

Classic Poetry Series

John Logan
- poems -

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John Logan(1748-1788)

John Logan (1748–1788) was a minister in Leith, Scotland. He was born at Soutra, Midlothian, to farmer George Logan. He was presented the charge of South Leith in 1771, and was ordained in 1773.

He published poems by [Michael Bruce](http://www.poemhunter.com/michael-bruce/) after Bruce's death.

A Tale

Where pastoral Tweed, renown'd in song,
With rapid murmur flows;
In Caledonia's classic ground,
The hall of Arthur rose.

A braver Briton never arm'd
To guard his native isle.
A gentler friend did never make
The social circle smile.

Twice he arose, from rebel rage
To save the British crown;
And in the field where heroes strove
He won him high renown.

But to the ploughshare turn'd the sword,
When bloody war did cease;
And in the arbour which he rear'd
He rais'd the song of peace.

An only daughter in his age
Solaced a father's care;
And all the country bless'd the name
Of Emily the Fair.

The picture of her mother's youth,
(Now sainted in the sky);
She was the angel of his age,
And apple of his eye.

Something unseen o'er all her form
Did nameless grace impart
A secret charm that won the way
At once into the heart.

Her eye the pure ethereal blue,
Than that did fairer show,
Whene'er she watch'd a father's look,
Or wept a lover's woe:

For now the lover of her youth
To Indian climes had roved,
To conquer fortune's cruel rage,
And match the maid he loved.

Her voice, the gentle tone of love,
The heart a captive stole;
The tender accent of her tongue
Went thrilling through the soul.

The graces that for nature fair
Present us mimic art,
The false refinements that refine
Away the human heart,

She knew not; in the simple robe
Of elegance and ease,
Complete she shone, and ever pleased
Without the thought to please.

Instruct tho' unplanted forest-crab
To leave its genius wild;
Subdue the monster of the wood,
And make the savage mild:

But who would give the rose a hue
Which nature has not given?
But who would tame the nightingale,
Or bring the lark from heaven?

The father, watching o'er his child,
The joy of fathers found;
And bless'd himself, he stretch'd his hand
To bless the neighbours round.

A patriarch in the vale of peace,
To all he gave the law;
The good he guarded in their rights
And kept the bad in awe.

Lord of his own paternal field,

His liberal dealt his store,
And call'd the stranger to his feast,
The beggar of his door.

But, ah! what mortal knows the hour
Of fate? a hand unseen
Upon the curtain ever rests,
And sudden shifts the scene.

Arthur was surety for his friend,
Who fled to foreign climes,
And left him to the gripe of law,
The victim of his crimes.

The sun, that rising, saw him lord
Of hill and valley round,
Beheld him, at his setting hour,
Without one foot of ground.

Forth from the hall, no longer his,
He is a pilgrim gone;
And walks a stranger o'er the fields
He lately call'd his own.

The blast of winter whistled loud
And shrill through the void hall;
And heavy on his hoary locks
The shower of night did fall.

Clasp'd in his daughter's trembling hand,
He journey'd sad and slow;
At times he stopp'd to look behind,
And tears began to flow.

Wearied, and faint, and cold, and wet,
To shelter he did hie;
'Beneath the covert of this rock,
My daughter, let us die!'

At midnight, in the weary waste,
In sorrows sat the pair;
She chaff'd his shivering hands, and wrung

The water from his hair.

The sigh spontaneous rose, the tear
Involuntarily flow'd;
No word of comfort could she speak,
Nor would she weep aloud.

'In yonder hall my fathers lived,
In yonder hall they died;
Now in that church-yard's aisle they sleep,
Each by his spouse's side.

'Oft have I made yon hall resound
With social, sweet delight;
And marked not the morning hour,
That stole upon the night.

'When there the wand'ers of the dark,
Reposing, ceas'd to roam;
'And strangers, happy in the hall,
Did find themselves at home:

'I little thought, that, thus forlorn,
In deserts I should bide,
And have not where to lay the head,
Amid the world so wide!'

A stranger, wandering through the wood,
Beheld the hapless pair;
Long did he look in silence sad,
Then shriek'd as in despair.

He ran, and lowly at the feet
Of his late lord he fell;
'Alas! my master, have I lived
To bid your house farewell!

'But I will never bid adieu
To him I prized so high:
As with my master I have lived,
I'll with my master die.

'I saw the summer-friend, who shared
The banquet in your hall,
Depart, nor cast one look behind
On the forsaken wall.

'I saw the daily, nightly guest,
The changing scene forsake:
Nor drop a tear, nor turn his steps
The long farewell to take:

'Then to the service of my lord
I vow'd a throbbing heart;
And in the changes of your life
To bear an humble part.

'Forgive the fond, officious zeal
Of one that loves his lord!
The new possessor of your field
A suppliant I implored.

'I told the treachery of your friend,
The story of your woe,
And sought his favour, when I saw
His tears begin to flow.

'I ask'd the hamlet of the hill,
The lone, sequester'd seat,
Your chosen haunt and favourite bower
To be your last retreat.

'I offer'd what was all your own
The gold I had in store;
Low at his feet I fell, and wept
That I could give no more.

'Your gold is yours, the generous youth
With gentle accent said;
Your master's be that little field,
And cheerful be his shed!

'Now Heaven has heard my prayer; I've wish'd
I could in part repay

The favours your extended hand
Bestow'd from day to day.

'I yet may see a garland green
Upon the hoary head;
Yet see my master bless'd, before
I dwell among the dead!'

