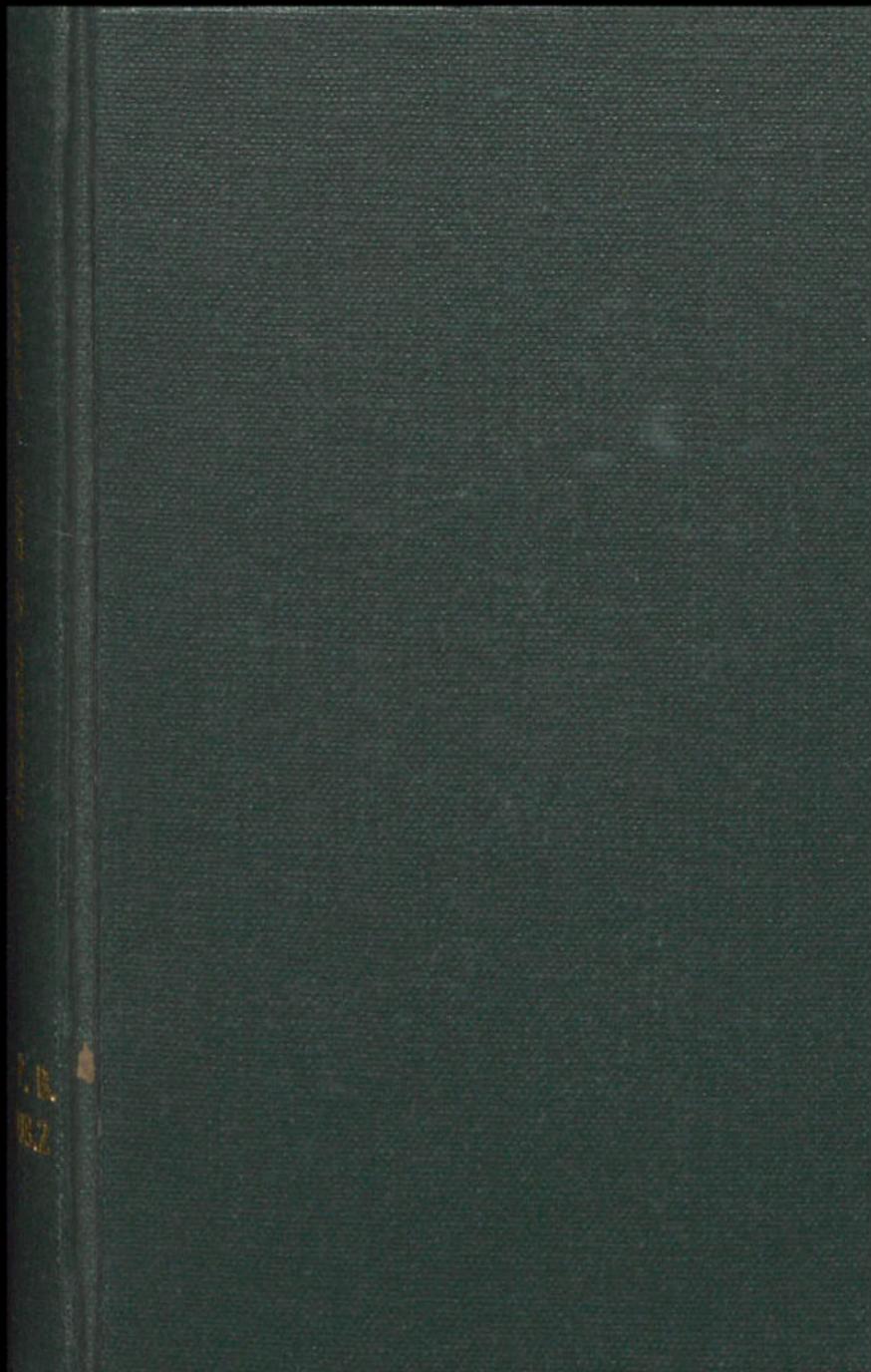


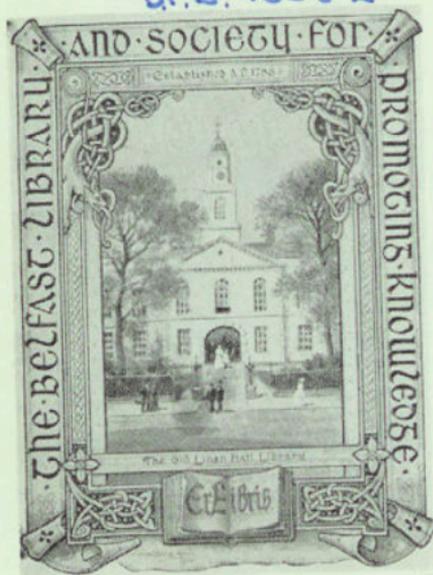
THE BARD OF ERIN - M'HENRY

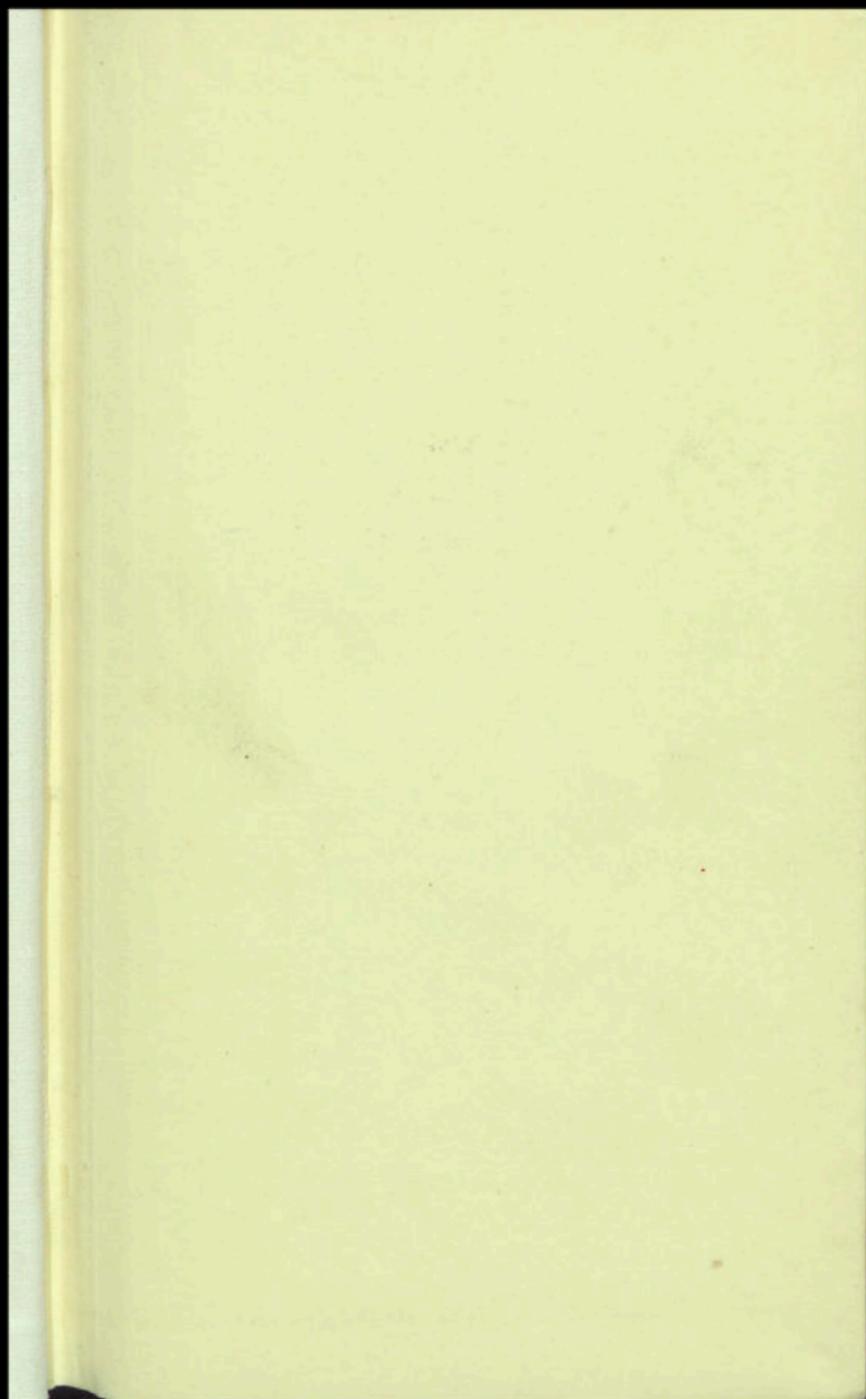
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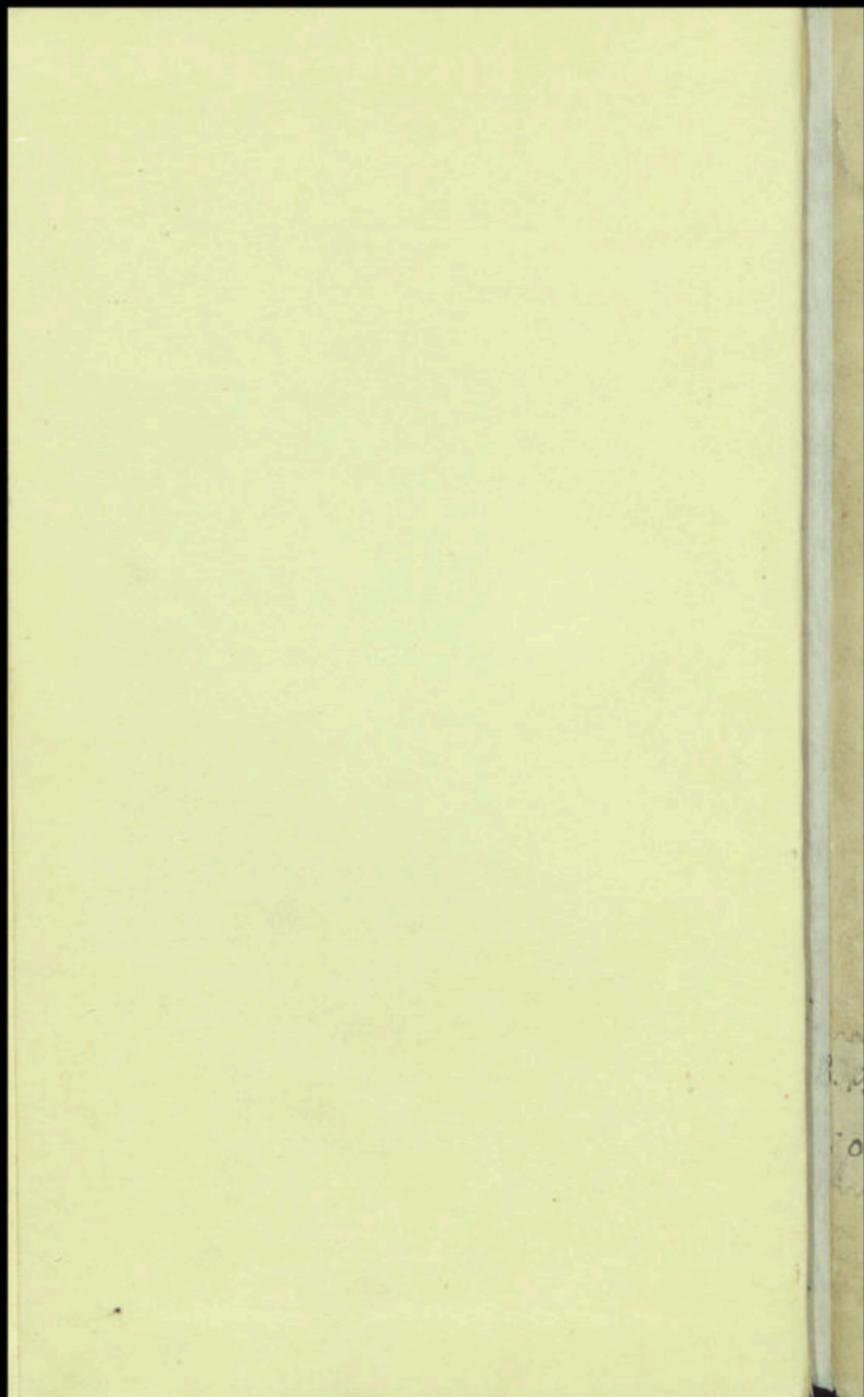
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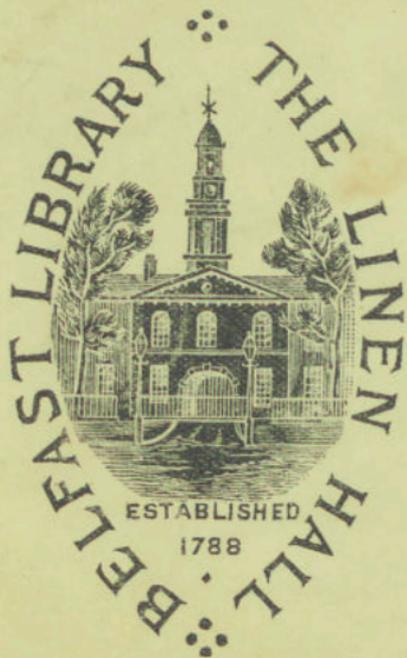






