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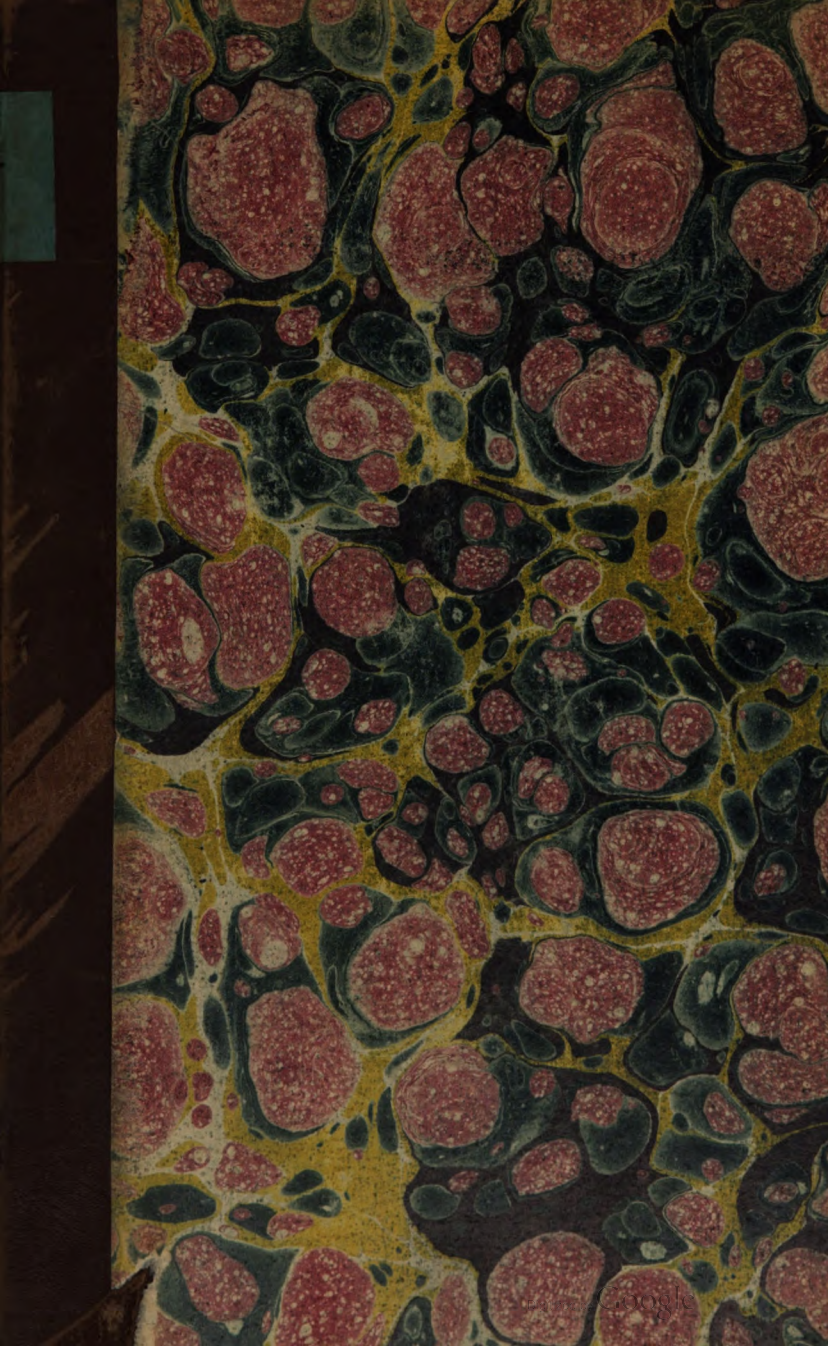
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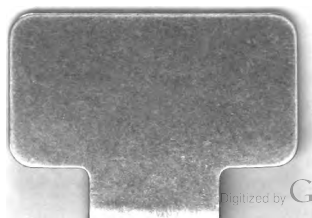
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44. 51.





Entered in Gough  
(Catalogue)

# HANGING WOOD,

CHARLTON;

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

WILLIAM BANCE.

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SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

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“ Home of my childhood ! Picturesque Charlton ; all  
My days I’ve spent within and near to thee ;  
And yet thy well-known beauties do not pall ;  
Yet still thy haunts are pleasant unto me.”

Page 24.

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WOOLWICH :

PRINTED BY J. M. BODDY, FOR THE AUTHOR.

SOLD BY MR. RANDALL, CHARLTON ; MESSRS. BODDY,  
ARTILLERY PLACE, AND WELLINGTON STREET ;  
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GENERALLY.

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1844.



## ADDRESS.

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The Author begs to return his sincere thanks to those friends who have so freely come forward ; and, with their kind assistance, enabled him to publish the following pages : and whatever may be the fate of his little book, he trusts he shall ever be grateful for their support ; knowing, as he does, that that support was given solely as a mark of their respect.

To those who may think his book worthy of a perusal, he has only to hope that they will not lay it down again with a feeling of disappointment.

*Charlton, March, 25, 1844.*



## REVIEW.

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HANGING WOOD, CHARLTON, and other Poems, by  
*William Bance*, Woolwich: J. M. Boddy. 1844.

“The Author of this production, although ranking amongst the humble class of society who cultivate the beauties of Flora and earn their daily subsistence by ornamenting the pleasure grounds of all ranks with these pretty gems, possesses an enthusiastic feeling, and prettily describes the romantic scenery of the lovely spot he has chosen as his theme. The cost of the work is but a trifle, and the author deserves encouragement in his pleasing pursuit, as its perusal will recal the sweet scenes of youth to many in far distant lands.”

*Army and Navy Register and Woolwich Gazette.*

## HANGING WOOD.

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### I.

