

15 He pours the cherish'd anguish of his Soul,  
Silent yet eloquent: For not a sound  
That might alarm the night's lone centinel,  
The dull-eyed Owl, escapes his trembling lip,  
Unapt<sup>1</sup> in supplication. He is young,  
And yet the stamp of thought so tempers youth,  
That all its fires are faded. What is He?  
And why, when morning sails upon the breeze,  
Fanning the blue hill's summit, does he stay  
Loit'ring and sullen, like a Truant boy,  
Beside the woodland glen; or stretch'd along  
25 On the green slope, watch his slow wasting form  
Reflected, trembling, on the river's breast?

His garb is coarse and threadbare, and his cheek  
Is prematurely faded. The check'd tear,  
Dimming his dark eye's lustre, seems to say,  
30 "This world is now, to me, a barren waste,  
A desert, full of weeds and wounding thorns,  
And I am weary: for my journey here  
Has been, though short, but cheerless." Is it so?  
Poor Traveller! Oh tell me, tell me all —  
For I, like thee, am but a Fugitive  
35 An alien from delight, in this dark scene!

And, now I mark thy features, I behold  
The cause of thy complaining. Thou art here  
A persecuted Exile! one, whose soul  
40 Unbow'd by guilt, demands no patronage  
From blunted feeling, or the frozen hand  
Of gilded Ostentation. Thou, poor PRIEST!  
Art here, a Stranger, from thy kindred torn —  
Thy kindred massacred! thy quiet home,  
The rural palace of some village scant,  
45 Shelter'd by vineyards, skirted by fair meads,  
And by the music of a shallow rill

1 The youth could be unapt, or unsuited for, supplication. Though "rapt" seems the more likely word here, it is "unapt" in every version of the poem.

Made ever cheerful, now thou hast exchange'd  
For stranger woods and vallies.

50 What of that!  
Here, or on torrid desarts; o'er the world  
Of trackless waves, or on the frozen cliffs  
Of black Siberia, thou art not alone!  
For there, on each, on all, The DEITY  
Is thy companion still! Then, exiled MAN!  
Be cheerful as the Lark that o'er yon hill  
In Nature's language, wild, yet musical,  
Hails the Creator! nor thus, sullenly  
60 Repine, that, through the day, the sunny beam  
Of lust'rous fortune gilds the palace roof,  
While thy short path, in this wild labyrinth,  
Is lost in transient shadow.

Who, that lives,  
Hath not his portion of calamity?  
Who, that feels, can boast a tranquil bosom?  
65 The fever, throbbing in the Tyrant's veins  
In quick, strong language, tells the daring wretch  
That He is mortal, like the poorest slave  
Who wears his chain, yet healthfully suspires.  
The sweetest Rose will wither, while the storm  
70 Passes the mountain thistle. The bold Bird,  
Whose strong eye braves the ever burning Orb,  
Falls like the Summer Fly, and has at most,  
But his allotted sojourn. EXILED MAN!  
Be cheerful! Thou art not a fugitive!  
75 All are thy kindred — all thy brothers, here —  
The hoping — trembling Creatures — of *one* GOD!

## THE HAUNTED BEACH

Upon a lonely desert Beach  
Where the white foam was scatter'd,  
A little shed uprear'd its head  
Though lofty Barks were shatter'd.  
5 The Sea-weeds gath'ring near the door,

10 A sombre path display'd;  
And, all around, the deaf'ning roar,  
Re-echo'd on the chalky shore,  
By the green billows made.

15 Above, a jutting cliff was seen  
Where Sea Birds hover'd, craving;  
And all around, the craggs were bound  
With weeds — fo'ever waving.  
And here and there, a cavern wide  
Its shad'wy jaws display'd;  
And near the sands, at ebb of tide,  
A shiver'd mast was seen to ride  
Where the green billows stray'd.

20 And often, while the moaning wind  
Stole o'er the Summer Ocean,  
The moonlight scene was all serene,  
The waters scarce in motion:  
Then, while the smoothly slanting sand  
The tall cliff wrapp'd in shade,  
The Fisherman beheld a band  
Of Spectres, gliding hand in hand —  
Where the green billows play'd.