P. 13

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THE  
BARD OF ERIN,  
AND  
OTHER POEMS  
MOSTLY NATIONAL.

BY JAMES M'HENRY.

author of

*O'Hallaron the Hearts of Steel &c.*

On Larn's sweet banks, in early years,  
I careless stray'd, and, void of art,  
Attun'd a reed that pleas'd my peers,  
To praise the maid that charm'd my heart: -

ORR.

Such was the time and such the place,  
The Bard respir'd his song of wo,  
To those who had of Erin's race,  
Surviv'd their freedoms' vital blow.

MISS OWENSON.

---

Belfast:

PRINTED BY SMYTH & LYONS, 115, HIGH-STREET.  
1808.

WM F. MCKINNEY.  
THRONE VILLA,  
ANTRIM ROAD. BELFAST.



Presented by

Dr J. Mc Kinney

Thron Villa

14th April 1895

SO

AS

---

TO  
THE MEMBERS OF THE  
SOCIETY FOR REVIVING THE IRISH HARP,  
*The following Poems are inscribed,*  
AS A TRIBUTE OF NATIONAL GRATITUDE  
FOR THE  
TRULY PATRIOTIC DESIGN  
*OF THEIR UNDERTAKING,*  
BY THE  
AUTHOR.

---

### ADVERTISEMENT.

It was the author's intention to have published the subscribers' names, and as he had a most respectable list, it would have been very gratifying to him. He was, however, dissuaded from it by his literary friends, who were of opinion that the space requisite to contain such a great number of names would be quite disproportioned to the small size of the volume, and that it would perhaps, give more general satisfaction to occupy it by some additional poems.

---

### ERRATA.

Page 69, line 3d, from the top, in part of the impression, for *Harp* read *Fane*. P. 71, line 8th from the top, dele a superfluous *u* in *pleasures*.

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## PREFACE.

For obtruding the following poems upon the notice of my countrymen I can offer no other apology than an ardent, and, I hope, allowable ambition to gain their esteem.

I was found by the Muse amidst the shades of obscurity, where I had no opportunities of acquiring that degree of learned cultivation which is so necessary to the attainment of literary distinction; and it was under peculiar circumstances, more inimical to poetical pursuits than have often been experienced by authors, that I received whatever favours she has bestowed upon me. She found me, indeed, in rusticity, plain, undisguised, and unsophisticated by the fashions of the world, but she found that I was apt to feel, and that I had the misfortune of not being, at all times, capable of suppressing my feelings.

An hereditary attachment to my Country was the only inheritance that I derived from my forefathers; and, from the moment that I could distinguish her from another, I have cherished that attachment with the fondest pride. Often has my childish imagination delighted to contemplate that

nobleness of mind and frankness of manner which characterise the heroes of our ancient History; often with a glowing heart, have I listened to the strains of a national ballad when I could form no judgment of its merits, and often, with the ardour of emulation, have I poured my overflowing feelings into numbers, before I understood the rudiments of the language in which I composed.

The charms of a favourite maid, the beauties of a neighbouring landscape, and the ancient glory of Erin's Harp, were, almost invariably, the inspiring themes of these juvenile and illiterate effusions, which were never produced with any other view than the gratification of a momentary impulse. But when a more improved taste and a maturer judgment, meliorated my rude conceptions and reduced them to something like rationality and method, I began to have an eye to the periodical publications of the province. Accordingly a few of my pieces appeared during the last winter, in the Belfast Newspapers, with the signature of M<sup>r</sup> ERIN, and, as far as I could learn, they met with approbation. But I was not satisfied with this. I had been honoured with the notice of several highly distinguished literary characters, from whose commendations of my poetry I could not but conceive that it had some merit. Flattered and en-

couraged as I was, by their favourable opinion, having assurances of their support, and stimulated at the same time, I acknowledge, by a fond desire to lay some claims to that approbation from the public, which I had received from individuals, I determined, after some deliberation, to risk the publication of a few of my pieces. This I was necessitated to do by subscription, because my inclination constrained me to publish in my own country, where, it is to be lamented, there is no other mode of publication that affords any prospect of success.

A larger volume would, perhaps, have been more advantageous to my first appearance as an author, but, besides that I was willing to try the success of a specimen, my present avocation did not afford me sufficient leisure to arrange a larger collection.

Young, and too little acquainted with the general ways of the world, to know how far prudence can justify the steps I have taken, it is under the most awful apprehensions that I await the result. I am conscious, however, that the native generosity of IRISHMEN, will induce them to look with partiality upon the works of a poet, whose highest gratification is to sing their praise, and whose proudest wish is to gain their applause.

Larne, August, 1808.

THE  
BARD OF ERIN.

THE unclouded moon in silent beauty shone,  
Unnumber'd stars revolving round her throne,  
When in a vale, where BANNA gently flow'd,  
And rocks and woods their glimmering shades  
bestow'd;

The *Bard of Erin*, overcome with care, 5  
Pour'd forth his sorrows to the list'ning air;  
His HARP to tones of native pathos strung,  
Upon the shamrock turf he sat, and sung:

“ Fair Queen of Night! whose balm-distilling  
power  
Can ease the wounds of passion's tortur'd hour; 10

Oft Love inflam'd with rapture-swelling smart,  
Reveals to thee the fulness of his heart;  
And, ah! too oft, enamour'd of thy reign,  
To thee the votaries of grief complain!

“Oft ERIN'S Genius feels thy influence dear, 15  
And sheds to thee the unavailing tear,  
As o'er her plains she wanders to deplore,  
Her Bards, her Harp, her Glory now no more!”

“Ye guardian Spirits of my Country, say,  
Ere rude barbarity usurp'd the sway, 20  
Ere hostile ignorance, with savage hand,  
Hurl'd death and desolation o'er the land;  
O! tell your Bard, his suff'rings to assuage,  
The long-lost blessings of that better age; a  
Which still remembrance to the soul endears, 25  
And draws from ERIN'S sons exulting tears!”

Victorious Reason did her powers combine,  
To make the glorious sun of Science shine;  
Keen-eyed Philosophy o'er nature strayed,  
And drew her hidden wonders from the shade; 30

And fair Religion, of the heavenly smile,  
Inhabited with Saints the happy Isle!  
Ah! then the nation crown'd with fostering care, <sup>b</sup>  
The Bard and Harp, an honourable pair!  
And the blest Poet, in his grateful lays,           35  
Caught inspiration from his country's praise;  
Nor fear'd in numbers all his soul to give,  
Sure from his sacred function *then* to live!

“ Hark! from yon copse, my fancy hears the lay,  
That bears the soul on magic wings away!   40  
I hear the Bard of other times proclaim,  
The lover's passion and the warrior's fame;  
Bold, wild, sublime, as are his native hills,  
But soft, and tender, like his haunted rills,  
While taste, like dew upon the flowery plain, 45  
Hangs o'er the strings, and sweetens every strain!