I stood upon that lofty point of land,  
Which looks upon the gentle river, laving  
Along the busy animated strand  
Of WOOLWICH town: that pleasant spot where  
waving  
Picturesque, lovely slopes, fall gently down:—  
Where blooming nature smiles on every side,  
And many an oak spreads out his lofty crown,  
Deck'd in the panoply of forest pride.  
A precipice, formed by man's labouring hand  
Before me, e'en so dangerous and steep  
That, looking down into that gulph of sand,  
'Twill cause a tremor through you, 'tis so deep.  
Around me was a scene diversified,  
Of wood, and water, marsh, and hill, and dale;  
Of ships, that waited for the wind and tide,  
And ships that glided on without a sail.  
There lay those giants of the deep at rest :  
Our safest bulwarks, England's wooden walls ;  
Of all the checks, to foreign foes—the best,  
And once neglected, England's glory falls.  
Here swept the bark so lightly through the stream ;  
There hung the loose sail flapping in the wind ;

Here passed the wondrous boat propelled by steam,  
 That mighty power reared by the human mind.  
 Then came the sound of music to my ear ;  
 O sweetly from the water comes that sound !  
 Oft to depress the soul, and oft to cheer  
 With its soft varying tones :—who has not found,  
 As come the sweet sounds wafted by the breeze,  
 Now feebly borne upon the zephyr's wing,  
 Now swelling loud: then sinking by degrees,  
 It does a thrilling sweet sensation bring.

## II.

I gazed upon the scene—but not alone,  
 My eye scanned o'er it with uncloyed delight;  
 There was my loved one with me—now my own,  
 To gaze with me upon the glorious sight.  
 There we had come, as oft we had before,  
 To pass a few sweet moments on that height;  
 And in the ear, the inward thoughts to pour  
 Of two hearts, to each other beating right.  
 We sought the spot—our daily labour done—  
 Our cares but light, young joyous hearts were we !  
 A world within ourselves—we envied none—  
 Our greatest bliss, each other's company.  
 We loved to wander o'er that lofty plot  
 Of smooth green turf, upon a summer's night,  
 With God's blue sky above our heads; and not  
 A cloud to intercept th'ethereal light,  
 And none upon our brows; for we were then  
 Lighthearted, and were recked not, thought not what

Would be to-morrow—what our portion, when  
We linked our fates within one common lot.

### III.

Ah! These were then my high and palmy days!  
And *she* was young, and blooming as the morn  
In summer time, when first the sun's bright rays  
Alight upon the floweret and the lawn.  
Then, on her brow sat not the matron's care;  
Nor had the wrinkle furrowed yet on mine;  
Nor want had come oftentimes to cause despair;  
Nor woe, to make the soul droop and repine,  
As since they have: what then? Stern trials such  
As these, to every mortal more or less  
Are portioned out; and we can say thus much,  
That love has never lost the power to bless.  
Yet some have found that poverty's hard clutch,  
To love's approach, acts as a countermine;  
That life's joys droop through its pernicious touch,  
And hope will lose its influence benign:—  
But we can still (though many a trying scene  
Has passed away, and many a change has come)  
Spite of our cares, and what we might have been,  
Enjoy the pleasures of our humble home.  
And we can still look back with fond delight  
To hours of rapture—hours of earthly bliss  
We have enjoyed together, on that height,  
In Hanging Wood, on eves such as was this.

### IV.

Hail, Hanging Wood! Thy beauties are unsung!  
Unheeded by the bards renowned—and why?

They passed not through thee, or they would have  
strung

Their lyres, to sing in richer strains than I  
Can sing of thee. To Richmond's famous hill,—

To Windsor's ancient forest,—bards have raised  
The song of praise:—and shall my muse be still,

Nor sing of thee most worthy to be praised?

Hail then to thee ! Although so ominous

Of evil, and of dark deeds is the name  
Our fathers gave thee; handing down to us,

As we shall to our children, too, the same.

Likely, our fathers had good reason, when

They called thee *hanging* ! Thou hast been, 'tis  
said,

A nursing place of crime; where evil men

To plot their schemes of wickedness, have laid.  
Even I remember thee a dismal wood,

Through which I dared not pass at curfew time,  
And whispering tales have curdled my young blood

Of how thy shades have sheltered many a crime.

But this was ere the mattock, axe, and plough,

Had yet dispersed the gloom from off thy face ;  
And time had made thee, just what thou art now,

A lovely spot, a most enchanting place.

## V.

O dear to me are thy retired walks,

With wild, luxuriant hawthorn hedges lined ;  
Where, in the gloom of night, oft noiseless stalks

The shape unseen, but to the weak of mind !

Dear are thy many hills, and grass clad mounds,  
 Thy verdant valleys, and thy beauteous glades ;  
 And sweet it is to ramble through thy grounds,  
 Or rest beneath thy ever cooling shades.  
 To hear the wild bird's note from out the copse,  
 The cuckoo's voice, as her lone flight she's  
 winging ;  
 To watch the robin as he round me hops,  
 Or rabbit on the hillock's green side springing.  
 To catch the splendid views which meet the eye,  
 When wandering down thy lovely sloping lawns ;  
 Or in thy more sequestered dells to pry,  
 Such dells, as have been given to fays and fauns :  
 And fays and fauns might here delight to dwell,  
 And hold their gambols, for 'tis fairy land ;  
 And once within its precincts, there's a spell  
 Of fascination, few can well withstand.

## VI.

But fairies, fays, and fauns, have passed away,  
 Or live but in the lines of some old rhyme,  
 And we can laugh in this enlightened day,  
 At those strange fancies of the olden time.  
 Yet, are we better than our fathers were.  
 Who could not from their simple minds divest  
 The thought, that there were things in earth or air,  
 With power to make them miserable or blest ?  
 These are the days, when knowledge sheds her  
 rays,  
 And giant reason through the nation stalks,

And man walks in the track of his own ways,  
 Or in the course that subtle reason chalks ;  
 But is he more content than he was wont  
 To be, when in a more primeval state ?  
 Does he not now put on a bolder front,  
 And think himself a thing supremely great ?  
 And yet, he has the same dark thoughts within,  
 His fathers had a thousand years before  
 He drew existence ; and the heart from sin  
 Is not more free, or sounder at the core.  
 Go thwart the man in power, and you will know,  
 True now he cannot use the screw, or rack,  
 But there are many ways to deal the blow  
 Upon the weak, and make the heartstrings crack.  
 Search him of low estate,—you'll find he has  
 Dark thoughts within, even in this school-taught  
 age ;  
 Perchance his state's not happier than was  
 His fathers, in their state of vassalage.  
 But this is but a stray thought of the mind,  
 Perhaps a wrong one—for the thoughts will flow  
 Whether we will or no, just as the wind  
 “ Blows as it listeth ”—how we do not know.

## VII.

And, heaven forbid, that I should once decry,  
 The march of knowledge, through the human  
 race ;  
 Or wish again her glorious lamp burnt dry,  
 For that of ignorance to take its place.

