

ENGLISH BALLADS
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

LORD JOHN JAMES R. MANNERS, M.P.

1850

Edited by David Trutt

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To Alexander Baillie Cochrane, esq. M.P. : These pages, in memory of happy hours passed, and historic scenes visited together, are affectionately dedicated.

Many of the following Poems have appeared in various periodicals; but I venture to reprint them, in the hope they may afford pleasure to some who have not met with them before.

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John James Robert Manners (1818-1906), Seventh Duke of Rutland, succeeded to the title when his older brother died in 1888. He published two books of poetry, *England's Trust and Other Poems* in 1841 and *English Ballads and Other Poems* in 1850.

His father, John Henry Manners, Fifth Duke of Rutland, succeeded to the title at the age of nine in 1787 and enjoyed the title for seventy years, until his death in 1857. John Henry Manners, perhaps more than any other person, was responsible for enabling the creation of the romance of Haddon Hall and its accompanying legend of the elopement of Dorothy Vernon.

A Haddon Hall visitor noted in 1825: "Bakewell is much improved of late. Belongs almost entirely to the Duke of Rutland, who has built an excellent new inn—the Rutland Arms—a very nice house to dine or stay at night. Found on a table, among several other books, Rhodes's *Peak Scenery*. Read there the account of Bakewell church, Haddon Hall, etc."

Ebenezer Rhodes's *Peak Scenery*, published in 1819, includes the following in his entry on Haddon Hall: "Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, who was a native of Derbyshire, often visited Haddon Hall, for the purpose of storing her imagination with those romantic ideas, and impressing upon it those sublime and awful pictures which she so much delighted to portray. Some of the most gloomy scenery of her *Mysteries of Udolpho* was studied within the walls of this ancient structure."

This anecdote about the best-selling late eighteenth century gothic authoress, told to Rhodes by the caretaker of the Hall, is undoubtedly false. But the caretaker's story of Haddon Hall history must have met with the approval of the master, the Fifth Duke of Rutland. Emboldened by his master's support, the caretaker continued to embellish the history of the Hall, and to interleave its history with the lives of its ancient inhabitants.

These embellishments culminated in Allan Cunningham's *The King of the Peak* of 1822, which is either the creation or documenting of the Dorothy Vernon legend.

Twenty-eight years later, young John James Robert Manners embraced the legend of the elopement which brought Haddon Hall from the Vernon family to the Manners family, with his poem *A Legend of Haddon Hall*. The romance and mystique of Haddon Hall would continue to grow into the late nineteenth century.

This and other poems of John James Robert Manners are included in his book contained on the following pages.

From the *Gentleman's Magazine*: "Lord John Manners has collected his fugitive poetry in a volume, entitled, *English Ballads and other Poems*. His lordship's lines are embued with all his strong political and religious opinions."

(Comments in parentheses are part of the poem.)

[Comments in brackets are clarifications by this editor.]

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6 **THE LANDING OF THE EMPRESS MATILDA (A.D. 1139.)**

- I. No storm delays the vessel's course,
 No cloud is in the sky;
 On Sussex' strand she mounts her horse,
 And claims her sovereignty!
- II. A hundred knights, and forty more,
 Alone compose her train;
 In loyal English hearts good store
 She trusts, nor trusts in vain.
- III. "Oh! whither shall our course be bent?
 Dear Robert, prithee tell!
 March we to London through fair Kent,
 Or rest at Arundel?"
- IV. Quoth he, "Too small our trusty band
 To march against our foes:
 Let us, until the flame be fanned,
 In Arundel repose."
- V. Queen Adelais joyfully
 Her gates threw open wide,
 And welcomed with a mother's glee
 Her daughter to her side.
- VI. From town to town, from hall to hall,
 The warlike tidings ran;
 Earl Milo answers to the call,
 With William Fitz-alan.
- VII. Ralph Lovell, and brave Paganell,
 For her their swords have drawn;
 And barons bold the muster swell
 On each succeeding morn.
- VIII. Fair England, from her woodland glades,
 And all her smiling fields,
 Of loyal hearts and trusty blades
 A plenteous harvest yields.
- IX. Now God protect the Empress Maud,
 England's undoubted queen,
 Till peace and joy, with her restored,
 In all our coasts be seen!

*(Robert, Earl of Gloucester,
her half-brother, to whom
William of Malmesbury
dedicated his history.)*

7 **THE DEATH OF PRINCE HENRY PLANTAGENET (A.D. 1183.)**

- I. “Give me the ring!” in accents weak, the dying Henry said:
Then with a mighty effort he upraised himself in bed,
And pressed the precious token of an injured father’s love
Fast to his heart and clammy lips, that now could scarcely move.
- II. Then to King Henry’s mercy he most heartily commends
The rebel lords of Aquitaine, and all his guilty friends;
And prays him that his knights and squires be paid their wages due,—
“To me they have been faithful aye, albeit false to you.”
- III. “My Lord Archbishop, order now the ashes to be spread,
And put me on the sackcloth, and draw me from the bed,
And lay me on them near the door; for sinner such as I,
Who lived unlike a Christian man, unlike to one should die!”
- IV. His servants, lo! with many tears, the shameful halter bring,
And round the neck they tie it of the penitent young king,
And drag him from his princely couch, and place him on the floor.
Alas! did ever prince die on so sad a bed before?
- V. “Oh, bury me at Rouen,—grant me this my last request,—
My bones beside my grandfather’s in peace would never rest; (*Prince Geoffrey*
For he was true and faithful, and a good and loyal son, *Plantagenet,*
And happy was the race, though short, which in this life he run.” *buried at Mans.*)
- VI. The good Archbishop shrives him, and bids him not despair;
He receives the blessed Sacrament, and breathes his parting prayer.
He is dead, alas! that brave young Prince,—his soul has passed away.
May God that soul assoilzie [*acquit*] in the dreadful judgment day!

The sumptuous restoration of the Temple Church, and the reverend care with which the effigies of the cross-legged knights were treated, were indications that the cloud of ill fame that had so long rested upon the “poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ, and of the Temple of Solomon,” would rise at the bidding of any competent magician who would undertake to explore the black-letter rolls of medieval antiquity, and extract from them an impartial history of that marvellous order of men, who realized to the fullest degree, even, perhaps, to exaggeration, all the requirements of chivalry in its most religious sense. In Mr. Addison such a champion appeared; and to his careful yet glowing pages I refer those of my readers who may think I violate historical truth by ascribing cruelty and injustice, not to the companions of Brian de Bois Gilbert, but to their destroyers.

Himbert Blanke, the Grand Preceptor of Auvergne, who had fought to the last against the infidels in Palestine, and had escaped from the concluding slaughter at Acre, was, together with the Master of the Temple, and many other knights, thrown into the Tower, in pursuance of writs issued on the 14th of September, 1309. After many ineffectual attempts to induce them to confess the revolting and absurd crimes imputed to them, torture was applied. But even this failed, until at last, on the 23rd of June, 1311, a poor serving brother was brought to confess some of the incredible charges brought against his Order: one or two more rack-wrung confessions of guilt followed, and “a sort of compromise was then made with most of the Templars in custody in London. They were required publicly to repeat a form of confession and abjuration, drawn up by the Bishops of London and Chichester, and were then solemnly absolved and reconciled to the Church.” But those whose virtuous courage resisted even the solicitations of torture were relentlessly persecuted: among them appears conspicuous Himbert Blanke; his fate is thus described by Mr. Addison: “From first to last he had boldly protested against the violent proceedings of the inquisitors, and had fearlessly maintained, amid all trials, his own innocence, and that of his Order. This illustrious Templar had fought under four successive Grand Masters, in defence of the Christian faith in Palestine; and, after the fall of Acre, had led in person several daring expeditions against the infidels. For these meritorious services he was rewarded in the following manner: After having been tortured and half starved in the English prisons for the space of five years, he was condemned, as he would make no confession of guilt, to be shut up in a loathsome dungeon, to be loaded with double chains, and to be occasionally visited by the agents of the Inquisition, to see if he would confess nothing further. In this miserable situation he remained until death at last put an end to his sufferings.” (*The Knights Templars*, p. 548.)

9 **The Fall of the Knights Templars in England** (A.D. 1311.)

The Pope and Edward II quarrelled as to the appropriation of the spoil which followed the destruction of the Order; but, at last, an Act of Parliament in 1324 vested all the property lately belonging to the Templars in the brethren of the Hospital of St. John; and the unfortunate knights who survived the fierce persecution which consigned their reputation to infamy, and themselves to beggary, dragged on a miserable existence, exposed to the malice of the vulgar, and dependent upon the alms of the compassionate.

- I. The dungeon, and the felon cord,
 The rack, and torture keen,
For many a month the base reward
 Of noblest deeds had been.
- II. The glories past of former fields,—
 Those deeds of valour high,
That had made the Templar's youthful name
 Ring 'neath the Eastern sky;
- III. Their own renown and nobleness,—
 All, all had failed to save
That name from foul reproach, themselves
 From the dungeon and the grave.
- IV. In vain did England's mighty King
 His shield before them cast;
Nor kingly aid, nor truth, nor right,
 Could screen them from that blast.
- V. A power more mighty, and more dread
 Than king, or truth, or right,
Had doomed the Templar's glorious name
 To set in shameful night.
- VI. Marked by a thousand noble scars,
 Unbent by toils and years,
The Grand Preceptor of Auvergne
 Before his foes appears.
- VII. The deadly breach, through which in crowds
 The furious Moslems came,
When Acre's lordly palaces
 Shook at the Prophet's name,

*(King Edward II, who at first refused
to lend himself to the iniquitous
persecution of the Templars.)*

[continued]

10 **The Fall of the Knights Templars in England** (A.D. 1311.)

- VIII. Beheld his dauntless courage rise
 High 'bove the strife and din,
 And guide his fainting brethren's steps
 Their temple's gates within.
- IX. Not those old Greeks who Persia braved,
 And earned such deathless praise,
 Sending that word—Thermopylae—
 To haunt all future days,
- X. May match with those three hundred knights,
 Who, through the blazing town,
 'Gainst myriad foes and flying friends,
 Maintained their old renown.
- XI. And yet—oh, shame on Christendom!
 Their foremost warrior now
 Hears the base charge, with sickening heart,
 But calm and unmoved brow.
- XII. The remnant of that peerless band,
 The spared of countless fights,
 Beside him, ironed and tortured, stand
 Condemned, degraded knights.
- XIII. Yet, when in other times the tale
 Of their sad fate is told,
 When gallant men and gentle maids
 Hear of these Templars bold;
- XIV. Their marvellous deeds of high emprise
 On the burning Eastern sands,
 Which long preserved our Saviour's tomb
 From misbelievers' hands,
- XV. And then read o'er the charges wild
 Of blasphemies and crimes,
 Which hurled them from their fair estate
 For all succeeding times;
- XVI. Oh! Sovereign Pontiff, then shalt thou (*Clement V.*)
 Monopolize the shame
 Which thou decreedst in pride of power,
 For the Templars' ruined name!

