


1849

## Lines: Composed While Walking One Evening Among the Scenes of Childhood

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What moved these tides of warring life, which in their reflux, were so richly freighted with blessings for humanity? Their eyes beheld, and their hearts desired the same object. It was an epidemic sympathy, which looks for a nation both good and evil; which strengthens, and even forms, the bonds of friendship, and directs into a common channel, the otherwise clashing affairs of men. It is a principle that holds wide sway in the world.

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LINES,

COMPOSED WHILE WALKING ONE EVENING AMONG THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

MY native hills and vales ! once more  
 Your lovely aspect meets my view,  
 While walking here, as oft before,  
 Beneath the deep Cærulean blue.

Thy face, O Nature ! lovely is !—  
 O spring ! thy breath surpassing sweet !  
 A cold, unfeeling heart is his,  
 Who ne'er exults thy approach to greet.

I oft have hailed thy kind return,  
 Thou virgin season of the year ;  
 And, joyous, seen the tree and fern,  
 Exulting, smile when thou wert near.

How lovely, to my childlike sight,  
 Appeared this well remembered scene !  
 How heaved my breast with pure delight,  
 Beholding Nature's vernal green !

Ye haunts of boyhood's early hours,  
 I know ye sure were lovely then ;  
 And oh ! how like of old, your bowers,  
 As now I see them once again !

In sportive gambols here I've passed  
 The purest hours of life's calm spring,  
 When smoothly fled the years and fast,  
 Nor swifter than the joys they bring.

How pleasant now, since time has fled,  
 To view the scenes of early life,  
 When every moment, as it sped,  
 With peace and innocence was rife !



How sweet—as now descends the sun,  
So calm and glorious as of yore,  
Rejoicing that his race is run,  
And on the earth his beams doth pour—

How sweet—since spring nor flowers remain,  
But ere they scarce have bloomed, decay,  
To view the spot we loved to name,  
Ere like them, we too, pass away!

Here, by my side, the purling rill  
Still gaily dashes by so clear,  
And yet the heart that grief doth fill,  
It striveth well with songs to cheer.

Above me, on the cypress tree,  
Sits undisturbed the pensive dove,  
And as the moments swiftly flee,  
She sweetly sings her song of love.

Oh, fain I still would linger here—  
But evening's shades come on apace,  
As to his rest the sun draws near,  
And I must now my steps retrace.

Farewell! thou spot to mem'ry dear!  
Farewell! thou emblem of the past!  
Bright bloom thy beauties ever here,  
While earth's revolving years shall last.



LAST VERSES OF VOLTAIRE.

(DICTATED MAY 29, 1778, THE DAY BEFORE HIS DEATH.)

Translated from the French.

Whilst I have lived to frightened fools, mankind  
Has seen me boldly dare to speak my mind;  
In death's dark realm my thoughts I'll still declare,  
And prejudices heal, if spirits have them there.