No : let it burn to illuminate the world,  
 And guide fair freedom in her onward course ;  
 Till tyrants from their pinnacles are hurled,  
 And man is ruled by love, and not by force.  
 Knowledge has done much, and will yet do more,  
 But not so much as some enthusiasts say ;  
 Who hold, that, when on all, her bright rays pour,  
 Wars, strife, and human ills will pass away.  
 Men will be *but* men, though themselves they steep  
 In wisdom's fount, till all earth's hidden things  
 Are clearly seen : aye, let them plunge so deep,  
 They'll yet find bitter waters in her springs  
 To nauseate, and to make them murmur still :  
 And perfect happiness will never be  
 For Adam's fallen sinful children, till  
 The mighty change, which sets the spirit free.

## VIII.

But to my theme :—The eve was bright and clear,  
 As any eve-tide of a southern clime,  
 And round, above, beneath us, far and near,  
 The scene was grand, magnificent, sublime.  
 Who can upon that beauteous picture gaze,  
 In pensive or in discontented mood ;—  
 Who can refrain from rendering due praise  
 To nature's God, when in this lovely wood.  
 Here, is a temple of *His* raising—Here  
 The soul might worship—ought to worship *Him* !  
 Here, too, the doubting mortal need not fear  
 Some priest's deception ; there is nothing dim,



Obscure; but all is visibly displayed;  
 And shows a maker, and a God on high,  
 As plainly as we know the person's trade,  
 Who shows his workmanship unto the eye.

## IX.

The sun was o'er the city! fast declining  
 Adown the western sky; and his bright fires  
 Reflecting on the mass below, were shining  
 In meteor lights upon the numerous spires.  
 No cloud was hanging round, nor misty haze,  
 To screen his lustrous beauties from the sight;  
 Onward he sped him, in the gorgeous blaze  
 Of summer pomp, so dazzling and bright.  
 Yet one long sable looking bank of cloud,  
 Far down the west, across his pathway lay;  
 Still gathering there, as though it sought to shroud  
 His cheering presence from the dying day.  
 Alas! so dark thoughts rise to shroud the sun  
 Of hope, which in life's day shone bright and  
 clear,  
 Too oft, when that day's cause has nearly run,  
 To make a gloomy eve, ere comes death's night  
 more drear.

## X.

O 'tis a lovely sight upon the land  
 To view the sun go down; yet, it must be  
 A finer picture—more sublime and grand—  
 To see him set upon the open sea.

To stand upon the bounding vessel's deck ;  
 The mass of waters round you ; and the sky  
 All clear above ; and not a cloudy speck  
 To hide his passing beauties from the eye.  
 To watch him just upon the water's brink ;  
 Then dipping into them his fiery breast  
 Still more and more, until you almost think  
 He seeks, beneath the wave, a cooling rest.  
 But this is not for me ; then let content,  
 That soothing power, still be hovering near :  
 The time's not idly wasted, or mispent,  
 In viewing all which can be seen from here.

# XI.

London, the mighty ! the great leviathan  
 Of cities ; and the universal mart,  
 Where man, holds converse with his fellow man,  
 In friendship, from the world's remotest part,  
 Was stretching out its limbs before me, o'er  
 A tract extensive spreading ; one huge sea  
 Of houses, daily stealing more and more  
 Upon the land, which lies contiguously.  
 London ! from this fair elevated spot, I view  
 Thy best proportions ; from the towers which  
 rear  
 Their sacred heads in Westminster, right through  
 Thy very heart, to Blackwall's handsome pier.  
 And 'tis a pleasant moment passed, to gaze  
 Upon thy churches, monuments, and towers ;

And witness works, the power of man can raise  
 In his, at most, but few brief mortal hours.

## XII.

I love to bustle through thy streets at times,  
 And view the wonders that are there so rife :  
 Yet, to be pent within thee ever, chimes  
 Not with my notions of a pleasant life.  
 There's too much noise of wheels, for ever whirling ;  
 Too much of din and bustle, night and day ;  
 Too much of fog and smoke above thee curling,  
 Keeping the clear bright light of heaven away.  
 For me, I'd rather live upon this hill,  
 And have yon gentle waters 'twixt us pour :  
 For here, I see thee beautiful ; and still  
 Can see fair Nature too on yonder shore.

## XIII.

Essex ! not like my native Kent art thou !  
 Yet there are beauties in thee still, I ween :  
 Thy table lands look lovely from this brow,  
 Clothed in their cloth of never dying green.  
 And Epping's forest with its sombre front ;  
 A wild place yet, and still extensive chase ;  
 Renowned in Cockney annals for its *hunt* ;  
 And as the once dread Turpin's hiding place.  
 Beyond, hills rise on hills, to th' verge of space,  
 Where heaven's bright arch, and earth appear  
 to meet ;  
 Whilst towns, cots, villas, from each open place,  
 Peer forth along the forest's "dark retreat."

The golden corn is on the far hill side ;  
 The fragrant hay-cock in the mead below ;  
 And verdant is the marsh, washed by the tide,  
 Far as the ken of mortal sight can go.  
 O 'tis a lovely picture ! Where's the land  
 To equal thine, my country ? Where's the vale  
 So stored with all that's useful, all that's grand,  
 As that, through which yon placid waters trail.

## XIV.

Hail, gentle river ! Father Thames, all hail !  
 Thou great highway of nations ! On thy breast,  
 So gently heaving, many a gallant sail,  
 And heavy laden barque, now calmly rest.  
 Hail Thames to thee ! adown thy stream hath sped,  
 When duty called them, many a gallant tar ;  
 No cravens, if the path of honour led  
 To brave the foe, or elementine war.  
 From off thy placid stream, too, have gone forth,  
 Souls, in pursuit of knowledge ; to explore  
 Within the tropics, or the frigid north,  
 Tracts, by the civilized ne'er trod before.  
 From thee, too, have gone forth God's ministers,  
 To tell the heathen in the far off clime,  
 That walking in his father's steps, he errs ;  
 To ope to them the bible's truths sublime.  
 God speed them on their errand : I'll not say  
 That they who leave friends, home, and native  
 shore,  
 To warn the heathen from their evil way,  
 Do so for mere gain of the glittering ore.