In silence Arthur look'd to heaven,
And clasp'd his Edwin's hand;
The eyes of Emily in tears
Express'd affection bland.

From opening heaven the moon appear'd;
Fair was the face of night;
Bright in their beauty shone the stars;
The air was flowing light.

Arthur resumed the pilgrim's staff;
They held their lonely way
Dim through the forest's darksome bourne,
Till near the dawning day.

Then a long line of ruddy light,
That quiver'd to and fro,
Reveal'd their lone retreat, and closed
The pilgrimage of woe.

He enter'd, solemn, slow, and sad,
The destined hermitage,
A little and a lonely hut
To cover hapless age.

He clasp'd his daughter in his arms,
And kiss'd a falling tear;
'I have my all, ye gracious powers!
I have my daughter here!'

A sober banquet to prepare,
Emilia cheerful goes;
The fagot blazed, the window glanced,
The heart of age arose.

'I would not be that guilty man,
With all his golden store:
Nor change my lot with any wretch,
That counts his thousands o'er.

'Now here at last we are at home,
We can no lower fall;
Low in the cottage, peace can dwell,
As in the lordly hall.

'The wants of nature are but few;
Her banquet soon is spread:
The tenant of the vale of tears
Requires but daily bread.

'The food that grows in every field
Will life and health prolong:
And water from the spring suffice
To quench the thirsty tongue.

'But all the Indies, with their wealth,
And earth, and air, and seas,
Will never quench the sickly thirst,
And craving of disease.

'My humble garden to my hand
Contentment's feast will yield;
And in the season, harvest white
Will load my little field.

'Like nature's simple children, here,
With nature's self we'll live,
And of the little that is left,
Have something still to give.

'The sad vicissitudes of life
Long have I learn'd to bear;
But oh! my daughter, thou art new
To sorrow and to care!

'How shall that fine and flowery form,

In silken folds confined,
That scarcely faced the summer's gale,
Endure the wintry wind!

'Ah! how wilt thou sustain a sky
With angry tempest red!
How wilt thou bear the bitter storm
That's hanging o'er thy head!

'Whate'er thy justice dooms, O God!
I take with temper mild;
But oh! repay it thousand-fold
In blessings on my child!'

'Weep not for me, thou father fond!
The virgin soft did say;
'Could I contribute to thy peace,
O, I would bless the day!

'The parent who provides for all
For us will now provide;
These hands have learn'd the gayer art
Of elegance and pride:

'What once amused a vacant hour,
Shall now the day engage;
And vanity shall spread the board
Of poverty and age.

'At eventide, how blithe we'll meet,
And, while the fagots blaze,
Recount the trifles of the time,
And dream of better days;

'I'll read the tragic tales of old,
To soothe a father's woes;
I'll lay the pillow for thy head,
And sing thee to repose.'

The father wept. 'Thy wondrous hand,
Almighty, I adore!
I had not known how bless'd I was,

Had I not been so poor!

'Now bless'd be God for what is left!
And bless'd for what is given!
Thou art an angel, O my child!
With thee I dwell in heaven!'

Then, in the garb of ancient times,
They trod the pastoral plain:
But who describes a summer's day,
Or paints the halcyon main?

One day, a wanderer in the wood
The lonely threshold press'd;
'Twas then that Arthur's humble roof
Had first received a guest.

The stranger told his tender tale:
'I come from foreign climes;
From countries red with Indian blood,
And stain'd with Christian crimes.

'O may Britannia never hear
What these sad eyes have seen!
May an eternal veil be drawn
That world and this between!

'No frantic avarice fired my soul,
And Heaven my wishes crown'd;
For soon a fortune to my mind
With innocence I found.

'From exile sad, returning home,
I kiss'd the sacred earth:
And flew to find my native woods,
And walls that gave me birth.

'To church on Sunday fond I went,
In hopes to mark, unseen,
All my old friends, assembled round
The circle of the green.

'Alas! the change that time had made!
My ancient friends were gone;
Another race possess'd the walls,
And I was left alone!

'A stranger among strangers, long
I look'd from pew to pew;
But not the face of one old friend
Rose imaged to my view.

'The horrid plough had razed the green
Where we have often play'd;
The axe had fell'd the hawthorn tree,
The school-boy's summer shade.

'One maid, the beauty of the vale,
To whom I vow'd my care,
And gave my heart, had fled away,
And none could tell me where.

'My cares and toils in foreign climes
Were for that peerless maid;
She rose in beauty by my side:
My toils were all repaid.

'By Indian streams I sat alone,
While on my native isle,
And on my ancient friends, I thought,
And wept the weary while.

' 'Twas she that cheer'd my captive hours,
She came in every dream,
As, smiling, on the rear of night,
Appears the morning beam.

'In quest of her, I wander wild,
O'er mountain, stream, and plain;
And, if I find her not, I fly
To Indian climes again.'

The father thus began: 'My son,
Mourn not thy wretched fate;

For he that rules in Heaven decrees
This life a mixed state.

'The stream that carries us along,
Flows through the vale of tears;
Yet, on the darkness of our day,
The bow of Heaven appears.

'The rose of Sharon, king of flowers,
Is fenced with prickles round:
Queen of the vale, the lily fair
Among the thorns is found.

'E'en while we raise the song, we sigh
The melancholy while;
And, down the face of mortal man,
The tear succeeds the smile.

'Nought pure or perfect her is found;
But, when this night is o'er,
Th' eternal morn will spring on high,
And we shall weep no more.

