
They have told me that, in turn,
Pride and Envy rule thy breast ;
That, to-morrow, thou wilt spurn
What, to-day, thou covetest.
Tell me, Lady, yes or no,
Tell me truly, is it so ?

They have said those eyes of thine,
Which so fondly beam on me,
Would with equal fondness shine
Were my rival near to thee :

That those cheeks, thus overspread
 With their blushes when we meet,
Would assume as deep a red
 Were another at thy feet.
Tell me truly, yes or no,
Tell me, Lady, is it so?

They have sworn that placid smile
 Is but meant to lead astray ;
That those lips are lips of guile,
 And that brow is false as they.
That thou now couldst bid farewell
 Without pain, without regret ;
Such, alas, the tales they tell—
 Not that I believe them—yet
Answer, Lady, yes or no,
Answer truly, is it so?

THE POET TO HIS MISTRESS,

IN OLD AGE.

WHEN I look on sparkling eyes
Bright as those which gem the skies,
Memory still recalls the hour
Ere thine own had lost their power ;
And, though dim they now may be,
Thine are far more dear to me.

When I gaze on cheeks that glow
Like young flowers on beds of snow,
Memory still recalls the day
When thine own were fresh as they :
And, though faded now they be,
Thine are far more dear to me.

When I list to strains that float
Softly as some Angel's note,
Memory still recalls the time
When thine own could sweetly chime ;
And, though tuneless now they be,
Thine are far more dear to me.

On thy cheek is sorrow's blight,
Care hath quenched thine orbs of light,
Age unstrung thy tuneful voice,
Yet I glory in my choice :
Though thy charms departed be,
Thou art but more dear to me.

THE DREAM.

I HAD a passing dream of bliss,
A dream of bliss and THOU the theme :
'Tis sad to wake from joy like this,
To find it but a dream.

Methought, as on my couch I lay,
And, touched with penitence, reviewed
Life's precious moments sped away,
Youth's passions unsubdued ;

Thou stoodst before me, and the light
Of happier hours around me beamed :
And all appeared so true and bright
I knew not that I dreamed.

And, like a Spirit from the Throne
 Of Mercy, bending o'er my rest,
 Thou prayedst that I might yet atone
 For errors, and be blest :

That Youth's wild passions all forgot,
 Or but remembered with regret,
 Some gentle Star might gild my lot,
 And guide to Glory yet.

And when I strove to speak thy name
 With love and reverence, a ray—
 The first faint tinge of morning—came
 And chased my dream away.

Oh, how I loathe the morn, whose beams
 Scattered the visions of the brain,
 And long for night !—for then, in dreams,
 Perchance we'll meet again.

THEY ARE ALL, THEY ARE ALL
DEPARTED.

They are all, they are all departed,
 One by one they've dropped away,
 The friends with whom I started
 In youth's unclouded day.
 The true, the tender-hearted,
 The gallant and the gay,
 They are all, they are all departed,
 One by one they've dropped away.

In vain my ear is straining
 For each well-remembered tone;
 My joy has turned to paining,
 My early hopes have flown.
 The goal of life I'm gaining,
 A pilgrim and alone;
 And my ear in vain is straining
 For each well-remembered tone.

I would not wish to linger
 When all I loved are gone ;
My spirit pants to wing her
 Glad flight to them anon.
There needs no goading finger
 Of Fate, to urge me on ;
For I would not wish to linger
 When all I loved are gone.

THE BENEDICK'S LAMENT.

What fools we are to marry,
 If we only knew our good !
 'Twere better far to tarry
 In ease and solitude.
 If comfort 'tis we're seeking for,
 We meet, alas, with none ;
 Oh, a Bachelor, a Bachelor,
 I wish that I were one !

My friends can journey to and fro,
 Where'er it pleaseth them ;
 And some have sought Fernando Po,
 And some Jernsalem.
 And some are off to Labrador,
 To Chili some are gone ;
 Oh, a Bachelor, a Bachelor,
 I wish that I were one !

My Wife delights to scold me,
 Until I'm quite unnerved ;
 And single folk have told me
 'Tis just what I deserved.
 I should have chosen better, or
 Have done as they have done ;
 Oh, a Bachelor, a Bachelor,
 I wish that I were one !