O happy Bards! your country's joy and boast,  
Who *sang* her praises best, and *felt* them most!  
'Twas not your lot in cold neglect to pine,  
Neglect which breaks the Muse's heart and mine! 50  
Unfading laurels crown'd your sacred cause,  
And kings and heroes courted your applause!

“ Ill-fated day ! to me how much unblest,  
When first my heart the Muse’s charms con-  
fest :

Farewell the World’s regard, and Fortune’s  
smile, 55

The Muse’s doom is penury and toil !

’Twas thoughtless Love that led me first astray,  
And Hope, the syren, urg’d me on the way ;  
*That* fired my soul in passion’s strains to rise,  
And, with the charms of fame, *this* lur’d mine  
eyes. 60

In many a fond attempt my soul aspir’d,  
While ANNA’S and my Country’s praises fir’d ;  
But still the meed for which my bosom sigh’d,  
The careless, envious, scornful world denied :  
Yet, all my senses to the charm resign’d : 65  
Thought, foresight, prudence, mingling with the  
wind ;

Delusive hope still show’d a better day,  
Nor distant far, but still ’tis....far away !

“ Ah ! why my soul ignobly thus complain ?  
Far worthier oft have felt the world’s disdain ; 70

Nor yet pronounce my wayward fate unkind,  
Dear is th' enchantment still that sways my mind;  
I hail, with joy, my fortune's drear abyss,  
Where Love is rapture, Poetry is bliss!

“Let Fancy, Feeling, Taste, possess my mind, 75  
And let, O precious boon! the Muse be kind,  
In vain shall deadliest stars their influence throw,  
If 'tis for these I suffer, welcome wo!  
Ev'n o'er my hopes should ruin's torrent pour,  
I'll sink with glory in the whelming hour! 80

“Thus CAITHALORE, could never learn to fear; c  
Though fortune frown'd, 'twas fame to persevere;  
He welcom'd death when honour gave the call,  
And nobly fell, triumphing in his fall!

“Howe'er I stand, my fortune's bolts severe, 85  
Still my degraded Country draws the tear:  
How long, IERNE'S Genius, wilt thou mourn,  
The wreaths of all thy ancient glories torn!  
How long shall Poetry, celestial maid,  
Tune thy pathetic Harp in sorrow's shade! 90

How long the ardour of thy children lie,  
 Doom'd to the caves of cold obscurity!  
 Rouse, rouse, to all thy former self return,  
 Instruct thy sons with native warmth to burn;  
 Make in their breasts their father's virtues glow,<sup>95</sup>  
 Their guardian Angels shall their aid bestow;  
 Light, life and glory spread their genial sky,  
 And prejudice the hallow'd region fly!"

Thus sang the Bard, when straight appear'd  
 to move,  
 The trees, the rocks, and mountain cliffs a-  
 bove : 100  
 A sudden mist o'ercast the moon-light vale,  
 With sounds prophetic in a murmuring gale!  
 Sweet music flow'd, like that which charms the  
 spheres,  
 And forms the harmony of rolling years!  
 When issuing from the op'ning mount, was  
 seen, 105  
 A Virgin harper of an angel mien!  
 With gold and purple were her temples crown'd,  
 Beset with stars and flaming rubies round;



I see, I see, my ancient glories rise!  
At length my sister ALBION opes her eyes, 130  
No more with groundless jealousy to view,  
My grandeur and prosperity renew!  
Join'd in one cause to bless our common land,  
She lends her succour with a mighty hand.  
Fear not, my Bards, to pour your noblest rage, 135  
Yield all your rapture to th' impassioned page;  
BRITANNIA waits to raise th' applausive tone,  
And hail your merits as they were her own!

“Arts, Learning, Taste shall that bright day  
adorn;

Lo! o'er BELFAST already bursts the morn!e 140  
In reason's march t' unchain the powers of man,  
My generous children there conduct the van;  
Nor shall the rest, long lingering, stay behind,  
With Science charm'd, and zealous for mankind!

“Hark! Bards and Harps along their native  
plain, 145  
Transport MILESIAN blood through every vein!  
Religion, Plenty, Peace, a heavenly band;  
Refix their habitations in the land.

To ERIN's breast her Heroes, Saints restore!  
And she excels whate'er she was before! 150  
Haste, haste, ye fates, the promis'd day diffuse,  
Prepare your harps, and hail it, every Muse!"  
The Genius said, and mingling with the night,  
She left the ravish'd Bard, still list'ning with  
delight!

---

### NOTES

#### TO THE BARD OF ERIN.

---

##### NOTE a.

"The long-lost blessings of that better age."

The following is extracted from Warner's ancient History of Ireland.

"As little as there is to be said for the learning of those times, yet it would be manifest injustice not to observe of Ireland, that it had as great a share of it, if not a greater, than any other country in Europe. Indeed it is evident from many testimonies that it was the prime seat of learning to all Christendom, and that missionaries from thence were sent in shoals to

the Continent, to convert the Heathen and confirm the Christian inhabitants. In these places, also, they set up schools, and, in imitation of those academies which abounded in their own country, they laid the foundation of the most flourishing universities. They taught the Saxons, Danes, and Picts the use of letters, and converted the latter to Christianity by the preaching of Colum Cill. The English nation, in particular, hath very great obligations to these good and able men, who, leaving their country and their friends, laid out their time and the ease and comfort of their lives to preach the gospel here."

~~~~~  
NOTE b.

"Ah! then the nation crown'd with fostering care,"

How highly the professors of music and poetry were honoured and caressed, and what advantageous privileges and endowments of every kind they enjoyed in Ireland under the Milesian government, are circumstances too well known to be here enlarged upon.

~~~~~  
NOTE c.

"Thus Caithalore, could never learn to fear;"

See the succeeding poem....under the idea of that poem being written on an *historical* subject, the au-

thor hopes that he is warranted in making this allusion to it, as the Bard may be supposed to have had an acquaintance with the story entirely independent of the poem.

~~~~~  
NOTE d.

“O! then her sons in brotherhood shall join.”

The generous and enlightened sentiments expressed in the resolutions, into which the Protestant inhabitants of so many parts of the country have lately entered, in behalf of their Catholic brethren, are a most pleasing proof that the minds of all parties of Irishmen are verging fast towards the broad and glorious basis of LIBERALITY, PATRIOTISM and UNION.

~~~~~  
NOTE e.

“Lo! o'er Belfast already bursts the morn!”

This, it will be perceived, refers to the erection of the NEW COLLEGE in that town. The inspiring example set by its inhabitants in their projecting and carrying on this noble undertaking in a manner which reflects so much honour upon themselves, it is ardently hoped, will be felt and followed by many other parts of the nation.

It is also owing to the active exertions of a number of gentlemen of this public spirited and patriotic town; gentlemen who have more than once signalized their zeal in promoting the honour and prosperity of their Country; that another and very interesting part of this Prophecy, the revival of our venerated Harp, has, at present, every appearance of being soon accomplished. MR. ARTHUR O'NEILL, now the only remaining representative of those Harpers, once so numerous and respectable in this Country, is engaged, by the society formed for conducting this undertaking, to give instructions to as many as are desirous of obtaining a competent skill upon an instrument, which, independent of the native beauty and excellence of its music, must still be honourable in the estimation of every Irishman. A subscription has been opened for his maintenance, and for affording gratuitous instruction to a certain number of poor children, who are selected, from such candidates as offer, according to their moral characters and natural aptitude for music. A number of new Harps are in a state of forwardness; and several of MR. O'NEILL'S pupils, of a genteel description, have already attained considerable proficiency. The author had lately the pleasure of being introduced to one gentleman about a mile from Belfast, who, though it had not been long since he began to be taught, performed *Erin go bragh*;

*Molly Astore*, and several other national airs, with surprising ease and perfection.

It would be very easy to advance a variety of arguments to induce the lovers of their country to support an undertaking so peculiarly interesting to nationality; but it is unnecessary, as they must be obvious and striking to every reflecting mind. However it may be observed, that, when we consider the low state into which this instrument, so dear to our ancestors, had fallen; that it was just on the eve of breathing its last, its dying tones, there being only one solitary person in existence, and he, too, far sunk in the vale of years, to wake the sweet melody of its sacred strings, we cannot help acknowledging that, at such a juncture, there is something providential in the attempt made to revive it; we cannot help perceiving that *the Harp of Erin* is under the care of HEAVEN, and that, though it may for a time, be contemned and neglected, it is destined still to maintain a footing in the world, and an honourable distinction among the most favourite amusements of mankind.

---

## CAITHALORE.

### AN IRISH HISTORICAL TALE.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

MELCHIRA, the daughter of CAITHALORE, one of the chiefs of Ulster, was by some artifice betrayed as a pri-

soner to the king of Connaught, who, on account of her great beauty, had long been desirous of getting her into his power. But MELCHIRA was as virtuous as she was handsome, and firmly resisted all his attempts upon her chastity. When her father was informed of her afflicted situation, he collected a number of his friends and dependants, and marched against the tyrant with a determination to perish or effect her deliverance. The sequel may be sufficiently gathered from the poem.

THE Powers of Song inspiring boldness bring,  
 And warm my soul of CAITHALORE to sing :  
 As to the thirsty fields, at noon-tide hour,  
 With gentle lapse descends the summer shower;  
 As to the midnight wand'rer far astray,      5  
 Beam the first glances of the op'ning day ;  
 So dear to me is Song's divine employ ;  
 The Hero's praises are the Poet's joy !

How dear the days, which are, alas ! no more,  
 When with thy friendship blest, my Caithalore ! 10  
 In warmth of youth together would we rove,  
 And talk of honour, innocence, and love.

From my remembrance never shall depart,  
Those other times, deep graven on my heart!  
Oft to my greenwood-dwelling wouldst thou  
stray, 15

And spend the ev'ning hour to hear my lay;  
Or, mingling with the pastimes of the green,  
Didst gain the victor's palm in every scene!