25 And pale their faces were, as snow,  
And sullenly they wander'd:  
And to the skies with hollow eyes  
They look'd as though they ponder'd.  
And sometimes, from their hammock shroud,  
They dismal howlings made,  
And while the blast blew strong and loud  
The clear moon mark'd the ghastly croud,  
Where the green billows play'd!

30 And then, above the haunted hut  
The Curlews screaming hover'd;  
And the low door with furious roar  
The frothy breakers cover'd.

40

For, in the Fisherman's lone shed  
A MURDER'D MAN was laid,  
With ten wide gashes in his head  
And deep was made his sandy bed  
Where the green billows play'd.

45

A Shipwreck'd Mariner was he,  
Doom'd from his home to sever;  
Who swore to be thro' wind and sea  
Firm and undaunted ever!  
And when the wave resistless roll'd,  
About his arm he made  
A packet rich of Spanish gold,  
And, like a British sailor, bold,  
Plung'd, where the billows play'd!

The Spectre band, his messmates brave  
Sunk in the yawning ocean,  
While to the mast he lash'd him fast  
And brav'd the storm's commotion.  
The winter moon, upon the sand  
A silv'ry carpet made,  
And mark'd the Sailor reach the land,  
And mark'd his murd'rer wash his hand  
Where the green billows play'd.

55

And since that hour the Fisherman  
Has toil'd and toil'd in vain!  
For all the night, the moony light  
Gleams on the specter'd main!  
And when the skies are veil'd in gloom,  
The Murd'rer's liquid way  
Bounds o'er the deeply yawning tomb,  
And flashing fires the sands illumine,  
Where the green billows play!

60

Full thirty years his task has been,  
Day after day more weary;  
For Heav'n design'd, his guilty mind

65

70

75

Should dwell on prospects dreary.  
Bound by a strong and mystic chain,  
He has not pow'r to stray;  
But, destin'd mis'ry to sustain,  
He wastes, in Solitude and Pain —  
A loathsome life away.

80

## OLD BARNARD,

### A MONKISH TALE

OLD BARNARD was still a lusty hind,  
Though his age was full fourscore;  
And he us'd to go  
Thro' hail and snow,  
To a neigh'ring town,  
With his old coat brown,  
To beg, at his GRANDSON'S door!

5

OLD BARNARD briskly jogg'd along,  
When the hail and snow did fall;  
And, whatever the day,  
He was always gay,  
Did the broad Sun glow,  
Or the keen wind blow,

10

While he begg'd in his GRANDSON'S Hall.

His GRANDSON was a Squire, and he  
Had houses, and lands, and gold;  
And a coach beside,  
And horses to ride,  
And a downy bed  
To repose his head,  
And he felt not the winter's cold.

20

Old BARNARD had neither house nor lands,  
Nor gold to buy warm array;  
Nor a coach to carry,

His old bones weary  
Nor beds of feather  
In freezing weather,  
To sleep the long nights away.

25

But BARNARD a quiet conscience had,  
No guile did his bosom know;  
And when Ev'ning clos'd,  
His old bones repos'd,  
Tho' the wintry blast  
O'er his hovel past,

30

And he slept, while the winds did blow!

But his GRANDSON, he could never sleep  
'Till the Sun began to rise;  
For a fev'rish pain  
Oppress'd his brain,

35

And he fear'd some evil  
And dream'd of the Devil,  
Whenever he clos'd his eyes!

40

And whenever he feasted the rich and gay,  
The Devil still had his joke;  
For however rare  
The sumptuous fare,  
When the sparkling glass  
Was seen to pass, —

45

He was fearful the draught would choke!

And whenever, in fine and costly geer,<sup>1</sup>  
The Squire went forth to ride:  
The owl would cry,  
And the raven fly  
Across his road,  
While the sluggish toad

50

Would crawl by his Palfry's side.

55

<sup>1</sup> Apparel, attire.