The “Pilgrimage of Grace” was the title assumed for their enterprise by the insurgents of the north of England, in the year 1536. They bound themselves by oath to stand by each other “for the love which they bore to Almighty God, his Faith, the holy Church, and the maintenance thereof; to the preservation of the king’s person and his issue; to the purifying of the nobility; and to expulse all villein blood and evil counsellors from his grace and privy council: not for any private profit, nor to do displeasure to any private person, nor to slay or murder through envy; but for the restitution of the Church, and the suppression of heretics and their opinions.” They demanded the expulsion of Cranmer, Cromwell, and others, from the offices they held; and required the suppression of what they deemed heresy, and the punishment of its maintainers. On their banners were painted the crucifix, the five wounds of Christ, and the host and chalice; priests in their habits marched at their head; and they captured Hull, York, and Pontefract Castle, taking in the last-mentioned fortress the Archbishop of York and Lord Darcy. The Duke of Norfolk, however, reduced them to submission, and most of their leaders were executed. In this ballad I suppose one of the dispossessed monks to address the insurgents previous to the attack on Hull, the first of their few successes.

- I. “For the Church, and for the Poor,” our victory is sure
As we march against the foes of the Spouse of our Lord.
We, the Commons of the Land, will save her from the hand
Of lordly lust and rapine, by Her own resistless sword.
- II. With the Cross at our head, and the Holy Banner spread
To the free winds of Heaven, as we rush upon our foes—
Oh! tell us not they know how to wield the pike and bow;
What human force shall stay us in the onset’s dreadful close?
- III. Will the apostate German’s aid, by plundered Abbeys paid,
And the heretics from Calais, with their foreign oaths and jeers—
Will haughty Seymour’s grooms, in their trappings and their plumes,
Avail against the might of the Church’s prayers and tears?
- IV. Shall Pembroke’s scurril jest, go for ever unredressed,
And that recreant Earl be left to triumph in his sin?
No! his heart shall be afraid, for those bitter words he said
To the holy Lady Abbess, “Go spin, thou jade, go spin!”

[*continued*]

12 **PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE** (A.D. 1536.)

- V. The wealth which Paget stole from hospital and dole,
The jewels which he snatched from the crosier of St. Chad,
Shall waste away like snow in the springtide's sunny glow,
And the orphan and the beadsman in his downfall shall be glad.
- VI. And for Woburn's grasping lord, for him is vengeance stored,
When the holy monks again to their Abbey shall return,
'Mid the blessings of the old, and the hungry, and the cold,
Whom their bounty loved to feed, and these upstart lordlings spurn.
- VII. Oh! babble not in vain, of the right of kings to reign—
There is One above all kings, above all earthly lords;
'Tis in His cause that we fight, and for Holy Church's right,
And He will crown with victory His faithful children's swords.
- VIII. Then forward to the fight, in robes of glory dight,
The Martyrs' holy band invokes a blessing on our cause.
Each English saint will pray, that our arms may show to-day
The vengeance on its workers Spoliation ever draws.
- IX. Grief's tear shall not be shed; we will mourn not o'er the dead:
Who would weep o'er those who die a Martyr's happy death?
The Church's blessing given, and from sin absolved and shriven,
We fear not to our Maker to yield our parting breath.
- X. Then, soldiers of the Poor, for ever shall endure
To the praise of the faithful, who for the Church shall die,
The glory of this fray and the triumph of to-day,
In the records of the Church and the Martyr's book on high.

That a chief actor in the stormy scenes of political and religious strife should be harshly judged by the party he opposed, and unduly praised by that which he served, is so natural and every-day an occurrence as to excite no surprise; but when we find a great man,—great in intellect, in power, in station,—after a life of ceaseless activity, dying on a scaffold, and leaving behind him a fame of eloquence and heroism which descends from century to century, and yet perceive his memory to be odious alike to Roman Catholic speakers and Protestant historians, we may confess ourselves puzzled. Such is Strafford's evil case. The disciples of Machale and the followers of Macghee agree in denouncing his memory: and yet one would imagine, that if the Roman Catholics of Ireland had reason to hate, the Protestants of that country must have had reason to bless, his vigorous administration. I think that an examination of the records relating thereto, will show that priest, and puritan, and peer disliked Lord Strafford only in proportion as his love of justice, and his determination to enforce it, became apparent and was felt; while, on the other hand, all who think that men should not be persecuted for their religion, all who condemn the alienation of Irish Church property, and all who desire the development of the material resources of Ireland, will find in that storehouse of political wisdom and "English undefiled," his Correspondence, an ample justification of "those who hold Strafford to have been as great a statesman and as noble a man as ever England produced." (*Vide a most able and eloquent vindication of Strafford in the "British Critic," vol. xxxiii.*)

He found "a Crown, a Church, a people spoiled;" peers and prelates vying with each other in plundering bishoprics, colleges, and livings; marriage a jest; all the social ties of civilized life loosened or dissolved; the law a terror only to the poor; the whole trade of Ireland, owing to the unwise relaxation of the Navigation Laws in James the First's time, carried on in Dutch bottoms, and, in consequence of the distracted councils of his master and the short-sighted economy of English patriots, at the mercy of every Biscay buccaneer; industry paralysed; and the revenue collected with a sole reference to English interests. In less than three years he could tell the King's Council in London "how the Church was improved in patrimony, and become altogether conformable to this in England in doctrine and government by the acceptance of the Articles and Canons of England, so as they were now become one, which properly they could not be said to have been before.

“In the revenue I declared the contribution to have been continued from the country two years after my being deputy, notwithstanding that the lords, justices, and council there, before my coming over, had in their opinions judged it altogether impossible to be effected; that there had been and would be, before Candlemas, near £100,000 debts paid, and not by mean compositions, but every man in the army as much as either in honour or justice he could demand, and the payment procured without favour to one more than another, and without charge upon the By. For the exchequer, which was before rather one of paper than of treasure, all being sent out by assignments before ever it came there; the rents were now orderly and justly brought in, so as the entertainments, as well upon the martial as civil list, were duly complied withal; and every man had his money at a day, not scrambling one before another, without so much as giving of thanks, or desiring a courtesy from me therein. The next head was the public justice of the kingdom, which I represented thus:—That it was dispensed without acceptation of persons; that the poor knew where to seek, and to have his relief, without being afraid to appeal his Majesty’s catholic justice against the greatest subject; the great men contented with reason, because they knew not how to help themselves or fill their greedy appetites, where otherwise they are as sharp set upon their own wills as any people in the world; that that was a blessing the poorer sort, this a restraint the richer had not formerly been acquainted with in that kingdom. That the trade here was not only much greater, but rightly conditioned, the native commodities exported being in value at least a third, if not double, the value to the foreign commodities imported, a certain sign that that commonwealth gathers upon their neighbours.

“Yet have I endeavoured another way to set them on work, and that is by the bringing in the making and trade of linen cloth—the rather in regard the women are all naturally bred to spinning, that the Irish earth is apt for bearing of flax, and that this manufacture would be, in the conclusion, rather a benefit than other to this kingdom. I have, therefore, sent for the flax seed into Holland, being of a better sort than we have any, sown this year £1000 worth of it (finding by some I sew the last year that it takes there very well). I have sent for workmen out of the Low Countries, and forth of France, and set up already six or seven looms; which, if please God to bless us this year, I trust so to invite them to follow it, when they see the great profit arising thereby, as that they shall generally take to it, and employ themselves that way, which, if they do, I am confident it will prove a mighty business, considering that in all probability we shall be able to undersell the linen cloths of Holland and France at least twenty in the hundred.” (*Letter to Sir C. Wandesford, vol. ii. p.15.*)

“A mighty business” truly! Bear witness, ye Mulhollands, and Saddlers, and Fentons, whose linens are now worn in Mexico and Jamaica, to the prophetic wisdom of him who, according to his accusers, “had sucked up the blood and eaten up the king’s liege people.” (*Mr. Glyn’s speech on the eleventh article.*) Yet this great undertaking of his was charged at his trial as a component part of the evil mass that was construed into high treason, and deprived him of life! From his answer to this charge it appears “he had lost three thousand pounds in the manufacture established by himself for the encouragement of others.” Well might he add, that “in truth and modesty he deserved much better of that people, and might take up that in the Gospel, ‘For which of all my good deeds, &c.’; yet he hoped to be better understood shortly both here and there.” (*State Trials.*)

Urged from England to enforce the cruel laws against Popish recusants, he ever refused to do so, replying on one occasion to Secretary Coke, in language worthy of Burke: “It will ever be far forth of my heart to conceive that a conformity in religion is not above all other things principally to be intended; for, undoubtedly, until we be brought all under one form of Divine service, the Crown is never safe on this side; but yet the times and circumstances may very well be discoursed, and sure I do not hold this a fit season to disquiet or sting them in this kind; and my reasons are divers. This course alone will never bring them to Church; being rather an engine to drain money out of their pockets, than to raise a right belief and faith in their hearts, and so doth not, indeed, tend to that end it sets forth.” (*Vol. ii. p. 39.*)

Yet, while thus pleading for a toleration of those who dissented from the Church, no lord-lieutenant before or since ever did so much to increase her means, ensure her power, or purify her administration. He recovered for her property amounting to no less than £30,000 a year; reformed the scandalous abuses which had gone far to deprive her of any claim to be considered a branch of the Christian Church; and, by inducing her acceptance of the English Canons and Articles, imparted to her a strength she otherwise must ever have wanted. Strange that while the Jesuits and friars, “this race of sturdy beggars” whom he was protecting from persecution, were threatening him “with a Felton or a Ravailac,” (*Lord Strafford to Lord Newcastle, April 9th, 1635.*), his Protestant enemies were preparing to accuse him of endeavouring “to draw a dependency upon himself of the Papists in both kingdoms of England and Ireland, and of restoring to that end divers fryaries and mass-houses to the pretended owners thereof.” (*Eighteenth article of accusation.*) Stranger still, that in these days the memory of so “great, good, and just” a man requires vindication from the clumsily contrived, self-destructive, and disproved charges of a Hampden and a Pym, or the airy rumours of Irish Roman Catholic tradition.