Still when ULTONIA'S Sons, of warlike pride,  
In marshall'd ranks the coming foe defy'd, 20  
Thy lifted spear shone radiant from afar,  
The beam of terror in the front of war!  
Stout were his heart that met thee on the field,  
And strong his arm thou didst not force to  
yield;

Fierce as the storm that lays the forest low, 25  
Thy wrath discharg'd destruction on the foe!

But CAITHALORE in glory's bosom bleeds;  
Dire was the last and brightest of his deeds!  
On GALWAY'S plain, exulting to survey,  
His dauntless warriors in their firm array: 30  
"Heroes! he cried, who love the battle's rage,  
'Tis in a Father's cause ye now engage!

Soon shall yon tyrant sink beneath your power,  
As sinners sink in Heaven's avenging hour :

Your swords shall cleave my captive daughter's  
chain, 35

And give MELCHIRA to these arms again !

What though, my fellow warriors, ye be few,  
Your cause is just, and all your hearts are true ;  
Yon countless host shall but your souls inflame,  
For greater vengeance and for greater fame ! 40  
Come on ! the brave can danger's front defy,  
We fight for justice, let us live or die !”

Swift through opposing ranks they hew'd their  
way,

Though pouring legions still maintain'd the day,  
A victim's life they snatch'd at every blow, 45  
And each unerring shaft transpierc'd a foe.

No spear had they, fierce glittering to the sun,  
But soon the dreadful work of Death had done !

Lo ! CAITHALORE, all stain'd with hostile blood,  
Drives on the battle in its direst mood ! 50

Fate from his forceful arm conducts the lance,  
And certain death obeys each fiery glance :

O'er slaughter'd ranks he clears his rapid way,  
And makes the souls of heroes feel dismay !

'Till, chancing, near his daughter's tent to  
see, 55

He bursts its prison-gate, and sets her free :  
The lovely charge five ready warriors gain,  
And safe convey her to her native plain.

But this the last—this bright achievement o'er,  
Th' exhausted hero sunk, he could no more : 60  
His child ('twas all his wish) was safe from  
harm,  
And, for himself, he dar'd their vengeful arm.

In vain, alas ! his faithful gallant few,  
Pour'd round their chief, and charging legions  
slew ;

The happier stars of guilt's unbounded sway, 65  
Bore down the fortune of the doubtful day !  
The wounded warrior dragg'd in captive plight,  
Celestial Virtue saw, and shunn'd the sight !

But, oh ! what pangs MELCHIRA'S bosom tore,  
When first she learn'd the fate her father bore ! 70  
How deep the sighs her gentle spirit gave,  
For those who died her virgin fame to save !

How blest, ye Shades ! for whom those sighs she  
 drew,  
 The grateful tears of beauty flow for you !  
 With joy, ye hail, from midst your starry bow-  
 ers, 75  
 These strains of lovely grief, she sweetly pours.

“ Ah ! when by fraud to CONA’S\* king betray’d,  
 When in his hands confin’d a captive maid ;  
 When with an artful tyrant’s power he strove,  
 To bend my virtue to unlawful love ; 80  
 Why did I rashly heave that fatal sigh,  
 Which call’d my gen’rous country-men to die !  
 Why give those tears unguardedly to swell,  
 Which have undone the sire I lov’d so well!  
 Fix’d to his life a sad precarious doom, 85  
 And bound him pris’ner in his daughter’s room !  
 Where is the gain with beauty to be born !  
 Ah ! why did female charms this face adorn,  
 To bring misfortune on my native vale,  
 And bid her maids her bravest sons bewail !” 90

But, to the savage soul of CONA’S king,  
 Deep pierc’d the points of guilty passion’s sting.

\* Cona, for Connaught.

The maid's escape, who caus'd the glowing pain,  
Had but encreas'd the fire in every vein :  
And thus to CAITHALORE of fearless mind, 95  
Where in the dungeon cell he lay confin'd :  
"Thou chief," he said, "thou father of the dame,  
Whose matchless beauties all my breast inflame,  
Thou know'st thy life dependent on our throne,  
Yet, as thou choosest, life or death's thy own; 100  
From off thy warlike hands we strike the chain,  
And thou shalt cheer thy mournful friends  
again,

If to promote my wishes thou agree,  
And bid thy lovely daughter favour me.  
Her sire's commands, I know, she will revere, 105  
For to her filial breast her sire is dear.  
Urge then what honours to herself and friends,  
That ev'n her father's life on her depends :  
Speak now, and with these terms of life comply,  
Or the first sun that dawns shall see thee die!" 110

With indignation, stern the hero frown'd ;  
"Thou may'st insult," he said, "this arm is bound :  
But, Tyrant, if at freedom on the plain,  
My taintless honour wouldst thou dare to stain !

Heav'ns! if thou dar'd, this arm's descending  
 blow 115

Would soon consign thee to thy fate below.

Abjur'd by virtue and abhorr'd by fame,

To bid a father work his daughter's shame,

Think'st thou this breast, as villainous as thine,

Can yield unmanly to a base design? 120

Thy threats of death, which with contempt I

hear,

'Tis but for little minds like thine, to fear.

Death's direst form my bosom can defy,

And, in the cause of virtue, pants to die.

My daughter now, from ruin, guilt and thee, 125

By Heav'n's protecting arm, and mine, set free,

Shall bless with tears the death her father bore,

And Bards shall spread the fame of Caithalore!"

Yes, glorious Martyr! ERIN'S Bards shall swell

Their sweetest notes, with joy, thy praise to

tell;

130

And when thy spirit, bending from the skies,

Shall smile to hear the hallow'd anthem rise,

O! then, what rapture shall impel along,

Th' affecting measures of their magic song,

Until it reach, in pathos unconfin'd, 135  
An ardour equal to thy mighty mind!  
And fire each breast that hears the loud acclaim,  
With gen'rous emulation of thy fame.

---

---

EDWARD AND ELIZA....A TALE.

WRITTEN IN 1805.

TO life's obscurest shades resign'd,  
Eliza bloom'd unknown :  
A lovely form, a virtuous mind,  
Were all she call'd her own.

The morning's blush that sweetly glows,  
Less lovely was than she ;  
The lark that wak'd her from repose,  
More artless could not be.

'Twas once, as led by chance she rov'd,  
To Edward's walks she came,  
And there the youth beheld and lov'd,  
But lawless was the flame.

His form was manly to be seen,  
And tuneful was his lay,  
And numerous were the meadows green,  
That did his flocks display.

With many an artifice he strove,  
Her virtue to persuade ;  
But though her heart was brought to love,  
Still virtuous was the maid.

Vain were his pray'rs and vows to win,  
Each base approach she spurn'd,  
And every gift that brib'd to sin,  
Indignantly return'd.

But all her soul with grief o'ercast,  
No ray of comfort knew,  
'Till from the reach of guilt at last,  
She privately withdrew.

He miss'd her in her favourite grove,  
The cypress shades among ;  
He miss'd her in those walks of love,  
Where oft he heard her song.

Now smitten was his conscious breast,  
And sad his soul survey'd,  
In deepest hues of guilt express'd,  
His conduct to the maid.

“ Ah ! whither is she fled,” he cried,  
“ My bosom's only joy !  
’Twas my curs'd passion's warmth and pride,  
That did her peace destroy !

“ But now the world I'll wander o'er,  
And till her home I find,  
Nor peace, nor rest, nor pleasure more,  
Shall cheer my pensive mind.”

Swift saddled was his courser strong,  
And onward fast he rode,  
Full many a hill and dale along,  
But found not her abode ;

’Till, as within a lonely wood,  
Where oaks and ashes grew,  
In careless, deep-revolving mood,  
He did his way pursue ;

When from a willow-shelter'd cell,  
He heard a voice complain ;  
And soon his bosom knew full well,  
Whose was the mournful strain.

“ I, here forlorn, am doom'd to prove,  
A solitary home ;  
By wicked arts betray'd to love,  
And forc'd by love to roam :

“ Is there no sense of shame on earth ?  
No conscience in the breast ?  
Or why did Heaven give virtue birth,  
To be the villain's jest :

“ I thought his bosom, kind and true,  
With noblest ardour heav'd,  
That Heaven approv'd each wish he drew ;  
But, ah ! I was deceiv'd !

“ Yet though he's false, alas ! I know  
Myself too much in blame ;  
Too free I gave my heart to flow,  
And rashly fann'd his flame !

“How could those meteor hopes arise,  
That fondly on me shone?  
What worth had I to fix his eyes,  
Or claim him for my own?”

“But, ah! ’twas fortune was severe,  
And led my feelings wrong;  
I could not help to love him dear,  
Nor could conceal it long:

“Be blest, ye Seats of sweet repose,  
Whose kind protecting shade,  
The shield of virtue round me throws,  
A yet untainted maid!

“But earth no cordial has in store,  
My suff’rings to remove;  
For though I ne’er can see him more;  
I ne’er can cease to love.”

The Swain no longer could forbear,  
But rush’d into her cell:  
Th’ astonish’d maiden shriek’d with fear,  
As at her feet he fell.

“Forgive a guilty youth,” he said,  
“Whom passion led astray ;  
But now by thee, angelic maid,  
Reclaim’d to virtue’s way :

“Ah! little, little, can’st thou think,  
What anguish rent my heart,  
Since thou, escap’d from ruin’s brink,  
Didst from our vale depart :

“Let not thy righteous frown severe,  
My treacherous conduct chide ;  
For, by the Sire of Love, I swear,  
None else shall be my bride :

“Still, to redeem my crime, shall be  
My future life’s employ ;  
And truly blest in blessing thee,  
We’ll yield alternate joy!”

CORUN AND LORAH.

A PASTORAL LEGEND.

"SAY, shepherd, why lov'st thou to dwell,  
In a desert so lonely and wild?  
Where rocks over rocks proudly swell,  
In awful solemnity pil'd!

"Perhaps, in a scene so sublime,  
Thou buriest the cares of thy breast;  
And these hoary companions of time,  
Lull thy grief-troubl'd passions to rest."