'Beyond the dim horizon far,
That bounds the mortal eye,
A better country blooms to view,
Beneath a brighter sky.'-

Unseen the trembling virgin heard
The stranger's tale of wo;
Then enter'd as an angel bright,
In beauty's highest glow.

The stranger rose - he look'd, he gazed -
He stood a statue pale;
His heart did throb, his cheek did change,
His faltering voice did fail.

At last, 'My Emily herself
Alive in all her charms!'
The father kneel'd; the lovers rush'd
To one another's arms.

In speechless ecstasy entranced
Long while they did remain;
They glow'd, they trembled, and they sobb'd,
They wept, and wept again.

The father lifted up his hands,
To bless the happy pair;
Heaven smiled on Edward the Beloved,
And Emily the Fair.

John Logan

Heavenly Wisdom

O Happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

John Logan

Hymn IX. Where High The Heavenly Temple Stands

Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

John Logan

Hymn V. Behold! The Mountain Of The Lord

Behold! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines on Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years,
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

John Logan

Hymn Vi. Behold! Th' Ambassador Divine

Behold! th' Ambassador Divine,
Descending from above,
To publish to mankind the law
Of everlasting love!

On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
The heavenly dew descends;
And truth divine he shall reveal
To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-sound, at his approach,
Shall strike the wondering ears;
But still and gentle breathe the voice
In which the God appears.

By his kind hand the shaken reed
Shall raise its falling frame:
The dying embers shall revive,
And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of his zeal
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

He who spread forth the arch of heaven,
And bade the planets roll,
Who laid the basis of the earth,
And form'd the human soul,-

Thus saith the Lord, 'Thee have I sent,
A Prophet from the sky,
Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
The message from on high.

'Before thy face the shades of death
Shall take to sudden flight;
The people who in darkness dwell
Shall hail a glorious light;

'The gates of brass shall 'sunder burst,
The iron fetters fall;
The promised jubilee of Heaven
Appointed rise o'er all.

'And lo! presaging thy approach,
The heathen temples shake,
And trembling in forsaken fanes,
The fabled idols quake.

'I am Jehovah: I am One:
My name shall now be known;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
Nor mount into my throne.'

Lo, former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplished too.

Now sing a new song to the Lord!
Let earth his praise resound:
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

O city of the Lord! begin
The universal song:
And let the scatter'd villages
The joyful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

O from the streams of distant lands
Unto Jehovah sing!
And joyful from the mountain tops
Shout to the Lord the King!

Let all combined with one accord

Jehovah's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound his praise.

John Logan

Hymn Vii. Messiah! At Thy Glad Approach

Messiah! at thy glad approach
The howling winds are still!
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains, at thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert, sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale:
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.

Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter sun
Leads on the promised years.

The kingdom of Messiah come
Appointed times disclose;
And fairer in Emmanuel's Land
The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud Hosannah sing!
With Hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King!

John Logan

Hymn Viii. When Jesus, By The Virgin Brought

When Jesus, by the Virgin brought,
So runs the law of Heaven,
Was offer'd holy to the Lord,
And at the altar given;

Simeon the Just and the Devout,
Who, frequent in the fane,
Had for the Saviour waited long,
But waited still in vain.

Come, Heaven, directed, at the hour
When Mary held her Son;
He stretched forth his aged arms,
While tears of gladness run.

With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smiled,
While fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasped the promised Child.

And then he lifted up to Heaven
An earnest asking eye;
My joy is full, my hour is come,
Lord, let thy servant die.

At last my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace!

The star and glory of the land
Hath now begun to shine;
The morning that shall gild the globe
Breaks on these eyes of mine!

John Logan

Monimia. An Ode

In weeds of sorrow wildly 'dight,
Alone beneath the gloom of night,
Monimia went to mourn;
She left a mother's fond alarms;
Ah! never to return!

The bell had struck the midnight hour,
Disastrous planets now had power,
And evil spirits resign'd;
The lone owl, from the cloister'd isle,
O'er falling fragments of the pile,
Ill-boding prophet, plain'd

While down her devious footsteps stray,
She tore the willows by the way,
And gazed upon the wave;
Then raising wild to Heaven her eyes,
With sobs and broken accent, cries,
'I'll meet thee in the grave.'

Bright o'er the border of the stream,
Illumined by a transient beam,
She knew the wonted grove;
Her lover's hand had deck'd it fine,
And roses mix'd with myrtles twine
To form the bower of love.

The tuneful Philomela rose,
And, sweetly mournful, sung her woes,
Enamour'd of the tree;
Touch'd with the melody of wo,
More tender tears began to flow:
'She mourns her mate like me.

'I loved my lover from a child,
And sweet the youthful cherub smiles,
And wanton'd o'er the green;
He train'd my nightingale to sing,
He spoil'd the gardens of the spring

To crown me rural queen.

'My brother died before his day;
Sad, through the church-yard's dreary way,
We went to walk at eve:
And bending o'er th' untimely urn,
Long at the monument to mourn,
And look upon his grave.

'Like forms funereal while we stand,
In tender mood he held my hand,
And laid his cheek to mine;
My bosom beat unknown alarms,
We wept in one another's arms,
And mingled tears divine.

'From sweet compassion love arose,
Our hearts were wedded by our woes,
And pair'd upon the tomb;
Attesting all the Powers above,
A fond romance of fancied love
We vowed our days to come.

'A wealthy lord from Indian skies,
Illustrious in my parent's eyes,
Implored a mutual mind;
Sad to my chamber I withdrew,
But Harry's footsteps never flew
The wonted scene to find.