Even in those evil days, when the passions of so many were inflamed by the curb placed upon their sacrilegious avarice, lawless oppression, shameless immorality, or fanatical licence, testimony was not unfrequently borne to the just vigour and noble statesmanship of the lord-lieutenant. I subjoin one or two instances:—"I hope," writes Sir John Bingley, in October, 1634, "that your lordship is appointed by Almighty God to be the person that myself and sundry others have long desired to see to do justice there without private respect, as I hear, to my heart's great joy, your lordship doth, with that sincerity that Dives hath no advantage of Lazarus, which are the very words that have been written to me." Still more emphatic is the commendation of the English Lord Chief Justice Finch: "I take my share in those honourable reports, that every day come most welcome to me, of your lordship's great and happy success in all the affairs of that kingdom, which your lordship's wisdom hath now brought to such a pass as we here cannot determine, whether those that have need of justice love you more, or those that love not justice (how great soever, and that would willingly be above it) fear you." The gay and witty, but, as the sequel showed, not gallant, Lord Conway writes to the same purpose, in July, 1636: "I do not wonder that you find a calm, where a storm was threatened; for I know not any in the court that is either a valiant friend or a gallant enemy; I am glad to hear that their mouths are stopped, because they have nothing to say against your justice and uprightness, a stratagem not spoken of by Frontinus, and unknown to our modern warriors." I will conclude these extracts with a pen-and-ink sketch by the grandson of Burghley, worthy to be appended to the glorious picture of his great ancestor in Lord Fitzwilliam's possession, or that masterpiece of Vandyck at Bothwell House.

"My lord, I could be angry with you, were you not so far off, for wronging of your bent Brow, as you term it in your letter; for you had been cursed with a meek brow and an arch of white hair upon it never to have governed Ireland nor Yorkshire so well as you do, where your lawful commands have gotten you an exact obedience. Content yourself with that brave commanding part of your face, which showeth gravity without dullness, severity without cruelty, clemency without easiness, and love without extravagancy." (*Lord Exeter, in 1634.*)

I have said nothing of Strafford's English policy, because it needs no defence: if to entertain high views of the King's prerogatives, and to serve the Church as a zealous son, be faults in an English statesman of 1640, then, no doubt, Strafford was a bad politician; but no one pretends that at the dawn of English liberty, as the bloody and malignant tyranny of Pym and his associates is still sometimes called, there was any thing strange or remarkable in a minister holding those opinions. With respect to his Irish administration the case is different: oppression, injustice, avarice, cruelty, Popish leanings, Protestant persecutions, are still associated with his memory. Within the limits of a note it is of course impossible to do more than indicate the considerations and the evidence on which I venture in the following ballad to characterize Strafford as "Erin's martyred friend;" but I trust enough has been said to show it is not altogether without reason I claim for him that noble title.

- I. Confusion reigns o'er Ireland's plains, and Church and State are tossed
On the blast of every veering wind, by every faction crossed.
Each greedy noble sets his foot on God's Church and the Poor,
And fearful are the wrongs and woes the common folk endure.
- II. "The Isle of Saints," a den of thieves in godless ruin lies,
Whence mount to heaven no holy prayers, but rude tumultuous cries:
And the Prelate, and the Peer, and the Puritan combine
To rob the poor, insult the King, and violate the shrine.
- III. But on this July morning, lo! in Dublin's crowded streets,
Strange are the looks and words wherewith each man his neighbour greets.
There's fear on many a Noble's brow, while in the eye of care
Flickers the gleam of dawning hope contending with despair.
- IV. For the clarion and the hautboy notes that shake the summer breeze,
And glide down gentle Liffey's stream, and nestle in the trees,
Bid the lowly and th' oppressed take heart, and raise in joyful awe
Their eyes to Him, the gracious source of Justice and of Law.
- V. Begirt with Ireland's chivalry, in pomp and meet array,
To open Ireland's Parliament Lord Strafford takes his way;
And who that marks his pallid brow, and eye of living light,
That dauntless mien, those glances keen, but owns Lord Strafford's might? [*continued*]

- VI. And 'mid the crowd of flaunting peers, and ermined robbers there,
His eye falls pleased on some, full meet his lofty aims to share;
On Kilmore and good Clanricarde, in after perils tried,
And on Ormonde the true-hearted, his country's hope and pride.
- VII. The glorious show has swept along, and nears St. Patrick's shrine;
The mightiness of human power adores the Power divine.
For ne'er do solemn aims succeed, unblessed by praise and prayer,
So the Viceroy kneels in all his pride a humbled sinner there.
- VIII. The pomp is o'er ; for weal or woe the gauntlet is thrown down,
One stalwart arm does battle for the Church, the Poor, the Crown.
And other days and future lays, till England's glories end,
Shall tell the fame of Strafford's name, lost Erin's martyred friend!

19 **THE DEATH OF LORD STRAFFORD (MAY 12, 1641.)**

- I. Full stately is Lord Strafford's mien; his voice is calm and free;
And to the Primate of Armagh with grandeur turneth he,
For vainly had he sought from the Lieutenant of the Tower,
Leave with my Lord of Canterbury to spend a parting hour.
- II. "My Lord, will you to Canterbury's Grace my message tell,
To-morrow, when I go abroad, I'd say to him farewell?
This night I beg his prayers for me; his benison I'll crave
From his window on my head as I pass unto the grave."
- III. But Canterbury's Lord is faint, and love so strong and high
Will hardly lend him eyes to view the Earl when passing by.
The gallant and the true goes forth to die a traitor's death,
And grief and indignation stay the aged Prelate's breath.
- IV. His feeble hands the benison to give are raised on high,
The Earl is bowing low in prayer with all humility,
But mind and voice alike have fled; he meets the hero's glance,
And sinks down on his prison floor in sorrow's death-like trance.
- V. His stately head the Earl once more in reverence doth bend,
And gazes for a moment on his sorrow-stricken friend.
"Farewell, my Lord, we meet no more this side the grave," he cries;
"May God protect your innocence, and shame your enemies!"
- VI. And then the axe and headsman,—and the wisest English head
Lies low, and England's noblest son is numbered with the dead;
But England's monarch aye will keep in keen remorse of soul,
The day which saw Lord Strafford's head on felon-scaffold roll!

That I should venture to republish a ballad on this subject, after the appearance of Professor Aytoun's beautiful and pathetic poem, requires an explanation; but when I say the following lines were written some years ago, I hope that is sufficient; and although the subject is the same, our treatment of it is not identical. May I take this opportunity of expressing my unqualified admiration of the Lays of the Scotch Cavaliers, and the gratitude which all lovers of truth owe to Professor Aytoun for his successful vindication of "bonnie Dundee" from Mr. Macaulay's ungenerous and unwarranted attack on that hero's memory?

- I. May's springtide sun is beaming bright
 On Edinburgh's towers,
 And crowded are her antique streets,
 And marshalled are her powers.
- II. Ne'er has the city viewed, I ween,
 A denser multitude,
 Since good King Charles, in happier days,
 Kept court at Holyrood.
- III. But silent is the crowd to-day,
 No loud tumultuous cry
 Bears on the breeze the strong impress
 Of Scotland's loyalty.
- IV. Hushed is her voice; each burgher stands,
 With straining eye and ear,
 Intent to catch the first low sound
 Of something drawing near.
- V. The day declines; so silent still
 That ocean of stern men,
 You'd think some pranksome fiend had palmed
 A juggle on your ken.
- VI. But list! beyond the Water-gate
 A noise of wheels is heard;
 A whisper down the streets is passed—
 "He comes!"—no other word.

[*continued*]

21 **THE DEATH OF MONTROSE** (A.D. 1650.)

- VII. By sorry steeds, in servile cart,
 A high-backed chair is drawn;
 The sitter he hath turned his face.
 Why start you, young Lord Lorn?
- VIII. 'Tis pleasant, sure, in merrie May,
 To sit at eventide,
 And gaze forth from your balcony,
 With beauty by your side.
- IX. And why should you, and wise Argyle,
 And Warriston the good,
 At that man's glance retreat within,
 And change your joyous mood?
- X. Oh! shame to Scotland, lasting shame!
 A Southron stranger spies
 Your craven looks, your blanched cheeks,
 And scornfully up-cries,
- XI. "Small marvel, sirs, with whitening gills
 Ye turn your heads aside;
 For seven long years ye ne'er have dared
 That face in war abide.
- XII. "Good sooth! in yon poor captive dies
 The dreadest of your foes;
 But, chained and tied to hangman's cart,
 Ye dare not meet Montrose!"

22 **A BALLAD OF 1660**

VIDE CLARENDON'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION, APRIL, 1660.

- I. The sun has set; from Brussels' wall
 The warder's careless eye
Beheld him all resplendent fall
 In matchless majesty.
- II. A pompless court, a powerless king
 In exile doomed to live,
Taste not the joys that early spring
 To Freedom's sons can give.
- III. "The earth 'gins don her robes of green,
 The very air seems gay,
And I alone have lonely been
 This merry April day.
- IV. "For twice six years a crownless throne
 And wandering fate is mine,
Not one poor island dares to own
 The heir of Stuart's line.
- V. "And yet I will not now despair,
 Nor bid all hope be gone;
There's many an arm that yet will dare
 Strike for Charles Stuart's son."
- VI. Beneath his lowly chamber stand
 Three men in council deep.
Who's that, with shaking head and hand,
 And eye half-closed in sleep?
- VII. There's Ireland's worthiest son, the lord
 Of Ormonde's fair domain;
And he with deepest wisdom stored
 Of all the royal train.
- VIII. Nay! but the third, with drooping plume,
 And blood-bedabbled heel,
While, through the chamber's gathering gloom
 Flashes his martial steel?

[*continued*]

- IX. “What says the man? Art drunk, or mad,
 Or traitor in disguise?
Or are indeed these tidings glad
 No cunningly-spun lies?”
- X. “No drunkard I, my lord,” quoth he,
 “Nor madman, nor deceived;
That which I tell you soon shall be
 By all the world believed.
- XI. “Lord Ormonde, you my person know,
 John Baily is my name;
And these from Sir John Stephens show
 What credence I may claim.
- XII. “No sleep has pressed my eyelids down,
 My body known no rest,
Since forth I rode from London town
 To do that knight’s behest.
- XIII. “St. George! it was a thrilling sound
 To hear the people cry,
With shouts that all dissension drowned,
 ‘King Charles and liberty!’
- XIV. “While bonfires bright unnumbered burn
 Portentous to afar,
Heralding forth the quick return
 Of Stuart’s royal star.
- XV. “No more saw I, no more delayed,
 But spurred my eager horse;
Nor have fatigue nor hunger stayed,
 By sea or land my course.”
- XVI. “Now God be praised!” Lord Ormonde said;
 “Sir Captain, follow me!
The King this night upon his bed
 Shall rest right tranquilly.”