"Mark, Pilgrim! this crevice below,  
Yon cavern and bow'r in the vale;  
There loud lamentations of wo,  
Teach the echoes each night to bewail.

"'Tis a maid that was tender and fair,  
As morning's first ray on the plain,  
That flew to these wilds in despair,  
At the death of her favourite swain

“ Young CORUN was worthy her flame,  
Truth, beauty and love on them smil'd ;  
But her father's proud heart was to blame,  
And, alas, the poor girl is my child !

“ In madness she fled from our plain,  
To these wilds, where her steps I pursu'd,  
And I here, to watch o'er her, remain,  
And supply her with garments and food.

“ The cares of a fond father's heart,  
Where the picture of guilt is pourtray'd,  
Make me strive all I can to impart  
Relief to the wounds I have made.

“ To the bower, which she frantically wove,  
At eve she ne'er fails to retire,  
To sing of her woes and her love,  
And deplore the proud heart of her sire !

“ Then food to her cave I convey,  
And a couch of soft rushes prepare ;  
And she sings in a pitiful lay,  
That the ghost of her love left them there !

“But come, to the vale we’ll descend,  
And hide yon close willows among,  
Her wild wail of woes to attend ;  
But, hush! she commences her song.”

“My CORUN was generous and kind,  
On the Harp none so sweetly could play,  
In the race he outstripp’d every hind,  
And at wrestling he still won the day :

“His heart was as tender as eve  
When she sheds o’er the vallies her dew ;  
His soul never stooped to deceive,  
For the soul of my CORUN was true.

“Ye days of delight! that are o’er,  
Ye visions! ye raptures divine!  
When our souls to each other we swore ;  
Ye never again shall be mine!

“Fair moon! never more thou’lt survey,  
Our tender embraces of love,  
As thou lead’st us along by thy ray,  
Thro’ the meadow, the glen, or the grove.”

“ O come! dearest Shepherd! return;  
Here’s a grove, here’s a bow’r, we’ll embrace,  
In spite of their pride or their scorn;  
O see! ’tis a beautiful place!

“ When he comes, O ye willows be green!  
Ye flowers! let your beauties appear!  
Ah wither! he cannot be seen!  
My shepherd will never be here!

“ Who told my proud sire that we lov’d?  
’Twas a base, ’twas a barbarous tale!  
How sternly he rag’d and reprov’d!  
And his hard-hearted wrath I bewail.

“ The flocks of my shepherd were few,  
My father’s were numerous and fair,  
And the Swain from the country withdrew,  
A fortune, like mine, to prepare.

“ Ah, stay, my dear Swain! stay at home;  
Thy worth is sufficient for me:  
Ah! why shouldst thou venture to roam,  
Or trust to the dangerous sea!

“Ah, why cruel waves! did ye rise,  
The ship with destruction to hide:  
O horror! O save him! he dies,  
He is whelmed by the merciless tide!

“But his ghost every night I shall hail,  
O see it, all drooping and cold!  
Alas! how dejected and pale,  
Is the form that was manly and bold!

“There, he beckons me now to draw near:  
To the mouth of the cave where he stands:  
I’ll embrace him, for still he is dear,  
And receive every gift from his hands!”

A fierce laugh of wildness she gave,  
And hurried delirious away!  
She sat in the mouth of the cave,  
And call’d on her lover to stay!

The Pilgrim no more could disguise  
The tempest that rag’d in his breast:  
“My Lorah! my Lorah!” he cries,  
And swift to his heart she was prest.

In soul-speaking silence, she gaz'd,  
And swoon'd on a bosom so dear:  
Her father stood fix'd and amaz'd,  
Like Hope at the entrance of Fear!

“Bring, bring”, cried young CORUN, “the flower,  
That I left in the thicket behind;  
Kind Angels have blest it with power,  
To heal each *disease of the mind!*”

“Lo! now she revives from her swoon,  
And reason returns to her soul,  
And joy, in her heart, shall attune  
The strains of soft rapture to roll!”

“Blest Sage of the desolate Isle,  
Thy wisdom this gift shall approve,  
Whose kindness and soul-soothing smile,  
Restor'd me to life and to love!”

“By the rage of the rude tempest torn,  
The ship had resign'd to the wave,  
I, alone, on a fragment upborne,  
Was held from a watery grave!”

“ The merciful Hermit espied,  
Nor flew to relieve me in vain;  
And with friendship and wealth he supplied,  
The life that he snatched from the main.

“ Ere he died...for, alas, he's no more,  
In a grot where his corpse I should lay,  
He told me was hidden his store,  
And he bade me to take it away.

“ And *this herb*, whose ambrosial juice,  
Is a sov'reign remead for the mind :  
“ O preserve it,” he said, “ for its use,  
“ More precious than treasures thou'lt find.

“ With tears soon, I bade him farewell,  
In earth's peaceful bosom asleep:  
The sails of my boat quickly swell,  
And I venture again on the deep.

“ How bounded my bosom with joy,  
When our valley once more I beheld !  
But my rapture soon met with alloy ;  
Your absence my rapture repell'd.

“Twas then with this staff and these weeds,  
 Abroad I determin'd to roam:  
 Where's the home for the bosom that bleeds?  
 No pleasures for me were at home!

“But Love, that still governs my breast,  
 Conducted me hither to you:  
 O then we shall henceforth be blest,  
 And bid every sorrow adieu!”

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RONARD AND ELLAH;

OR,

*THE MARTYRS OF PATERNAL PRIDE.*

AN ELEGY.

WHY nightly in the wilds of yonder vale,  
 Does mournful ELLAH stray to weep and wail?  
 Why there the arching yew's dark shade below,  
 Vents she her soul in bitterness of wo?  
 'Tis there, Glenarvagh's\* maidens grieve  
 to tell, 5  
 Among the lonelist thickets of the dell,

\*Glenarvagh is the name of a beautifully romantic valley, situated about half a mile to the south of Casheudall, in the county of Antrim.

The hut, where youthful RONARD dwelt, is seen,  
And his untimely grave for ever green!  
Warm with a virtuous flame, for her he burn'd,  
And warmly she his virtuous flame return'd. 10  
Nature had form'd them for each other's arms,  
Blest with an equal love and equal charms;  
But her proud sire's commands their bliss oppose,  
And doom his only child to all her woes!

Hark! as she wanders o'er the lonely plain, 15  
She sadly pours a melancholy strain:  
" Ah, cruel Father! cruel to thy child,  
On thy stern soul compassion never smil'd ;  
Lo! in that grave adorn'd with many a flower,  
Lies the dear victim of thy pride and power, 20  
Look there, and think...but, ah! thou'lt think too  
late :

Say couldst thou now forgive his wealthless state !  
Think of thy barb'rous pride that on me laid  
Those stern commands, alas! too well obey'd !

" Why did I not, ye love-lorn Spirits, tell, 25  
Ere yet my Ronard gave his last farewell,



I stray'd o'er hills and vallies far remote,  
But none could tell me of the youth I sought,  
Till here, too late, my weary steps were led,  
And here, alas! I found, I found him dead! 50

“ Ah! let the tenderest feelings of the fair  
If warm'd by love and fated to despair,  
Reveal my bursting agony of mind,  
When to the closing earth he was assign'd!

“ Departed shades of hapless lovers! say, 55  
For ye, with kindred grief, beheld that day,  
Ye felt the pangs that did my bosom tear,  
When the sad mourners rais'd his solemn bier;  
Ye heard the groan my sinking spirits gave,  
When the last turf was laid upon his grave; 60  
Why did not vengeance end the bitter smart,  
And strike his friendly poignard to my heart!

“ Why do I live, ye righteous Powers above,  
When he whom most I lov'd, died for my love!  
Why do I live, each night lamenting still, 65  
My curs'd submission to a father's will?

And here, beneath these willows all forlorn,  
The victim of that curs'd submission mourn!

“Dear victim Shade! forever hovering nigh,  
Yes; now I see thee beck'ning me to die. 70  
I come; I come! my sorrows swift prepare,  
This soul for death, that longs to meet thee  
there!

Soon shall the swains that pass this lonely way,  
Sigh o'er our common grave, and read the lay:  
“On this green turf two faithful lovers died, 75  
“The blameless MARTYRS OF PATERNAL PRIDE!”

#### AN ELEGY.

*Written on the Banks of the Inver, near Larne Church-yard.*

WHERE from yon hallow'd belfry's frown-  
ing height,

The misty moon looks thro' the rustling grove,  
To woo the solemn shades of gloomy night,  
Congenial to my troubled soul, I rove.

Beneath my feet the muttering INVER flows,  
Maternal stream! in all my sorrows dear,  
What balm thy sympathizing plaint bestows,  
To soothe the anguish of my grief severe!

How oft along thy solitary brink,  
In musing melancholy mood I stray,  
On pleasures past and present woes to think,  
Or with thy murmurs mix my plaintive lay!

How oft the owl, those sacred boughs among,  
Dull brooding o'er each monumental stone!  
Starts from her reverie to hear my song,  
Pour'd wildly forth in sorrow's deepest tone!

O ye! that dwell within yon holy gloom,  
Ye honour'd ghosts of many a hoary sire!  
Who now contemplate man's mysterious doom,  
Wrapp'd in your viewless folds of blest attire!

How do ye love indulgent to survey,  
The swelling streams of generous passion roll,  
Which, tho' they drive young ardour oft astray,  
Are the first pledges of a noble soul!

But how with indignation do ye burn,  
To view th' unfeeling, proud, insulting throw,  
Those scornful shafts that make the worthy  
                                mourn,  
And give a keener edge to human wo!

Lo! yon imploring wretch, the sport of fate,  
Who oft has bled his country to defend,  
Behold him spun'd from guilty grandeur's gate,  
Without relief, a shelter, or a friend!

Ye saints of Mercy! say, is there no hand,  
To yield one comfort to the poor man's prayer?  
Of all the wealth that crowns his native land,  
Dare he not claim a share....a little share!