'Three nights in dire suspense I sat
Alone; the fourth convey'd my fate,
Sent from a foreign shore;-
'Go, where thy wandering wishes tend
Go, and embrace thy father's friend,
You never see me more!'-

'Despair! distraction! I obey'd,
And one disordered moment made
An ever-wretched wife:
Ah! in the circuit of one Sun,
Heaven! I was wedded and undone,

And desolate for life!

'A part my wedding robes I tore,
And guarded tears now gushing o'er
Distain'd the bridal bed:
Wild I invoked the funeral yell,
And sought devoted now to dwell
For ever with the dead.

'My lord to India climates went,
A letter from my lover sent
Renew'd eternal woes;-
Before my love my last words greet,
Wrapp'd in the weary winding sheet,
I in the dust repose!

'Perhaps your parents have deceived,
Perhaps too rashly I believed
A tale of treacherous art;
Monimia! could you now behold
The youth you loved in sorrows old,
Oh! it would break my heart!

'Now in the grave for ever laid,
A constant solitary shade,
The Harry hangs o'er thee!
For you I fled my native sky:
Loaded with life, for you I die;
My love, remember me!

'Of all the promises of youth,
The tears of tenderness and truth,
The throbs that lovers send;
The vows in one another's arms,
The secret sympathy of charms;
My God! is this the end!

She said, and rushing from the bower,
Devoted sought in evil hour
The promontory steep;
Hung o'er the margin of the main,
Her fix'd and earnest eyeballs strain

The dashing of the deep.

'Waves that resound from shore to shore!
Rocks loud rebellowing to the roar
Of ocean, storm, and wing!
Your elemental war is tame,
To that which rages in my frame,
The battle of the mind!'

With downcast eye and musing mood,
A lurid interval she stood,
The victim of despair;
Her arms then tossing to the skies,
She pour'd in nature's ear her cries,
'My God! my father! where!'-

Wild on the summit of the steep
She ruminated long the deep,
And felt her freezing blood;
Approaching feet she heard behind,
Then swifter than the winged wind
She plunged into the flood.

Her form emerging from the wave,
Both parents saw, but could not save;
The shriek of death arose!
At once she sunk to rise no more;
And sadly sounding to the shore,
The parted billows close!

John Logan

Ode - On The Death Of A Young Lady

The peace of Heaven attend thy shade,
My early friend, my favourite maid!
When life was new, companions gay,
We hail'd the morning of our day.

Ah! with what joy did I behold
The flower of beauty fair unfold!
And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,
Or bring thee to an early tomb!

Untimely gone! for ever fled
The roses of the cheek so red;
Th' affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smiled.

Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd,
The heart where goodness overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And 'Dust to dust,' the mourner cries.

O from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely borne!
Vanish'd for ever from my view,
Thou sister of my soul, adieu!

Fair, with my first ideas twined,
Thine image oft will meet my mind;
And, while remembrance brings thee near,
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head,
Before we dwell among the dead!
Scarce in the years of manly prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And love of youth that are no more.

No after-friendship e'er can raise
Th' endearments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower;
And love, the blossom of an hour;
The spring of fancy cares control,
And mar the beauty of the soul.

Versed in the commerce of deceit,
How soon the heart forgets to beat!
The blood runs cold at interest's call: -
They look with equal eyes on all.

Then lovely nature is expell'd,
And friendship is romantic held;
Then prudence comes with hundred eyes:
The veil is rent - the vision flies.

The dear illusions will not last;
The era of enchantment's past;
The wild romance of life is done;
The real history is begun.

The sallies of the soul are o'er,
The feast of fancy is no more;
And ill the banquet is supplied
By form, by gravity, by pride.

Ye gods! whatever ye withhold,
Let my affections ne'er grow old;
Ne'er may the human glow depart,
Nor nature yield to frigid art!

Still may the generous bosom burn,
Though doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn;
And still the friendly face appear,
Though moisten'd with a tender tear!

John Logan

Ode To A Man Of Letters

Lo, winter's hoar dominion past!
Arrested in his eastern blast
The fiend of nature flies;
Breathing the spring, the zephyrs play,
And re-enthroned the Lord of day
Resumes the golden skies.

Attendant on the genial hours,
The voluntary shades and flowers
For rural lovers spring;
Wild choirs unseen in concert join,
And round Apollo's rustic shrine
The sylvan muses sing.

The finest vernal bloom that blows,
The sweetest voice the forest knows,
Arise to vanish soon;
The rose unfolds her robe of light
And Philomela gives her night
To Richmond and to June.

With bounded ray, and transient grace
Thus, Varro, holds the human race
Their place and hour assign'd;
Loud let the vernal trumpet sound,
Responsive never will rebound
The echo of mankind.

Yon forms divine that deck the sphere,
The radiant rulers of the year,
Confess a nobler hand;
Throned in the majesty of morn,
Behold the King of day adorn
The skies, the sea, the land.

Nor did th' Almighty raise the sky,
Nor hand th' eternal lamps on high
On one abode to shine;
The circle of a thousand suns

Extends, while nature's period runs
The theatre divine.

Thus some, whom smiling nature hails
To sacred springs, of old renown;
By noble toils and worthy scars,
Shall win their mansion 'mid the stars,
And wear th' immortal crown.

Bright in the firmament of fame,
The lights of ancient ages flame,
With never setting ray;
On worlds unfound from history torn,
O'er ages deep in time unborn,
To pour the human day.

Won from neglected wastes of time,
Apollo hails fairest clime,
The provinces of mind;
An Egypt, with eternal towers,
See Montesquieu redeem the hours,
From Louis, to mankind.

