

VII.
TO HAMPSTEAD.

[“Examiner,” May 7th, 1815. “Feast of the Poets,” 2nd ed., 1815. “Works,” 1860. “Canterbury Poets,” 1889.]



AS one who after long and far-spent years
Comes on his mistress in an hour of sleep,
And half surprised that he can silence keep,
Stands smiling o'er her through a flash of tears,
To see how sweet and self-same she appears ;
Till at his touch, with little moving creep
Of joy, she wakes from out her calmness deep,
And then his heart finds voice, and dances round
her ears :—

So I, first coming on my haunts again,
In pause and stillness of the early prime,
Stood thinking of the past and present time
With earnest eyesight, scarcely crossed with pain ;
Till the fresh-moving leaves, and startling birds,
Loosened my long-suspended breath in words.

VII.
TO HAMPSTEAD.

[“Examiner,” Nov. 12th, 1815. “Foliage,” 1818. “Rimini,” &c., 1844.]



A STEEPLE issuing from a leafy rise,
With farmy fields in front, and sloping
green,
Dear Hampstead, is thy southern face
serene,
Silently smiling on approaching eyes,
Within, thine ever-shifting looks surprise,
Streets, hills, and dells, trees overhead now seen,
Now down below, with smoking roofs between,—
A village, revelling in varieties.
Then northward what a range,—with heath and
pond,
Nature's own ground ; woods that let mansions
through,
And cottaged vales with pillowy fields beyond,
And clump of darkening pines, and prospects blue,
And that clear path through all, where daily meet
Cool cheeks, and brilliant eyes, and morn-elastic
feet.