But, ah! the base ingratitude of man,  
If aught can paint in colours justly strong,  
His fate, who lies beneath yon marble, can,  
Where fairy flowers collect a fragrant throng!

Turn to yon hut the falling roof deserts,  
There Genius long her darling will deplore:  
His country own'd him as a man of parts,  
It own'd him such, but, ah! it did no more.

Yet, though his evil fortune frown'd unkind,  
Nature beheld him with a fond regard,  
With noblest feelings warm endow'd his mind,  
And stamp'd him at his birth, a favourite Bard!

*Here* first she o'er his rude conceptions sway'd,  
And by her glorious self his conduct steer'd:  
*Here* first his infant eyes her charms survey'd,  
And lovely in his eyes her charms appear'd.

Oft up yon hill to meet the rising morn,  
Loose wrapt in fancy's airy garb he rov'd,  
Or pondering on the world's unrighteous scorn,  
Or heavenly themes sublime his bosom lov'd.

Oft by the margin of yon bank alone,  
Upon his country's Harp he sang her praise;  
But sadness still respir'd from every tone,  
For, ah! his country heeded not his lays!

Thus to the Indian shines the gem in vain,  
The richest product of his native fields;  
The tyger crushes, with regardless strain,  
The loveliest flower the sylvan desert yields!

And oft beside yon hawthorn would he lie,  
And watch the passing stream for many an hour,  
Or musing on the wide extended sky,  
Forget the scornful world, and all its power!

But soon, too soon, with rigid scorpion laws,  
Would thought return to re-assert her throne;  
For, ah! the want of merit's fair applause,  
No bosom felt severer than his own.

Too well his mind each impulse quick obey'd,  
Keen sensibility unnerv'd his frame,  
And melancholy, sweetly weeping maid,  
Did all his warmth of strong devotion claim!

Now to the lonely wood or desert vale,  
With lengthen'd strides, he hurries o'er the  
plain,  
And whispers to the wind his wayward tale,  
Or chants abrupt a discontented strain:

"Say, why did heaven, since partial is our  
fate,

"To man his native dignity reveal?

"Why give that tyrant to be rich and great,

"And me this independent wish to feel?

"But I submit....Heaven cannot be in fault,

"And where the mighty triumph he obtains?



## THE EPITAPH.

BENEATH this earth a generous youth is laid,  
Whom angels lov'd, but little men despis'd :  
Though *these* combin'd his merits to degrade,  
With *those* he holds the nobler meed he priz'd.

Too meek his soul to combat with the world,  
Too great to tread the servile walks of gain,  
His little all was swift to ruin hurl'd,  
But death soon snatch'd him from contempt and  
pain.

He wish'd for nought on earth beyond renown,  
To which the Muses prov'd his title fair :  
Whate'er his faults, they're to the grave gone  
down,  
And undisturb'd oblivion holds them there !

## AN ODE

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT AT DROMORE HOUSE,  
IN MAY, 1868.

WHERE yonder bowers the haunts disclose,  
Of Genius cloth'd in every grace;  
Where, from religion's fountain flows  
Benev'lence to the human race;  
How glow'd the Muse's heart to rove,  
Each winding glen and shady grove,  
Where PERCY's taste to nature true,  
Is seen, is felt, at every view;  
Where Coleman \* oft, in ancient days,  
Confirm'd the Pilgrim's faith, and fir'd the  
Poet's lays,

Thou Spirit of the place arise!

I see thee o'er the sacred Well! †  
Does Coleman's self salute mine eyes,  
The tales of other times to tell;

\* An eminent saint and bishop of the seventh century, Patron of the see of Dromore.

† St. Coleman's well, situated in a most picturesque and romantic glen of the same name. The tasteful improvements made upon this delightful spot by the present Bishop of Dromore, occasioned this Ode.

Or wakes some Bard of kindred glow,  
Such sweet instruction to bestow !  
Draw not the veil that covers o'er,  
Full many a saint and sage of yore ;  
I sing the Friends \* whom PERCY loves,  
Who now delight to range, amid these happy  
groves.

Lo, through yon glade I see from far,  
The Bard † who weaves in rapid strains,  
The tyrant's doom, the spoils of war,  
The carnage of embattl'd plains ;  
And oft he makes the numbers flow,  
Where streamlets glide and meadows grow,

\* As it would be impossible, in an effusion of this kind, to notice all the men of genius and celebrity, who have been in the habit of resorting to this hospitable mansion, and who have enjoyed the friendship of its illustrious owner, it may not be improper to observe, that, in this Ode, those only are introduced of whom the author had a personal knowledge, or who have, of late, been more immediately under the Bishop's patronage.

† Thomas Stott, esq. of Dicomore, who under the well known signature of HAFIZ, has often obliged the public with the productions of his muse.

And bids each lawn, and grove, and glen,  
Yield twice their native sweets to men !  
With rapture, LAGAN's\* stream I view,  
Smooth roll his classic tide thro' fairy scenes he  
drew !

See him, † with cheerful sapient mien,  
Nature reflect-d from his eye,  
Who wanders o'er the smiling green,  
And marks each charm he passes by !  
Soon to the canvas sheet resign'd,  
He'll yield their beauties all combin'd !  
And, lo, his son, whose infant lays,  
Have reap'd the meed of ripest praise,  
Behold he sweeps his youthful lyre,  
With still encreasing warmth transmitted from  
his sire !

\*He wrote an elegant poem which was published in the Belfast News-letter, describing the course of that river.

† Mr Robinson the portrait painter, and father of the young poet, Romney Robinson, of whom notice is next taken.

Ah! where the youth, \* who knew so well,  
Th' emotions of the heart to sway ;  
Who made these woods the praises tell,  
Of ANNA, lovely "Queen of May!"  
He's gone to bowers of lasting rest ;  
He tunes his lyre amongst the blest !  
Why then, O Robinson, that sigh !  
Thy youthful friend could never die :  
Ye yet shall meet in realms above,  
And tune Angelic harps, to friendship and to  
love!

\* William Cunningham, who died in 1804. An ingenious young man, whom the benevolence of the Bishop of Dromore rescued from poverty and obscurity. He wrote, among many other pieces, a highly finished poem, intitled the "Queen of the May." Romney Robinson possessed the sincerest friendship for him, and lamented his premature death in that most pathetic elegy, beginning with "Hark, midst the gloom of Lagan's winding shores," which, together with the "Queen of the May" above mentioned, may be seen in the printed volume of this young author's Juvenile Poems.

Lo, comes! with venerable gait,  
The Patron \* of the illustrious train,  
Attendant spirits round him wait,  
To bless the father of the plain!  
A something in his looks appears,  
Inspiring love for other years!  
The Priest, the Saint, the Bard, the Sage  
In him combin'd, adorn the age!  
And WARKWORTH's tale, so sweetly told,  
Like PERCY makes us love the generous deeds  
of old.

O blest Retreats! where such are seen,  
To pour the treasures of the mind;  
Long midst your shades may they convene,  
And spread instruction o'er mankind!

\* The honourable reputation universally enjoyed by this truly worthy Prelate, renders an explanation of any thing here said concerning him, unnecessary. It may however, be remarked with regard to his poetical character, that the tale of the "Hermit of Warkworth," here alluded to, though it had been his only production, would have raised him high in the list of English Poets.

Would they, whose fame shall ne'er decline,  
 Lights of the land that still shall shine;  
 Would they permit the simple swain,  
 That weaves for them this votive strain,  
 To join their sacred, social choir,  
 What joy should warm his heart, what gratitude  
 inspire!

---

AN ODE

ON HEARING MR. ARTHUR O'NEIL, THE  
 HARPER, who is engaged in reviving the national  
 music of Ireland, playing several of our most beautiful  
 ancient *Airs*.

HARK! those notes that sweetly flow,  
 Suiting well our bosom's glow;  
 Soft and melting now they move,  
 Like a virgin's sighs of love!  
 Fierce, impetuous, wild and strong,  
 Now they bear the soul along!

Is it Erin's Harp sublime,  
 Charms again its native clime,  
 Bids the strains that charm'd of yore  
 Charm again the *sainted* shore?  
 Yes, no instrument so well,  
 Could pathetic numbers tell;

But whose magic hand so bold,  
Dares a *Druid's* power unfold;  
Dares, with ancient Irish fire,  
Rouse the pathos of his lyre;  
Dares to prove, with warmth divine,  
'That he's of MILESIA line;

Brings, with sweet affecting lays,  
Memory of other days;  
Makes each Irish heart to beat,  
With a *Bard's* and *Patriot's* heat,  
While we think, nor think in vain,  
ERIN'S Harp *reviv'd* again!

'Tis O'NEILL, with ardour bold,  
Such as warm'd his sires of old,  
That resounds in hallow'd lays,  
ERIN'S Harp to ERIN'S praise:  
'Tis O'Neill that charms our ear,  
With the strains to ERIN dear!

Happiest Minstrel of thy age,  
Born thy country's grief to 'suage!  
Long oppressive grief she bore,  
'That her music was no more;

Long, alas ! she wish'd in vain,  
That her Harp were strung again !

Thee, at length, she sees with joy,  
Heaven doth in her cause employ ;  
'Thine the hand her Harp shall save,  
From extinction's fatal grave ;  
And to glory, as before,  
Shall her pride and joy restore !

ERIN's hills and vales resound,  
Grateful songs of pleasure round  
ERIN's genius smiles serene,  
Looking on the lovely scene,  
Listening to the glorious strain....  
"ERIN's Harp *revives again!*"

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SONGS FOR THE SEASONS,

TO

FAVOURITE IRISH AIRS.

---

SONG FOR SPRING.

*"Tune, Molly Astore,"*

SEE, Mary dear, how mild the eve,  
No storms molest the plain ;  
At length stern winter calmly yields,  
To Spring's propitious reign :  
To mark the year's reviving sweets,  
We'll to yon upland rove :  
Hail, spring! fair Queen of tender joys, and  
meekly smiling love !