- I. Oh ! wherefore shout the people so?
What means this bright triumphal show
 That dances through our streets?
'Midst gloom, and fears, and doubtings keen,
The sun went down on yester-e'en,
And now behold how fair a scene
 His rising glory greets!
- II. Have tidings sped from Windsor's hall
That, answering to the traitorous call,
 Dutch William takes the crown?
Far other is the cry this morn,
On rumour's wing of wildfire borne,
And curses loud, and jeers, and scorn,
 His name in anger drown.
- III. But yesterday, and all was lost,
In treason's tempest torn and tossed,
 The vessel of the State
Seemed sinking, and the frightened crew
From her dismantled bulwarks flew.
Now—honour to the faithful few
 Who braved that threatening fate!
- IV. Stout-hearted Craven! in this hour
Of fluent words and waning power,
 One loyal arm like thine
Is worth the songs and bright array,
The trappings rare and banners gay,
That gild King James' triumph-way
 Down all this long-drawn line.

[*continued*]

- V. For, fickle as the bee that sips
 Honey from the extended lips
 Of twice ten thousand flowers;
 Unstable as the running stream,
 Unreal as the poet's dream,
 And fitful as the young moon's beam
 On moss-grown ruined towers,
- VI. Is that loud-tongued applauding cry
 That speaks a present loyalty,
 And shouts "Long live King James!"
 The slightest smile, the faintest frown,
 Has power to shift the shadowy crown
 The while they toss it up and down
 Like children at their games.
- VII. Alas! full many a dastard breast
 Lurks there beneath a glittering vest;
 And many a perjured throat
 Pours out in rank luxuriance now
 With easy grace and smiling brow,
 The gallant speech and loyal vow
 That round the Monarch float.
- VIII. So thinks, I ween, yon placid King,
 Who, centre of that brilliant ring,
 Alone looks calm and grave;
 As though he knew his love and care
 For England's weal would fail to scare
 Fell treason from his palace-stair,
 Or him from ruin save!

26 **THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE** (A.D. 1714.)

- I. The Stuart Queen is failing fast, and factions round her press,
And, to the pains of parting life, add their own bitterness.
The cherished wish of carefraught years—the secret of a life
Will perish unregarded in those courtly minions' strife.
- II. She never had, in health's brave hour, the courage to declare
Her injured father's injured son, her own undoubted heir;
But many a secret sigh she breathed, and many a prayer she said,
That the crown of these fair islands might alight upon his head.
- III. Those useless sighs and timid prayers are drawing to an end,
No brother holds her death-cold hand, beside her weeps no friend.
That brother still in exile pines; his friends are shrinking now,
As the damps of death are gathering fast upon their Monarch's brow.
- IV. Right to her dying-bed two haughty men have rudely pressed,
And from their helpless Sovereign gain their sternly-sought request;
The dying Queen has left her crown, old England's glorious crown,
To the dull unkingly ruler of a petty German town.
- V. Those nobles of rebellion—those peers of yesterday—
To startled London straight proclaim the absent German's sway.
But are there none among the true and loyal English names
Be bold to cry, "God save the King! our rightful lord, King James?"
- VI. Alas! for England's gentlemen,—alas! for England's peers,
The cause for which their fathers bled is lost through selfish fears;
They hesitate and ponder, till the precious hours are flown,
That might have placed James Stuart's son on England's ancient throne.
- VII. But there is one who does not flinch, whose eye in kindling ire
Rebukes his craven colleagues, as they one by one retire.
"Oh! haste thee Ormonde, let us go, and, in the face of day,
To London's anxious crowds proclaim their king that's far away.
- VIII. "Oh! dare this stake, for her dear sake, to whom is truly given
To breathe upon the kings of earth the benison of heaven;
Oh! dare this risk, this little risk, and those proud dukes shall see
How the hearts of this poor people yearn to be set from traitors free. *[continued]*

27 **THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE** (A.D. 1714.)

- IX. “And when another Stuart king, shall ride in triumph down
The shouting files of loyal men through London’s joying town,
Then shall a grateful king, a rescued Church, and country own
That no Ormonde ever failed to do his duty to the throne!”
- X. But Atterbury speaks in vain; no Claverhouse is there
To east away the scabbard, and all risks for honour dare;
And Craven’s gallant heart is chilled, and a Churchman stands alone
To help, ’gainst foes and timid friends, the Stuart to his throne.
- XI. Then honour to that soul of truth, that heart of loyal fire,
Whom wrongs, and insults, calumnies, and dungeons could not tire;
Who carried to a foreign land, what no Parliament e’er gave—
The sympathy of virtuous men—the praises of the brave!

- I. The waves are dancing 'neath the breeze around old Mona's isle,
And to the pleasant summer's sun in crisped beauty smile;
And breeze, and sun, and dancing wave, the hardy Manxmen woo,
With sail and oar by sea and shore their labours to pursue.
- II. But not a boat leaves port to-day; the nets in idlesse lie,
Peel, Castletown, and Douglas their wonted crews deny;
No priest this morn, with outstretched arm, has blessed the coming toil,
No fisher shall this eve return with the ocean's answering spoil.
- III. And yet this is no Festival of Mona's Church or State,
That thus her simple peasantry are wont to celebrate;
The Calendar contains no name that sanctifies the day,
No town in England's Empire broad shares in this glad array.
- IV. From Castle Rushen's gloomy hold the way is strewed with flowers,
Each village maiden, as she walks, fresh buds and branches showers;
And yeomen bold, and greybeards old, the odorous pathway line,
And seamen rough, and matrons trim in Sunday kirtles fine.
- V. What means this Pomp? who is this man? why shout the people so?
And hail his name with loud acclaim, and reverend greetings low?
Has France or Spain essayed in vain to win fair Mona's strand?
Was he the Chief that brought relief, and freed the menaced land?
- VI. Nay, mark his mien—so calm, serene—no victor-warrior he
With sword and glaive, a land to save, or set a people free;—
With humble looks and tearful smiles he gazes on the show,
And hastes to reach that modest home which all poor Manxmen know.
- VII. His crime?—no law had he transgressed, no evil had he done,
In him the friendless saw a friend, the widow found a son;
And the blessings of the desolate, the poor man's unbought praise,
Proclaimed a Prelate worthy of the Apostolic days.

[continued]

- VIII. Yet had his shameful home been long the felon's dungeon-cell,
And sickness marks the face of him the people love so well;
And bitter words and angry threats against his foes are heard,
But he stills their rising passions with many a Christian word.
- IX. From the hill above Kirk Michael the beacon's joyous blaze
Flashes aloft—the harbinger of happier, holier days;
And the Church shall learn from this meek man to vindicate her laws,
And the People know he fights for them, who fights the Church's cause.
- X. The rural Pomp is quickly o'er; a few short years have fled,
And Mona's meek Confessor lies among the lowly dead;
But never from the Church's book shall fade his living fame,
And to all English time shall last good Bishop Wilson's name!

I have endeavoured in this ballad to express what I conceive would be the sentiments and hopes of a Scotch Episcopalian in 1745. The ignominious dependence upon England (as it was then regarded), the vexatious character of the new system of taxation, and, above all, the rigorous persecution of his Church, no doubt had their influence in determining many a Scotch Episcopalian gentleman to draw his sword in aid of that cause already so dear to his hereditary loyalty. The subjoined extracts from King James' proclamation show clearly what were then felt as the main grievances of Scotland; and by promising a redress of which the exiled sovereign hoped, and not in vain, to raise her gallant people in his favour.

"We see a nation always famous for valour, and highly esteemed by the greatest of foreign potentates, reduced to the condition of a province, under the specious pretence of an union with a more powerful neighbour. In consequence of this pretended union, grievous and unprecedented taxes have been laid on, and levied with severity, in spite of all the representations that could be made to the contrary; and these have not failed to produce that poverty and decay of trade, which were easily foreseen to be the necessary consequences of such oppressive measures. . . . We further declare that we will with all convenient speed call a free parliament; that, by the advice and assistance of such an assembly, we may be enabled to repair the breaches caused by so long an usurpation, to redress all grievances, and to free our people from the unsupportable burden of the malt-tax, and all other hardships and impositions, which have been the consequences of the pretended union; that so the nation may be restored to that honour, liberty, and independency which it formerly enjoyed."

(Brown's History of the Highlands and Clans, vol. iii. pp. 21, 22.)

- I. In ancient page, or present age, will ye find a nobler sight
Than a gallant people rising, in their ardour and their might,
To restore the rightful heir of an old historic throne,
And, with their native Monarch's rights, reconquering their own?
- II. Then glorious was the sight when from the mountains of the North,
Surrounded by his Clans, Prince Charles dashed through the opposing Forth,
And, like a second Caesar, though with far a holier aim,
Passed o'er a second Rubicon to urge a worthier claim. [continued]

- III. From Athol's lordly forest lairs, from Glencoe's bloodstained halls,
From Keppoch's rugged mountains, and Glenfinnan's rocky falls,
From Skye's wild moors, and Moidart, from Lochaber, and Braemar,
Trooped out the King's leal [*loyal*] soldiers to the glorious game of war.
- IV. The Covenanting Ministers in each Whig-favouring fane
But yester-eve, with sword in hand, were preaching, but in vain,
The Kirks were soon all emptied, and the preachers all waxed dumb,
As wondering Burghers heard the news, "The Highlanders—they come!"
- V. Then doughty Drummond grasped his sword, and bold harangued his men,
Who boldly marched all down the Bow, and then slunk up again;
Those heroes of the shop would for King George risk gear and lives,
But, like true knights, they yielded to the tears of bairns and wives.
- VI. And now the pibroch [*bagpipe*] pierces, with its clamour rude and shrill,
The Saxon warder's startled ear on old Edina's hill;
And ere that Castle's morning gun the break of day proclaims,
The Capital of Scotland owns her rightful lord King James.
- VII, From street and wynd [*alley*] the loyal crowds flock fast to Arthur's Seat,
And, hark, what maddening cries of joy the winsome gallant greet,
As, 'tween Perth's duke and Elcho's lord, the Stuart's youthful heir
Rides down the Park through shouting files of men and maidens fair.
- VIII. The Palace gates stand open, and the eager multitude
Escort their Prince, with tears of joy, to antique Holyrood;
Steps forth the patriot Hepburn, and with sword upraised in air
And silvery locks uncovered, first ascends the Palace-stair.
- IX. Now shout for Scotland's ancient laws and Scotland's native King,
Till the high tidings carry hope, on Echo's joyous wing,
To the Borders, and to Carlisle, and to all those loyal hearts
That beat in Oxford's honoured halls and London's busy marts. [continued]

32 **PRINCE CHARLES' ENTRANCE INTO EDINBURGH (SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1745.)**

- X. Ay! from many a Western county and many a nook in Wales,
From Manchester and Preston, and from England's midland dales
Shall come old England's gentry, with their father' trusty swords,
To expel their alien ruler with his upstart German lords.
- XI. The Church, so long oppressed and scorned, shall raise her head again,
And in an ordered liberty shall cease the bigot's reign;
While the people, now so overtaxed and harassed by Excise,
A native Monarch's gentle rule once more shall learn to prize.
- XII. The Thistle, and the Shamrock, and the Rose shall flourish fair
Each in its own loved soil, and each beneath its native air;
And mutual love shall stay for aye those sad intestine fights,
When the three kingdoms each enjoy their own time-hallowed rights.
- XIII. Then, Gentlemen of Scotland, and England's Cavaliers,
To break the Usurper's hated yoke your Stuart Prince appears;
And happy for these British isles will be that glorious morn,
Which sees King James through London's streets in bloodless triumph, borne!

