

HERMANN, OR THE BROKEN SPEAR

An Emperor famous in council and camp,
 Has a son who turns out a remarkable scamp;
 Takes to dicing and drinking
 And d—mning and sinking,
 And carries off maids, wives, and widows, like winking!
 Since the days of Arminius, his namesake, than Hermann
 There never was seen a more profligate German.
 He escapes from the City;
 And joins some banditti
 Insensible quite to remorse, fear, and pity;
 Joins in all their carousals, and revels, and robberies,
 And in kicking up all sorts of shindies and bobberies.
 Well, hearing one day
 His associates say
 That a bridal procession was coming their way,
 Inflamed with desire, he
 Breaks into a priory,
 And kicking out every man Jack of a friar, he
 Upsets in a twinkling the mass-books and hassocks,
 And dresses his rogues in the clergymen's cassocks.
 The new married folks
 Taken in by this hoax,
 Mister Hermann grows frisky and full of his jokes:
 To the serious chagrin of her late happy suitor,
 Catching hold of the Bride, he attempts to salute her.

Now Heaven knows what
 Had become of the lot,
 It's Turtle to Tripe they'd have all gone to pot —
 If a dumb Lady, one
 Of her friends, had not run
 To her aid, and, quite scandalized, stopp'd all his fun!
 Just conceive what a caper
 He cut, when her taper
 Long fingers scrawled this upon whitey-brown paper,
 (At the instant he seized, and before he had kissed her) —
 "Ha' done, Mister Hermann! for shame! it's your sister!"
 His hair stands on end, — he desists from his tricks,
 And remains in "a pretty particular fix."
 As he knows Sir John Nicholl
 Still keeps rods in pickle,
 Offences of this kind severely to tickle,
 At so near an escape from his court and its sentence
 His eyes fill with tears, and his breast with repentance:
 So, picking and stealing,
 And unrighteous dealing,

Of all sorts, he cuts, from this laudable feeling:
Of wickedness weary,
With many a tear, he
Now takes a French leave of the vile *Condottieri*:
And the next thing we hear of this penitent villain,
He is begging in rags in the suburbs of Milan.

Half starv'd, meagre, and pale,
His energies fail,
When his sister comes in with a pot of mild ale;
But though tatter'd his jerkins,
His heart is whole, — workings
Of conscience debar him from "Barclay and Perkins."
"I'll drink," exclaims he,
"Nothing stronger than tea,
And that but the worst and the weakest Bohea,
Till I've done — from my past scenes of folly a far actor —
Some feat shall redeem both my wardrobe and character."
At signs of remorse so decided and visible
Nought can equal the joy of his fair sister Isabel,
And the Dumb Lady too,
Who runs off to a Jew,
And buys him a coat of mail spick and span new,
In the hope that his prowess and deeds as a Knight
Will keep his late larcenies quite out of sight.
By the greatest good luck, his old friends the banditti
Choose this moment to make an attack on the city!
Now you all know the way
Heroes hack, hew, and slay,
When once they get fairly mixed up in a fray:
Hermann joins in the *mêlée*,
Pounds this to a jelly,
Runs that through the back, and a third through the belly.
Till many a broken bone, bruised rib, and flat head,
Make his *ci-devant* friends curse the hour that he ratted.
Amid so many blows,
Of course you'll suppose
He must get a black eye, or, at least, bloody nose:
"Take that!" cried a bandit, and struck, while he spoke it,
His spear in his breast, and, in pulling out, broke it.
Hermann fainted away
When, as breathless he lay,
A rascal claimed all the renown of the day;
A recreant, cowardly, white-livered knight,
Who had skulked in a furze-bush the whole of the fight.
But the Dumb Lady soon
Put some gin in a spoon,
And half strangles poor Hermann, who wakes from his swoon,
And exhibits his wound, when the head of the spear

Fits its handle, and makes its identity clear.
The murder thus out, Hermann's *fêted* and thanked,
While his rascally rival gets tossed in a blanket:
And to finish the play —
As reformed rakes, they say,
Make the best of all husbands — the very same day
Hermann sends for a priest, as he must wed with some — lady,
Buys a ring and a licence, and marries the Dumb Lady.

MORAL

Take warning, young people of every degree,
From Hermann's example, and don't live too free!
If you get in bad company, fly from it soon!
If you chance to get thrash'd, take some gin in a spoon;
And remember, since wedlock's not *all* sugar-candy,
If you wish to 'scape "wiggling," a dumb wife's the dandy!