There is a spirit moves them, from above,  
 To go forth to the utmost parts of earth;  
 To preach the mercies of a God of love,  
 And loose the Gospel's springs in lands of dearth.  
 God speed them on their errand! till the isles  
 Shall wait for *His* law; and the Gentiles' land  
 Enjoy a precious Saviour's cheering smiles,  
 And all the earth form one great Christian band.

## XV.

O Thames! In past days I have looked with pride  
 Upon thee; and my heart has felt a glow  
 To see the war ship o'er thy waters glide  
 Towards the deep, to grapple with the foe.  
 But far more joy it gives me now to see  
 The once proud foeman's barque, upon thy tide  
 Meet here for purposes of amity;  
 And peacefully upon thy calm stream ride:  
 To know the days of ruthless war are gone;  
 To see the snow-white flag of peace unfurled,  
 And ships upon thy limpid bosom borne,  
 Now meeting here in peace, from all the world.  
 The tricolour of France waves in the air  
 Beside the cross of England, not as oft  
 Too oft they have in stern defiance; there  
 Their flags now wave, and kiss as friends, aloft.  
 The stars and stripes, too, on their watery bed  
 Borne by the tide, are streaming courteously:  
 Those crimson stripes and silver stars which led  
 A gallant nation forth to liberty.

O 'tis a glorious flag those stars and stripes ;  
 And glorious is the land which owns them too :  
 A home for the oppressed one ; and this wipes  
 Off many a fault, her sons have done—and do.

## XVI.

How gently fall the ripples on the shore !  
 That shore which man has formed to be thy  
 bounds ;  
 But wildly must thy waves have run, before  
 They were pent up within those earthen mounds.  
 How dangerous, how intricate to thread  
 Thy channel then ; with scarce a mark to show  
 The safest, surest passage 'long thy bed,  
 When winds were raging, and the tide at flow.  
 Yon meads at times must then have looked a sea,  
 Or swampy stagnant marsh of little worth ;  
 Till man's power from the waters set them free,  
 And stemmed the tide in with those walls of earth.  
 A mighty work those walls ! Who placed them  
 there ?  
 The legend says it was the pirate Dane :  
 If so, to them in our day we may spare  
 Some meed of praise, maugre their cruel reign.  
 But who thinks ought of this, whilst lounging on  
 The vessel's deck, tracking the river's course ?  
 Who thanks his fathers for the works they've done,  
 To check the coming tide's resistless force ?  
 We are too apt to slight the past done works  
 Of by-gone ages, though the fruits we reap :

In man there is a selfish spirit lurks,  
 To praise his own good deeds, and set his neighbour's cheap.

## XVII.

We sat us down upon the velvet turf,  
 Still gazing on the stream, so smooth, so calm :  
 A lake entranced ! with scarce a wave, or surf,  
 Save when the passing steamboat broke the charm.  
 Nature lay quiet ; and the night breeze kept  
 Within his caverns, thinking it not meet  
 Till fiery Sol had passed away, to step  
 Without the shadows of his cool retreat :  
 Yet his soft breathings sometimes reached us ; weak,  
 But still refreshing. O how pure and sweet  
 The night air comes upon the glowing cheek,  
 Reviving the faint frame oppressed with heat.  
 Who would not wish on such a night as this  
 To be upon the waters ; or to lave  
 His wearied limbs within the stream, and kiss  
 With his parched lips yon pretty rippling wave ?

## XVIII.

But hark ! the sound of music comes again ;  
 Not this time from the water, but the land ;  
 And as our listening ears caught in the strain,  
 We knew it was the Artillery's royal band.  
 A noble band, and to a noble corps  
 Belonging ; a corps of warriors, tried  
 In honour's golden balances of yore,  
 And not found wanting : side by side





*Hanging Wood,*



*Looking towards Woolwich.*

They've done their duty, or in peace or war :  
 And many a veteran now in Woolwich town  
 Wears on his manly breast bright honour's star,  
 Won in the field of glorious renown.

## XIX.

Woolwich ! as I gaze on thy town before me,  
 A glow of warm respect for thee I feel ;  
 Thou art a nursing place for England's glory,  
 For her stout hearts of oak, and hearts of steel.  
 And yet thou hast been slighted, till of late !  
 The world has passed through thy great thorough-  
   fare,  
 Nor scarcely deemed it worth its while to wait  
 To view the beauties thou couldst boast of there.  
 But thanks to mighty steam ! there is a change !  
 Now, strangers ramble through thee with delight,  
 And find there is within thy boundary's range,  
 A host of things to gratify the sight.  
 They talk of Gravesend ! can it vie with thee  
 For mighty useful works of human art ?  
 Is nature there decked out more gorgeously  
 Than she is here decked out, from every part  
 Within thy environs, where the eye can catch  
 A full view of her beauties ? Placed up here  
 Or other spots around, say, can you match  
 A place, where she more lovely does appear ?

## XX.

There is thy dockyard where the ships are resting  
 Like babes within their cradles, peacefully.

Which will in time be tall ships nobly breasting  
 The mountain wave upon the stormy sea :  
 Thy royal arsenal—where those engines dread,  
 Man forms to slay his fellow man, are made ;  
 Where heaps on heaps, too, are deposited  
 Death's messengers, in pyramids displayed :  
 Thy noble barracks on their picturesque site :  
 Thy park where daily stirring scenes abound :  
 The tramp of horses to the mimic fight :  
 The gay parade—the drum and bugle's sound :  
 Thy Chinese model room, with its rich store  
 Of beauties, far too numerous to tell :  
 Thy Gothic hall, where, in the art of war  
 The youth are taught the best way to excel.  
 These are the works of art which may be seen,  
 With many more, by those who've power, and  
 will ;  
 For nature's works ; here let them view this scene,  
 Or ramble to the top of Shooter's hill.

## XXI.

Famed Shooter's hill, thou rear'st thy lofty head,  
 A giant's 'mongst the pigmy hills around !  
 Oft where the ever blooming furzes spread  
 Along thy brow, I've laid me on the ground  
 To view along that "vale of good and ill,"  
 Where stands the great metropolis ; that vale  
 Which, spite of all its vice, a Briton still  
 Must look upon with pride, and cry all hail !  
 Oft, too, I've stood on thy triangular tower,  
 Gazing upon the picture 'neath my ken ;

Which opes extensive, richer than the power  
 Of art can trace, with pencil or with pen.  
 There, corn fields, meads, wastes, forests, meet the  
 gaze :

The city, cottage, villa, church, and mill ;—  
 Here art, its beauties variously displays ;  
 There nature proves herself the mistress still.  
 Who feels not, looking from those battlements,  
 The pure fresh breeze, his spirits renovate ;—  
 There's something, standing on a height, prevents  
 The soul from falling into a desponding state.