The Bernois peasant views with dread the winter's gathering snows,
That high above his peaceful vale in threatening calm repose,
Till at the wakening touch of Spring, in one tumultuous sweep,
Down on the startled plains below the long-pent waters leap,
And bury in their frenzied march each work and trace of man,—
The peasant's cot, the rising corn, and shop of artisan.

So, poised above the plains of France the English squadrons lie,
Watching the word shall speed them from their 'vantage ground on high.
Why tarries yet that looked-for word? Shall he, whom never foe
Could match, confess a victor here, nor strike the crowning blow?

From side to side the prospect wide that eagle glance is scanning;
A sure advance, a safe retreat, that matchless mind is planning:
But far beyond that prospect wide extends that eagle glance,
Beyond retreats through Spanish plains, or triumphs won in France:
The broad expanse of Europe from that eyrie is surveyed;
The destinies of Europe in those balances are weighed.

In front, extended at his feet, in all their fair expanse,
Lie, smiling in their early bloom, the southern fields of France;
The air that passes o'er those fields no English shouts hath known,
No haughty English banner o'er those joyous towns hath flown,
Since France beheld, in the days of old, on Poitiers' gory field,
Her king and all her chivalry to dauntless Edward yield.

And now again those haughty shouts are borne upon the breeze,
And again that English banner flaunts above the Pyrenees.
Behind him rise the jagged forms of Guiposcoa's hills,
Clothed with their oak and chesnut woods, and bright with glittering rills,
And with their checquered deeds uprise the six long years of war
That led him from fair Lusitania's coast to the vineyards of Navarre. [continued]

Oh how the memories throng and press upon the brain and heart!
 How the gallant dead and comrades dear to action once more start!
 Again he hears the Douro sweep with its stern forbidding roar;
 Again he sees bold Paget dash, and gain its guarded shore;
 Again that fierce and boastful shout, that spoke of vengeance near,
 For gallant Cameron's long-wept death rings on his musing ear.

And now he counts the moments dread 'neath Badajoz's wall,
 As column after column rushed, to conquer or to fall;
 And by the rocket's lurid light, and thundering cannon's flame,
 He watched his warrior hosts sink down beneath that deadly game.
 Those bitter disappointments from the failure of allies,
 The triumphs stripped of half their fruits, the blunders and the lies,

The jealousies and low intrigues, the bickerings of friends,
 The paltry means accorded to procure the mightiest of ends,
 The sleepless nights, the dread retreat to Vedra's saving lines,
 The hope deferred, the long delay of all his great designs,
 His starving soldiers' angry cries, the Spaniards' fatuous pride,
 That oftentimes, when needed most, their plighted help denied,—

All, all the thousand obstacles his patient genius threw
 Out of his path, before him now defile in long review:
 And here, despite the power of France, the thoughtful victor sees
 That pleasant land at his command from the conquered Pyrenees!
 Then other visions gaily rise: Madrid's tumultuous heart
 Again is beating wildly as the hated foes depart:

And along her Alameda, and through every crowded street,
 Her sons prepare with transport rare the English chief to greet.
 Those cries of welcome sound again, the passionate embrace
 Of a whole people cheers him in his long and arduous race;
 And in that hour of glorious joy he owns the noblest meed [*reward*]
 That warrior wins,—the blessing of a people he has freed!

[*continued*]

And now all doubt is over; prepare, imperial France,
Thy levies and thy conscripts to resist his fierce advance;
Break down the bridges,—flood the plains,—and bid each hamlet be
To the hated foe more fatal than old Thermopylae!
Futile the task! in vain ye ask the peasants of Vendée
To view in those calm English ranks the foeman's fell array.

In many a field by Garonne's banks the lilies now are set,
Will bloom ere long to twine around the Bourbon's coronet;
And many a heart is beating in the streets of fair Bordeaux,
And good swords gleam, while bright eyes beam with loyalty's pure glow.
And o'er that goodly city soon the standard white shall float,
While through delivered Paris swells the English trumpet's note.

Then Europe shall remember, in the peaceful after days,
In the hymns that make immortal each valiant patriot's praise,
How the hero who had swept the foe from Portugal and Spain
Paused on the conquered Pyrenees; then launched into the plain.

- I. The Turk now reigns in Joppa's halls; the crescent's bloodstained sign
Waves o'er Damascus and each town by Christians deemed divine.
Along the road, where eager Saul his vengeful course pursued,
Flock mollah, dervish, slave, and all the Moslem's motley brood.
- II. The Seven Churches—where are they? Their candlesticks no more
Shed beamings bright of blessed light to earth's remotest shore;
And wasted are the towers from which on Sinai's castled steep
In after times the Christian knight his holy watch would keep.
- III. And broken are the walls that guard those Churches' sacred store,
And feeble are the efforts made their glories to restore;
Like fragments of a crystal vase Truth's pearls all scattered lie;
Oh! melancholy sight and sad to meet a Christian's eye!
- IV. Yet Mother Church commands her faithful children's hearts to-day
To journey with St. Paul down to Damascus on his way,
And speechless fall with him to earth, and tremblingly adore
The boundless love that bade him rise, and gave him sight once more.
- V. Nay! but to-day our English hearts rebellious will not roam,
Dear mother, at thy bidding e'en, they will not leave their home.
The waves are dashing round our coasts, and, God be blessed, this morn
An infant Prince of England to a Christian life is born.
- VI. The wintry seas that bore the Saint to old imperial Rome
Long tossed him on the billows, and were curling high in foam;
And many a night came blackly down in tempest and in storm,
Ere heathen Rome was hallowed by his Apostolic form.
- VII. But tranquil are the winds to-day, serene and blue the sky,
And gorgeous are the pomps that grace our Christian pageantry;
A monarch from afar has come to magnify our Queen,
And England's Primate holds our Prince his sacred arms between.
- VIII. The walls upraised to God by kingly piety of yore,
Behold to-day a train fair as they e'er beheld before;
And the highest and the noblest bear witness to the vow
That's taken for yon guileless thing, and signed upon his brow. [continued]

37 **THE FEAST OF THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL (A.D. 1842.)**

- IX. The time-worn banners waving in the incense-breathing air,
The old Cathedral stalls, with all their carving rich and rare,
The gorgeously-decked altar, and the anthem's swelling tone,
All carry back remembrance to the ages that have flown.
- X. We call those ages dark and dim, and hug ourselves the while;
But ponder well, young Queen, as now thou gazest down the aisle,
And say if they were soulless men, or dull of heart, or blind,
Who raised to God a shrine like this, nor left a name behind?
- XI. Oh! ponder well, young Queen, and let the lesson good be taught
Betimes to him whose life with England's destinies is fraught,
That glorious is the privilege which God to kings has given,
To serve, as nursing fathers, the all-spotless Bride of Heaven.
- XII. Be his the stalwart graces that adorned our hero-kings!
And may the Church in joy and sorrow shroud him 'neath her wings;
And nerve him, should his throne be shocked by treason-plotting carles [churls],
To do with young Plantagenet, or suffer with St. Charles!

[This poem begins the section on FOREIGN AND HOME SCENES.]

- I. The Seine beneath La Rocheguyon rolls,
But he carries no sounds away,
No lights from those halls on his waters gleam,
As they gleamed in the olden day.
- II. Yon crumbling keep, and that ruined tower,
How they speak to the thoughtful mind,
And whisper high things of the fair Guercheville,
That noblest of womankind!
- III. Did ever so noble a monarch before
Bend down to a beauty so proud?
Was ever so gallant a suitor's prayer
By such peerless lips disallowed?
- IV. "Sir King! (*Henri IV.*) though a nobler house than mine
Fair France in her borders wide
Contains not, yet 'tis not noble enough
To give to her monarch a bride.
- V. "But if I am sprung from too lowly a house
Your couch as a Queen to share,
I am sprung from far too lofty a line
To reign as a mistress there!"

39 **THE TOMB OF JAMES II OF ENGLAND**

- I. I Knelt in a Church in an old French town,
 Right famous in old French story;
 It had given kings to that fair land's crown,
 And was rife with their deeds of glory.
- II. But I thought not of Francis the gallant and brave,
 Nor of Henri the pride of Navarre,
 Nor of him who went down to a cavalier's grave, (*Henri II killed here in a*
 In the glorious pageant of war. *tournament by Montmorenci.*)
- III. But I turned to the tomb, where a few words relate
 The virtues and sorrows of one
 "Who in fortune's bright noontide of splendour was great,
 But greater when lost and undone."
- IV. And my heart it was stirred as I thought of the time
 When King James o'er my country bore sway,
 And, England, I thought of thy treason and crime
 In the Church of St. Germain-en-laye!

Throned emblems of Eternity, that rear
 Above the earth-born clouds your mitred snows
 Which were, and are, and shall be to the close
Of this world's being—with hope-tempered fear
 I fain would read, in your sublime repose,
A sanction for the humble course I steer
 Through the entroubled torrent that o'erflows
 The crumbling landmarks of our English isle.
 Alike in Winter's frown, or Summer's smile,
In changeless Faith, like that of ancient Seer,
 Your steadfast gaze to Heaven is raised; the while,
From that fond aspect, blessing far and near
 Run the bright streams, that spread for many a mile
 Gifts weird as those of Egypt's mystic Nile.