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HINTS FOR AN HISTORICAL PLAY: TO BE CALLED WILLIAM RUFUS, OR THE
RED ROVER

ACT 1

Walter Tyrrel, the son of a Norman Papa,
Has, somehow or other, a Saxon Mama:
Though humble, yet far above mere vulgar loons,
He's a sort of a sub in the Rufus dragoons;
Has travelled, but comes home abruptly, the rather
That some unknown rascal has murder'd his father;
And scarce has he picked out, and stuck in his quiver,
The arrow that pierced the old gentleman's liver,
When he finds, as misfortunes come rarely alone,
That his sweetheart has bolted, — with whom is not known.
But, as murder will out, he at last finds the lady
At court with her character grown rather shady:
This gives him the "blues," and impairs the delight
He'd have otherwise felt when they dub him a Knight,
For giving a runaway stallion a check,
And preventing his breaking King Rufus's neck.

ACT 2

Sir Walter has dress'd himself up like a Ghost,
And frightens a soldier away from his post;
Then, discarding his helmet, he pulls his cloak higher,
Draws it over his ears and pretends he's a Friar.
This gains him access to his sweetheart, Miss Faucit;
But, the King coming in, he hides up in her closet;
Where oddly enough, among some of her things,
He discovers some arrows he's sure are the King's,
Of the very same pattern with that which he found
Sticking into his father when dead on the ground!
Forgetting his funk, he bursts open the door,
Bounces into the Drawing-room, stamps on the floor,
With an oath on his tongue, and revenge in his eye,
And blows up King William the Second, sky-high;
Swears, storms, shakes his fist, and exhibits such airs,
That his Majesty bids his men kick him down stairs.

ACT 3

King Rufus is cross when he comes to reflect,
That as King, he's been treated with gross disrespect;
So he pens a short note to a holy physician,

And gives him a rather unholy commission,
 Viz., to mix up some arsenic and ale in a cup,
 Which the chances are Tyrrel may find and drink up.
 Sure enough, on the very next morning, Sir Walter
 Perceives, in his walks, this same cup on the altar.
 As he feels rather thirsty, he's just about drinking,
 When Miss Faucit in tears, comes in running like winking;
 He pauses of course, and as she's thirsty too,
 Says, very politely, "Miss, I after you!"
 The young lady curtsies, and being so dry,
 Raises somehow her fair little finger so high,
 That there's not a drop left him to "wet t'other eye;"
 While the dose is so strong, to his grief and surprise,
 She merely says, "Thankee, Sir Walter," and dies.
 At that moment the King, who is riding to cover,
 Pops in *en passant* on the desperate lover,
 Who has vow'd, not five minutes before, to transfix him,
 — So he does, — he just pulls out his arrow and sticks him.
 From the strength of his arm, and the force of his blows,
 The Red-bearded Rover falls flat on his nose;
 And Sir Walter, thus having concluded his quarrel,
 Walks down to the footlights, and draws this fine moral:
 "Ladies and Gentlemen,
 Lead sober lives:—
 Don't meddle with other folks' Sweethearts or Wives! —
 When you go out a sporting, take care of your gun,
 And — never shoot elderly people in fun!"

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MARIE MIGNOT

Miss Marie Mignot was a nice little Maid,
Her Uncle a Cook, and a Laundress her trade,
And she loved as dearly as any one can
Mister Lagardie, a nice little man.
But Oh! But Oh!
Story of woe!
A sad interloper, one Monsieur Modeau,
Ugly and old,
With plenty of gold,
Made his approach
In an elegant coach,
Her fancy was charmed with the splendour and show
And he bore off the false-hearted Molly Mignot.

Monsieur Modeau was crazy and old,
And Monsieur Modeau caught a terrible cold,
His nose was stuffed, and his throat was sore,
He had physic by the quart and Doctors by the score.
They sent squills
And pills,
And very long bills
And all they could do did not make him get well,
He sounded his M's and his N's like an L.
A shocking bad cough
At last took him off,
And Mister Lagardie her former young beau,
Came a courting again to the Widow Modeau.