No tame remission genius knows;
No interval of dark repose,
To quench the ethereal flame;
From Thebes to Troy the victor hies,
And Homer with his hero vies
In varied paths to fame.

The orb which ruled thy natal night,
And usher'd in a greater light,
Than sets the pole on fire;
With undiminish'd lustre crown'd,
Unwearied walks th' eternal round,
Amid the heavenly quire.

Proud in triumphal chariot hurl'd,
And crown'd the master of the world,
Ah! let not Philip's son,
His soul in Syrian softness drown'd,
His brows with Persian garlands bound,

The race of pleasure run!

With crossing thoughts Alcides press'd,
The awful goddess thus address'd,
And pointing to the prize:
'Behold the wreath of glory shine!
And mark the onward path divine
That opens to the skies!

'The heavenly fire must ever burn,
The hero's step must never turn
From yon sublime abodes:
Long must thy life of labours prove
At last to die the son of Jove,
And mingle with the gods.'

John Logan

Ode To A Young Lady

Maria, bright with beauty's glow,
In conscious gayety you go
The pride of all the park:
Attracted groups in silence gaze
And soft behind you hear the praise,
And whisper of the spark.

In fancy's airy chariot whirl'd,
You make the circle of this world,
And dance a dizzy round:
The maids and kindling youths behold
You triumph o'er the envious old,
The queen of beauty crown'd.

Where'er the beams of fortune blaze,
Or fashion's whispering zephyr plays,
The insect tribe attends;
Gay glittering through a summer's day,
The silken myriads melt away
Before a sun descends.

Divorced from elegant delight,
The vulgar Venus holds her night
An alien to the skies;
Her bosom breathes no finer fire,
No radiance of divine desire
Illumes responsive eyes.

Gods! shall a sordid son of earth
Enfold a form of heavenly birth,
And ravish joys divine;
An angel bless unconscious arms?
The circle of surrender'd charms
Unhallowed hands entwine?

The absent day; the broken dream;
The vision wild; the sudden scream;
Tears that unbidden flow! -
Ah! let no sense of griefs profound,

That beauteous bosom ever wound,
With unavailing wo!

The wild enchanter youth beguiles,
And fancy's fairy landscape smiles
With more than nature's bloom;
The spring of Eden paints your bowers,
Unsetting suns your promised hours
With golden light illumine.

A hand advancing strikes the bell!
That sound dissolves the magic spell,
And all the charm is gone!
The visionary landscape flies:
At once the aerial music dies;
In wilds you walk alone.

Howe'er the wind of fortune blows,
Or sadly-severing fate dispose
Our everlasting doom;
Impressions never felt before,
And transports to return no more,
Will haunt me to the tomb!

My God! the pangs of nature pass'd,
Will e'er a kind remembrance last
Of pleasures sadly sweet?
Can love assume a calmer name?
My eyes with friendship's angel flame,
An angel's beauty meet?

Ah! should that first of finer forms
Require, through life's impending storms,
A sympathy of soul;
The loved Maria of the mind
Will send me, on the wings of wind,
To Indus or the Pole.

John Logan

Ode To Sleep

In vain I court till dawning light,
The coy divinity of night;
Restless, from side to side I turn,
Arise, ye musings of the morn!

Oh, sleep! though banish'd from those eyes
In vision's fair to Delia rise;
And o'er a dearer form diffuse
Thy healing balm, thy lenient dews.

Bless'd be her night as infant's rest,
Lull'd on the fond maternal breast,
Who, sweetly-playful smiles in sleep,
Nor knows that he is born to weep.

Remove the terrors of the night,
The phantom forms of wild affright,
The shrieks from precipice or flood,
And starting scene that swims with blood.

Lead her aloft to blooming bowers,
And beds of amaranthine flowers,
And golden skies, and glittering streams,
That paint the paradise of dreams.

Venus! present a lover near,
And gently whisper in her ear
His woes, who, lonely and forlorn,
Counts the slow clock from night till morn.

Ah! let no portion of my pain,
Save just a tender trace, remain;
Asleep consenting to be kind,
And wake with Daphnis in her mind.

John Logan

Ode To The Cuckoo

Hail, beautiful stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome ring.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fli'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

John Logan

Ode To Women

Ye virgins! fond to be admired,
With mighty rage of conquest fired,
And universal sway;
Who heave th' uncover'd bosom high,
And roll a fond, inviting eye,
On all the circle gay!

You miss the fine and secret art
To win the castle of the heart,
For which you all contend;
The coxcomb tribe may crowd your train,
But you will never, never gain
A lover, or a friend.

If this is your passion, this your praise,
To shine, to dazzle, and to blaze,
You may be call'd divine:
But not a youth beneath the sky
Will say in secret, with a sigh,
'O were that maiden mine!

You marshal, brilliant, from the box,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, castled locks,
Your magazine of arms;
But 'tis the sweet sequester'd walk,
The whispering hour, the tender talk,
That gives you genuine charms.

The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,
The smile, the native of the face,
Refinement without art;
They eye where pure affection beams,
The tear from tenderness that streams;
The accents of the heart;

The trembling frame, the living cheek,
Where, like the morning, blushes break
To crimson o'er the breast;
The look where sentiment is seen,

Fine passion moving o'er the mien,
And all the soul express'd:

Your beauties these; with these you shine,
And reign on high by right divine,
The sovereigns of the world;
Then to your court the nations flow:
The muse with flowers the path will strew,
Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

From dazzling deluges of snow,
From summer noon's meridian glow,
We turn our aching eye,
To nature's robe of vernal green,
To the blue curtain all serene,
Of an autumnal sky.