## XXII.

I have not climbed the Alps ; I would I had !  
 Methinks 'twould be an animating task  
 To strive to reach those peaks, for ever clad  
 And covered o'er with nature's snowy mask.  
 And then to stand upon some towering height  
 Gazing, as 'twere, upon the world beneath,  
 The clouds far down below you ; and their light  
 Fantastic forms still rolling, wreath on wreath ;  
 Or watch the torrent from its mountain source  
 Come toppling down, along its rocky tract ;  
 Then rushing with accumulated force  
 Down the cleft chasm—a mighty cataract—  
 Foaming and splashing into the gulph below,  
 The steep sides lashing with its boiling surge :  
 There, having spent its wrath, more calmly flow,  
 And forth into the open plain emerge,

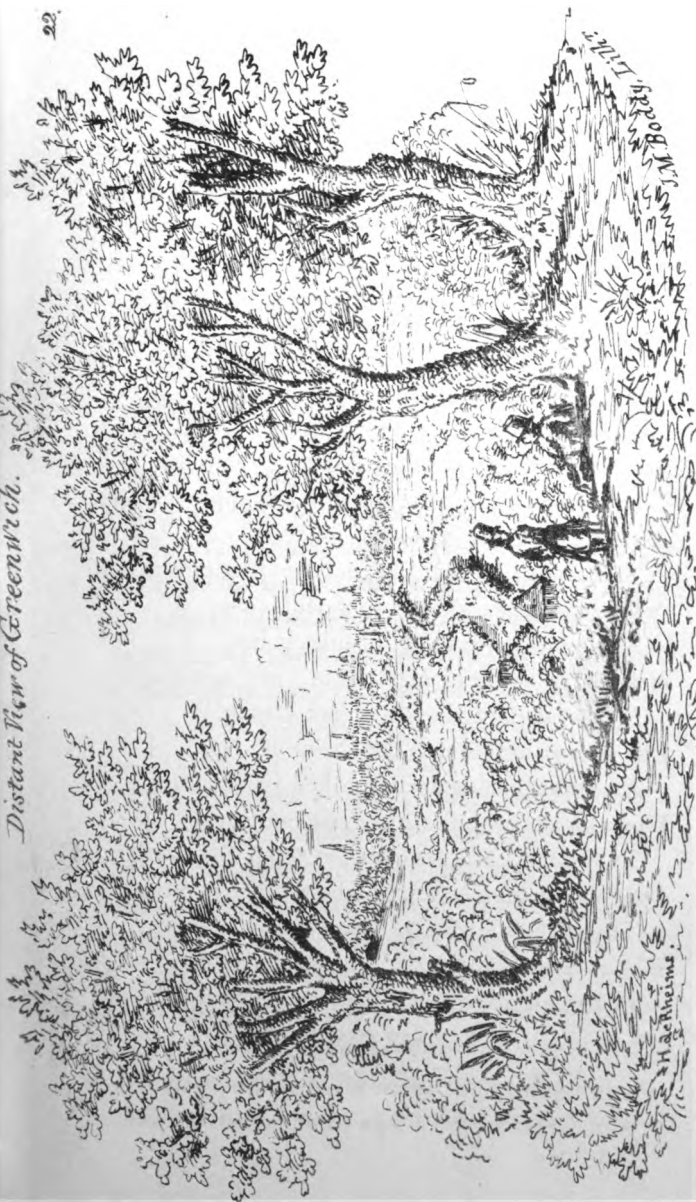
Till lost in distance : but it yet will be  
 Still flowing on, and on, a mighty river !  
 Until its waters mixing with the sea,  
 Like time mix't with eternity—are lost for  
 ever.

## XXIII.

But this is dreaming! Let us turn the mind  
 To other matters. Down the western sky  
 The sun had fallen ; leaving yet behind  
 A golden radiant streak of light on high,  
 To keep dark night from treading on too fast  
 Upon his track. Yet night as fast approaching ;  
 Already, twilight grey, had overcast  
 The eastern sky : still more and more encroaching.  
 A fog had gathered in the marsh below ;  
 A shallow lake of silvery mist it lay,  
 Moistening one tract of lowland ; just as though  
 It most delighted on that spot to stay.  
 I've seen it different at the dawn of day,  
 Just ere the summer's sun had issued forth  
 Upon his course, along the heavenly way  
 To light up, with his golden tints, the earth :  
 I've seen it then, a dense white vapour, down  
 The river's channel ; borne up, as it were,  
 By th'waters underneath ; its snowy crown  
 Placed high above the stream, and poised in air.

## XXIV.

We turned us once again towards the west,  
 And Greenwich College came across the eye,

*Distant View of Greenwich.**From Hanging Wood*



From out the gathering gloom. The seaman's rest,

When days of youth and strength have glided by.

Home of the sailor! Palace of the sons

Of ocean! Dear art thou to every one

Within whose veins the blood of Britons runs—

Thou glorious structure, second unto none!

We gave one look upon that pile of art;

One lingering look upon each massive dome,

And paid to it the tribute of the heart;

Then slowly bent our steps towards our home;

That home, within my native village! There

It lay, upon the hill adjoining; we

Could trace the spot exactly, where

The village stood:—could see the old elm tree,

That had for ages shadowed o'er the green,

Topping his fellows:—on that green where I,

In boyhood, passed through many a joyous scene :

And let so many thoughtless moments fly.

## XXV.

Slowly we paced along the hill; as loath

To leave the spot on which the moments passed

So sweetly, rendering happiness to both :

But earthly pleasures were not given to last,

And we could stay no longer; for the chime,

Struck from the village mansion, bade us hie;

And told, too well, how quickly will the time,

When hearts are linked together, fritter by.

Adown the sloping hill side, then we sped

Beneath the stately trees, and crossed the vale;



Our course then up the hawthorn pathway led:  
 But yet we stayed to hear the nightingale;  
 That lovely, warbling songster of the night,  
 Who rings the "welkin" with his little throat!  
 O, oft I've stayed, enraptured with delight,  
 Beside the copse, to hear his thrilling note.  
 We reached the precincts of the grove, and stood  
 Beneath the shades of that sequestered ride  
 Which runs down by the boundary of the wood,  
 And skirts it all along the western side:  
 Then came the old church tower full to our view,  
 Our village church—that venerated pile!  
 And, as more closely to our homes we drew,  
 There were our friends to greet us with a smile.  
 Along the little street, we journeyed on,  
 Where I so many childish pranks had played:  
 Our evening walk was o'er—our task was done,  
 My father's open door our footsteps stayed.