41 **HIGH NOON AT VEVAY**

- I. The mid-day calm of Summer sleepeth still
 On Leman's glowing breast,
 The white clouds tremble on the dark-browed hill,
 Fringing each shaggy crest.
- II. Nestling beneath yon mountain's awful shade
 St. Gingulph's hamlet lies,
 Hardly by one faint curl of smoke betrayed
 To prying poet's eyes.
- III. In Nature's own sweet Palace every hour
 Has beauties of its own,
 Fresh morn, or noontide's fiercely-blazing power,
 Or even's gentler tone.
- IV. And hearts that love not, though they dare not shun
 The cares of English life,
 Doubly enjoy such tranquil transports—won
 Prom fevered actions' strife.
- V. So Glory be to God, who deigned to raise
 The everlasting hills;
 And called, to mock man's art, fresh songs of praise
 From silver-toned rills.
- VI. Mindful of those poor Pagans who once found,
 In glimpses few and dim,
 A God pervading Nature's unknown round,
 And darkly worshipped Him,
- VII. Methinks one wish of sin, one evil thought,
 Would mar this magic scene,
 Changing the glory, wherewith now 'tis fraught,
 To earthly hues and mean.
- VIII. They, midst these vineyards and these walnut trees,
 Their humble Altars built;
 And feared to make the mountain-sweeping breeze
 Winged herald of their guilt.
- IX. And thus may never-dying Faith renew,
 In these—our Christian days,
 The bloom of many a childlike flower that grew
 By those poor Pagan ways!

42 **A FAREWELL TO SWITZERLAND**

- I. Ye mountains, and ye waterfalls,
 Ye meadow-lands on high,
 Ye chalets brown, ye tinkling bells,
 Thou breeze that dancest by!
- II. Thou lake so still, ye dark green firs, (*The Lake of Thun.*)
 Thou bright blue sky above,
 Ye well-nigh speaking witnesses
 Of never-ending Love!
- III. How shall I frame my feeble voice
 My gratitude to express,
 And thank the great good God for you
 And all your loveliness?
- IV. What glories wait on him who treads,
 In early autumn's dawn,
 The Switzer's fir-clad mountain-side
 And crocus-spotted lawn!
- V. Above me now the north wind bends
 The topmost pine-trees' heads,
 While through their waving shade the Sun
 A mellowed glory sheds.
- VI. I hear the wind, I see the Sun,
 But feel not either's power,
 Sheltered upon my mountain-seat
 As in my Lady's bower.
- VII. Spread out beneath a valley lies
 Of undulating green,
 Dotted with many an orchard clump,
 And silver streams between.
- VIII. Farewell, farewell, to England's shore
 I go with hopes renewed;
 For what hopes are so fresh as those
 That spring from gratitude?

43 **THE MONCENIGO PALACE AT VENICE**

- I. “If your soul were in my soul’s, stead,”
 The patient Patriarch said,
 “‘At you reproaches I might cast—
 Shake the reproving head.”
- II. Methinks he needs to learn those words
 Of gentleness and love
 Whom, standing in these silent halls,
 No thoughts to pity move.
- III. How clear the chart, how straight the course
 Down life’s unvarying tide
 For prosperous dulness, careless wealth,
 And self-respecting pride!
- IV. But let not erring man condemn
 His erring brother’s fall,
 Whom guideless youth, or love’s despair,
 Or wild ambition’s thrall,
- V. Tempt from the meek and holy ways
 Of Christian righteousness;—
 Enough for him, if tempted, his
 Own fall be something less.
- VI. Then gently think of him, whose name
 Rests on these ancient walls;
 Whose wayward will and checquered fame
 This gloomy room recalls.
- VII. A simple maiden’s unmoved heart
 May Genius thwart and turn,
 Till Love and Gentleness give place
 To fires that aye shall burn.
- VIII. By Trent’s green banks, in Sherwood glades,
 The words which millions treasure
 Touched not the guileless heart that beat
 To life’s more common measure.

[*continued*]

- IX. And Moncenigo's silent courts
 Receive the moody man,
 Self-exiled from his island home
 By a self-uttered ban.
- X. The Poet—fond idolater—
 Endows with inward grace,
 With charms of mind, and purest soul,
 Some fair and youthful face;
- XI. And will not quit his glorious dream
 For life's less glorious truth;
 Tears may roll on, and Beauty wane—
 His heart is still with youth.
- XII. 'Midst all the wreck of shattered hopes,
 And outraged household gods,
 When each ancestral hall and tower,
 Each fane [*weathercock*] to ruin nods;
- XIII. When Fortune flies, and friends fly too,
 When Life is but despair,
 That image ne'er deserts the heart
 But reigns o'er ruins there!

A Thousand thrilling memories do cling
To this fair park and old ancestral hall,
And now, when evening's shades begin to fall,
And the slow-setting summer's sun to fling
His beams aslant to earth, in bright array
Heroes and counsellors and ladies gay,
That peopled once old Petworth's rich domain,
Float dimly by in fancy's magic ring.
'Twas here, so legends tell, young Hotspur strode
In fieriest impatience of delay;
And here was princely Somerset's abode,
(Alas! for Pride's lost hope, and longings vain!)
And she—the sad Erynnys of her day— (*The too famous*
Would here her arts and fatal charms display. *Countess of Carlisle.*)

Hampton! thy courts and long-extending glades
Speak to the heart a language all their own,
Grave, nervous English, resolute of tone,
And rich as yon gold-twisted marvellous brocades
Bright in rare junction of all lights and shades.
He, thy great founder, and the Martyr-King,
Like ancient oaks, have mightiest shadows thrown
Across the stream of time,—right welcome aids,
In days like these, which Faithlessness degrades,
To feeble hearts that hesitate to wing
Their flight through faction's clouds uncheered alone.
My musing eye reads graven on each stone,
“Undoubting heart and soul must that man bring,
Who now would fight for England's Church and King!”

- I. In days gone by, ere faith waxed faint
Throughout our English land,
Honour and praise awaited then
The virgin's holy band.
- II. Each maiden fair was then not taught
To lisp a husband's name,
The spinster's state disdained to be
Synonymous with shame.
- III. Methinks, 'midst wars, and crimes, and wrong,
Heaven smiled upon the land,
That with a breeze of prayer and praise
Its azure glory fanned.
- IV. By gentle stream, in sheltering wood,
Or narrow-streeted town,
The quiet Convent's prayer would bring
A quiet blessing down.
- V. How rang these silent cloisters then
With woman's thrilling song,
While countless choirs prolonged the chaunt [*chant*]
Our island shores along!
- VI. So gentle hearts that still can see
A potency in prayer,
Still love to muse, 'mid shrines like these,
That stand in ruin here.
- VII. Fair Lady! shafted columns tall
From out those ruins rise,
And bowered roof, and cloistered walk,
Before my wondering eyes.
- VIII. 'Tis but a dream,—the pattering rain
Drops through, the headless arch;
And Wenlock's crumbling walls repeat
Your merry call to "march."
- IX. Away, away!—but, Lady fair,
Dreams stranger e'en than this
Have been fulfilled, so who shall say
Mine will its errand miss?

- I. The King of the Peak in his gallery sate,
 In his wonted pomp and pride,
 And he looked on the terraced gardens below,
 And the maid who stood by his side.
- II. But his look it was stern, his brow it was bent,
 As he gazed on her pale wan face;
 Oh! why on those youthful features fair
 Should sorrow have left its trace?
- III. For a mighty man is the King of the Peak,
 And pleasant are Haddon's bowers,
 And the dance, and the chase, and the minstrel song
 Fill up joy's careless hours.
- IV. There's not a pleasure that wealth can bestow
 But for her is ever at hand,
 And suitors and vassals are there at her feet,
 To obey her lightest command.
- V. But her mournful eyes are fixed on the floor,
 She heeds not the brave sunlight
 That gilds the length of that fair gallery,
 With its arras and armour bright.
- VI. Hark! 'tis the sound of an opening door:
 A flush hath stole to her cheek;
 Her father hath marked that sudden start,
 But never a word doth he speak.
- VII. A gallant stripling in modest attire,
 And doublet of Lincoln green,
 Hath entered the room with a lowly bow,
 And a suppliant's humble mien.
- VIII. The King of the Peak, he has grasped his sword,
 And smiles in his angry cheer;
 At that bitter smile, and that wrathful glance,
 The maid sheds many a tear.

- IX. “Sir stripling, begone! or I swear by all
 That true knights sacred hold,
Your life-blood shall pay to my just revenge
 For your suit so high and bold.”
- X. The youth hath upraised his low-bent head,
 And his eyes outflash defiance;
But a glance from that shrinking maiden turns
 His anger to soft compliance.
- XI. He speaks not a word, but turns on his heel,
 And quits the proud Vernon’s hall,
But that very night he is waiting for her
 By the terraced garden’s wall.
- XII. And the Manners has won his Vernon bride,
 And love has triumphed in them:
But, alas! that a slighted father’s ire
 Should successful love condemn;
- XIII. For Haddon is now a deserted place,
 And that gallery now is bare,
And that garden lacks for many a year
 A lady’s fostering care!

- I. Upon the distant mountain crests
 Lie Alps of snow-white clouds;
 Softening the Westering sunbeam's blaze,
 A haze all Nature shrouds.
- II. In changeful shapes the shadows fall
 On rugged Higger Tor,
 A mellowed glory fills the dell,
 And gilds each darksome scaur [*scar*].
- III. Red berries deck each craggy nook,
 And the ever-daring fern
 Peeps through the yawning rents of rock,
 And waves on masses stern.
- IV. That western haze is ruffled awhile,
 And the leaves on the alder trees
 Which girdle the brook new tints reveal
 Beneath the low whispering breeze.
- V. The breeze has passed, and the leaves return
 To their wonted tints again,
 As through the blaze of the sun's last rays
 Struggle scant drops of rain.
- VI. With a merry splash, and a sparkling grace
 On the thirsty rocks they fall,
 Then are seen no more as the Rainbow comes
 Obedient at their call.
- VII. The throstle chaunts his evensong,
 And the moorbird's shrilly note,
 And the bleatings wild of the mountain sheep
 In magic cadence float.
- VIII. Sweet odours rise from the moistened earth
 As incense with that song;
 And the Poet sighs for the Prophet's power
 Such daylight to prolong.
- IX. But the sun has sunk o'er Hazelbach,
 Dark is each western height,
 Gone are the rainbow hues; fair scenes
 And fairer hopes—Good night!