The favourite tree of beauty's queen,
Behold the myrtle's modest green,
The virgin of the grove!
Soft from the circlet of her star,
The tender turtles draw the car
Of Venus and of Love.

The growing charm invites the eye;
See morning gradual paint the sky
With purple and with gold!
See spring approach with sweet delay!
See rose-buds open to the ray,
And leaf by leaf unfold!

We love th' alluring line of grace
That leads the eye of wanton chase,
And lets the fancy rove;
The walk of beauty ever beds,
And still begins, but never ends
The labyrinth of love.

At times, to veil is to reveal,
And to display is to conceal,
Mysterious are your laws!
The vision finer than the view;

Her landscape nature never drew
So fair as fancy draws.

A beauty, carelessly betray'd,
Enamours more, than if display'd
All woman's charms were given;
And, o'er the bosom's vestal white,
The gauze appears a robe of light,
That veils, yet opens, heaven.

See virgin Eve, with graces bland
Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,
In orient beauty beam!
Fair on the river-margin laid,
She knew not that her image made
The angel in the stream.

Still ancient Eden blooms your own;
But artless innocence alone
Secures the heavenly post;
For if, beneath an angel's mien,
The serpent's tortuous train is seen,
Our paradise is lost.

O nature, nature, thine the charm!
Thy colours woo, thy features warm,
Thy accents win the heart!
Parisian paint of every kind
That stains the body or the mind,
Proclaims the harlot's art.

The midnight minstrel of the grove,
Who still renews the hymn of love,
And woos the wood to hear;
Knows not the sweetness of his strain,
Nor that, above the tuneful train,
He charms the lover's ear.

The zone of Venus, heavenly fine,
Is nature's handy-work divine,
And not the web of art;
And they who wear it never know

To what enchanting charm they owe
The empire of the heart.

John Logan

Ode Written In Spring

No longer hoary winter reigns,
No longer binds the streams in chains,
Or heaps with snow the meads;
Array'd with robe of rainbow-dye,
At last the spring appears on high,
And, smiling over earth and sky,
Her new creation leads.

The snows confess a warmer ray,
The loosen'd streamlet loves to stray,
And echo down the dale;
The hills uplift their summits green,
The vales more verdant spread between,
The cuckoo in the wood unseen
Coos ceaseless to the gale.

The rainbow arching woos the eye,
With all the colours of the sky
With all the pride of spring;
Now heaven descends in sunny showers,
The sudden fields put on the flowers,
The green leaves wave upon the bowers,
And birds begin to sing.

The cattle wander in the wood,
And find the wanton verdant food,
Beside the well-known rills;
Blithe in the sun the shepherd swain,
Like Pan attunes the pastoral strain,
While many echoes send again
The music of the hills.

At eve, the primrose path along,
The milkmaid shortens with a song
Her solitary way;
She sees the fairies, with their queen,
Trip hand in hand the circled green,
And hears them raise at times, unseen,
The ear-enchancing lay.

Maria, come! Now let us rove,
Now gather garlands in the grove,
Of every new-sprung flower;
We'll hear the warblings of the wood,
We'll trace the windings of the flood;
O Come, thou fairer than the bud
Unfolding in a shower!

Fair as the lily of the vale,
That gives its bosom to the gale
And opens in the sun;
And sweeter than thy favourite dove,
The Venus of the vernal grove,
Announcing to the choirs of love
Their time of bliss begun.

Now, now thy spring of life appears,
Fair in the morning of thy years,
And May of beauty crown'd:
Now vernal visions meet thine eyes,
Poetic dreams to fancy rise,
And better days in better skies -
Elysium blooms around.

Now, now's the morning of the day;
But, ah! the morning flies away,
And youth is on the wing;
'Tis nature's voice, 'O pull the rose,
Now while the bud in beauty blows,
Now while the opening leaves disclose
The incense of the spring!'

What youth, high favour'd of the skies,
What youth shall win the brightest prize
That nature has in store?
Whose conscious eyes shall meet with thine;
Whose arms thy yielding waist entwine;
Who, ravish'd with thy charms divine,
Requires of Heaven no more!

Not happier the primeval pair,

When new-made earth, supremely fair,
Smiled on her virgin spring;
When all was fair to God's own eye,
When stars consenting sung on high,
And all heaven's chorus made the sky
With Hallelujahs ring.

Devoted to the muses' choir,
I tune the Caledonian lyre
To themes of high renown: -
No other theme than you I'll choose,
Than you invoke no other muse:
Nor will that gentle hand refuse
Thy bard with bays to crown.

Where hills by storied streams ascend,
My dreams and waking wishes tend
Poetic ease to woo;
Where fairy fingers curl the grove,
Where Grecian spirits round me rove,
Alone enamour'd with the love
Of nature and of you.

John Logan

Ode, Written In A Visit To The Country In Autumn

'Tis past! no more the Summer blooms!
Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year!
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods;
While nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
Oh, let me wander through the sounding woods!

Ah! well-known streams!-ah! wonted groves,
Still pictured in my mind!
Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind!
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last;
The wild-flower strown on Summer's bier
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear!

Alas! the hospitable hall,
Where youth and friendship played,
Wide to the winds a ruined wall
Projects a death-like shade!
The charm is vanished from the vales;
No voice with virgin-whisper hails
A stranger to his native bowers:
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume;
The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers!