I cannot ask a soul to dine
 But Madam must look gruff ;
 I cannot drink my pint of wine
 But she cries "*Hold, enough.*"
 She's still a teasing monitor,
 An everlasting Dun ;
 Oh, a Bachelor, a Bachelor,
 I wish that I were one !

I hate to swallow Twanky,
 And gossip, tête à tête ;
 For Chess I would not thank ye,
 And Put I deprecate.
 A squalling Infant I abhor,
 A grumbling Spouse would shun ;
 Oh, a Bachelor, a Bachelor,
 I wish that I were one !

Yet what's the use of whining thus?

Let sorrow be forgot;

I might kick up a pretty fuss,

But would it mend my lot?

No, no—I'm fettered to the oar,

Howe'er the stream may run;

And a Bachelor, a Bachelor,

I never can be one.

I AM NO LONGER YOUNG, DEAR.

SOME five and twenty years ago,
What trouble Woman cost me !
My breast would like a furnace glow
If but her shadow crossed me.
My hand would tingle to her touch,
As if by bees 'twere stung, dear ;
But things have varied very much—
I am no longer young, dear.

My eyes from out their sockets glared,
To catch each glimpse of Beauty ;
My lips, whene'er to speak they dared,
Breathed only vows of duty.
My ears sucked in each honied word
That trickled from her tongue, dear ;
But now all this appears absurd—
I am no longer young, dear.

Of her I dreamed the livelong day,
 On her by night I pondered ;
 Even when at church I sought to pray,
 To her my fancy wandered.
 For her alone my Muse would sing,
 And gaily has she sung, dear ;
 But now 'tis quite a different thing—
 I am no longer young, dear.

My cheek is pale, my pulse is low,
 My limbs begin to falter ;
 My sight is dim, my health so, so—
 How constitutions alter !
 My mind has lost its wonted tone,
 My nerves are all unstrung, dear ;
 And something, every hour, makes known
 I am no longer young, dear.

'Tis strange, in sooth 'tis passing strange,
 That Time, upon us stealing,
 Should work so wonderful a change
 In every thought and feeling.
 Why kneel I not, where once I knelt,
 Love's votaries among, dear ?
 Why feel I not as once I felt ?
 I am no longer young, dear.

And yet even now—to tell the truth—
 When all is gloom around me,
Will sometimes gleam a flash of youth,
 To shew what once it found me.
And then I turn me to the glass ;
 And then, by anguish rung, dear,
I'm forced to own—alas, alas—
 I am no longer young, dear.

HERE, THEN, WE PART FOR EVER.

HERE, then, we part for ever ;
Dear though thou once might be,
I would not now endeavour
To win one smile from thee.
Few eyes may shine so bright as thine,
Few brows may be so fair ;
But nor eye nor brow can move me now,
For truth is wanting there.
Here, then, we part for ever—
Dear though thou once might be,
I would not now endeavour
To win one smile from thee.

The rose, when it is blighted,
Lies withering from that hour ;
And the fond heart, when slighted,
Will wither like the flower.
No after sun that beams upon
That rose, can bloom impart ;
No after love can e'er remove
The canker from that heart.
Here, then, we part for ever—
Dear though thou once might be,
I would not now endeavour
To win one smile from thee.

WHAT'S MY HEART.

My Heart's a sort of riddle, which,
How thick soe'er you strew it
With Love's light grain, but needs a twitch,
And all runs briskly through it.

My Heart's a target formed of wax,
Love's dullest shaft can score it ;
But still the last fills up the tracks
Of that which went before it.

'Tis like Love's own tough bow, my Heart—
His slightest touch may make it
Relax a while, but all his art
Can ne'er suffice to break it.

HOW I LAUGH.

How I laugh, when Woman sings
 "Man but woos us to betray"!
 Cease your foolish murmurings—
 Can it be a sin to stray?
 Why was Cupid blest with wings,
 If 'twere not to fly away?

Ever prompt at Pleasure's call,
 If we're fickle who can blame;
 Still to dwell in constant thrall
 Even the proudest heart would tame:
 Better never love at all,
 Than for ever love the same.