## XXVI

Home of my childhood! Picturesque Charlton; All  
 My days I've spent within and near to thee;  
 And yet thy well known beauties do not pall;  
 Yet still thy haunts are pleasant unto me.  
 But when I entered thee, on that same eve,  
 More buoyant than 'tis now was then my heart;  
 And I, Oh I, had little cause to grieve,  
 The part I played was then an easy part.  
 I knew not then what 'twas to feel the loss  
 Of those most precious—those most near and  
 dear!

The world looked bright before me; and across  
 My heart, no blighting sorrow came to sear.  
 A father, then, so kind, was there to greet  
 Me, when I crossed the threshold of his cot:  
 A mother, too, so fond! to make more sweet  
 That home, and bind me closer to the spot.

## XXVII.

But this has passed! That home is mine no more!  
 Within my father's house, now others dwell!  
 And, as I daily pass me by the door,  
 I hear no more those sounds I loved so well:  
 Nor shall again—those sounds are hushed for ever!  
 Gone are the friends who watched my infancy!  
 Their mortal life is rendered to the giver:  
 Their dear remembrance all that's left to me.  
 But shall we no more meet, my parents? Yes!  
 I hope—I trust—in realms of bliss we may:  
 Where all is joy, and perfect happiness,  
 And mortal tears for ever wiped away.

LINES WRITTEN ON NEW YEAR'S EVE,  
1832.

My little Ann! may every pleasure  
Attend thee, thou first pledge of love ;  
Mother's joy and father's treasure,  
Blessings on thee, from above!  
And to thee, may each revolving  
Year that passes ever be  
Propitious, as this now dissolving,  
This thy year of infancy.  
Fond foolish father, this is folly,  
For alas! thou knowest too well ;  
Through thy first parents' theft unholy,  
Death, and sin, on mortals fell.  
Even thou, dear babe, just now beginning  
Life's intricate rough path to tread ;  
Each step thou takest on, to sinning,  
More and more thou wilt be led.  
Yes, though thou now upon me smilest—  
And 'tis madness thus to think,  
Of mortals, thou mayest be the vilest,  
And to th'abyss of misery sink.  
Eternal King! mine, and her maker,  
Hear then her earthly father's prayer ;  
Under thy protection take her ;  
Guard her with thy heavenly care.  
As her little soul expandeth,  
Let it cling to what is good :  
In the track thy law commandeth,  
Keep her when in womanhood.

Shield her from the vile seducer ;  
 Let her not become my shame ;  
 Let no wicked base traducer  
     Asperse or injure her good name.  
 To her mild and gentle mother,  
     Let her cling, "come weal, come woe;"  
 For O, she'll never find another,  
     To watch, to care, to love her so.  
 A Christian now—still may she grow one,  
     And put her trust in thee, Most High!  
 Be just and kind, and injure no one,  
     Happy live—and happy die.

### MY OLD ARM CHAIR.

My old arm chair! Thee, I ever shall prize,  
     As a relic of times gone by;  
 Upon thee I gaze, and bright scenes arise,  
     Now before my mental eye:  
 For the time comes back, when thou and I  
     Were younger, by years, old friend;  
 When the heart beat light, and the hopes were  
     high,  
     Hopes long since brought to an end.  
 My old arm chair! thou art dear to me,  
     For a mother's gift wert thou;  
 And for that—O for that, till I cease to be,  
     Thou wilt ever be dear as now:  
 Yes, the world has frowned, and reduced is my  
     store,  
     But, through every trial and shift,

I have valued thee more than the tempting ore,  
 For thou wert a precious gift.  
 I toil through the day, through the heat and the cold,  
 And fatigued, oft return at night ;  
 But am cheered when thy sturdy old form I behold,  
 And once more upon thee alight.  
 I laugh at the cold, and the storm wind then,  
 As thy stout old arms I hug ;  
 And I feel I am one of the happiest men,  
 When ensconced in thee so snug.  
 And as I am journeying down life's hill,  
 And age brings its aches and pains ;  
 O thou wilt be an enjoyment still,  
 When little of joy remains :  
 So my old arm chair, through good and ill,  
 Together our lot shall be cast ;  
 And I'll cling to thee, my old friend, until  
 The world and its hopes are past.

### LINES, ON WITNESSING A FUNERAL IN CHARLTON CHURCH YARD.

Hark to the thrilling sound ! The solemn bell  
 Tolls from the church tower of my native place ;  
 O sound begetting sorrow ; 'tis the knell  
 Of one, who now has run his earthly race.  
 Why stands that group of villagers around,  
 With tearful eyes, and looks denoting woe ?  
 Has each one lost a friend, that thus the sound  
 Which ushers to the grave, should grieve them  
 so ?

Ah! no, yon sable hearse with nodding plume,  
 Which wends on slowly to the church yard gate;  
 A victim bears unto the yawning tomb,  
 Known here to few—yet all must mourn his fate.  
 Ah! his was not the end which follows age,  
 Or lingering affliction! Nought had he  
 To warn or make him feel from out life's page,  
 His honoured name so soon would blotted be.  
 Not many days have passed from this sad hour,  
 Since forth he moved all spirit, strong and hale:  
 Old age seemed his, ere death would prove its power,  
 Yet health to him, alas! did not avail.  
 Not many days—and wealth and happiness,  
 And honour, on his bright course did attend;—  
 Blest was he, in a sister's kind caress;  
 Blest with the love of kin, and many a friend.  
 And all is over! From the assassin's hand  
 The fatal ball was launched, that snapt the thread  
 Which bound him to this earth, and o'er the land  
 Just indignation, gloom, and horror spread.  
 Son of an ancient and a noble line!  
 I mourn thine end—for thee I shed the tear:  
 Son of those chiefs whose deeds in history shine,  
 Thy country mourns the fate which brings thee  
 here.  
 Yes, England mourns: not as for those who've bled  
 And fallen in her cause—the mighty brave!  
 Around the end of such, an halo's shed,  
 Which tempers grief, whilst mourning o'er their  
 grave.