Companions of the youthful scene,
Endeared from earliest days!
With whom I sported on the green,
Or roved the woodland maze!
Long exiled from your native clime,
Or by the thunder-stroke of time

Snatched to the shadows of despair;
I hear your voices in the wind,
Your forms in every walk I find;
I stretch my arms: ye vanish into air!

My steps, when innocent and young,
These fairy paths pursued;
And wandering o'er the wild, I sung
My fancies to the wood.
I mourned the linnet-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murdered mate,
Condemned the widowed hours to wail:
Or while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imaged woes,
Nor real life believed a tragic tale!

Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind
May summer soon o'ercast!
And cruel fate's untimely wind
All human beauty blast!
The wrath of nature smites our bowers,
And promised fruits and cherished flowers,
The hopes of life in embryo sweeps;
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
And desolate before his time,
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps!

Relentless power! whose fated stroke
O'er wretched man prevails!
Ha! love's eternal chain is broke,
And friendship's covenant fails!
Upbraiding forms! a moment's ease-
O memory! how shall I appease
The bleeding shade, the unlaid ghost?
What charm can bind the gushing eye,
What voice console the incessant sigh,
And everlasting longings for the lost?

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood
That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
I muse upon the tomb.

Their chequered leaves the branches shed;
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
They sadly sigh that Winter's near:
The warning voice I hear behind,
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethean streams,
The sorrowing sense to steep;
Nor drink oblivion of the themes
On which I love to weep.
Belated oft by fabled rill,
While nightly o'er the hallowed hill
Aërial music seems to mourn;
I'll listen Autumn's closing strain;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my sorrows o'er the untimely urn!

John Logan

Ossian's Hymn To The Sun

O Thou whose beams the sea-gift earth array,
King of the sky, and father of the day!
O sun! what fountain hid from human eyes,
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
For ever burning and for ever bright,
With heaven's pure fire, and everlasting light?
What awful beauty in thy face appears!
Immortal youth, beyond the power of years!

When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,
And from the gate of morn thy glory shines,
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in night:
The queen of heaven forsakes th' ethereal plain,
To sink inglorious in the western main.
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the heavens, immortal and alone!
Who can abide the brightness of thy face!
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race!
The mountain oaks, like their own leaves decay;
Themselves the mountains wear with age away;
The boundless main that rolls from land to land,
Lessens at times, and leaves a waste of sand:
The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in heaven, and emptied of her light;
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,
Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky;
When heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings dire,
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire:
When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;
It from the opening clouds thy form appears,
Her wonted charm the force of nature wears;
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
Looks from the sky, and laughs the storm away.

John Logan

Runnamede, A Tragedy. Prologue

Before the records of renown were kept,
Or theatres for dying heroes wept,
The race of fame by rival chiefs was run,
The world by former Alexanders won;
Ages of glory in long order roll'd,
New empires rising on the wreck of old;
Wonders were wrought by nature in her prime,
Nor was the ancient world a wilderness of time.

Yet lost to fame is virtue's orient reign;
The patriot lived, the hero died in vain,
Dark night descended o'er the human day,
And wiped the glory of the world away:
Whirled round the gulf, the acts of time were tost,
Then in the vast abyss for ever lost.

Virtue, from fame disjoin'd, began to plain
Her votaries few, and unfrequented fane.
Her voice ascended to almighty Jove;
He sent the muses from the throne above.

The bard arose; and full of heavenly fire,
With hand immortal touch'd th' immortal lyre;
Heroic deeds in strains heroic sung,
All earth resounded, all heaven's arches rung;
The world applaud what they approved before;
Virtue and fame took separate paths no more.

Hence to the bard, interpreter of Heaven,
The chronicle of fame by Jove is given;
His eye the volume of the past explores,
His hand unfolds the everlasting doors;
In Minos' majesty he lifts the head,
Judge of the world, and sovereign of the dead;
Dooms to perdition, or to heaven admits;
Dethrones the tyrant, though in triumph hurl'd,
Calls up the hero from th' eternal world,
Surrounds his head with wreaths that ever bloom,
And vows the verse that triumphs o'er the tomb.

While here the muses warbled from their shrine,
Oft have you listen'd to the voice divine.
O nameless youth beheld with noble rage,
One subject, still a stranger to the stage;
A name that's music to the British ear!
A name that's worshipp'd in the British sphere!
Fair Liberty; the Goddess of the Isle,
Who blesses England with a guardian smile.

Britons! a scene of glory draws to-night!
The fathers of the land arise to sight:
The legislators and the chiefs of old,
The roll of patriots and the barons bold,
Who greatly girded with the sword and shield,
At storied Runnamede's immortal field,
Did the grand charter of your freedom draw,
And found the base of liberty on law.

Our author, trembling for the virgin muse,
Hopes in the favourite theme a fond excuse.
If while the tale the theatre commands,
Your hearts applaud him, he'll acquit your hands;
Proud on his country's cause to build his name,
And add the patriot's to the poet's fame.

John Logan

Song

The day is departed, and round from the cloud
The moon in her beauty appears;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
The music of love in our ears:
Maria, appear! now the season so sweet
With the beat of the heart is in tune;
The time is so tender for lovers to meet
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
I sigh - Can a lover do more?
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love! Do you long for the grove?
Do you sigh for an interview soon?
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,
My bosom is all in a glow;
Your voice when it vibrates to sweet through mine ear,
My heart thrills - my eyes overflow.
Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon?
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon?