Mister Lagardie, to gain him *éclat*,
Had cut the Cook's shop and followed the law;
And when Monsieur Modeau set out on his journey,
Was an Articled Clerk to a Special Attorney.
He gave her a call
On the day of a ball,
To which she'd invited the court, camp and all;
But "poor dear Lagardie"
Again was too tardy,
For a Marshal of France
Had just asked her to dance;
In a twinkling, the *ci-devant* Madame Modeau
Was wife of the Marshal Lord Marquis Dinot.
Mister Lagardie was shocked at the news,
And went and enlisted at once in the Blues.
The Marquis Dinot
Felt a little so so —
Took physic, grew worse, and had *notice to go* —

He died, and was shelved, and his Lady so gay
Smiled again on Lagardie now placed on full pay,
A Swedish Field-Marshal with a guinea a day;
When an old ex-King
Just showed her the ring:
To be Queen, she conceived was a very fine thing;
But the King turned a Monk,
And Lagardie got drunk,
And said to the Lady with a deal of ill-breeding,
“You may go to the d—l and I’ll go to Sweden.”
Thus between the two stools,
Like some other fools,
Her Ladyship found
Herself plump on the ground;
So she cried, and she stamped, and she sent for a hack,
And she drove to a convent and never came back.

MORAL

Wives, Maidens, and Widows, attend to my lay
If a fine moral lesson you’d draw from a play,
To the Haymarket go
And see Marie Mignot,
Miss Kelly plays Marie, and Williams Modeau;
Mrs. Glover and Vining
Are really quite shining,
And though Thompson for a Marquis
Has almost too much carcass,
Yet it’s not fair to pass him or
John Cooper’s Cassimir,
And the piece would be barren
Without Mr. Farren;
No matter, go there, and they’ll teach you the guilt
Of coquetting and ogling, and playing the jilt.
Such folks gallop awhile, but at last they get spilt;
Had Molly Mignot
Behaved *comme il faut*,
Nor married the Lawyer nor Marquis Dinot,
She had ne’er been a nun, whose fare very hard is,
But the mother of half-a-score little Lagardies.

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THE TRUANTS

Three little Demons have broken loose
From the National School below!
They are resolved to play truant to-day,
Their primer and slate they have cast away,
And away, away they go!
“Hey boys! hey boys! up go we!
Who so merry as we three?”

The reek of that most infernal pit,
Where sinful souls are stewing,
Rises so black, that in viewing it,
A thousand to one but you'd ask with surprise
As its murky columns meet your eyes,
“Pray is Old Nick a-brewing?”
Thither these three little Devils repair,
And mount by steam to the uppermost air.

They have got hold of a wandering star,
That happened to come within hail.
O swiftly they glide!
As they merrily ride
All a cock-stride
Of that Comet's tail.
Oh the pranks!
Oh the pranks,
The merry pranks, the mad pranks,
These wicked urchins play!
They kissed the *Virgin* and filled her with dread,
They popped the *Scorpion* into her bed;
They broke the pitcher of poor *Aquarius*,
They stole the arrows of *Sagittarius*,
And they skimmed the *Milky Way*.
They filled the *Scales* with sulphur full,
They halloed the *Dog-star* on at the *Bull*,
And pleased themselves with the noise.
They set the *Lion*
On poor *Orion*;
They shaved all the hair
Off the *Lesser Bear*!
They kicked the shins
Of the *Gemini Twins* —
Those heavenly Siamese Boys! —
Never was such confusion and wrack,
As they produced in the Zodiac! —

“Huzza!
Huzza!
Away!
Away!
Let us go down to the earth and play!
Now we go up, up, up,
Now we go down, down, down,
Now we go backwards, and forwards,
Now we go round, round, round!”
Thus they gambol, and scramble, and tear,
Till at last they arrive at the nethermost air.

And pray now what were these Devilets called?
These three little Fiends so gay?
One was *Cob*!
Another was *Mob*!
The last and the least was young *Chittabob*!
Queer little Devils were they!
Cob was the strongest,
Mob was the wrongest,
Chittabob’s tail was the finest and longest!
Three more frolicsome Imps, I ween,
Beelzebub’s self hath seldom seen.

Over Mountain, over Fell,
Glassy Fountain, mossy Dell,
Rocky Island, barren Strand,
Over Ocean, over Land;
With frisk and bound, and squeaks and squalls,
Heels over head, and head over heels;
With curlings and twistings, and twirls and wheeleries,
Down they drop at the gate of the *Tuilleries*.

Courtiers were bowing and making legs,
While Charley *le Roi* was bolting eggs;
“*Mob*,” says *Cob*,
“*Chittabob*,” says *Mob*,
“Come here, you young Devil, *we’re in for a job!*”
Up jumps *Cob* to the Monarch’s ear,
“Charley, my jolly boy, never fear;
If you mind all their jaw
About Charter and Law,
You might just as well still be the *Count d’Artois!*
No such thing,
Show ‘em you’re King,
Tip ‘em an Ordinance, that’s the thing!”
Charley dined,
Took his pen and signed;
Then *Mob* kicked over his throne from behind!