- I. Up Darley Dale the wanton wind
In careless measure sweeps,
And stirs the twinkling Derwent's tides,
Its shallows, and its deeps.
- II. Upon the breeze the hallowed sound
Of Sunday bells is borne,—
That sound which ne'er a Christian hears,
And hearing, feels forlorn.
- III. O'er distant Matlock's lofty Tor
A broken Rainbow gleams,
While the last ray of parting day
Athwart the valley streams.
- IV. The waving woods that crown the banks
'Bove Chatsworth's gorgeous pile
Repose in greenest gloom, nor catch
The sun's departing smile.
- V. Across the wooded knoll trips forth
The milkmaid with her pail
To ease the burdened cows, that wait
Her welcome evening hail.
- VI. From many an ancient upland grange,
Wherein old English feeling
Still lives and thrives, in faint blue wreaths
The smoke is skywards stealing.
- VII. The simple cheer that erst sustained
The Patriarch Seers of old,
Still in these pastoral vallies feeds
A race of ancient mould.
- VIII. And should fell Faction rear again
Her front on English ground,
Here will the latest resting-place
Of Loyalty be found.

A rush of waters and their ceaseless roar,
 That speak of dread Eternity to man
 More than the eloquence of preachers can
Bid us to think of that eternal shore
 To which life's sinuous river hastes along.
 The peaceful flow of Ara's silent stream,
 Before it leaps these horrent crags, I deem
Emblem of this poor life; which evermore
 Is gliding calmly its loved meads among,
 When 'tis hurled headlong over Death's dark height.
The whirl, the struggle, and the terror o'er,
 The waters, purified, flow down in light
Into the tranquil lake, thenceforth at rest—
Type of the peace prepared for spirits blessed.

Did gorgeous Tyre, in her most gorgeous days,
Or boastful Carthage, ere the Roman knew
By novel skill the ocean to subdue,
Such ramparts own as those whereon we gaze?
Mile after mile the stately bulwarks rise,
Still insufficient for the vessels new
That deck, from pathless ocean's thousand ways,
Those spreading docks with flags of every hue.
Enter, and see, with gratified surprise,
The noiseless energy wherewith her state
Commerce ordains, and on her sons relies
For ready service e'en in fell debate.
No cannons line each dock and warehouse gate;
Old England's seamen guard her argosies!

The breathless calm of August's glowing eve
Is broken by the low faint twittering made
By birds that sing no longer, but in shade
Utter infrequent notes, and thus relieve
Their little hearts of prisoned gratitude.
All the hot day the reapers have pursued
Their glorious task, nor yet enjoy reprieve;
But through the twilight still the waggon load,
Or bind in sheaves the new-cut corn, or goad
The wearied team with whip or cheering lay
To one more journey down the oft-trod road.
While thus through England ends the harvest-day
May there be "humble men of heart" to pray
That on this toil God's blessing be bestowed!

- I. The sturdy oak's empurpled heads
 Still show a wintry gloom,
 While underneath the woodman treads
 On Spring-tide's fairest bloom.
- II. May's freshest banner gaily waves
 On sycamore and larch,
 And daily Sun and Shower, his slaves,
 Add trophies to his march.
- III. Each morn some franchised wildflower owns
 Sweet May's enlivening power,
 Each morn the glorious Spring enthrones
 On some new-conquered bower.
- IV. In lightest clouds of golden green
 The graceful birch is dressed,
 And, at the Zephyr's suit, is seen
 To nod his twinkling crest.
- V. From yon white mass of laurel flowers
 And apple blossoms gay,
 Where many a woodland cherry towers
 'Bove the yet flowerless May,
- VI. Nature a thousand perfumes blends
 Into an incense rare,
 Which through the cloudless heaven ascends—
 A breeze of praise and prayer.
- VII. The cuckoo's wild mysterious note,
 The rook's old-fashioned song,
 The myriad warblers' strains that float
 The bursting woods along,
- VIII. Unto my lonely heart recall
 The springs of by-gone years,
 When Fancy could the heart enthrall
 With hopes undimmed by fears.

- IX. Unnumbered sights and sounds of mirth
 Come on young May's soft wing,
 To make one Paradise of earth
 And welcome back the Spring.
- X. Yet, in this riot of green things,
 Fresh flowers, and bursting trees,
 In the note of every bird that sings,
 In the hum of the unseen bees,
- XI. In the joyous sounds so gaily borne
 From the just awakened earth,
 In the sprouting grass, and the springing
 In all their sweet new-birth,
- XII. A gracious sign I chiefly read,
 Vouchsafed by Nature's King,
 That to Death's Winter shall succeed
 A never-fading Spring!

Land of strange contrasts! Nature's fairest home
And dreariest place of exile, this soft spot
Is blessed with beauty, wherewith mermaid's grot
Or Nereid's haunt bright legend of old Rome,
Or more poetic Greece, invested not.
Italian colours in the airs that come
Fresh from the free Atlantic bathe the tops
Of purple mountains, as the heat-cloud drops
On Carran Tual's throne—while greenest hues,
Such as wooded Claude Lorraine in midnight dreams,
Children of sunbeams and of crystal dews—
And crags, and caves, and countless gushing streams
Winding through fern, and heath, and odorous copse
Down to the tranquil lake, soft thoughts infuse.

- I. The smoke ascends from Galashiels
 This bright October morn,
And summer's latest songster's note
 On the still air is borne.
- II. On Eildon's mystic summits float
 The faintest clouds of haze,
Through which, against the dark rocks, dart
 The sun's triumphant rays.
- III. The bittern's mournful cry alone
 Now breaks the silent spell
That hangs o'er haunted Abbotsford's
 Love-consecrated cell.
- IV. Majestic Tweed, with gentlest flow,
 Glides by the sacred spot
Whence often on his bosom came
 The shadowed face of Scott.
- V. And all things in this silent place
 Their wonted state retain,
As though in earnest hope to see
 Their lord alive again.
- VI. The black arm-chair, on which he sate,
 The books that round him stood,
The implements of rustic craft
 For garden, field, or wood,
- VII. In speaking silence all command
 The pilgrim here to cherish
Faith that the noble words he spoke
 Shall from the world ne'er perish.
- VIII. They rest in these deserted halls—
 Their parts for ever ended;
But till time dies those glorious words
 With England's fame are blended.

- I. Again the sounds of life and joy
 The echoes are awaking
 Among the haughs [*meadows*] of Abbotsford,
 The long-kept silence breaking.
- II. From Bowhill's "birchen bowers" again
 The "bold Buccleuch" is coming
 To greet the Laird of Abbotsford
 As the sun succeeds the gloaming.
- III. And beauty, worth, and manly pride
 Are all astir this morning,
 As August's glittering sun steals up
 The western hills adorning.
- IV. The ruined towers of old Melrose
 Behold a younger brother
 Rising in seemly Christian pomp—
 A son of holy Mother.
- V. And surpliced [*vestment wearing*] priests and white-robed choir
 Those ancient psalms are singing
 Which, while yon Abbey stood untouched,
 Up Tweedside aye were ringing.
- VI. Within, from burnished windows rich,
 A mellowed light is falling
 On Altar decked and pavement rare,
 A happier time recalling.
- VII. A voice of other days is heard
 Along these vallies stealing,
 Above the din of strife and sin,
 Glimpses of hope revealing.
- VIII. These ancient hills, and sounding streams,
 These glens so famed in story,
 Where rural faith and honour live,
 These ruins lone and hoary,
- IX. Shall yet see many a lowly flock
 Their waywardness confessing,
 Kneeling before that modest shrine
 To ask the Church's blessing.

[*continued*]

- X. Yet 'mid the thronging hopes that gild
 This duteous undertaking,
 The solemn sight, in pensive hearts,
 One sadder thought is waking.
- XI. He, who infused this spirit high,
 And taught this generation
 To view the pleasant paths of old
 With loving veneration,
- XII. Who round each long-forgotten rite
 Threw a poetic glory
 Winning mankind to hear the truth
 In some romantic story.
- XIII. Who yearned, with all his poet's heart,
 After the Church's order,
 And longed to see her Liturgy
 Restored this side the Border.
- XIV. How would his genial heart have throbbed,
 In Catholic elation,
 To hear these glorious strains, and view
 This solemn Consecration.
- XV. Nay! as in ordered tuneful march
 We dedicate God's acre,
 Methinks in these high offices
 His spirit is partaker;
- XVI. Joining in these our humble prayers,
 That henceforth and for ever
 Within these walls may holy men
 God's messages deliver.
- XVII. That here on Childhood's brow be set
 The sign of Christian duty;
 That God be worshipped here with all
 The pomp of Christian beauty;
- XVIII. That here unmoved, in holy ground,
 Though men on earth may wrangle,
 May the Christian dead wait peacefully
 The trump of the Archangel!

61 **DOUGLAS CHURCH**

- I. He sate among the princely dead—
 That grisly wan old man;
 A nameless fear, a shrinking dread
 O'er my chilled spirit ran.
- II. In homely phrase and simple tone
 Each wondrous tale he told,
 Touching the coffin-lid, or stone
 Of the valiant knights of old.
- III. The single lamp can hardly pierce
 The darkened chancel's gloom,
 Where iron Cromwell's minions fierce
 Defaced each famous tomb.
- IV. And Autumn's gusts in wayward mood
 Play with the nickering light,
 Now showing all the sculpture rude,
 Now veiling all in night.
- V. In crumbling niche St. Andrew keeps
 His weary ward alone;
 Where good Sir James of Douglas sleeps
 'Neath the rough-graven stone.
- VI. Over against that massive tomb,
 An antique legend tells
 How Douglas met his glorious doom
 'Mong slaughtered infidels.
- VII. And down those steps, the spot below
 Where once the altar stood,
 By rusted coffins, row on row,
 In simple shrine of wood,
- VIII. Lies his great heart, who died to save
 The heart of Scotland's King
 From Paynim touch, in charnel cave—
 An unregarded thing!

[*continued*]

62 **DOUGLAS CHURCH**

- IX. Yet this is still called Douglas dale,
 And the Douglas banner still
 Floats o'er the peaceful stream and vale
 From Douglas' castled hill.
- X. Then raise above this glorious dust
 A pile of ancient beauty,
 Fulfilling so the sacred trust
 Attached to power by duty!

One crumbling tower remains to mark the spot
Where Wallace, purest of the patriot-band,
When short-lived peace refreshed the harassed land
Kept modest state, befitting well his lot.
On Tinto's top full oft the breezes fanned
The chase-burnt forehead of that worthiest Scot,
And o'er these hills where cultivation now
Wages fell war with draining tile and plough
Against the Genius Loci, his sure hand
Dealt death to many a quarry. In the Kirk—
Bald home of baldest worship—there yet lurk
Signs of those days when Christian knights would bow
At Jesu's name, and dedicate each work
Of war or peace to God with solemn vow.