But over thee, poor victim! as we mourn,  
 Shame, rage, and horror, mix up with our grief;  
 Fast roll the tears down—scalding tears that burn,  
 And which, in falling, give but poor relief.

Oh! My heart sickens at the dreadful crime!

But rare, thank Heaven! in this my native Isle:  
 And yet, I've seen within my little time,  
 Two victims borne within yon sacred pile.

Of high birth both, and fair repute withal:

Both in their country's annals too, renowned;  
 Both fell, through the accursed assassin's ball;  
 And both will sleep within this hallowed ground.

But hush! from out the church they slowly come,  
 And bear the victim to the silent tomb;  
 Ceased is the whisper, and the murmuring hum,  
 And all is sadness 'round me—all is gloom.

Peace to his ashes! All is over—they  
 Have laid the victim in his kindred earth!  
 Yes, peace to him! who, in his mortal day  
 Was, in his circle, proved of sterling worth.

#### ON SIX ORPHAN CHILDREN.

Behold yon group of little ones,  
 Each one with grief transfix't:  
 See! O'er their cheeks the salt tear runs:  
 They are a wretched six.

Their bark is on a rough sea tossed,  
 No friend—no succour near:  
 The pilot—helmsman—all are lost  
 Who could their vessel steer.

*She*, who to them, with accents mild,

Her moral precepts gave,

Who doated on each darling child,

Is silent in the grave.

And *He*, who o'er their childish fears,

A father's shield could spread;

Who would have watched their rising years,

Is numbered with the dead.

Hard fate! Of mother, father, too,

So soon to be bereft:

Alas! They have much cause to rue,

Poor helpless orphans left.

So waileth man—but man is weak:

Such weakness is forgiven.

Turn then thy thoughts, O man! and seek

For help from yon high Heaven.

Yes, to the Omniscient Being turn:

He'll clear the dreary night

Of these poor babes, and they'll discern,

Ere long, His ways are right.

Mourn then no more, ye orphans! There

Is hope and comfort, still;

Ye yet will have a father's care,

If ye obey *His* will.

Yes, there's His love—His precious love,

Who bore the crucifix;

Who, if ye seek him, e'er will prove

A comfort to all six.



## TO NAN. WRITTEN IN ADVERSITY.

Cheer up my Nan, my own loved Nan !

Though round us now a sea  
Of trouble seems, as if 'twould 'whelm  
Us both in misery.

The star of hope, now dimly seen,  
Yet brightly will be shining :  
So battle through this trying scene,  
And cease, my love, repining.

And I will strike my humble harp,  
And raise a cheerful strain ;  
Nor will I at my troubles carp,  
For pining, Nan, is vain.

What care I, though the great deride  
At this, my humble measure ;  
I've reached the summit of my pride,  
If I can give thee pleasure.

Nine years have passed—they seem as days—  
Since first the marriage bond  
We signed ; and we've had cause to praise,  
As well as to despond.

Yes, bliss, thy love has given to me ;  
A state of bliss which few pass :  
And I will hope my love for thee,  
Has given comfort, too, lass.

Ah ! We have passed some pleasant hours !  
Yes, there was once a time  
Our course was 'midst poetic flowers,  
In smooth and easy rhyme !

But prose, you say, has come to blight :

Well, Nan, it is a warning  
To tell us life has got its night,  
As well as beauteous morning.

Yet thou mayest think we have had more  
Of sorrows than our right ;  
That the cloud has mostly gone before,  
And not the pillar of light.

What is to be, we know must be :  
Some fall, and others rise, Nan ;  
And they who plod on cheerfully,  
Methinks, are truly wise, Nan.

I've met with buffets from the great ;  
I've met with secret foes ;  
My purposes seem crossed by fate ;  
This heart has felt some throes :  
Full is the cup of gall I drink ;  
But, it is filled to brimming  
When I behold thy spirits sink,  
And eyes, in moisture swimming.

What, though I toil, and toil again,  
With right good willing mind ;  
What though our toiling is in vain,  
We still are far behind.

We strive our best, God knows we do ;  
And if He does ordain, Nan,  
With thorns, our path of life to strew,  
O, let us not complain, Nan.

What, though my bread is got by sweat,  
It is the primeval curse :

Though poor our portion, shall we fret,

When thousands 'round are worse ?

The fire upon my hearth still glows ;

The roof's above my head, Nan.

We lack not food, we lack not clothes,

Nor yet a good warm bed, Nan.

Our children, too, have been a source

Of comfort to us still ;

And as they plod their onward course,

Let us hope they always will.

Even little Hal, upon thy knee,

Is he not now beguiling

This weary time ; for can you see

Unmoved, the cherub smiling ?

So cheer, my Nan, my own loved Nan !

And be not so depress'd ;

There have been moments in our span,

In which we have been blest.

And though hope's star is dimly seen,

'Twill yet be brightly shining ;

So battle through this trying scene,

And cease, my love, repining.

### THE CONVICT'S FAREWELL.

Fare thee well, my loved Country! from thee I now part,

With a sorrowful, aching, and grief-riven heart!

Farewell ! O farewell, to the land of my birth ;

To my own native village—that loved spot of earth,

Where, in my youth, many an hour I've spent,

In friendship quite blest, and in station content !

And you, my kind parents! for ever farewell!  
 May blessings light on you—may peace with you dwell!  
 May you never once know a sad moment of pain  
 For me, whom alas! you will ne'er see again;  
 But forgive, and forget me—forget such an one—  
 Such a wretch as is now your unfortunate son!  
 And Oh, could I call back the time long past by,  
 Which to think on now, starts the big tear in my eye;  
 When in childhood you cherished me—screened me  
     from ill,  
 And sought in my heart, each good thought to instil;  
 When in the green meadow that faces your cot,  
 I played with my fellows, content with my lot;  
 Or in the thick woodland, have sauntered away  
 With my playmates, so happily all the long day:  
 Then—then I was happy! My breast at that time,  
 Scarcely harboured a thought, that would lead me to  
     crime;  
 But I grew up in years, and bad company kept,  
 And the germs of their vices soon into me crept,  
 Yes, that, and my own stubborn heart, was the cause  
 Of my first breaking God's, and my country's laws;  
 For which I am doomed, in a distant land now,  
 With the cursed mark of infamy stamp'd on my brow,  
 To drag out a life, in bondage—a slave!  
 Contemned, and despised as the veriest knave.  
 But I will not murmur—though sorrow I must;  
 My crimes are enormous—my doom is quite just.—  
 No more would I wrestle with my wretched fate,  
 But would strive to bear up 'gainst the ills that await.—