Freed from its chains, behold the brook,  
Winds briskly through the vale ;  
Upon its banks, the tender grass,  
Yields balm to every gale:

The daisy, primrose, violet, there  
Are richly interwove :  
Hail, Spring! fair Queen of tender joys, and  
meekly smiling love!

The flocks and herds that graze the mead,  
And sip the falling dew,  
Touch'd with the vernal influence mild,  
Instinctive sports pursue :  
Wild screams the plover hoarse and loud,  
And softly cooes the dove :  
Hail, Spring! fair Queen of tender joys, and  
meekly smiling love!

The blackbird, thrush, and linnet tribes,  
On yonder hedge convene;  
In concert sweet they join their notes,  
To celebrate the scene!  
Their little love-sick cares and joys,  
Th' harmonious raptures move :  
Hail, Spring! fair Queen of tender joys, and  
meekly smiling love!

This morn, dear Mary! had you seen,  
The lark ascending sing;  
The distant sun-gilt hills rejoic'd,  
And blush'd the face of Spring.  
Your heart with mine had softly beat,  
And kind emotions strove:  
Hail, Spring! fair Queen of tender joys, and  
meekly smiling love!

With careful steps, and hoping heart,  
As o'er the clods he past,  
The farmer blithe his golden grain,  
To their protection cast;  
While slow before, the crashing team,  
The whistling plow-boy drove:  
Hail, Spring! fair Queen of tender joys, and  
sweetly smiling love!

Then, as yon briery bank I leap'd,  
A thrush out, shuddering, flew;  
I spied her eggs, and half resolv'd,  
To bear the prize to you;

But, no ; the cruel gift, I cried,  
Her heart will scorn to prove :  
Hail, Spring ! fair Queen of tender joys, and  
meekly smiling love !

Of youngest, ivy, *then*, a wreath  
For your fair brows I twin'd :  
With freshest flowers adorn'd it round,  
And softest foliage lin'd ;  
A purer emblem of the vows,  
I made in yonder grove !  
Hail, Spring ! fair Queen of tender joys, and  
meekly smiling love !

'Tis in the hazel-thicket hid,  
Where love you first confest :  
'Twas such a beauteous night as this,  
In Nature's gladness drest ;  
Come, there I'll fit it to your brows,  
While passing swains approve :  
Hail, Spring ! fair Queen of tender joys, and  
meekly smiling love !

There oft, of old, Hibernian Bards,  
Have sat and sweetly sung ;

Oft to th' inspiring charms of SPRING  
Their magic harps they strung ;  
They swept the chords with pathos soft,  
Decended from above !  
Hail, Spring ! fair Queen of tender joys, and  
meekly smiling love !

---

SONG FOR SUMMER.

*Tune," Humours of Glen."*

THE fierce Summer heats have yon streamlet  
exhausted,  
That sluggishly creeps through its channel  
unseen ;  
The green sap of life of its vigour is wasted,  
And faded the bright gems that chequer the  
green :  
The thirsty flocks hie to the fresh cooling fountain,  
The mower extends his tir'd length on the  
mead,  
And I'll to the grot in the side of yon mountain,  
Where Mary still flies when she seeks the  
cool shade.

A pure chrystal stream this dear grotto encloses,  
So sweet and refreshing, 'tis fit for my love :  
All round it I've planted fair wood-bines and  
roses,

And the arch'd roof with ivy is mantl'd above,  
Some *Druid of Erin*, of old, here had founded,  
An alter to *Love*, for on it were pourtray'd,  
Two doves and two hearts that were mutually  
wounded,

And that oft *here* had met in the cool summer  
shade.

'Twas *here*, one bright noon, that my stars kindly  
drove me,

She lay, and all lovely in sleep she appear'd,  
I slip'd near and whisper'd, dear maid that I  
love thee,

I swear by this altar, some *Druid* has rear'd.  
She starting, awoke, and blush'd all in confusion ;  
To my bosom I clasp'd her, when yielding,  
she said,

Dear *Patrick* I pardon your ardent intrusion,  
For I heard your soft vow in the cool summer  
shade.

Since that, we still meet here when fierce heats  
are glowing,

And our flocks rest secure in the shade of  
the hill:

We taste all the joys from our pure raptures  
flowing,

And we sing of the Druid, the grot and the  
rill:

But the day, that's forever to join us, we've set it,  
And on this blest altar our rites shall be paid;  
For the throb we first felt here, we'll never  
forget it,

Nor the joys we oft own'd in the cool sum-  
mer shade.

---

SONG FOR AUTUMN.

*Tune, "Lango Lee."*

HOW sweet are thy smiles, lovely Queen of  
fruition!

Toil's bounteous rewarder, who com'st from  
on high,

The swains fond expectance to crown with com-  
pletion,

Enriching the earth with the stores of the sky;

On our plains *now* thy bright golden tresses  
confess thee;

The glad-hearted farmer there hastes to carress  
thee,

And, fill'd with thy bounty, all grateful to bless  
thee,

Fair Autumn the parent of every joy!

To cut the prone grain in yon valley that's bow-  
ing,

The maids and the swains in gay companies  
hie:

Their blithe conversation still blither is growing,

Their bosoms exulting such wealth to descry:

Active Patrick, ambitious, the fore-ridge is leading

The maid of his heart, blooming Bess, the  
succeeding,

The rest all in order along the vale spreading,

Speak Autumn, the parent of every joy!

O'er the tops of yon hedge, see the orchard trees  
bending,

Pears, peaches and apples luxuriantly vie!

Like the dew from above, in abundance descending,

To crown the glad year all their sweets they supply;

Let us haste, for its pastime o'erflowing with pleasure,

To rifle the boughs of the rich drooping treasure,  
That's yielded, regardless of weight or of measure,  
By Autumn, the parent of every joy!

To yon lofty branches, where ripe fruit attracts him,

Young Willy ascends the fair prize to enjoy;  
All sportive below, his dear Mary attacks him,  
With soft chosen apples that hurtless annoy!

He laughs, and he swears by this season of blisses,

Each blow to avenge with a thousand sweet kisses!

Then leaps down, and, seizing the threaten'd embraces,

Feels Autumn, the parent of every joy!

Inspir'd for the chace, now the keen huntsman  
rouses,

O'er hill, plain, and valley, like lightning to  
fly!

Now vain is each art that the timorous hare uses,  
Her foes are determin'd this day she must  
die!

The Bee's nectar'd juice, so industriously  
hoarded,  
Tho' fond for themselves, with long toil they  
had stor'd it,

Yet, at thy command, now to us they afford it,  
Blest Autumn, the parent of every joy!

Now wide barns and stack-yards afford their  
protection,  
To stores that no more in th<sup>o</sup> expos'd plains  
must lie,

Rejoice, happy swains! 'tis the glorious perfection,  
Of promis'd rewards that long dwelt in your  
eye!

Dost thou come, savage Winter! with furies  
attended,  
Thy rage we defy, in vain threats thou shalt  
spend it,  
For, safe from thy blasts, all the gifts are  
defended,  
Of Autumn, the parent of every joy!

---

SONG FOR WINTER.

*Tune "Coolen."*

LO! stern tyrant Winter his empire regains!  
The low drooping foliage is strew'd o'er the  
plains,  
Night rouses the spectres of Gloom and Dismay,  
And clouds of fierce hurricanes darken the day.

From the far verge of heaven the sun scarcely  
seen,  
Casts a glance at the green hills, if yet they be  
green;

But his glance they perceive not, for weary and  
worn,

In pale-withering weeds his sad absence they  
mourn.

Now cold biting frosts leave their *Iceland* be-  
hind,

Our woodlands to ravage, our rivers to bind,

Now groves, meads, and harbours please not as  
before,

For nature in bondage seems nature no more !

The broad shining flakes thickly roll from the  
skies,

O'er the white-coated earth in false mountains  
they rise,

Let a Poet behold it, tho' wasteful and drear,

To him how sublime will the prospect appear !

Now troops of wild songsters our dwellings  
surround,

Not a seed, not a worm in their waste-woods  
is found !

Their wants, O relieve! and in spring they'll  
    repay,  
Your kindness with many a sweet warbl'd lay.

    See yon fowler pursue them with dire thirst  
    of game!

O! curse his base art and his murderous aim!  
If 'midst the wild storms e'er in danger he be,  
Can he hope for pity!—no pity had he!

    But some bosom that lately with kindness  
    did glow,

Now, perhaps, lies expiring in deserts of snow!  
O ye bosoms of feeling! his sufferings deplore,  
Hard fortune ne'er paid him a visit before!

    While loud roaring hurricanes threaten the  
    steep,

And our stout gaurdian bulwarks are toss'd o'er  
    the deep,

While the waves, split in gulphs, bring destruction  
    to view,

And hearts are appall'd not all earth could  
    subdue!

Then give me the hut and the clean blazing  
fire,  
A friend to converse with, a wife to admire,  
And the chat of our children our cares to  
beguile,  
In vain the loud tempest shall rage all the while !

Thus even in WINTER'S rough season at rest,  
With peace and content should my dwelling  
be blest ;  
All storms would be harmless, we'd hear but  
the noise ;  
And Spring, when it came, would but add to  
our joys !

---

PANEGYRICAL STANZAS

*On Miss Owenson's "Lay of an Irish Harp."*

WHOSE are those strains, Compatriots ! say,  
With strength of rapture so replete !  
It is the Nymph of Erin's lay !  
No Harp but her's could sound so sweet.

We'll gather round the hallow'd bower ;  
Whence flows the magic of her strings,  
And catch enthusiastic power,  
For 'tis the *Isle of Saints* she sings.

And now the solemn sounds we hear,  
In all that wild impassion'd style,  
To Irishmen for ever dear,  
The pathos of their native Isle !

With beating hearts we tread the plains,  
Where our forefathers lov'd to dwell,  
And proudly glow to hear the strains,  
Which only *they* could sing so well.

And, not ungrateful *now* to lays,  
Our Bards too oft have pour'd in vain,  
We'll yield our Poetess the praise,  
Still due to each Milesian strain.