“Huzza! Huzza! we may scamper now!
For here we have kicked up a jolly good row!”

“Over the water, and over the Sea,
And over the water with Charlie;”
Now they came skipping and grinning with glee,
Not pausing to *chaff* or to parley.
Over, over,
On to Dover;
On fun intent,
All through Kent
These mischievous devils so merrily went.

Over hill and over dale,
Sunken hollow, lofty ridge,
Frowning cliff, and smiling vale,
Down to the foot of Westminster-bridge.
“Hollo,” says *Cob*,
“There’s the Duke and Sir Bob!
After ‘em *Chittabob*, after ‘em *Mob*.”
Mob flung gravel, and *Chittabob* pebbles,
His Grace c——’d them both for a couple of rebels;
His feelings were hurt
By the stones and the dirt —
In went he,
In an ecstasy,
And *blew up* the nobles of high degree.

“Mr. Brougham, Mr. Hume,
May fret and may fume —
And so may all you whom I see in this room;
Come weal, come woe, come calm, come storm —
I’ll see you all — *blessed* — ere I give you reform;”
“Bravo,” says *Chittabob*, “That’s your sort,
Come along, schoolfellows, here’s more sport.
Look there! look there!
There’s the great Lord May’r!
With the gravest of Deputies close to his chair;
With Hobbler, his Clerk!
Just the thing for *a lark*;
Huzza! huzza! boys, follow me now;
Here we may *kick up* another good row.”
Here they are,
Swift as a star,
They shoot in mid air, over Temple Bar!
Tom Macaulay beheld the flight
Of these three little dusky sons of night,
And his heart swell’d with joy and elation —

“Oh, see!” quoth he,
“Those *Niggerlings* three,
Who have just got *emancipation!*”

Lord Key took fright:
At the very first sight,
The whole Court of Aldermen wheel'd to the right;
Some ran from *Chittabob* — more from *Mob*,
The great *locum tenens* jump'd up upon *Cob*,
Who roar'd and ran,
With the Alderman
To the Home Office, pick-a-back — catch 'em who can!
“Stay at home — here's a plot,
And I can't tell you what,
If you don't I'll be shot,
But you'll all go to pot.”
Ah, little he weened while the ground he thus ran over,
'Twas a *Cob* he bestrode — not his white horse from Hanover.

Back they came galloping through the Strand,
When Joseph Lancaster, stick in hand,
Popped up his head before 'em.
Well we know
That honest old Joe
Is a sort of High Master down below,
And teaches the Imps decorum.
Satan had started him off in a crack,
To flog those three little runaways back.

Fear each assails;
Every one quails;
“Oh dear! how he'll tickle our little black tails!
Have done, have done,
Here's that son of a gun,
Old Joe, come after us, — run, boys, run.”
Off ran *Cob*,
Off ran *Mob*,
And off in a fright ran young *Chittabob*.
Joe caught *Chittabob* just by the tail,
And *Cob* by his crumpled horn;
Bitterly then did these Imps bewail
That ever they were born!
Mob got away,
But none to this day
Know exactly whither he went;
Some say he's been seen about Blackfriars-bridge,
And some say he's down in Kent.

The Ingoldsby Legends

But where'er he may roam,
He has not ventured home
Since the day the three took wing,
And many suppose
He has chang'd his clothes,
And now goes by the name of "*Swing.*"

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THE POPLAR

Ay, here stands the Poplar, so tall and so stately,
On whose tender rind — 'twas a little one then —
We carved *her* initials; though not very lately —
We think in the year eighteen hundred and ten.

Yes, here is the G which proclaimed Georgiana;
Our heart's empress then; see, 'tis grown all askew;
And it's not without grief we perforce entertain a
Conviction, it now looks much more like a Q.

This should be the great D too, that once stood for Dobbin,
Her lov'd patronymic — ah! can it be so?
Its once fair proportions, time too has been robbing;
A D? — we'll be *Deed* if it isn't an O!

Alas! how the soul sentimental it vexes,
That thus on our labours stern Chronos should frown;
Should change our soft liquids to izzards and X es,
And turn true-love's alphabet all upside down!

