

UE.

will not speak,  
    "ing to my cheek."

those arches bent,  
    ur to sentiment,  
grave pedantic pride,  
    n on your surly side.

our frolic scene  
and gentle critics been;  
mour proudly spurn,  
the fair I turn,  
re our feeble powers  
ou some wint'ry hours;  
scenes in fancy live,  
ces pleasure give,  
orn our mumming guise,  
ppy—ay, and wise.  
his sombre birth  
r heart-light'ning mirth:  
nsocial rest,  
mare on his breast!

THE BANISHED MAN,

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF HIS COUNTRY, WHICH  
HE IS QUITTING FOR EVER.

DEAR distant land, whose mountains blue  
Still bound this wild and watery view,—  
Dear distant land, where fate has thrown  
All that my heart delights to own!  
Blest be yon gleam of partial light,  
Which gives thee to my parting sight!

Those well-known cliffs, whose shadows throw  
Soft coolness o'er the beech below,  
Where I so oft, a happy child,  
Picking or shell or weed, beguiled  
Light reckless hours, that passed away,  
Like night-sparks on the briny spray,—

Dear pleasant shore, thy sandy bed,  
 These feet unblessed no more shall tread!

Still thy rich vales with autumn's store,  
 And cheerful hamlets mottled o'er;  
 Thy up-land peaks whose stately forms  
 Are mantled oft in gathering storms;  
 Thy blue streams widening on their way,  
 Thy broad lakes gleaming to the day;  
 Thy smoking towns, whose towers of war  
 And dusky spires are seen afar,  
 Thy children's boastful pride will raise,  
 And fix the admiring stranger's gaze,—  
 But now, for ever lost to me,  
 These eyes unblest no more shall see.

Thy wild pipe, touched with rustic hands,  
 Thy reapers' song from merry bands;  
 Thy boatman's call and dashing oar,  
 Thy falling torrent's deaf'ning roar;  
 Thy busy city's humming sound,  
 With all its sweet bells chiming round,

Far, on a st  
 These ears t

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 O'er his pat  
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 Happy is he  
 His harnesse  
 Yea, happy  
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 As all things  
 Borne lightly  
 Now homew  
 Far, screami  
 The sea-fowl  
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l with rustic hands,  
erry bands;  
ashing oar,  
ning roar;  
; sound,  
miming round,

Far, on a strange and cheerless shore,  
These ears unblest shall hear no more.

Happy is he, beyond all gain,  
Who holds in thee his free domain,  
And roves with careless feet at will  
O'er his paternal mead and hill,  
And stores the fruit his harvests yield  
From his own orchard and his field!  
Happy is he who leads at dawn  
His harnessed steers across thy lawn!  
Yea, happy he, bent down with toil,  
Whose glistening brow bedews thy soil!

How gently heaves the evening sea,  
As all things homeward tend to thee!  
Borne lightly on the gentle gale,  
Now homeward points each little sail!  
Far, screaming from their airy height,  
The sea-fowl homeward take their flight;  
The floating plank and spreading weed,  
Upon the setting current speed;

The light cloud passes on the wind,  
While I alone am left behind.

Ah, woe is me ! where shall I stray,  
And whither bend my reckless way ?  
A waste of world before me lies,  
But in the thought my spirit dies.  
There is no home nor joy for me,  
My native land, removed from thee.  
For me the sun of heaven doth shine  
Upon no hills, no plains but thine ;  
For me the voice of kindness sounds  
Only within thy cheerful bounds.

Rise, surgy deep, ye wild winds blow  
And overwhelm my bark these waves below !  
Then bear me to my native land :  
A breathless corse upon her strand,  
Some hand, in pity of the dead,  
Will lay her greensward on my head,  
And there for ever let me rest,  
As sleeps the froward child, stilled on his mother's  
breast.

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