John Logan

The Braes Of Yarrow

'Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover.
Forever now, O Yarrow Stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

'He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring,
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow;
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

'Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should nevermore behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

'His mother from the window looked
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
The greenwood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

'No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;

Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west.
And search no more the forest thorough
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

'The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.'
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow:
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

John Logan

The Complaint Of Nature

Job xiv.

Few are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, 'Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.'

Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning; flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of Winter blows,
Away with Summer flies;
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipp'd by the year the forest fades;
And, shaking to the wind,

The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

The Winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again:

But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah, never to return!
No second spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

Th' inexorable gates of death,
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
Can raise the human mould?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost, can ne'er recall
From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages dark,
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
Back to the gates of light.

'So man departs the living scene
To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morn ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

'Where are our fathers? whither gone
The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, priests, and kings,
In sacred books enroll'd?

'Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.'

Thus Nature pour'd the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

Th' Almighty heard: then from His throne
In majesty He rose,
And from the heaven that open'd wide
His voice in mercy flows:

'When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul, immortal, wings its flight
To never-setting day.

'Prepared of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies.'

John Logan

The Prayer Of Jacob

O God of Abraham! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led!

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide,
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace.

Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

John Logan

The Tears Of Old May Day

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May;
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers
That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her looks with heav'n's ambrosial dews were bright,
And am'rous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast;
With every shining gleam of morning light
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,
A golden key, and golden wand, she bore;
This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,
And that unlocks the summer's copious store.

Onward, in conscious majesty she came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taste;
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

Vain hope! no more in choral bands unite
Her virgin votaries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to May and Love's mysterious rite,
Brush the light dewdrops from the spangled lawn.

To her no more Augusta's wealthy pride
Pours the full tribute of Potosi's mine;
Nor fresh blown garlands village maids provide,
A purer off'ring, at her rustic shrine.

No more the Maypole's verdant height around
To valour's games th' ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells, and tabors sprightlier sound
Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
My ravish'ed honors, and to her belong
My choral dances, and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal song.

O say, what yet untasted bounties flow,
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lilies fairer, vi'lets sweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a sweeter strain?

Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?
Does ev'ning fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies,
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no; the blunted beams of morning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And Cynthia, riding on the ear of night,
Through clouds embattled faintly wins her way.

Pale immature, the blighted verdure springs,
Nor mountain juices feed the swelling flow'r,
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings,
When silence listens at the midnight hour.

Nor wonder man that nature's bashful face,
And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear;
Is she not sprung of April's wayward race,
The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year

With show'rs and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow smiles proclaiming treach'rous peace!
With blushes harb'ring in their thin disguise,
The blast that riots on the spring's increase.

John Logan

Three Moves

Three moves in sixth months and I remain
the same.

Two homes made two friends.

The third leaves me with myself again.

(We hardly speak.)

Here I am with tame ducks

and my neighbors' boats,

only this electric heat

against the April damp.

I have a friend named Frank--

the only one who ever dares to call

and ask me, "How's your soul?"

I hadn't thought about it for a while,

and was ashamed to say I didn't know.

I have no priest for now.

Who

will forgive me then. Will you

Tame birds and my neighbors' boats.

The ducks honk about the floats . . .

They walk dead drunk onto the land and grounds,

iridescent blue and black and green and brown.

They live on swill

our aged houseboats spill.

But still they are beautiful.

Look! The duck with its unlikely beak

has stopped to pick

and pull

at the potted daffodil.

Then again they sway home

to dream

bright gardens of fish in the early night.

Oh these ducks are all right.

They will survive.

But I am sorry I do not often see them climb.

Poor sons-a-bitching ducks.

You're all fucked up.

What do you do that for?

Why don't you hover near the sun anymore?

Afraid you'll melt?

These foolish ducks lack a sense of guilt,
and so all their multi-thousand-mile range
is too short for the hope of change.

John Logan

To The Cuckoo

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
 Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome ring.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wand'ring through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fli'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
 Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the Spring.

John Logan

Trust In Providence

Almighty Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

Thou art our kind Preserver, from
The cradle to the tomb;
And I was cast upon thy care,
Ev'n from my mother's womb.

In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend:
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour ever been.

In former times, when trouble came,
Thou didst not stand afar;
Nor didst thou prove an absent friend
Amid the din of war.

My God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat,
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet;

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

John Logan

Victory Britannia -- From Runnamede, Final Lines

Albem.

Rapt into heaven,
High visions pass before the holy man;
His tranced accent is the voice divine.

Archb.

The day of Britain now begins to dawn,
Red in its rise. Heaven opens: and behold
The hours of glory and the morn of men
Ascending o'er the globe. An era new,
The last of ages now begins to roll,
The reign of liberty. The goddess comes
Down from high heaven; her garment dyed in blood;
The sword refulgent in her lifted hand:
She looks; and fixes, never to remove,
Her throne and sceptre in Britannia's isle.

Elvine.

O bless'd of heaven, who shall behold the day
Of Britain shine!

Archb.

The Queen of isles behold,
Sitting sublime upon her rocky throne,
The region of the storms! She stretches forth
In her right hand the sceptre of the seas,
And in her left the balance of the earth.
The guardian of the globe, she gives the law:
She calls the winds, the winds obey her call,
And bear the thunder of her power, to burst
O'er the devoted lands, and carry fate
To Kings, to nations, and the subject world.
Above the Grecian or the Roman name
Unlike the great destroyers of the globe,
She fights and conquers in fair freedom's cause.
Her song of victory the nations sing:

Her triumphs are triumphs of mankind.

John Logan