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EPIGRAM

BRAVE L——, so says a knight of the pen,
"Has exposed himself much at the head of his men,"
As his men ran away without waiting to fight,
To expose himself there's to be first in the flight.
Had it not been as well, when he saw his men quail,
To have stayed and exposed himself more at their tail?
Or say, is it fair, in this noblest of quarrels,
To suffer the chief to engross all the laurels?
No! his men, so the muse to all Europe shall sing,
Have exposed themselves fully as much as their king.

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MY LETTERS

“*Litera scripta manet.*” — OLD SAW.

Another mizzling, drizzling day!
Of clearing up there’s no appearance;
So I’ll sit down without delay,
And here, at least, I’ll make a clearance.

Oh, ne’er “on such a day as this”
Would Dido, with her woes oppressèd,
Have wooed Æneas back to bliss,
Or Troilus gone to hunt for Cressid!

No, they’d have stayed at home, like me,
And popped their toes upon the fender,
And drank a quiet cup of tea:—
On days like this one can’t be tender.

So, Molly, draw that basket nigher,
And put my desk upon the table —
Bring that Portfolio — stir the fire —
Now off as fast as you are able!

First here’s a card from Mrs. Grimes,
“A Ball!” — she knows that I’m no dancer —
That woman’s asked me fifty times,
And yet I never send an answer.

“DEAR JACK,—
Just lend me twenty pounds,
Till Monday next, when I’ll return it.
Yours truly,
HENRY GIBBS,”
Why, Z—ds!
I’ve seen the man but twice — here, burn it.

One from my Cousin Sophy Daw —
Full of Aunt Margery’s distresses;
“The Cat has kittened in ‘the *draw*,’
And ruined two bran-new silk dresses.”

From Sam, “The Chancellor’s motto,” — nay,
Confound his puns, he knows I hate ‘em;
“Pro Rege, Lege, Grege,” — Ay,
“For King read Mob!” Brougham’s old *erratum*.

From Seraphina Price — “At two” —
“Till then I can’t, my dearest John, stir;”

Two more because I did not go,
Beginning "Wretch" and "Faithless Monster!"

"DEAR SIR, —
"This morning Mrs. P——
Who's doing quite as well as may be,
Presented me, at half-past three
Precisely, with another baby.

"We'll name it John, and know with pleasure
You'll stand" — Five guineas more, confound it! —
I wish they'd call it Nebuchadnezzar,
Or thrown it in the Thames and drowned it.

What have we next? A civil Dun:
"John Brown would take it as a favour" —
Another, and a surlier one,
"I can't put up with *sich* behaviour."

"Bill so long standing," — "quite tired out," —
"Must sit down to insist on payment,"
"Called ten times," — Here's a fuss about
A few coats, waistcoats, and small raiment!

For once I'll send an answer, and inform
Mr. Snip he needn't "call" so;
But when his bill's as "tired of standing"
As he is, beg 'twill "sit down also."

This from my rich old Uncle Ned,
Thanking me for my annual present;
And saying he last Tuesday wed
His cook-maid, Molly — vastly pleasant!

An ill-spelt note from Tom at school,
Begging I'll let him learn the fiddle;
Another from that precious fool,
Miss Pyefinch, with a stupid riddle.

"D'ye give it up?" indeed I do!
Confound these antiquated minxes;
I won't play "*Billy Black*" to a "*Blue*,"
Or *Œdipus* to such old sphinxes.

A note sent up from Kent to show me,
Left with my bailiff, Peter King:
"I'll burn them precious stacks down, blow me!
"Your's most sincerely, "CAPTAIN SWING."

Four begging letters with petitions,
One from my sister Jane, to pray
I'll "execute a few commissions"
In Bond Street, "when I go that way;"

"And buy at Pearsal's in the City
Twelve skeins of silk for netting purses:
Colour no matter, so it's pretty; —
Two hundred pens — " two hundred curses!

From Mistress Jones: "My little Billy
Goes up his schooling to begin,
Will you just step to Piccadilly,
And meet him when the coach comes in?"

"And then, perhaps, you will as well, see
The poor dear fellow safe to school
At Dr. Smith's in Little Chelsea!"
Heaven send he flog the little fool!

From Lady Snooks: "Dear Sir, you know
You promised me last week a Rebus;
A something smart and *apropos*,
For my new Album?" — Aid me, Phœbus!

"My first is followed by my second;
Yet should my first my second see,
A dire mishap it would be reckon'd,
And sadly shocked my first would be,

"Were I but what my whole implies,
And passed by chance across your portal;
You'd cry, 'Can I believe my eyes?
I never saw so queer a mortal!'"