- I. On Yarrow's treeless banks I rove
From hoary Newark's birchen grove,
And travel up the silent vale,
Famous in many a plaintive tale.
- II. The bubbling river, now set free
From curbing rock and fringeing tree,
Laves at his own sweet will the meads,
Wandering as his fancy leads.
- III. The glorious hills, on whose green tops
The earliest streak of sunlight drops
With ever-changing form and line,
The narrow treeless vale confine.
- IV. Save where some tributary burn
Trickling through heather, grass, and fern,
Reveals to pilgrim's prying eyes
Where some sweet glen in ambush lies.
- V. See! round yon beetling crag appears
The torrent, that in long past years
In wintry speits [*spurts*] would dash its foam
O'er the great Douglas' earliest home.
- VI. Beneath the summer sun it trips,
Coy as the word from maiden's lips
That bids the lover nurse his dream,
To swell the Yarrow's mightier stream.
- VII. The harebells bloom around yon tower,
Birthplace of Yarrow's "faded flower,"
And from her broken lattice look
On purple mound and tinkling brook.
- VIII. Another ruin! Shepherd, tell
What border chief here wont to dwell,
And what the quarrel, when the fray
Did these grey stones in ruin lay?

[*continued*]

- IX. "Not to Chief renowned in song
Did these crumbling walls belong;
In them, unscathed by feudal strife,
Was led a modern minstrel's life.
- X. "Yet gone his name, and lost his race;
Save these poor stones remains no trace
That lately here on Bengers' mound
The Ettrick Shepherd's reed would sound."
- XI. Thus all things in this silent glen
Bear witness mute to careworn men
That all the gifts they prize on earth,
When rightly weighed, are little worth.
- XII. Beauty, and Power, and Poesy!
Lo! what is left of all the three!
Those world-wide names thy valley narrow
Finds all too wide, melodious Yarrow!
- XIII. But let not such sad thoughts arise!
See, smiling to the azure skies,
St. Mary's Lake, pure, cold, and still,
Greets the lone wanderer on the hill.
- XIV. Dead truly to all joys of earth,
Its holiest charms, its purest mirth
Were he, who could in mournful mood
O'er such a scene repining brood.
- XV. From this my vantage-ground on high
The silvery sister-lakes I spy,
While clothed in purple robes, or green,
The encircling guardian hills are seen.
- XVI. No sound the magic stillness breaks
That nestles on the tranquil lakes;
Silence is Nature's minister
Before her mountain altar here.

[*continued*]

- XVII. But never did the skill of man
A temple half so glorious plan,
And ne'er did sage so well indite
The praises of the Infinite!
- XVIII. Yet while I gaze from throne of heath
On the fair lakes that gleam beneath,
One tinge of gloom is o'er them thrown;
I see them—but unloved—alone.
- XIX. Ah, if to me unloved, alone
Those scenes in such fair glory shone,
How would their charm have doubled been
Hadst thou been with me, Gwendolen!

[This poem begins the section on MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.]

Illustrious victim of these faithless days,
 Welcome to England's still monarchic shore!
 O'er the dark ocean argosie ne'er bore
A freight more worthy youthful minstrel's lays,
 Albeit no joyous banners wave, no cannons roar,
Nor courtly minions lisp thy tutored praise.
A recreant kinsman sits upon thy throne,
 And thou must drink the exile's cup of woe,
 Yet here, in England, once thy nation's foe,
Are there true hearts who dare thy right to own,
 And love to read the auguries that show
The hour will come, ere many years be flown,
 When France with eager loyalty shall know
Her rightful King in Henri of Bordeaux!

- I. I ask thee not to think of me as now once more we part:
Another reigns supreme, I know, on that dear throne, thy heart:
The words of love I fain would breathe unspoken still remain;
I know thou lovest another, and my humble love is vain.
- II. And so in common speech and acts, which show not what I mean,
I play my part as others play in this gay, gallant scene:
Or if, perchance, a glance of thine my heart to rapture fires,
Or if some random word thou speakest a sudden hope inspires,
- III. And madly I begin to urge in low and timid tone
My suit, alas! those words have ceased, that thrilling glance has gone,
And I with swelling heart desist, and check the unwelcome strain,
Till we our old familiar style of friends assume again.
- IV. And thou meanwhile seest nought of this, thy thoughts are far away;
To thee I seem but one of those, the thoughtless and the gay,
Who share thy graceful courtesies, and watch thee from afar
With pleased surprise shine 'mong thy mates a most unearthly star.
- V. Yet be it so! the time may come when he thou lovest now
Shall faithless prove, and thou resent his false and broken vow,
When thou shalt sigh for love like mine, which time and chance defies,
Though buried deep in this lone heart it now uncared for lies.
- VI. Then, in that hour remember me, who keep through patient years,
Through long devotion's trying round of changeable hopes and fears,
My changeless love, which then to thee I will at last proclaim,
And thou'lt accept that love which through all fate was still the same!

69 **“THE WORD HAS BEEN SPOKEN”**

- I. The word has been spoken, my doom has been said,
And the dreams of long years are all broken and fled,
The hopes which sustained me are shattered, and now
There's a weight on my heart, and a gloom on my brow.
- II. The earth in its brave summer dress is most fair,
There is beauty around me, sweet strains in the air,
But that beauty I heed not, I shrink from the strain,
They remind me of her whom I worship in vain.
- III. Like the wild flower which grows unperceived in the shade
Of the briars that encompass some green forest-glade,
My love had grown silently, noticed by none,
Till it burst from its lair, and was straightway undone.
- IV. Ten winters, and summers, and springs have gone by,
Since thy low gentle voice and dark piercing eye
First taught my free spirit to feel and to own
That an Empress had won, and for ever, its throne.
- V. And though thou in thy beauty that throne mayest despise,
Nor grant my fond prayer, nor be moved by my sighs,
Yet in vain should I strive to reconquer that heart
Which henceforth from its fealty can never depart.
- VI. Then, dearest, farewell! at thy bidding I go
To brood in strange lands o'er my love and my woe;
But never believe, though for years I may range,
That my heart can grow cold, or my love it can change.

- I. Honour to Abd el Kadir! to that gallant mountaineer,
To whom swart [*swarthy*] Afric's ancient faith and desert sands are dear.
'Gainst him in vain may Gallia [*Gaul*] boast her glory and her faith,—
The one is earned, the other proved, by roasting men to death.
- II. Far other were the prodigies in Apostolic days
That heralded the blessed Cross through Afric's sandy ways,
And far other sounds were they that proclaimed its triumphs then,
From the wail of stifled women, and the shrieks of frantic men.
- III. Peaceful shades of St. Augustin and blameless Basil, how
Ye must tremble as that Bishop invokes your blessing now
On the arms that round him gleam, and the Tricolour that waves
O'er many a Razzia's blackened void, and grim Dahara's caves.
- IV. "For the blessed law of Christ." Ah! not such its pioneers,—
It glories not in warrior's groans, nor woman's fruitless tears,—
Its truth was stamped by miracles, and succoured from above:
Your deeds are miracles of wrath,—the Gospel's were of love.
- V. Oh! country of St. Louis, could not Switzerland and Spain,
And the Tyrol's glorious passes, and the Kremlin's burning fane,
And the dread revenge broad Europe took when startled Paris saw
Her humbled France from the Cossack's lance submiss receive the law,
- VI. Appease thy thirst for freemen's hate, the freeman's deadly steel,
But must thou yet again be taught the solemn truth to feel,
That justice and a righteous cause can nerve the weakest hand,
And guard from the invader's power the most defenceless land?
- VII. Then see another Hofer in the desert's fearless lord,
And send thy marshalled myriads to fall beneath his sword,
Till thy baffled warriors find, on whatever tracks they go,
Behind each rock a certain death, in every bush a foe!

Spirit of Truth, that nerved in other days
The feeble frame of aged Laud to bear
A Martyr's death, and wrongs and gibes that wear
Deeper than death into the soul, upraise,
In these our silken times, some man of God
Who, strong in conscious innocence, shall dare
Resist this flagrant outrage, which repays
The Church's long obedience with the rod
Of State oppression. Shall a Statesman's nod
Place on an English prelate's glorious throne
A second Hoadley? Nay, thy trumpet's tone
Gives no uncertain sound; the path which trod
Sancroft, and Ken, and Wilson, shall be shown,
Church of our Fathers, to be still thine own!

- I. Oh! hard the task to man's proud heart
 To see with patient eye
 The glittering dreams of youth depart,
 Stars from a summer sky.
- II. One year ago, with no self-blame,
 Could recollection light
 On passages of love, and fame
 With hope's gay colours bright.
- III. And, struggling in my rebel mind
 Against Religion's power,
 Still does one cherished Passion bind
 My soul in danger's hour.
- IV. But then wild Love had raised a throne
 Enriched with jewels rare,
 For one, who would that seat disown,
 Nor reign an empress there.
- V. Through patient years I strove to win
 That unrequiting heart,
 Till now the empty shrine within
 That image has no part.
- VI. Soon shall Misfortune's Angel kind
 Destroy this idol too,
 Dash from my eyes the specious blind
 That hides the glorious view
- VII. Of Calvary's redeeming Cross,
 On which the Christian's eye
 In youth or age, in gain or loss,
 Should rest unswervingly.
- VIII. 'Tis fire must sin's sad work destroy,
 And pain and sorrow shed
 Their healing balms, with sweet annoy,
 On the proud sinner's head.
- IX. Then grant me, gracious Lord, to prize
 Each cross in mercy given,
 That when the last Trump rends the skies
 I soar from dust to Heaven!

- I. In days of solemn cant and pert pretence,
When chattering dulness claimed the name of sense,
 When dazzled statesmen bent the suppliant knee
 Before a spurious philosophy,—
Then, 'mid the wide-spread desolation, rose
One gallant spirit, prompt to interpose,
 Launching the banner for which Burke had sighed,
 And seeing not, in patriot sorrow died.
How, 'bove the common herd of common men,
Towered the fine form of manly Bentinck then!
 How in the lightning-glances of that eye
 Flashed ancient truth and dauntless chivalry,
That scorned alike concealed or open foes,
And with the rising tempest prouder rose!
- II. All quelled, extinguished! in his noontide blaze
The sun has sunk, impatient of delays.
 And we, who watched the beams enlightening dart
 Fresh and refreshing from that generous heart,
And fondly hoped on Glory's evening bier,
His country saved, to drop the timely tear,
 Must now, submissive to the Almighty's will,
 Friendship's last office, premature, fulfil;
And tell how, while his country yet required
The soul that quailed not and the voice that fired,
 The self-denying spirit, scorning rest,
 That still for England's welfare onward pressed
In Honour's blooming prime and Manhood's pride,
Unmatched, beloved, regretted, Bentinck died.

THE END OF ENGLISH BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.