Yet, perchance, when I'm far, far away in the Isle,  
Where I'm doomed now to linger out life, 'mongst the  
vile;

Each fond remembrance, that comes in my breast,  
Each thought of my home—and of those I love best,  
May raise me to madness,—drive me to despair—  
O God! save me then from such thoughts, is my prayer!  
For there'll be no kind friends my grief to condole;  
No one will speak comfort to my wretched soul;  
The honest will shun me—the hardened will jeer,  
And rest and contentment, is not for me here.  
Earthly joys are departed, no peace will there be  
Till the world shall have passed—till the grave covers me;  
There, through my Redeemer, I hope for repose,  
And to bury along with my body—my woes.

### TO MY BOY, WHEN TWELVE MONTHS OLD.

Hail to thee, my sweet babe! Hail to this happy hour,  
That fills up the first year of thy mortal time;  
Smile, boy! Thy thoughts, there is nothing to sour,  
Pure is thy breast from commission of crime.

Pure as the air on the lofty bleak mountain;  
Pure as the flakes of the white falling snow;  
Pure as the stream from our own little fountain,  
Which silently glides through our garden below.

Smile then, my boy! whilst thou yet hast the power,  
Now the cares of this life are all hidden from thee;  
For that time *must* come, when the tempest will lower,  
And ah! who can tell, how soon *that* time may be.

And still as each future year to thee, is numbered,  
 And reason begins o'er thy mind to have sway;  
 By crosses, and troubles, thou wilt be encumbered,  
 And oppressed more and more till life fritters away.  
 And the fair arms of Vice, will be ope to receive thee,  
 And Folly will lead thee, along in her train,  
 And the Passions will urge thee to sin, and then leave  
 thee,  
 To wash in the waters of sorrow—the stain.  
 O, then, may you never forget there's a Heaven,  
 And One there, who watches each action—each  
 thought;  
 And when by bad passions, thy bosom is riven,  
 O boy, may you quash them, and act as you ought.  
 May fortune give more than she has to thy father;  
 May'st thou never fall under poverty's curse;  
 May thy course be smoother than mine, boy—or rather  
 I ought now to wish that 'twill not be made worse.  
 All Hail, then, my boy; and All Hail to the hour,  
 That gave thee to life—to thy mother—to me;  
 And made thee a link, that each day with more power  
 Still binds us, my boy, as we gaze upon thee.

### THE MOTHER TO HER BABE.

My own one! As on thee I gaze thou dost bind me,  
 In the bonds of affection, still closer to thee;  
 First pledge and dearest! Each moment I find thee,  
 Growing still dearer and dearer to me.

Baby of mine ! To my bosom I press thee,  
 With a rapture, which none but a mother can know ;  
 Child of my heart ! As I fondly caress thee,  
 I feel there's a love, which can soften all woe.

It is not the love for a sister, or brother ;  
 Nor the love for thy father, with whom I am blest ;  
 But, Babe, 'tis the exquisite love of a mother,  
 Who watches her own one asleep at her breast.

Sleep then, my child, in thy sweet quiet slumber,  
 Sleep ! I could gaze for an age with delight ;  
 Cares, there are none thy pure soul to encumber,  
 Dreams will not come to disturb or affright.

Emblem of innocence ! pure is thy heart now ;  
 Within it, the tempter has not found a place ;  
 In life's drama, thine is an innocent part now,  
 Thou know'st not the sorrows attending thy race.

Too soon thou wilt know them, my babe ! 'Tis allotted  
 That sorrow and sin, be our portion on earth :  
 Ah me ! and that heart now so pure and unspotted,  
 May beat till it curses the day of its birth.

Alas ! That sad thought, gives an agonized thrill  
 Through this breast that but now was o'erflowing with  
 joy :

It tells me the sweetest of moments, will still  
 Be mixt up with bitters, their sweets to alloy.

It tells me a mother, when fondly caressing,  
 Must not doat too much on the babe to her given ;  
 It tells me, it warns me, to ask that a blessing  
 Upon thy dear head will alight from high Heaven.

O, on him, then, Father ! Thy choice blessings shower ;  
 Renew with thy Spirit his innermost soul :  
 Keep him from sin and the evil one's power ;  
 Guide him along till he reaches the goal.

Boy ! This shall still be my daily petition :  
 For Oh, what a pang for a mother 'twould be  
 To know that she nurtured a child of perdition—  
 Merciful Power ! that fate keep from me.

Dearest ! Though bliss it is thus to embrace thee,  
 Though I feel I could brave every ill for thy sake,  
 Could I know that in after years thou would'st disgrace  
 me,

My prayer should be—slumber still—never awake.

But thou wilt not, my son, cause thy mother such sorrow,  
 There's a smile on thy mouth, 'tis an omen to tell  
 Thy too anxious mother, to trust that the morrow  
 Of life with thee, babe, will be prosperous and well.

Sleep, then, my baby ! Thy own mother folds thee !  
 Thy father is watching, too, close by thy side.  
 There's joy in his eye, as he fondly beholds thee :  
 Still then, O still, be his glory and pride.

### SONG.

Hail to the sports—our Island sports !  
 That will brace up our nerves, to stand  
 In two-fold might, should the foeman dare  
 To invade our native land ;  
 Yes, England's worth, 'mongst the nations of earth  
 Is gone, should that time ever be,



When her sons can behold, each soul stirring game,  
 With careless apathy.

'Tis pleasant and sweet, on the green sward to meet,  
 Forgetting the dull cares of life,  
 The blood quickly flowing, the cheek with warmth  
 glowing,

As we join in the generous strife ;  
 Yes, dear is the spot—the smooth grassy plot—  
 To each English heart well known,  
 Where he played side by side, in his days of pride,  
 With buoyant hearts, like his own.

Then thrice hail to the games—our fathers' games !  
 Who taught their sons to prize,  
 If they valued health, and a cheerful mind—  
 Each soul stirring exercise ;  
 So we'll cherish them yet—but never forget  
 That that time must come at last,  
 When each palmy day, we have spent in play,  
 Will seem like a dream that is past.

THE END.

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