"For then my head would not be on,
My arms their shoulders must abandon;
My very body would be gone,
I should not have a leg to stand on."

Come, that's dispatched — what follows? — Stay,
"Reform demanded by the nation;
Vote for Tagrag and Bobtail!" Ay,
By Jove, a blessed *Reformation!*

Jack, clap the saddle upon Rose —
Or no! — the filly — she's the fleeter
The devil take the rain — here goes,
I'm off — a plumper for Sir Peter!

NEW-MADE HONOUR (IMITATED FROM MARTIAL)

A friend I met, some half hour since —
“*Good-morrow, Jack!*” quoth I;
The new-made Knight, like any Prince,
Frowned, nodded, and passed by;
When up came Jem — “*Sir John, your Slave!*”
“Ah, James; we dine at eight —
Fail not — (low bows the supple knave)
Don’t make my lady wait.”
The King can do no wrong? As I’m a sinner,
He’s spoilt an honest tradesman and my dinner.

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THE CONFESSION

There’s somewhat on my breast, father,
There’s somewhat on my breast!
The livelong day I sigh, father,
And at night I cannot rest.
I cannot take my rest, father,
Though I would fain do so;
A weary weight oppreseth me —
This weary weight of woe!

’Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor want of worldly gear;
My lands are broad, and fair to see,
My friends are kind and dear.
My kin are leal and true, father,
They mourn to see my grief;
But oh! ’tis not a kinsman’s hand
Can give my heart relief!

’Tis not that Janet’s false, father,
’Tis not that she’s unkind;
Tho’ busy flatterers swarm around —
I know her constant mind.
’Tis not *her* coldness, father,
That chills my labouring breast,
It’s that confounded cucumber
I’ve eat and can’t digest.

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SONG

I.

There sits a bird on yonder tree,
More fond than Cushat Dove;
There sits a bird on yonder tree,
And sings to me of love.
Oh! stoop thee from thine eyrie down!
And nestle thee near my heart,
For the moments fly,
And the hour is nigh,
When thou and I must part,
My love!
When thou and I must part.

II.

In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
The pride of the sylvan scene;
In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
And I am his only queen;
Oh! bound from thy secret lair,
For the sun is below the west;
No mortal eye
May our meeting spy,
For all are clos'd in rest,
My love!
Each eye is closed in rest.

III.

Oh, sweet is the breath of morn!
When the sun's first beams appear;
Oh! sweet is the shepherd's strain,
When it dies on the listening ear;
And sweet the soft voice which speaks
The Wanderer's welcome home;
But sweeter far
By yon pale mild star,
With our true Love thus to roam,
My dear!
With our own true Love to roam!

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EPIGRAM: EHEU FUGACES

What Horace says is, *Eheu fugaces*
Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume!
Years glide away, and are lost to me, lost to me!
Now, when the folks in the dance sport their merry toes,
Taglionis and Ellslers, Duvernays and Ceritos,
Sighing I murmur, "*O mihi præteritos!*"

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SONG

'Tis sweet to think the pure ethereal being,
Whose mortal form reposes with the dead,
Still hovers round unseen, yet not unseeing,
Benignly smiling o'er the mourner's bed!

She comes in dreams, a thing of light and lightness
I hear her voice, in still small accents tell
Of realms of bliss, and never-fading brightness,
Where those who lov'd on earth, together dwell.

Ah! yet a while, blest shade, thy flight delaying,
The kindred soul with mystic converse cheer;
To her rapt gaze, in visions bland displaying
The unearthly glories of thy happier sphere!

Yet, yet remain! till freed like thee, delighted,
She spurns the thralldom of encumbering clay;
Then as on earth, in tenderest love united,
Together seek the realms of endless day!

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AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE: THE LAST LINES OF THOMAS INGOLDSBY

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye;
There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;
As I lay a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

As I lay a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!
There seem'd a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte laye slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free,
As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see!

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe;
A lovely Mayde came bye,
And a gentil youth was nyghe,
And he breathed many a syghe
And a vowe;
As I laye a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne;
No more a youth was there,
But a Maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sad despaire,
"That I was borne!"
As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar;
There came a lovely childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire;
As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier;
That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the Swan
Doth appear,
As I laye a-thynkyng—oh! bitter flow'd the tear!

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast
With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
As to her nest;
As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest:—
“Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,” —
'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
“HERE IS REST!”

T. I.

THE END