Vain and trifling every one,
 Woman flies if you pursue;
 But if once you seek to shun,
 Then, in turn, she follows you.
 Win, but leave her soon as won—
 Love is only sweet while new.

MY WILD DAYS ARE OVER.

My wild days are over
Of frolic and joy ;
I'm no longer a rover,
A sensitive boy.
The fires that once maddened
My pulses, are dead ;
And the pleasures which gladdened,
Now tire me instead.
Oh, my wild days are over
Of frolic and joy ;
I'm no longer a rover,
A sensitive boy.

I'm an altered, a new man,
 A creature reborn ;
 Though the slave long of Womau,
 Her charms I can scorn.
 All compact between us
 As folly I treat ;
 I could gaze upon Venus,
 Nor kneel at her feet.
 Oh, my wild days are over
 Of frolic and joy ;
 I'm no longer a rover,
 A sensitive boy.

In vain Love's view-holla
 Around me may sweep ;
 I care not to follow,
 I look ere I leap.
 Hark-forward ! tantivy !
 Let others pursue ;
 But to all the gay bevy
 I've bid an adieu.
 Oh, my wild days are over
 Of frolic and joy ;
 I'm no longer a rover,
 A sensitive boy.

OH, PITY MY LOT.

Oh, pity my lot, untimely born
In an age so dull as this is !
Instead of honour, repaid with scorn ;
Instead of applause, with hisses !

If I dare against Folly to wield my pen,
However just the tirade is,
I'm hooted by all the Gentlemen,
And snubbed by all the Ladies.

If Envy and Hatred I expose,
Or to Malice preach repentance,
The Gentlemen threaten to pull my nose,
The Ladies to cut my acquaintance.

From the surly mood of a world so rude
Who would not fly that could do so !
Who would not prefer the solitude
Of the late Mr Robinson Crusoe !

ODE TO WOMAN.

“TECUM VIVERE AMEM, TECUM OBEAM LIBENS.”

Oh Thou—Heaven’s gift, last, dearest, best—
To whom my vows have been addressed
From youth to manhood’s hour,
Why shouldst thou think if, for a time,
I’ve played the truant in my rhyme,
That I could mock thy power ?

Why that my once-devoted heart,
Though wild, could act so base a part
As now to spurn aside
The allegiance it had fondly sworn,
The yoke which it had ever borne
With pleasure, and with pride ?

Perhaps, when all is bright and fair,
 Too oft we may despise thy care
 And style thee light and vain ;
 But well we feel, when clouds deform
 Our skies, 'tis thou canst quell the storm,
 And bring us peace again.

'Tis thine a sacred charm to throw
 Alike around the high and low,
 The cottage and the throne ;
 To sooth our woes, or calm our fears,
 To share our joys, or mingle tears
 Of sorrow with our own.

The Soldier's cheering battle-word
 Amid the din of war is heard,
 Prompting to deeds of Fame ;
 What is that potent spell which stirs
 His spirit to the quick?—'tis hers,
 'Tis Woman's magic name.

The Seaman, on the troubled deep,
 Tastes the delights of tranquil sleep,
 Though wild winds rave above ;

He heeds them not, but dreams, the while—
 Of what?—of Woman's gentle smile,
 And Woman's constant love.

And I—who, all unskilled to claim
 Aught that pertains to Poet's name,
 Have sometimes touched the lyre—
 Oh, I have ever purely thought
 On Woman's virtues, when I sought
 To wake poetic fire.

And who could mark those virtues bloom,
 Nor turn to thee, as one to whom
 His homage should be given!
 The beacon placed on peril's brink
 To guide him on his course, the link
 Uniting Earth with Heaven!

Then deem not, though my wayward Muse
 May often, in her pride, refuse
 To worship at thy shrine,
 Oh, deem not that my heart is free;
 In secret still I bend the knee,
 And own thy power divine.

I never murmured at thy will,
Which was my sovereign law, but still
 A ready service gave ;
And would I now unbind the chain ?
No—were I born again, again
 I should become thy SLAVE !