“ Hail Nymph ! inspir'd with power divine,  
To touch the trembling chords with fire  
Accept the wreath for thee we twine,  
The triumph of thy country's Lyre.

“ Thy Country's Lyre too long has griev'd,  
Her sons neglected and depress'd ;  
Contempt, for glory, they receiv'd,  
From those, whose praise could soothe them best !

“ But *now* from mist our eyes we'll clear,  
*Now* envy's critic snarl we'll scorn,  
Nor let one genius shed a tear,  
That he an IRISH BARD was born !

“ To thee sweet Mistress of the spell,  
Inherent in the *Druid* line,

To bid the bosom sink or swell,  
And with the varying notes combine !

“To thee, by Erin’s Harp, we swear,  
No *native Bard* uncrown’d shall be,  
Long as our plains their shamrocks bear—  
Who touches OSSIAN’S Harp like thee !

“Then wear this wreath an offering due,  
From ERIN to thy patriot lays;  
And like the soil on which it grew,  
For ever verdant be thy praise !”

---

AN ADDRESS TO THE COMET,

*Which appeared at the latter end of 1807.*

ILLUSTRIOUS evidence of power supreme !  
Whose awful presence we admire and fear,  
Borne on impetuous steeds and car of flame,  
We hail thee, glorious stranger, to our sphere !

From Being’s centre since thou first wert driven,  
To scour th’ aerial way with rapid flight,

What numerous systems mark'd thy course in  
Heaven,  
In solemn silence at the wond'rous sight!

And, from thy glance, dispensing fates to come,  
Which conscious Tyrants tremble to behold,  
What gazing planets have receiv'd their doom,  
Far hence in other solar circuits roll'd!

Ev'n now, perhaps, in many a neighbouring  
world,  
Sages survey thee with inspection keen,  
Where god-like NEWTONS have thy laws unfurl'd,  
To fellow-beings, wondering at the scene!

And superstition now, perhaps, performs,  
Unhallow'd rites to thee with pompous state,  
As, like a god, thou rid'st above the storms  
T' inspect the worlds, and fix the laws of fate!

Say, mighty Trav'ler! in thy course on high!  
Didst thou e'er meet so fair a ball as ours;

Did e'er a race arrest thy passing eye,  
Compos'd like man's, of such contrasted powers!

So wise, so silly, so august, so mean,  
So generous, selfish, terrible and frail;  
With such impatience, persevering keen,  
And overcoming, where he dreads t' assail!

Ev'n form'd his temper, bliss from wo to raise,  
And oft, midst pleasures happiest hours to  
mourn!

Sure, as at thee we wonder while we gaze,  
At us thou look'st and wond'rest in thy turn!

---

THE EXILE OF ERIN'S RETURN

TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.—A SONG.

*Tune.*—"Erin go bragh."

O'ER the hills of SLIEVE-GALEN, as homeward  
he wander'd,

The EXILE OF ERIN oft paus'd with delight;  
To dear recollections his soul he surrender'd,  
As each well-known object return'd to his sight!

Here was the brook oft he leap'd so light  
hearted;

Here was the bower where with love he first  
smarted,

And here was the old oak, where, when he de-  
parted,

He carv'd his last farewell, 'twas "ERIN GO  
BRAGH!"

His heart wild was beating, when softly assail'd  
him,

The sound of a Harp—O! he listen'd with joy!  
His quick'ning emotions, his visage reveal'd  
them,

And the fire of his country beam'd strong from  
his eye!

A sweet female voice soon the love-strains  
attended;

'Twas dear to his fond soul that o'er it suspended,  
With each note the spirits of feeling ascended,  
Sung soft to the accents of ERIN GO BRAGH.

"I once had a lover," thus ran the sweet numbers,  
"Now doom'd far from me, and his country  
to mourn,

"Perhaps in the cold bed of death ev'n he  
slumbers :

"Ah, my soul, canst thou think he shall never  
return !

"Yes, he shall, for he lives, and, his past woes  
redressing,

"His country shall claim him with smiles and  
caressing,

"And, lock'd in my arms, he'll pronounce her his  
blessing,

"That country which wrong'd him, his ERIN  
GO BRAGH.

"As a lamb he was meek, as a dove he was  
tender,

"And form'd was his bosom for friendship  
and love;

"But, call'd by his country, still swift to defend  
her,

"Undaunted and fierce as the eagle he'd  
move !

“ That ardour of passion for me that he pleaded,  
“ By what female breast could it have been un-  
    heeded !

“ The love of his country alone could exceed it,  
“ For still his first wish was for, ERIN GO BRAGH.

“ *This Harp*, on whose strings oft he rous'd each  
    emotion,

“ Unrivall'd the soft tones of feeling to draw,  
“ He left me, the pledge of his heart's true de-  
    votion,

“ And bade me oft strike it to “ ERIN GO BRAGH ”  
“ On it, oft I've dream'd, that he sat in *this*  
    bower,

“ And touch'd the sad tale of his exile with  
    power,

“ Each soul-glowing patriot the strains did devour,  
“ Struck full to the magic of ERIN GO BRAGH !

“ But cease, ye vain dreams ! for at morn still I  
    lose him,

“ And cease, my false Hopes ! for my griefs must  
    remain.”

"No, they must not (he cried, and he rush'd to  
her bosom)

"Your EXILE'S *return'd to his Erin* again.

"Now fall'n are th' oppressors that sought to  
destroy me,

"Love, friendship, and ERIN, shall henceforth  
employ me ;"

" 'Tis himself, she exclaim'd, O ye Powers ! ye  
o'erjoy me ;

"Then blest be my country, blest ERIN GO  
BRAGH !"

---

BLACK-CAVE SHORE,

NEAR LARNE.

WHERE yonder Raven croaks aloud,  
His dire forebodings to the sky ;  
Where yon stern cliff salutes the cloud,  
And awes the wonder-gazing eye ;

There, in the early morn of life,  
Along the rudely pleasing shore,  
Unknown to trouble, noise, or strife,  
Save the hoarse ocean's breaking roar,

I past the sweetest of my days,\*  
In harmless mirth and joy serene ;  
Nor yet had tried in youthful lays,  
To paint the grandeur of the scene.

How, where those banks abruptly rise,  
The ivy winds its mantling form,  
With cautious toil, to gain the skies,  
It works above the whistling storm !

Lo ! there the Hawk's sublime abode,  
Derides the little stretch of men !  
Yon briery, winding, craggy road,  
Leads to the trackless Fox's den.

Lo ! yon black bulwark of the shore,  
In faithful state and hardy pride,  
Undaunted hears the ocean's roar,  
And checks the boldness of the tide !

\* It was while residing here at the peaceful abode of a most worthy Clergyman, in the years 1798, and 1799, that the author first imbibed a fondness for the Muses. He had not, however, at that time the vanity, which he has since manifested, of thinking himself equal to poetic composition.

Conceal'd beneath yon pendant steep,  
The cave is found, which ancient tale  
Reports, for many a mile to creep,  
Beneath the surface of the vale,

And up yon steps the Grot is seen,  
For *Druid* wisdom long renown'd ;  
And still where ghosts of Bards convene,  
And breathe inspiring horror round !

Blest cave ! I hail thy lengthen'd shade ;  
Thy rugged walls that ne'er decay,  
By Nature, or the Druids, made,  
For musing Solitude to stray !

Seek'st thou, O ! melancholy Sage,  
The converse of departed souls !  
Make this thy dreadful hermitage,  
Here Death his awful page unrolls !

And thou, whose sorrow-troubled mind,  
Has felt the world's unrighteous scorn,  
In glooms, like these, relief thou'lt find,  
For all the evils thou hast borne !

As lately here my steps were led,  
 Depress'd with low'ring prospects drear,  
 While thick'ning glooms my mind o'erspread,  
 A god-like voice assail'd my ear :

“ Youth of th' impassion'd pensive breast,  
 “ Who wand'rest hither to repine,  
 “ Where OSSIAN's honour'd ashes rest,  
 “ With those of many a Bard divine !

“ Grieve not, though Fortune mock thy toil,  
 “ Tho' Grandeur view thee with disdain ;  
 “ But court the Muse ; her blissful smile,  
 “ Shall be the opiate of thy pain.

“ Nor fear the task ; 'tis OSSIAN's shade, !  
 “ Presents thee with thy country's lyre !  
 “ Oft, from his cloud\* thy flights he'll aid,  
 “ And lend a portion of his fire !

\* “ Why art thou sad ” said Ryno ; for he alone  
 beheld the chief ; “ why art thou sad, Hidallin, hast  
 thou not received thy fame ? The songs of Ossian  
 have been heard, and thy ghost has brighten'd in the

“ But check the too aspiring thought,  
“ Nor hope to emulate his fame ;  
“ His art thou never canst be taught,  
“ ’Twas favouring Heaven’s immediate flame ;

“ Yet, for the generous ardent GLOW,  
“ With honest pride thy song shall roll,  
“ While partial ERIN’s smiles bestow,  
“ That meed so precious to thy soul !”

I vow’d assent ; the lyre I strung,  
And swept the chords in raptur’d mood ;

wind, when thou didst *bend from thy cloud* to hear the  
song of Morven’s bard.”

Ossian’s Poems, “ War of Caros.”

This is one among those many beautiful and sublime passages to be met with in the Poems of Ossian, the striking excellence of which, in a great measure depends upon the happy use which he has made of that portion of the ancient Irish Mythology which taught that the spirits of the deceased came often enveloped in clouds, on momentous occasions, to visit their friends and relations. This opinion of his countrymen has supplied our illustrious old Bard with a poetical machinery scarcely inferior in magnificence to the Deities of Homer and Virgil.

The throbbing impulse wild, I sung,  
That warms the tide of IRISH blood!

Inspiring scene! to me so dear,  
Blest be thy terror-pleasing frown;  
Poetic honours thou shalt wear,  
Long as the clouds thy summit crown!

When hardship chills my bosom's core,  
For warmth I'll fondly turn to thee;  
And still thy holy haunted shore,  
Shall be Castalia's fount to me!



